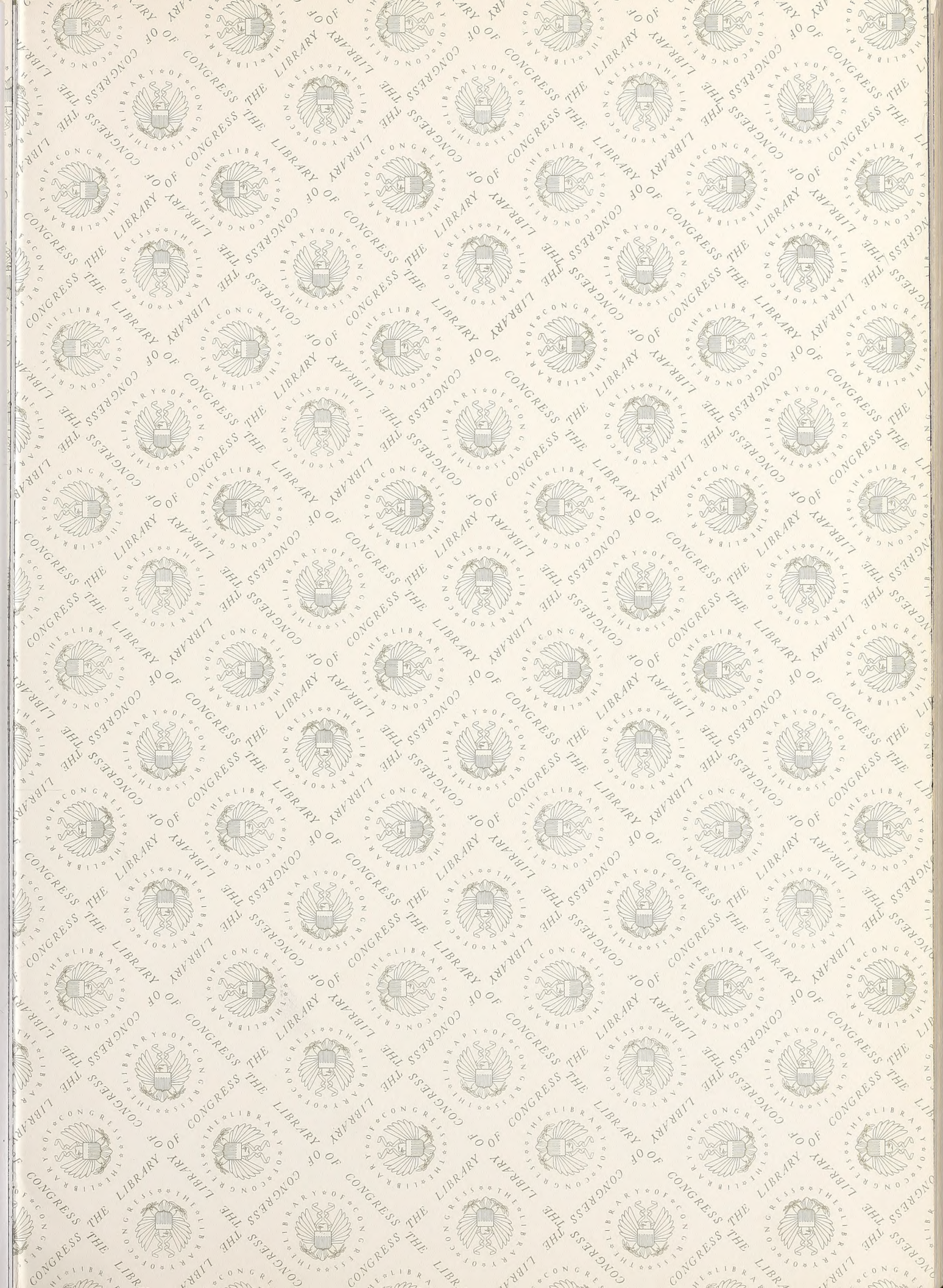
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS THE

Scanned from the collections of
The Library of Congress

Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record


THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

MODERN SCREEN

10c

DECEMBER

What I Know About
DOUG and MARY
By Elinor Glyn

THE LOVES OF
CLARK GABLE

Greta Garbo
and
Clark Gable

WHATEVER CALLS FOR COLOR CALLS FOR TINTEX

All Wearables and Household Fabrics Can Be Made Freshly Colorful In a Mere Matter of Moments!

TINTEX will bring new color-beauty to *any* fabric that can be washed, or will restore its old color, if you like.

It is not only for wearables—it is for any and every fabric that needs fresh color.

Try Tintex On Any of These

Stockings	*Underthings*	*Curtains*	*Bed-Spreads*
Dresses	*Gloves*	*Drapes*	*Table-Runners*
Slips	*Sweaters*	*Doilies*	*Slip-Covers*
Scarfs	*Child's Clothes*	*Blankets*	*Table-Linen*
Blouses	*Babies' Things*	*Cushions*	*Lamp Shades*

See the Tintex Color Card on display at any Drug or Notion Counter. There are 35 smart colors from which to choose—from pale pastels to deep, dark colors.

And Tintex is so quick, so easy, so perfect in results!

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

TINTEX COLOR REMOVER

Supposing you have a dark frock (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .

Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex in any shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

PN1993
.M334

The YELLOW TICKET

She wore the brand of outcast as a badge of courage. Trapped by Russian intrigue, hounded by police, she fought gloriously. For love, she faced disgrace...through love, she won victory...Superb drama, superbly acted. Elissa Landi...exotic, fascinating. Lionel Barrymore... polished, sinister. Laurence Olivier...suave, romantic. A great story of elemental hate and enduring love!

WATCH FOR THESE TWO GREAT PICTURES FROM

OVER THE HILL

Gay and tender and deeply moving, it brings a lump to your throat and chases it with a chuckle. A true and heart-stirring tribute to love, brimming with action... And what a cast! James Dunn and Sally Eilers...first time together since never-to-be-forgotten "Bad Girl." Mae Marsh...idol of the silent days, and the grandest bunch of kids you ever laughed yourself weak over!

NOV -4 1931

©CLB 132925

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

The True Story of Sylvia Sidney — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 26
Beginning the fascinating life story of this talented newcomer

What I Know About Doug and Mary — *Elinor Glyn* — 30
A famous author's memoirs of the King and Queen of movieland

Whither These Four? — *Harriet Parsons* — 33
Discerning the accuracy of the Doug-Mary and Doug., Jr.-Joan rumors

The Loves of Clark Gable — *Walter Ramsey* — 34
This new heartbreaker tells of the women he has known

Hollywood Divorces by Mail — *Jack Jamison* — 44
An amazing revelation about those quick movie divorces

Big Sister (Fiction) (Illustrated by Carl Mueller) — *Hagar Wilde* — 46
The moment arrives when sacrifice must come to an end

Self-Made Marian — *Faith Baldwin* — 50
A contradiction of reports as to how Marian Marsh became a success

Broken Hearts of Hollywood — *Carter Bruce* — 52
Claiming that movie people are not as invulnerable as they seem

Family Man — *Roy Harper* — 54
For a comedian, Buster Keaton is strangely lacking in temperament

Paul Lukas on Trial — *Carter Bruce* — 60
How this player met the greatest assignment of his life

Refutation — *Princess Radziwill* — 62
Elissa Landi is not the granddaughter of an empress, says this author

What the Future Holds — *Wynn* — 64
Our astrologer foretells the destiny of Ricardo Cortez

Loretta Young's Wardrobe — *Virginia T. Lane* — 66
In beautiful pictures with detailed description by a famous fashion expert

Is Hollywood Coming to Life? (Illustrated by Russell Patterson) — *Walter Ramsey* — 74
The signs indicate that the old town is a little fed up with over-respectability

She Thought She Had Failed — *Dorothy Spensley* — 78
Conchita Montenegro's dissatisfaction with herself is a sign of greatness

The Most Dynamic Woman in Hollywood — *Jack Jamison* — 80
The amazing exploits of an amazing woman

I'm Proud to be a Mother — *Rosa Strider Reilly* — 85
So says Ann Harding, who has never denied publicity to her motherhood

The Most Misunderstood Man in Hollywood — *Alfred Crane* — 86
A splendid answer to the film city's criticisms of Ivan Lebedeff

DEPARTMENTS

Modern Screen Directory: Pictures — 6
Information the fan can't afford to be without

The Modern Hostess — 10
How to make the most of your Thanksgiving dinner

Beauty Advice — *Mary Biddle* — 11
Keep that complexion perfect through fall and winter

Between You and Me — 12
Amusing letters from the fans to the editor

Film Gossip of the Month — 16, 72, 92
That latest Hollywood tattle—or, if you prefer—chit-chat

All Joking Aside — *Jack Welch* — 43
More unbelievable facts about the stars

Modern Screen Reviews — 56
Our guide to the current films

Know Them? — *Riveron* — 94
This month's caricatures

And also: Welcoming Marion Home, 14; Unposed portraits, 22-25; La Fiesta, Pageant of Jewels, 36; Gallery of Honor, 81; Birthday Party, 88; Scoops of the Month, 90.

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* **Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative***

Published monthly and copyrighted 1931 by Syndicate Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. H. Meyer, President; M. Delacorte, Secretary and Treasurer. Vol. 3, No. 1, December, 1931. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Price in Canada, $1.80 a year, 15c a copy. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

Wave your own hair...

RESET YOUR PERMANENT THIS *SMART* WAY

WITH hats that show half your hair, your wave is more important than ever before. It must be firmly set, with hardly a hair out of place... yet it must be soft, feminine, and above all, *natural.*

Thousands of smart women are finding they can easily wave their own hair and re-set their permanents with Wildroot Wave-Set. It gives a smooth, lasting, natural wave ... and is actually *good* for your hair! Greaseless, free from gum or sugar, it does not leave the hair sticky, nor does it leave those annoying white flakes ... *a pure vegetable product.* Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR HAIR?

Try a 10 cent bottle of Wildroot Wave-Set to-day. See how easy it is to give your hair a lovely, soft, natural wave.

For sale at all S. S. Kresge Company stores. Larger bottles, 35¢ and 60¢ at drug and department stores, hairdressers, barber shops. Insist on the genuine. The Wildroot name is your protection. Wildroot Company Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY'RE TWINS! THEY'RE SMART!

And you can get just as good results with your own hair, if you use Wildroot Wave-Set.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

The SAFE *wave setting fluid*

10¢

ACTUAL SIZE BOTTLE FOR SALE AT ALL S. S. KRESGE CO. STORES.

The MODERN SCREEN Directory (PICTURES)

Edward G. Robinson, Ona Munson, Aline McMahon, and Boris Karloff in that splendid exposé of newspaper dealings, "Five Star Final." It's a mixture of excellent realism and strong drama.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner)—Reviewed on page 57. **Good—children will not be particularly interested, although they ought to be.**

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—Theodore Dreiser's famous novel in talkie form with Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney handling the leading rôles very capably. If you like good court room stuff you should see it by all means. **Very good—but better leave the tots at home.**

BAD GIRL (Fox)—Vina Delmar's famous story of an average couple and their trials and tribulations in early married life. Sally Eilers and James Dunn lend the portrayal of the young couple some magnificent realism. **Excellent—but children may be bored by it.**

THE BARGAIN (First National)—All about a father who wants his son to be an artist because it was once his own ambition which he was unable to fulfill. The son, however, would rather be a business man. In other words, the usual order of things reversed. **Good—children will be bored by it.**

BOUGHT! (Warner)—Constance Bennett as a modern girl who thinks that money is everything until—. Richard Bennett, Connie's father, and Ben Lyon are in it, too. **Very good—but not for the tots.**

BRANDED (Columbia)—A good Western—the chief element of which is the hero being mistaken for a man guilty of theft through circumstantial evidence. It's an old story but it's done well. Buck Jones is in it. **Very good (if you are a Western fan)—splendid for children.**

BROADMINDED (First National)—Another hilarious comedy starring Joe E. Brown. It is one of his best. **Very good—the kids will eat it up.**

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers as a business man who goes into the desert to corner the market on Damascus steel. Some highly amusing comedy results. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

CAUGHT PLASTERED (RKO-Radio)—There was a time when Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey were funny. Since that time, however, they have been put into one dreary picture after another. This one is one of their unfunniest. **Poor—kids may get a laugh out of it.**

THE 'CISCO KID (Fox)—Reviewed on page 58. **Very good—children will love it.**

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed on page 56. **Good, but children won't care for it.**

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor as the little orphan in this famous story with Warner Baxter playing the guardian. Janet's work in this will thrill you and bring the well known tears to your eyes. **Excellent—little girls will adore it.**

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR (Columbia)—Reviewed on page 58. **Very good, and children will like it.**

. . . . We are continuing our method of classifying pictures which we started some time ago. Those pictures which are particularly suitable for children we are marking accordingly. And those which are unsuitable for children—either because the subject is not desirable or merely not interesting to young ones—we are also indicating. This ought to be an excellent guide for any grown-up who is seeking the right entertainment for the children as well as himself.

DEVOTION (RKO-Pathe)—Reviewed on page 56. **Very good, but the children would be bored.**

DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WIEN (Super Films)—A comedy entirely in German with some excellent music. You will enjoy it even if you don't know one word of German. **Very good—children will like most of it.**

DIRIGIBLE (Columbia)—An air epic of impressive proportions. All the air stuff is so good that you can overlook the worn-out love story. Jack Holt is good in it. **Very good—the kids will like it.**

THE DREYFUS CASE (Columbia)—A sincere interpretation of the famous military trial which caused so much indignation, particularly among Jews, in the nineties. The story is enacted by a set of English actors (the film was made in England) all of whom bring excellent characterizations to their rôles. **Very good—but children will be bored by it.**

EAST OF BORNEO (Universal)—A melodrama which has to do with a husband who, thinking his wife is unfaithful, goes to the far East to forget. The exciting events which happen there will have you out of your seat—in spite of a slight tendency to seem unconvincing. **Fair—children will like the thrilling moments.**

EX-BAD BOY (Universal)—Robert Armstrong as a fellow who manufactures a past because the girl he is in love with thinks he is too tame. Some amusing consequences result. **Good—but children won't care for it much.**

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP (Columbia)—A well-photographed story which revolves around two divers who earn a living salvaging wrecked ships. The under-water sections are thrilling. Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell have the leading rôles. **Very good—grand for children.**

FIVE STAR FINAL (First National)—A thrilling story of the amazing lengths to which a newspaper will go in order to boost its circulation. Edward G. Robinson heads a splendid cast which includes, among others, H. B. Warner and Frances Starr. **Excellent—don't take the kids.**

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer as the sophisticated young lady who decides that there's no reason why she shouldn't fall in love with a gangster if she wants to. This leads up to some rather disastrous situations. Clark Gable is good. **Very good—not for the tots.**

THE GALLOPING GHOST (Mascot)—A serial with the ex-football champion, Red Grange, in the

(Continued on page 8)

"Tonight" . . .

Tsarakov murmured

TSARAKOV, the mad genius, plotted!

Nothing must stand in the way of his success. And *what* a success—for the great dancer he had hoped to be, danced on another's legs!

A cripple, he could never attain the ambition which dominated all his dreams. Instead he reared Fedor, a small boy whom he had rescued from a cruel foster father, and made a great dancer of him.

But Tsarakov erred, for he was molding more than clay. He had not counted on living, breathing, pulsating youth—and love. And when the lovely Nana captured Fedor's heart, Tsarakov shuddered at the thought of a ruined career—*his* career.

Yes, he won his point. He parted the pair . . . but at what a price . . . and with what permanence?

You'll thrill to the story of John Barrymore's newest masterpiece, "THE MAD GENIUS." In every page you'll see his figure, as the ruthless Tsarakov, limping through this powerful story. It's in the December SCREEN ROMANCES—on sale now.

You'll find, too, the complete stories of many other leading motion picture hits of the month in the same issue:

"THE GUARDSMAN," for instance, the first motion picture to be made by that famous pair, *Alfred Lunt* and *Lynn Fontanne*. It's the cleverest story you've read in years!

"DEVOTION," in which *Ann Harding* and *Leslie Howard* demonstrate what happens when a beautiful young girl masquerades as a plain, middle-aged governess to be near the man she loves.

"THE RULING VOICE," featuring *Walter Huston* in the hard-boiled rôle of a big racketeer. *Loretta Young* plays his daughter, and *David Manners*, *Doris Kenyon*, and *Dudley Digges* are in the supporting cast.

"LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE," a passionate story of border love, in which *Leo Carillo* as a wealthy half-breed, and *John Mack Brown* as a Texas Ranger, form two sides of the eternal triangle. *Dorothy Burgess* is the other side.

Other stories in the same issue include "THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE," *William Powell's* first picture for Warner Brothers; "RICH MAN'S FOLLY," *George Bancroft's* first picture in much-too-long-a-time; "HELL DIVERS," a navy story featuring *Clark Gable*, *Dorothy Jordan*, and *Wallace Beery*; "WICKED" a most interesting story for *Elissa Landi* and *Victor MacLaglen*.

If you haven't discovered SCREEN ROMANCES yet, you're in for a new delight. It is a different kind of movie magazine because it is the only all-screen-fiction magazine. Buy it this month—for hours of absorbing reading, and know all about the stories that everybody's talking about. GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

Screen Romances

—the Only All Screen Fiction Magazine

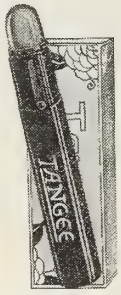
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

TANGEE

WORLD'S GREATEST FASHION AUTHORITIES

Harper's Bazaar of New York
Tatler, and Sketch of London
Jardin des Modes of Paris

ALL APPROVE TANGEE



Let these great fashion magazines tell you about TANGEE . . . how this famous lipstick and rouge give you that *natural* color which is so much in vogue today!

"Natural color is the mode of the moment," says HARPER'S BAZAAR. "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the* TANGEE *preparations do.*"

"Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble," says LE JARDIN DES MODES OF PARIS. "The fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE *well answers these requirements because it blends with your individual, natural coloring.*" ©

"Vivid, artificial looking make-up is entirely out of harmony," says SKETCH. "*Tangee suits the smart woman of every type, whether blonde, brunette or Titian.*" And TATLER adds, "*Tangee gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth . . . so rich in color and yet so natural!*"

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy! NEW! *Tangee* THEATRICAL, *a special dark shade of* TANGEE LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE COMPACT *for professional and evening use.*

To Match Tangee Lipstick!

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. K-9
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 6)

leading rôle. We are including this serial in our list of pictures because it is good and well worth seeing. **Very good—excellent for kids.**

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—An international spy story with Ivan Lebedeff, one of Hollywood's new crop of heartbreakers, in the leading rôle. Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin handle the leading feminine rôles very well. **Good—children will like it.**

GOLDIE (Fox)—Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy in a Flagg-Quirt thing which somehow doesn't come up to the other pictures of the same type. **Fair—not for the kiddies.**

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent—but it will bore children.**

GUILTY HANDS (M-G-M)—This is an unusual sort of mystery story in which you actually know who committed the murder. The suspense in the story is created by the murderer's efforts to confound the police. Lionel Barrymore and Kay Francis are fine in the leading rôles. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

A HOLY TERROR (Fox)—Combination Western and mystery story with George O'Brien as the dashing hero. **Good—especially so for children.**

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD (Universal)—Here's another one of those gangster things. Leo Carillo, who was so good in "Hell Bound," plays a beer baron with his usual cleverness. It is he, really, who makes it an unusual picture. **Good—okay for kids if you don't mind their seeing gangster stuff.**

HUCKLEBERRY FINN (Paramount)—Every bit as good as its predecessor, "Tom Sawyer." Junior Durkin, Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl again do their stuff in their "bestest" fashion. **Excellent—both for grown-ups and the kids.**

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (First National)—For the first time in his movie career, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., does a Douglas Fairbanks. Yes, the intellectual Doug, actually goes athletic like his dad. It's something different, anyway, for his fans. **Good—grand for children.**

KARAMOZOV (Tobis)—The famous Dostoyevski novel, "The Brothers Karamozov," as a German talkie. Fritz Kortner is excellent as the jealous son who will do anything to prevent his aged father from marrying the girl they both love. You won't get much out of this unless you understand German. **Excellent—not for children.**

LARCENY LANE (Warner)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good—the children might like parts of it.**

THE LAST FLIGHT (First National)—Dick Barthelmess, Elliot Nugent, Johnny Mack Brown, David Manners and Helen Chandler in a story of four aviators who are trying to get over what the war did to them. The film doesn't quite accomplish what its stars set out to do but nevertheless it's entertaining. **Very good—children will be bored.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore goes Lon Chaney again, in this one. As a crazy Russian ballet master he raves and rants and generally has a swell time. If you liked him in "Svengali" you'll like him in this. **Good—children won't like it.**

THE MAD PARADE (Liberty)—An attempt to show the woman's side of the war—the women, that is, who were at the front in various posts. **Poor.**

THE MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)—A highly amusing story which revolves around a bailiff's man who acts as a butler for the lady in the piece. Robert Montgomery is the butler. **Excellent—but better send the children to see a Western.**

MANY A SLIP (Universal)—About a girl who uses a despicable trick to force the man she loves to marry her. **Poor—not for children.**

MEN ARE LIKE THAT (Columbia)—All about an army officer who jilts a girl and finds himself on the spot when the girl marries his superior officer. **Poor.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss as a business man who retires for the sake of his health only to discover that he's better off when he's working and so, against doctor's orders, he finds a way to work. **Very good—suitable for children.**

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent. Couldn't be better for the kids.**

MURDER BY THE CLOCK (Paramount)—This is an unusual sort of a mystery story which will hold your interest from beginning to end. Lilyan Tashman gives a wonderful performance. **Very good—children will be thrilled by it.**

THE MIRACLE WOMAN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a girl who becomes an insincere evangelist because she has lost faith in human nature. **Fair.**

MONTANA KID (First Division)—A fair Western with rather a lack of riding in it. **Fair for Western fans.**

MY SIN (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead's second American picture. It's one of those things where she makes a mistake and spends the rest of her life trying to live down her past. **Fair.**

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE (Universal)—This is an illustrated lecture on evolution by Clarence Darrow. It may sound dull, but it isn't at all. If science and the evolution of the human being interests you in the least you should see it. **Very good of its kind.**

THE NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll in something or other about Vienna. **Poor—children won't like it.**

NIGHT NURSE (Warner)—A wildly impossible story of a night nurse's experiences. Clark Gable is in it—he plays a character so ridiculously villanous that it's silly. But he does as well as he could. **Fair.**

NIGHT LIFE IN RENO (First Division)—A story which revolves around night life in the Reno divorce colony. **Fair.**

PAGAN LADY (Columbia)—All about a wicked vamp who lures the innocent son of an evangelist. **Fair—not for children.**

PALMY DAYS (United Artists)—Reviewed on page 58. **Very good. Children will eat it up.**

PARDON US (M-G-M)—Comedians Laurel and Hardy make their bow in their first feature length comedy. Some of the gags are new, others are more or less repetition of their old stuff. Most of the action concerns their adventures in jail. **Good—okay for the kids.**

PENROD AND SAM (First National)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent. Just made to order for youngsters of all ages.**

PERSONAL MAID (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll as a maid who falls in love with her employer's son. There's a lot more to it than that, though. Nancy is cute but the picture is a little slow. **Fair.**

POLITICS (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a story about a couple of women who decide to clean up the town in their own way. **Very good—children will like some of it.**

REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)—A sophisticated story of a woman who gets her man on the rebound. Ina Claire and Robert Ames are excellent in the leading rôles. **Excellent sophisticated movie—but children will be bored by it.**

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (Fox)—This story seems sort of old fashioned by this time. George O'Brien, however, he of the splendid muscular development, manages to make it plausible. **Good—children will like it.**

THE ROAD TO RENO (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good, but keep the young ones at home that day.**

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Warner)—William Powell in a hero-villain sort of rôle which has to do with his winning another man's wife. **Very good—but children won't think much of it.**

THE RUNAROUND (Columbia)—Mary Brian as a chorus girl, no less. That's about all there is to this picture. **Fair—not for children.**

THE SECRET CALL (Paramount)—A telephone operator's revenge. Peggy Shannon and Richard Arlen. **Good—children will like it.**

SIDE SHOW (Warner)—Winnie Lightner as a circus performer who loves and sacrifices. Mixed up with the romantic elements is some of Winnie's best comedy. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (M-G-M)—A grand cuckoo comedy with Buster Keaton grabbing all the laugh honors. **Very good—very suitable for children.**

SILENCE (Paramount)—Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon, Marjorie Rambeau and John Wray make this somewhat old-fashioned story seem alive. **Good—but children won't like it much.**

SKIPPY (Paramount)—We don't have to tell you this is good. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

SMART MONEY (First National)—Edward G. Robinson as a small town gambler who does well until he hits the big town. James Cagney is in it, too. **Very good—but not for children.**

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT (Paramount)—Chevalier's latest screen offering. Directed by Lubitsch. **Very good—but children won't like it much.**

SOB SISTER (Fox)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent. Children will like parts of it.**

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)—An Indian Prince falls in love with a western girl. Ramon Novarro is the Prince. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE SPIDER (Fox)—Thrilling mystery story based upon a murder which takes place in a theater. Edmund Lowe is the leading character. **Very good—children will like its thrills.**

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good and quite suitable for children.**

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—A talkie revival of the old-time story. Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman, Lupe Velez and Charles Bickford are in it, among others. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

THE STAR WITNESS (First National)—Story of a family who were terrorized because they had witnessed a gangster's murder and the gangsters were afraid they'd be testified against. Chic Sale's performance as the old grandfather who defies the gangsters is magnificent. **Excellent—okay for children.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent, but not good talkie fare for children.**

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent, but the children would be bored by it.**

SVENGALI (Warner)—"Trilby" in the talkies. John Barrymore plays Svengali and Marian Marsh, Trilby. **Very good—but children won't know what it's all about.**

SWEEPSTAKES (RKO-Pathé)—Racetrack story with Eddie Quillan playing the honest jockey who appears to be dishonest. **Fair—children will go for it.**

TABU (Paramount)—Fascinating picture showing life in the South Seas. **Very good—children will like it.**

THIS MODERN AGE (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford once more becomes the jazz-mad girl. **Poor.**

TOO MANY COOKS (RKO-Radio)—Robert Woolsey without Bert Wheeler. **Poor—children may like it.**

TRANSATLANTIC (Fox)—A big-hearted gentleman-crook aboard a liner—and how he affects the lives of some people aboard. Edmund Lowe is the gentlemanly-crook. **Very good—suitable for children.**

TRAVELING HUSBANDS (RKO-Radio)—In spite of the husbands this in an effective murder melodrama with Frank Albertson and Evelyn Brent. **Very good—children will be thrilled by it.**

THE UNHOLY GARDEN (United Artists)—Ronald Colman's latest is hardly more than a program picture. The star, however, with his usual charm, makes the leading character fascinating. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

WATERLOO BRIDGE (Universal)—Reviewed on page 58. **Excellent, but not for the little ones.**

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE (RKO-Pathé)—Helen Twelvetrees gives up her accustomed little girl rôles and becomes a cagey spy in this one. Perhaps it would have been better if they had left her in the little girl rôles and given the rôle to someone like Dietrich. **Poor.**

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER (Tiffany)—A story laid in a boarding house and which includes the nefarious schemes of a racketeer in addition to the human interest of the regular boarding house types. **Good—harmless for children.**

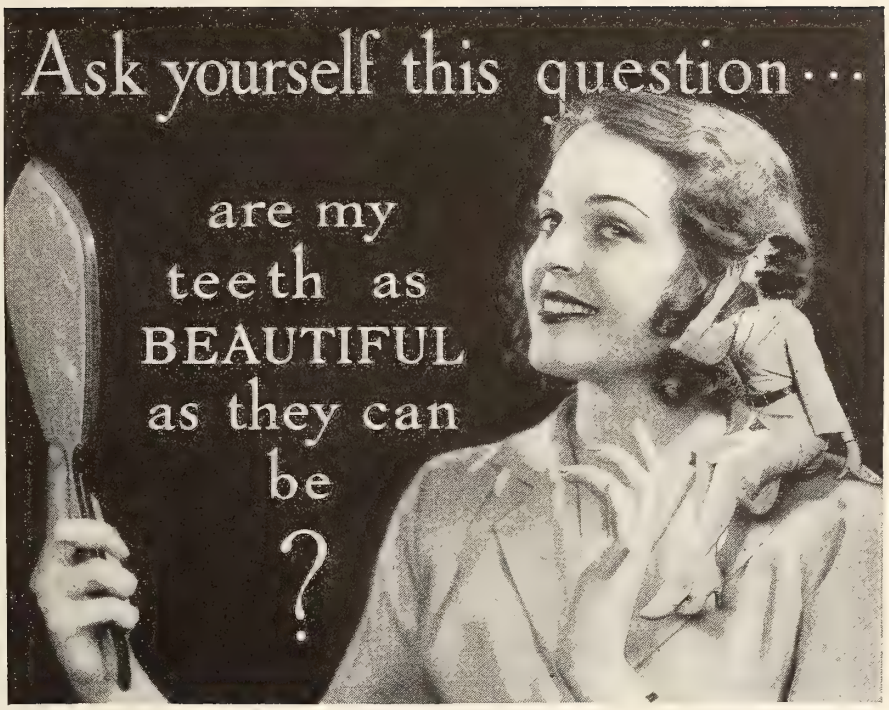
WICKED (Fox)—An over-sentimental piece with Elissa Landi doing her best in the leading rôle. **Poor.**

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL (Fox)—In which Will Rogers, as a successful business man, hits upon a new scheme to interest his pleasure-loving sons in his business. Fifi Dorsay is in it, too. **Good—suitable for children.**

YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID (RKO-Radio)—This is an old-fashioned sort of crook film—but no less good, for all that. Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper will have you cheering for the way in which they portray their rôles. **Very good—children will love it.**

WE'RE AWFULLY SORRY—but owing to the inclusion of several last minute articles we were forced to leave out our Directory of Players this month. We simply hadn't room for it.

But it will be in our January issue and if you can't wait you can get a copy of the latest Directory in our November issue by mailing us your request with 10c in stamps.



IT IS EVERY GIRL'S right and desire to *attract.* And everyone knows that a smile that reveals glistening, white teeth is the *most* attractive single feature of the face. That is why you should ask yourself the question "Are my teeth as *beautiful* as they can be?" Are they as white as nature intended? Are they highly polished? Do they reflect flashing points of light?

It is easy to find out whether you have achieved the utmost in the beauty of your teeth. Prophylactic Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder will help you to prove it. This is how. Examine the appearance of your teeth *critically* in your mirror. Then use Prophylactic for a few days (paste or powder, as you prefer). Now—look into your mirror again! Notice that your teeth are *by far* whiter, more brilliant. Probably for the first time you are seeing their *natural* color and gleam.

Because of their scientific formulae, either of the Prophylactic dentifrices cleanses the teeth safely and with astonishing thoroughness—removing discoloring film and unsightly stains. And what a polish is imparted to the enamel!—it takes on a lustre it never had before.

Begin the experiment today. No matter what dentifrices you have used, you will be glad you made this test. For you will be *delighted* with the results! Prophylactic Tooth Paste or Tooth Powder can be obtained in large 35¢ sizes at drug and department stores. Or in trial sizes at 5¢ and 10¢ stores. If you are unable to obtain them in your neighborhood, use the coupon below. Send it today!

ASK YOURSELF ANOTHER QUESTION

"Is My Breath Above Reproach?"

To be safe, use Prophylactic Mouth Wash, the marvelous new antiseptic and deodorant. Kills mouth-bacteria, stimulates mouth-tissue and assures you a clean, sweet breath. Generous 25¢ size at drug and dept. stores.

Prophylactic Products Corp., 420 Lexington Ave., New York
Send—10¢ size Tooth Paste;—10¢ size Tooth Powder;
—10¢ size Mouth Wash—for which I enclose——¢.
Check items wanted. Tear off this corner of the page.
Print your name and address plainly on the margin.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

James Cagney loves the old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Here's how to make your menfolk feel the same

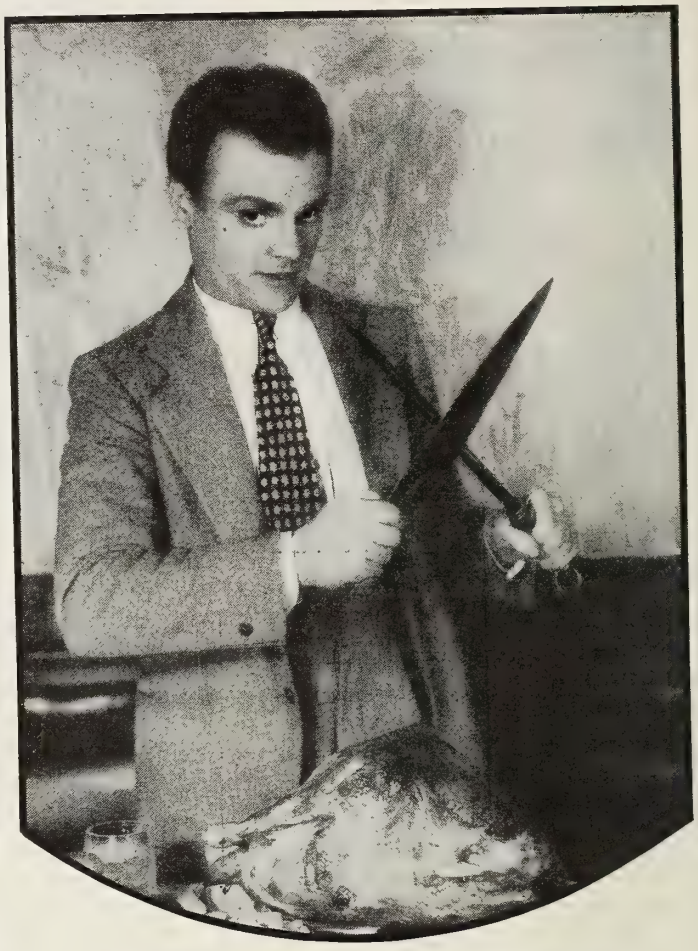
IF, when you think of movie gangsters you think of James Cagney, you may find it just a bit hard to visualize him placidly acting as host at a Thanksgiving feast. You no doubt find it far easier to picture him smiling cynically over a restaurant steak than to think of him lovingly and skilfully carving the festive bird.

But, no—Jimmy wants his Thanksgiving dinner at home. And he wants it to be bountiful and hearty and old-fashioned. The versatile Cagney countenance became almost beatific as he described his ideal Thanksgiving feast.

"Just because I play gangster rôles," he said, "I suppose it's all wrong for me to appreciate a good dinner at home. But I refuse to live up to my tough rôles in that respect."

A genial and witty young man, we found him. Irish as it is possible for anyone to be, and very much the home-loving husband. And there we'll cease talking about Cagney himself, or else we'll be telling you the old story about his being just a dear, sweet, lovely boy—just like your brother—and *so* different from the villainous scamps he portrays on the screen.

Now, if you think we discovered that Jimmy Cagney liked a lot of new fangled dishes for Thanksgiving, or even wanted something just a wee bit different than the familiar and dearly loved favorites of generations past, you are doomed to disappointment, for Jimmy, with great emphasis, informed us that on Thanksgiving day he liked "good old-fashioned foods, served in good old-fashioned ways."



According to Jimmy, the way to celebrate Thanksgiving properly is by eating plenty of turkey—with cranberry sauce, white and sweet potatoes, and plenty of other vegetables and fixin's.

OF course we agreed with him absolutely, for far be it from us to seek to improve on our ancestors' menus. So when Jimmy, with a far away look in his eyes, began to get down to cases and tell us just exactly what he did like, we hastened to clutch our pencil and write down every dish he mentioned—though when we got home we had to sort it out a bit and rearrange the order, for Jimmy evidently mentioned things in the order in which they appealed to his appetite, and not in the normal sequence in which they would appear on the table. Here, then, is the properly arranged menu, composed of those foods which Jimmy has loved, man and boy, and which will make as big a hit with your menfolk as they do with him—and we feel sure that you believe with us that on Thanksgiving day, as on all days, we aim to please the men!

Celery Olives Salted Nuts
Fruit Cup
Cream of Tomato Soup
Roast Turkey Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Jelly
Scalloped Cauliflower and Tomatoes
Mashed Carrots
Mashed White Potatoes Sweet Potatoes With Apples
Cider
Pumpkin Pie With Cheese
Coffee Raisins Nuts in the Shell Mints Chocolates

(*Continued on page 98*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for December for which I enclose 4c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....
(Print in pencil.)

Address.....

.....

BEAUTY ADVICE

Do cold wintry blasts make your skin rough and harsh? This well known beauty expert tells you how you may avoid this

Dear People:

Instead of printing pictures of your favorite stars powdering their noses or giving themselves shampoos, I'm going to use this space every now and then to jot down little items which might be of interest to you. They'll be items which are not strictly applicable to beauty, but which are applicable to the problem of more attractive, alluring individuality.

First: I've noticed here and there among smart, tastefully dressed women that violently red fingernails are still in favor. This, in spite of what beauty experts say about scarlet nail polish being passé. So you can suit yourself. Personally, I hate long, red fingernails.

I suppose you know that the Eugénie hat, as it was originally introduced into the country, is thoroughly "out." Very much modified versions of it are much more chic. The Eugénie and Renaissance influences are much in evidence in evening clothes. Short jackets are still good, so if your only fur coat is hopelessly short and you can't afford a new one, whack the old one off at the hipline and have a furrier remodel it. Wear woolen dresses and pray that the winter won't be too severe.

Blonds, they say, are favored. The hair dye business is doing rather well. Use your own judgment.

Don't make the mistake of wearing fussy clothes to any football games you may attend. Casual, but smart, sport clothes are the thing.

I'll be keeping my eyes open for more jottings for next month.

Mary Biddle

By MARY BIDDLE

I THINK I'll just ramble around a bit this month, if you don't mind. I have before me several grubby little bits of paper on which are scribbled such cryptic little reminders as "Dis. cld. wther. eff. on beaut." Which, being interpreted, means, "Discuss the effect of cold weather on beauty." And then there's "Men. new hr. ton. and hnd. crm." *That* means, "Mention new hair tonic and hand cream." Don't be too impatient—I'll elaborate in a moment.

First, the cold weather problem. It seems that we no sooner finish repairing the ravages of summer heat and sun than we have to commence thinking about icy winds and chapping cold. Most people, as a matter of fact, look better in the winter than they do in the summer. Make-up doesn't run away in trickles of perspiration and marcels and waves stay put for a much longer time. But there are definite winter problems just as there are definite summer problems. The biggest problem is chapping of hands, face, and lips, and that horrible, raw-beef redness which assails delicate skins. You all know, of course, that it is sensible to use lotion or cream steadily to combat these ugly things. I'm not going to tell you anything as fundamental as that. But I would like to offer a few suggestions that may help to keep skins smooth and white and attractive all through the winter.

Be sure to dry your hands and face thoroughly. "Good heavens!" you say. "Anyone would have sense enough to do that!" I'm not sure. I know that for my own part, especially in the office, I often have given my hands a hasty and perfunctory dabbing on roller tissue or a coarse, unabsorbent towel and let it go at that. Take time to dry your hands and face thoroughly—and your body, too, after bathing.

As to lotions, there are a score of them, and at least half a dozen are tried and popular the world over. I advise everyone to use a hand lotion during the winter, anyway. There's a new one that has just come to my attention which is a splendid skin softener. It's a thick liquid and you only need to use a little bit to do the trick. Mothers of small babies might note that it's excellent for chaffing. It has a slightly medicinal odor (which doesn't last after you apply it to the skin) and the base seems to be glycerine.

HAVE you ever longed for a cream which would do everything—cleanse, soften, tone up the skin, and act as a powder base? Well, cheer up. There'll be one on the market in a very good brand in just a few minutes. I'll speak of it again.

One other thing about cold weather problems: eat more—that is, unless you're very much over weight. Eat more fats and sugars. You'll not only feel better, but the results will show in your complexion, too.

Changing the subject, I want to tell you about something that I wouldn't believe if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. I ran into a friend of mine the other day whom I hadn't seen for three years. At that time she had just undergone a severe illness. Naturally, her whole system suffered but perhaps the most tragic thing of all was the effect of the illness on her beautiful hair. It had been a beautiful golden blond, and it became absolutely colorless and showed signs of becoming grey. However, when I saw her just recently, her hair was again shining and blond—not quite as light as it used to be, but lovely, just the same. "Well," I said, "so you finally decided to up and dye it." My friend said that she had not dyed it—that the steady use of a hair tonic—the name of which was entirely unknown to me before—had restored her hair to health and beauty and color. She said that she'd started to use this tonic without much hope—with that oh-well-things-couldn't-be-worse attitude. She didn't want to dye her hair and had, as a matter of fact, become resigned to her fate. She just thought the tonic might make her hair thicker, that was all. The re-

(Continued on page 103)

This ought to keep you Joan Blondell fans happy.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Write to the editor of MODERN SCREEN and express your opinions of the talkies and the stars

There are a heap o' people who disagree with you, George

Is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., worthy of all the space allotted him by the movie magazines? Will someone please let me know what he has done to gain such? And does he or Joan Crawford think for a moment that they are doing their public an honor by providing them with so much insane love-patter? (MODERN SCREEN please note.) And will the M-G-M higher-ups assign a special bodyguard to Joan so that she may for a moment discard the look of fear she assumes in her eyes. You know, that jungle expression.

GEORGE K. MORAN,
New York City, N. Y.

There seems to be a difference of opinion on our Janet Gaynor story

Jack Jamison said in your October issue: "Charles Farrell would probably sink into obscurity without Janet Gaynor as team-mate."

"Liliom" and "Body and Soul" were given as examples of his box-office appeal. Even a great actor could hardly have made a success of such a fanciful story as "Liliom." A very great actor could not have made the public believe in such an unconvincing story as "Body and Soul." When Janet Gaynor plays without him she is given a rôle which enables her to retain her natural little-girlishness. When Farrell plays without her he is forced to do his best (and he does) with a story in which he is miscast or that is not too plausible.

LORETTA BROWN,
Waterbury, Conn.

Many thanks to Jack Jamison for the best story ever written on Janet Gaynor. Instead of a lot of bunk about her and Lydell Peck we have a real story about the star herself.

BETTY PROSSER,
Hazelton, Penna.

"Street Scene" answers your third question

I'd like to know who carves that ultra-swanky mustache of Ivan Lebedeff's . . . If that incomparable Phillips Holmes and wonderful little Peggy Shannon wouldn't make a swell picture . . . Why Sylvia Sidney doesn't get a good story so that she can show her acting ability . . . Why there are not more actresses like peachy lil' Joan Blondell, who has not turned mysterious. . . .

ALLENE EATY,
Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Joan, take a bow

I have an actress in mind who is lovable and sweet, a comedienne, a bundle of true qualities with the making of a great star all wrapped up in one. It is a small bundle, in the personage of Joan Blondell. She is a small and valuable package which will grow and grow.

HILDA ELIZABETH PRICHARD,
St. Louis, Missouri.

We're printing this just to hear the Garbo fans scream with rage

So Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo co-star in "Mata Hari"! From what you printed in your last issue, Mr. Novarro is very enthusiastic about it. Funny, isn't it, but I extend *my* congratulations to Miss Garbo. I can't understand why Novarro should be so worked up over the idea, when he has been a star for almost ten years, and will probably still be acting long after she is forgotten. . . .

A NOVARRO FAN,
New York City, N. Y.

Yes, but we're not afraid of them.

This concerns the critics that review the pictures. They make me sick with their forever harping on the past. Everything that Janet Gaynor does is compared to "Seventh Heaven." Chevalier's pictures are measured by "The Love Parade" and so it goes with other stars. . . . It might be a good idea, now that there is a supply of machine guns on hand from abandoned gangster pictures, to line up the critics—and then make it an annual occurrence to end this nuisance about the past.

If you print this letter, just sign it "Fair Play." However, I'm sure you won't dare print it because you've critics on your own staff.

FAIR PLAY,
Chicago, Illinois.

You know what you like, eh, Marie?

To Lionel Barrymore: Bravo for stealing the honors from Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." To Miriam Hopkins: Bravo for stealing the honors from Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant." To Clark Gable: Bravo for stealing all the scenes from the fainting Joan in "Laughing Sinners." Jean Harlow: Give lessons in sex appeal to

Dear Friends:

Well, how do you like the cover on this issue? I receive quite a few letters asking for portraits of male stars—alone—on our cover. Somehow, though, I've always been a bit doubtful about portraits of men pleasing the majority of people. At any rate, I thought we'd compromise for once. So there is Greta Garbo, certainly one of the most popular actresses, and Clark Gable, who threatens to be one of the most popular actors. How does it impress you?

Do you like a player who has been doing a definite type of rôle for a long time, suddenly to change? For instance, Clive Brook, after being the British gentleman for years, suddenly went cockney in "Silence." Was it too much of a shock? Also I'd like you to write and tell me if you have seen any pictures lately which have given you the feeling of being misled—that is, pictures whose endings were not convincing and which fooled the audience. I have seen a few. Do you know which they are?

The Editor

Don't say we're not good to you, I. D. Lee.

Norma Shearer and Marlene Dietrich. Anita Page: Kindly go home and stay there. It is about time. Constance Bennett: Stop looking so cross and cynical. We don't like it.

MARIE KROMIS,
Detroit, Michigan.

But the pop gun went over with a big bang

When the movies star a little "pop gun" like Robert Montgomery—they are starved for want of talent. This is not only my opinion but many turn from the box office if they see his name.

W. O. POOLE,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Better turn to page 34, G. T. M.

Am an ardent Clark Gable fan. From the first time I noticed him some months ago, I've always looked for more and more pictures and news about him.

So far I haven't learned to know him much.

Please give us a generous write up on Clark Gable.

G. T. M.,
Youngstown, Ohio.

Do you like our cover?

There's one thing I'd be very glad to see in your magazine and that is a picture of Clark Gable, that wonderful find! That boy bears watching. Some of these days he's gonna surprise everyone by stepping right into Valentino's shoes. All he needs is the right stories.

MARY FAK,
Chicago, Illinois.

Don't you mean taking Valentino's place?

What on earth is all this talk about Clark Gable taking Johnny Mack Brown's place? It's all rot as far as I'm concerned. I like Clark Gable a lot and I think he's a fine actor *but* he or any other actor can never take Johnny Mack Brown's place.

M. R.,
Rochester, N. Y.

No, we didn't publish it, Ella

Kindly tell me if it was your magazine in which recently an article appeared on religions of the stars and can I obtain a copy.

ELLA M. STALP.

See the review of "Devotion" on page 56, Peggy

In my opinion Leslie Howard is an "ace"—Mr. Howard makes you feel the part he portrays from the minute he enters into the picture—and *that's* what I call real acting.

Such an actor remains a "star" forever because his mind is on his work and he *does not* allow success to ruin him.

That's sincerely,
PERRY JOY,
Los Angeles.

Shall we submit the idea to "Ballyhoo," Gertrude?

It occurs to me that a very attractive and unique little innovation for MODERN SCREEN would be to publish every month a "true" life story of one of the stars based on *fragment* instead of *fact*. For instance: how often we have heard such things as Sylvia Sidney, the new star of 1931, is not really young at all, but is 31, the mother of two grown children, etc.; and again, she recently eloped with a young aviator, and again, is contemplating returning to Russia, land of her birth, and again, Richard Dix was born in all of five different places. The reason he has never married is all of 101 different reasons . . .

I believe if you gave a brilliant writer like "Izzy Benglegotz" who simply knows *all* about Hollywood, and permit him to base his life stories on fragment instead of fact, it would furnish a near riot of laughter for your reading public.

GERTRUDE LOIS READ,
Dallas, Texas.

We heartily check on all the items except numbers 8 and 9. Think of the work that last item means to us!

Here are a few things I'd like to see:

Something about Anita Louise in your magazine.

John Gilbert in a story worthy of his talents.

Myrna Loy starred.

Victor Varconi oftener.

Clark Gable stick to gangster rôles.

Jack Kerrigan in a talkie version of "Captain Blood."

More movie stars back again.

Most of the stage stars return to the stage.

MODERN SCREEN *twice* a month.

N. M. BRADHURST,
St. Louis, Mo.

(*Continued on page 93*)

WELCOMING MARION HOME

Richard Barthelmess, Anita Page and Jimmie Durante do a general Jimmie Durante pose together. Wouldn't Dick make a grand comedian?

(Left) Marion Davies, the guest of honor, and William Haines. Yes, Bill pulled his usual number of funny gags.

Courtesy of Los Angeles *Herald*

Courtesy of Los Angeles *Herald*

Connie Bennett and her Marquis. If you read our gossip section, starting on page 16, you'll find an item in there concerning this couple.

Sidney Smith and Lily Damita. This is the first published picture of these two together. They are flaming, you know.

. . . When Marion Davies arrived home from her European jaunt a large and gorgeous party was given in her honor at the Ambassador. Needless to say the walls echoed with the laughter and gaiety of a grand collection of Hollywood's famous names. These pictures, exclusive to us, give you an idea of who was there

Courtesy of Los Angeles *Herald*

Joel McCrea, Ina Claire, Cedric Gibbons and wife Dolores Del Rio. The rumor hounds will have it that McCrea is burning up over Ina. Ina, of course, swears she'll never marry again.

John Gilbert and Billie Dove. No, there are no rumors about them, my dears.

Louella Parsons, famous columnist, with her husband, Dr. Harry Martin.

Charles Rogers, the new dramatic actor who used to be Buddy Rogers, with Joan Marsh, of M-G-M.

MODERN SCREEN
FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

LEW AYRES met Lola Lane about a year ago while they were working at the same studio. It seemed to be love at first sight . . . or so the papers said. They became quite a legend around the colony and were seen in each other's company constantly. And so, of course, it wasn't long until they were rumored engaged. Lew took the hint like a real trouper and soon Lola was seen wearing a large diamond on the correct finger.

But . . . "The course of true romance ran true to form in this case, too" and it was only a few weeks when the engaged couple gave statements to the press that they were in no way contemplating marriage . . . in fact they were not seeing each other so much any more.

Lew started on a round of new romances with Jean Harlow. It was commonly thought that a real romance might develop . . . but just then Lew changed his mind to Sally Blane. And then Connie Bennett . . . and her sister Joan. Each one received his undivided attention for a few days and then it was a new celebrity.

Then Lola pulled the big coup . . . she started going places with none other than John Gilbert. First one party and then another saw these two together . . . that is, until Lew heard about it. It is said that when he learned of Lola's "unfaithfulness" he called her on the phone and asked her what she meant by going around with other fellows while she was engaged to him! Lola answered that if he wanted her so much he could come over and escort her home from the party. It is said that Gilbert had a lonesome evening. Lola just marched away with Lew.

Then a few days ago, Lew was handed a vacation by Universal just after he had finished "The Spirit of Notre Dame." It was known by his close friends that he intended taking the time for a bit of big game hunting in Wyoming. But Lew stole a march on the gang and took Lola with him.

Jack Dempsey won his suit for divorce from Estelle Taylor by default. In other words, Estelle made no appearance to defend the suit and Jack automatically became divorced. They say he's going back to the ring.

THE world première of "Devotion," starring Ann Harding, was a social as well as a motion picture success. Ann, the beautiful blond star, accompanied by her husband, Harry Bannister, started the evening off as she stepped from her car at the entrance of Carthay Circle Theater. As soon as her head appeared from the tonneau of the car, a small boy standing with the thousands of other fans yelled out: "I know you, Ann Harding . . . I've seen you before and I *like* you!" Such outspoken recognition has been known to fluster certain celebrities but Ann merely turned her head back over her shoulder and returned: "And I like *you*, too!" and smiled her gorgeous smile.

Later, Ann was seen standing at the head of one of the aisles autographing programs. After signing several, the owner of the pen in use left for parts unknown. The next applicant arrived and Ann asked: "Have you a pen or pencil?..." to which the fan answered, "Why, no! Do you mean to say that you have come to your own première without a *pencil?*" Which might be a hint to other Hollywood residents.

Marlene was there with the ever-present Von Sternberg and accomplished her usual amount of autographing. Marlene is one of our very best little autographers. Connie Bennett was there with her Marquis . . . but we didn't see Gloria and her Farmer. Of course, Ivan (the sleek-looking) Lebedeff was present with Thelma Todd and both startled the crowds with their regal appearance.

After the showing of the picture . . . which was followed by a loud din of applause . . . the master of ceremonies, according to custom, got a few of the cast to take a bow from the stage. One of the best little after-theater speeches was made by Robert Williams when he said: "I sure enjoyed making this picture . . . Miss *Bennett* was marvelous to work with." But maybe it wasn't a mistake . . . just one of Mr. Williams' adroit subtleties. It got the audience for a minute though. All in all, a swell première.

Wesley Ruggles says he will positively marry Arline Judge. Ruggles is a great director, you know (remember his "Cimarron"?) and Arline Judge is under contract to RKO-Radio, the studio for which Wesley works.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

In spite of vigorous denials, rumors persist that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan are on strained terms. Doug seems to be interested in Hope Williams.

Winnie Lightner is very sick, following strenuous reducing schedule.

Marlene Dietrich is reported to be interested in her former German leading man, Hans Trodowski.

Harold Lloyd became a hero when he put out a fire which started in his Santa Monica Beach home and which threatened injury to Mildred Gloria and little Peggy. Hot water heater started it.

Warner Baxter has been severely injured by falling glass on the lot where he is making "Surrender." He had to have six stitches taken in his leg.

Jeanette MacDonald, having returned from Europe, will play the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You."

Helen Hayes' M-G-M contract has been renewed, but she'll return to New York with her baby to do a play before fulfilling her talkie obligations.

Jack Pickford is critically ill and Mary is spending her entire time at his bedside.

Colleen Moore's ex, John McCormick, and Janet Gattis, his recent bride, are already divorced, just as MODERN SCREEN hinted they might be. Janet is being beau-ed by Dean Markham, one of Billie Dove's former admirers.

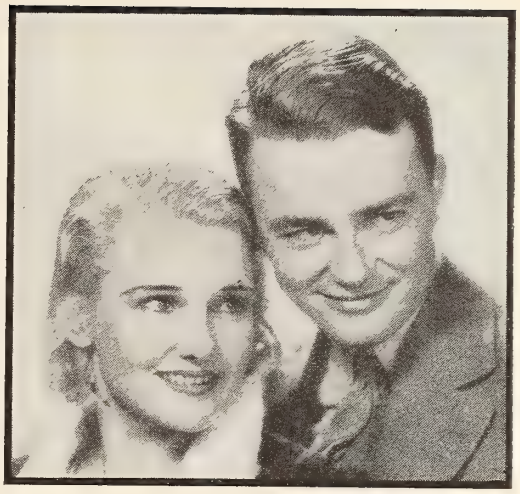
Joan Crawford has been named for the lead in Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen."

First National is trying hard to get Lewis Stone to play the lead opposite Lil Dagover in "I Spy."

All the details of the Lew Ayres-Lola Lane elopement!

Acme

Joan Bennett as she appeared at the Pacific Southwest tennis tournament. Yes, that's Joel McCrea sitting beside her. Joan is mending slowly.



Acme

Lola Lane and Lew Ayres, the latest Hollywood couple to up and visit the preacher. Lew said he was going hunting—but got married instead.

WHAT a battle was held at the Embassy Club the other day! Not a single word was spoken . . . and nary a blow exchanged, but still it was one of the best fights of the year. The contestants were Gloria Swanson and Lily Damita. It was sort of a battle-for-the-most-eyes by two of the world's greatest beauties. Sydney Smith, New York broker, led the cheering for Damita (and why not, he's in love with her) while Michael Farmer (of the Paris Farmers) tried to rouse the crowd to the potentialities of La Swanson. It was a great lunch hour for those who were fortunate enough to be present for the Battle of the Beauties.

Lew Ayres certainly showed Rudy Vallée that he wasn't the only young fellow who could steal a Hollywood "gorg" for a wife.

AT the Tennis Matches: After the first few preliminary games were over, many of the film colony were seen occupying boxes at Southwest Tennis Championships. Bill Powell was there with his new wife, Carole Lombard, who was spending her first day away from doctor's care. Carole has almost recovered from the illness that took her from the cast of "The Greeks." Joan Bennett added her beautiful presence to the convalescent atmosphere by appearing in a wheel chair (picture at top of page). Joan looked lovely in a chic sports outfit. Joel McCrea sat with her. Ronald Colman was getting a huge thrill out of the clever shots executed by the great tennis stars—you know Ronnie is quite a player himself. Others seen were: Harold Lloyd and his cameraman, George Fitzmaurice, the director, also William C. DeMille, Fredric March and many more.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli gave a smart little dinner for some of the famous tennis stars competing at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. They also supplied a few beautiful ladies for the boys to escort to the party . . . and some of them have decided to make Hollywood their home!

THE Embassy Club must have been running a bit *in the red* . . . at least, when they had finished decorating their new Roof for supper dancing, they placed a huge sign out in front: "Roof Open to the Public." So now the Boulevard in front of the once exclusive Embassy is crowded every night with tourists and countless automobiles. The commoners like you and I are now admitted into the inner sanctuary of the famous. This new plan, however, does not allow non-members to enjoy luncheon at the Club . . . as usual, that requires the little red membership card.

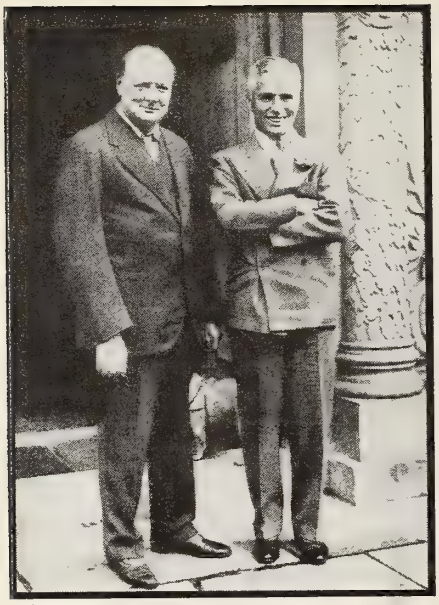
POLLY MORAN must have had a very interesting time on her trip East. While she was in Chicago, Polly decided to visit the scene of her early struggles. She tells of going over to a little hotel on Twelfth Street where she used to work as a maid and janitress. There she found that several of those who used to work with her still had the same jobs. Polly spent the entire day talking over old times . . . and especially of the time when she cleaned cuspidors at the little hotel.

Can you imagine the tremendous box-office appeal of this combination: Jean Harlow starring in "Platinum Blond"? Well, that is the title for Jean's picture . . . if she can finish her other engagements in time to jump over to the right studio!

A CERTAIN young Paramount star has a very angry wife on his hands these days. It seems that he has been doing quite a number of love scenes with a delectable lady of the films and the wife has come to the conclusion that ". . . the love and kisses are all too realistic" and that they must stop! From a very good source we learn that the wife really has good grounds for her stand . . . the actor actually *does* overdo the act a bit with that certain actress . . . liking her quite a deal more than any respectable married man should. It will no doubt be a thing of the past by our next issue . . . so we won't embarrass the principals by telling you their names now. But if this thing keeps up, we'll let you in on it.

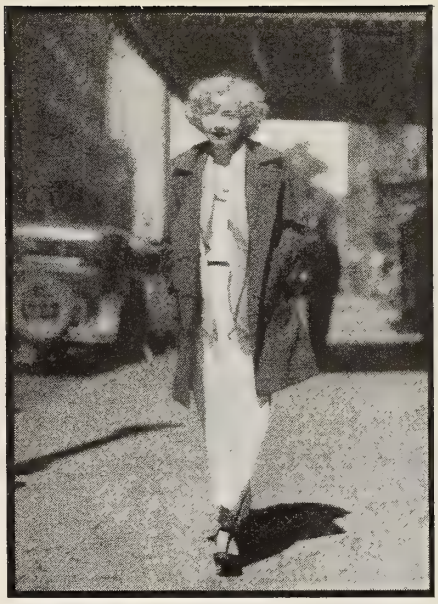
Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay manage to maintain a lot more dog than the average stars-with-chauffeur. Instead of the regular stuff, Frank drives the new phaeton with Barbara beside him . . . and the handy man occupies a lonesome back seat. Very grand.

So the Embassy Club isn't quite so snooty, these days!



Acme

Charlie Chaplin is still drifting around Europe, being entertained by eminent people. Here you see him with Winston Churchill, famous British statesman.



International

Alice White amazes staid Boston by appearing on the streets in pajamas, no less. Her vaudeville tour is going well. They say she'll return to the screen.

International

George Jessell greeting Maurice Chevalier on his return from abroad. Perhaps Maurice's trip helped cure the ailment we mentioned in a previous issue.

WILL ROGERS has certainly let his son pass him by in the matter of plain and fancy polo playing. Rogers, Jr., is now rated at better than three goals by many of the local lights and it looks as though he would do much better soon. Will says that he doesn't want the National Polo Association to rate the boy yet because: ". . . it will make his head swell so that he never *will* be a champion." Or maybe Will doesn't want it to get around that the kid has stolen the spotlight from under his nose! However, Will can still beat Darryl Zanuck!

Molly O'Day and that good boy of "Bad Girl," James Dunn, seem to be very much in love. Everyone was wondering who would cop the heart of this recruit from the New York stage, and most of Hollywood eligible girls were interested. But it took the Irish Noonan girl to make Jimmie interested.

BOTH "Queer People" and "Once In a Lifetime" are doomed to a temporary grave. Reason is that none of the actors want to play in them. Before Bill Haines re-signed with M-G-M, it was rumored that he would take the part of "Whitey," the erstwhile newspaperman in "Queer People," but that deal fell through at the last minute. Looks like Hollywood doesn't dare laugh at itself, even though Howard Hughes has already spent $100,000 in preparation!

An actor, just released from prison, according to Variety, was telling a friend how he got out.

"Same old story," he said in a bored voice. "They didn't take up my option!"

NOW it comes to light that Dolores Del Rio just missed being a co-respondent in the Mary Aiken-Edwin Carewe divorce suit a couple of years ago by the skin of her teeth and the aid of her attorney.

The attorney is suing the Mexican actress for $31,000 unpaid fees.

ALL that newspaper ballyhoo about the mystery marriage of Gloria Swanson and young Michael Farmer is so much gossip fodder. For one thing, it won't be possible for Gloria to re-marry until her divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise becomes final. And for another, we doubt very much whether either Mr. Farmer or Miss Swanson (thrice wed and divorced) want to get married. Michael's chief source of income is from a trust fund that will automatically stop if he should wed.

So we predict with quite a bit of assurance that there'll be no wedding bells for Gloria and Michael. We hope you're not disappointed. Michael and Gloria were having lunch at the Embassy when the headlines came out about their probable marriage. They just laughed!

Is Hope Williams, now in Hollywood, going to make a picture or not? Conflicting reports come to us.

BUT maybe you marriage-hounds won't be too disappointed, because the way things look now, Connie Bennett and the Marquis are planning to marry as soon as "Hank's" divorce from Gloria is final. After all was said and done, it seems that Connie and young Joel McCrea were just friends and that "Hank" has always been first in that lady's heart.

Nick, the smiling head waiter at the famous Brown Derby, is past master at not showing the surprise he oftimes feels. The other day one of the better known actors came into the Derby toting a suit-case, which he handed to Nick with reluctance.

"Do you want me to check the bag, sir?" asked the head waiter.

"Please," answered the notable, winking and smacking his lips. "If you could check it in the icebox, I'd appreciate it ever so much!"

YOU WILL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 72 and 92

There are heart rumors about James Dunn, the newest star

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Marlene Dietrich, wearing her best poker-face expression, is probably sternly suppressing a desire to beam happily over the fact that people have practically stopped comparing her with Garbo. Fans are anxiously awaiting her next picture, "Shanghai Express." Clive Brook is her leading man in that film. Following its completion, Marlene will go to Germany to do a screen version of Cleopatra's life, Josef von Sternberg directing, of course. Marlene lives in a Beverly Hills home formerly owned by Charles Mack and employs Bebe Daniels' former chauffeur. She numbers Joan Crawford and young Doug among her few friends.

Photograph by Ray Jones

Genevieve Tobin, much to her own surprise, has discovered that she's crazy about California. At first, she had a Broadway antipathy toward Hollywood and a New Yorker's natural longing for the big city. Genevieve's next picture will be "Oh, Promise Me." She lives in an exclusive apartment hotel with her mother, vacations at Santa Barbara and is planning a new home at Montecito, between Hollywood and the sea. She's a polo and football fan.

Photograph by Irving Lippman

Having finished "I Like Your Nerve," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will next make "Union Depot." He's been quite busy lately denying rumors about impending parenthood and a threatened divorce. He loves to do caricatures of his friends. And he does priceless imitations of his dad and John Barrymore. He keeps his hair cut now (Joan's influence) and eats plenty of potatoes and drinks milk to put on weight. And he's substituting a pipe for cigarettes.

Photograph by William Grimes

Did you know that Norma Shearer intended to retire after her baby's birth? However, "The Divorcée" started such a run of popular pictures that she has never gotten around to it. Her next picture will be "Private Lives" with Robert Montgomery. Yellow roses are her favorite flowers. She drives a big cream-colored Rolls-Royce.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Photograph by Irving Lippman

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

James Cagney recently walked out of the Warner Brothers studio, demanding a salary raise, and got it—without being disagreeable, either. After "Larceny Lane" he'll do "Taxi, Please" with Loretta Young. He's devoted to Mrs. Cagney (who was his partner in his hoofer days). They live simply and save money.

Photograph by Fred Hendrickson

Dorothy Lee is living in a house which she rented from ex-husband Jimmie Fidler. Dorothy keeps fit riding horseback, playing golf and tennis and working out on bar and rings in the backyard. She wants to marry again—some day—and have a family. She laughs at her own bow legs. Her next film, after "Peach o' Reno," will be "Girl Crazy."

MODERN SCREEN'S

Photograph by Frank Powolny

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

James Dunn can't help it if he is the hit of the season—he just can't stop being a movie fan himself. He plays golf every day, because he's crazy about it, and because his contract says he must keep down to one hundred and fifty. Following his big hit in "Bad Girl," he sent for "mama" who now lives with him. After "Over the Hill" he'll do "Dance Team."

THE TRUE STORY OF SYLVIA SIDNEY

Little Sylvia (left), the misunderstood child to whom bread and butter became a menace more terrible than anyone could possibly believe. The bread and butter, in fact, brought on a crisis in Sylvia's young life. (Below) With Buster Collier, Jr., in "Street Scene," Sylvia's latest success.

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IT was very still in the little room. The way it is in church when there is silent prayer. Across the crib the eyes of the young mother and father met. Then, gently, Beatrice Sidney stooped to kiss her baby's tiny hand.

"She will be free, Sigmund," Beatrice said softly. "Our little Sylvia . . . ."

The man came around to his wife's side. He understood.

"Free," he said. "That is a beautiful word."

The hands of the clock on the bedside table warned him to hurry. No patient must be kept waiting in Sigmund Sidney's dental office a few blocks away. Especially now with Sylvia to think of, too.

Sylvia . . . she was born knowing things most people never know. As a baby she never gurgled with rapture at the rattle hung with silver bells and engraved with her pretty name. Instead she regarded it with grave green eyes. And growing older, she rarely played with her dolls. Instead she preferred a tablet of drawing paper and colored crayons. School she loathed. Boys she hated. And girls she found only a very little better. It used to worry Beatrice and Sigmund Sidney that Sylvia's voice never mingled with the voices of the neighborhood

. . . The gripping story of this little girl who just couldn't seem to adjust herself to her world is a human document every sensitive reader will understand

. . . Poor little Sylvia didn't want to be disobedient—it was rather that she couldn't help it. And, like a good many other parents, her mother and father did not understand her childhood and timidity and unsociability. Life was dreadfully unhappy to her as a child.

The Sylvia of today (right) has adjusted herself to her world and is the pride of her brave mother. The picture immediately above is of her mother taken not long after she left Russia—when Sylvia was not even an anticipation.

Sylvia's father, Sigmund Sidney. He was a hard-working dentist when he met Sylvia's mother, Beatrice. She was a costume designer in Wanamaker's. They fell in love at once, were married, and started housekeeping in the Bronx. Sylvia was born there.

children who roller-skated, jumped rope and indulged in all the other city, sidewalk games beneath their windows.

Sylvia was born in a free country, true enough! But she never has been altogether free. In her veins flows the blood of her father's Roumania and her mother's Russia. Therefore, if we are to understand Sylvia at all, we must know something of her parents first. She is, in truth, the fruit of her family tree. Which accounts for much of her rebellious unhappiness. Which accounts too, for her being able to play a murderess convincingly when she was only eighteen and for her being one of the most promising dramatic actresses on the screen now when she is barely twenty-one.

BEATRICE SIDNEY, Sylvia's mother, lived through the bloody horrors of indescribable Russian pogroms. Her family was forced to separate that they might hide better. And many a morning, disguised as a little peasant, Beatrice used to walk many city miles to make sure all had safely survived another long, cruel night.

Beatrice was fourteen the day the soldiers stood her brother-in-law up against a great stone wall and bayoneted him, not with one comparatively kind death-thrust but, viciously, six times. It was this that determined her to get away with as many members of the family as she could possibly manage to take with her. Carefully, to avoid suspicion, she began selling their possessions. Her Sunday dress. Her mother's brooch. And toward the end, with every few kopecks bringing their escape appreciably nearer, the samovar went, too.

There were older sisters, but Beatrice had the stoutest heart. She managed everything. And so it came to pass that she was fifteen when, with her mother, one brother and three sisters, she stood on the deck of a steamer, America bound. Half way across the rough stretches of the Atlantic, while the ship lurched and pitched, she held tightly to her widowed sister's hand . . . It was then her niece was born, the posthumous daughter of the man the soldiers had bayoneted while he stood against that high gray wall.

Arriving in America Beatrice had managed somehow. There was magic in the way she draped materials on figures. She was clever with her pencil. A few years of apprenticeship and learning American ways and she became one of John Wanamaker's most valued designers.

NO wonder, looking down upon her baby that August day in the year 1910, Beatrice Sidney marvelled that she should have been born free. It is, after all, only those who have endured the cruel rule of other lands who can properly value our national gift of freedom.

And it was fitting and proper, too, that Sigmund Sidney should have pronounced free a beautiful word. At seventeen he had come from Roumania. And for years thereafter he had worked by day and studied by night to win his D. D. S. Then he had met the beautiful Beatrice. And they had married and gone to live in a little flat up in the Bronx while a short distance away Sigmund had established his dental offices.

And then Sylvia came! It was perhaps for this they both had worked and dared and dreamed. That one day there might be a Sylvia. And that she might be free.

"If only," said Beatrice to Sigmund and Sigmund to Beatrice, "she would grow to be more like other children. If only she would be giggly and carefree and learn to curb her frightful temper."

But Sylvia's grandmother, who came to visit sometimes, used to shake her head at the prospect of any such transformation. Grandmother was old enough to be resigned to the inevitable, old enough to know that what is in the blood is in the blood.

"When she is much older, a young lady, then maybe she will learn to be gay sometimes," the old lady used to tell her daughter and son-in-law. "But deep within our Sylvia, even then, there will be sadness.

"Tsch! You two come to America and in one generation you expect a happy-go-lucky American. That cannot be. One generation! Tsch, it is as nothing. And you expect it to erase all the other generations that have gone before." And her voice would grow sad with her memories.

SYLVIA speaks of her grandmother who died a year or two ago with deep affection.

"My grandmother was orthodox," Sylvia says, "but never in my life have I encountered such tolerance and such understanding. Always her attitude was 'That is

not my way but it may be a good way.'

"I can remember grandmother at our table. My mother served dairy food with meat always. To my grandmother, of course, this was wrong. But she showed disapproval by no word or sign. She had her own dinner. That was all she asked.

"She cooked us Russian food sometimes. Blinis. And a spicy stew called shaschlick."

However, in spite of all that grandmother said, Beatrice and Sigmund Sidney continued to hope Sylvia would change. They were almost envious of friends whose children clattered about the house on their skates and never could be found at bedtime. They thought school might help. At five-and-a-half Sylvia was sent to kindergarten.

For an hour she sat quietly in her little yellow chair and made baskets out of strips of bright paper and drew pussy-willows. Then she decided she had had enough. Pushing back her chair with a great clatter she went to the cloak closet and finding her hat and coat, she started for the door.

"Sylvia," the teacher said, "you can't go home. School isn't over yet."

"But I'm going home just the same," Sylvia announced. And home she went.

Her mother was waiting for her. The teacher had telephoned. She had seemed a little nonplussed at the calm way in which Sylvia had ignored her authority.

Beatrice Sidney, Sylvia's mother, at the time of Sylvia's first real conquest of the theater—about five years ago. Although she did not at first understand Sylvia, Beatrice tried in every way to help her. That is part of Sylvia Sidney's wonderful success.

TAKING Sylvia on her lap Beatrice Sidney explained that she must never do anything like that again, and when she was in school she must obey the teacher. And then she took her back. However, Sylvia never was to enjoy any part of it. And always the close smell of starched dresses and lunch boxes was to make her a little ill.

At any rate, kindergarten failed to change Sylvia one iota. Always she came directly home, as fast as her little legs could carry her. Always she came alone.

Perhaps boarding-school where Sylvia would be away from them and forced to seek companionship in other children, would effect the desired miracle. Beatrice and Sigmund Sidney decided it was worth the experiment. So, early one Sunday morning the following September Sylvia and her mother started off in a car for upper New York state where the school that had been decided upon was located.

Sylvia wore a new hat. And shiny new shoes. If she bent forward in her seat she could see her reflection in the stubby toes. It helped pass the time.

"I won't like the school, you know," she warned her mother.

Beatrice Sidney took her little hand. "Wait until you see it, Sylvia. Then decide."

That school, when they reached it late in the afternoon, was a sight to warm almost any child's heart. There were great trees under which to have secrets. Gently sloping lawns. And lovely fragrant gardens. Sylvia, however, refused to be charmed by any of it. With her eyes down and holding tightly to her mother's hand she walked up the gravel pathway. To her it was a place of possible exile. She still hoped her mother really wouldn't leave her.

INSIDE, the chatter and laughter of the girls walking through the wide hall filled Sylvia with anything but delight. The refectory with six to a dozen children at each table appalled her. She ate no dinner. Even though ice cream was the tempting dessert. She hoped her mother would be impressed by the hard way she was taking all of it and decide that boarding-school wouldn't do after all.

Upstairs in the recreation room after dinner the children gathered in a large and happy semi-circle around a teacher.

"Go over with the rest of the girls," Mrs. Sidney said. And she gave Sylvia, seemingly glued to her side, a little push. "The teacher is going to tell a bed-time story." Stories, she knew, were something Sylvia couldn't resist. Slowly Sylvia left her side and seated herself, her slim legs curled under her, tailor fashion, a little off from the group. Like the period under a question mark. Apart. That was Sylvia, always.

"Once upon a time," the teacher began, "there was a little boy who lived in Holland. His grandfather had told him all about the heavy dykes that held back the sea . . ."

Sylvia listened intently. Here was a new story. It had been a long time since her mother or her grandmother had had a new story to tell her. But the old ones, told and retold, they were good, too.

"If the sea should overflow," (*Continued on page 112*)

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT DOUG AND MARY

Who does not remember Mary as Little Lord Fauntleroy? Madame Glyn, however, liked this perhaps the least of Mary's films. She tells you why in the story.

A busy young executive, trying not to look too earnest. Yes, it's Doug when he was about twenty-one. This was in the days before the films—and Mary—knew him.

IT is ten years since I first met Douglas and Mary. I remember I was just coming off one of the stages of the old Paramount lot on Vine Street when Mr. Cecil DeMille introduced a very dark, slim young man. This was the Douglas Fairbanks of whom I had heard so much!

I was so new to everything concerned with moving pictures that I was still at the stage when I judged people by European standards; and I remember I thought Douglas looked just like any one of the young nobles at the Spanish Court where I had been a guest immediately before coming to Hollywood.

I felt I ought to speak to him in Spanish, which I hardly knew! But he greeted me in good American, and said he hoped I would like California, and that I must meet Mary.

And a few days after that I dined with them in their bungalow in Beverly Hills. In those days it was so far out in the wilds that the chauffeur of the car I hired could not find the road. We seemed to wander about, and at last we found ourselves back at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and from there procured a guide! On my return journey my host and hostess kindly sent their car back with me as far as Sunset Boulevard, as it was then hardly safe for one car in those lonely lanes late at night; indeed, often for several winters after that, driving back alone, or with Mrs. Pickford, we used to take off our rings and pearl necklaces and hide them under the rug on the floor in case of accidents!

MY first impression of Pickfair was gained during my arrival under a tunnel archway and being admitted at the bottom of a steep little stair! But having mounted that I entered a pretty hall and down two or three steps found a cosy sitting room. It had a simple, rather English country look, some comfortable chairs and sofas covered with cretonne, while part of the walls had white painted bookshelves with quantities of books in them. Then there was a big open fireplace with friendly burning logs, and everywhere there were lovely flowers.

The whole atmosphere was full of peace and love—

For there stood Mary!

She was certainly the youngest looking married woman one had ever seen! She appeared to me then as just a child of fourteen or so, and though perfectly lovely—immature as well!

I was astonished to see how small she was! For the reason, I suppose, that the average English girl is about

. . . With sympathy and insight, this famous writer recalls intimate and revealing memories about the King and Queen of Movieland

By ELINOR GLYN

Elinor Glyn—famous writer of many novels, widely traveled cosmopolite and student of human nature—has met and known intimately famous folk in all walks of life. She numbers Doug and Mary among her many friends and in this story she gives you a vivid and charming picture of them.

(Left) A bold, bad pirate and his lass, up to no good. Or, in other words, an exceedingly informal snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks—caught on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot some years ago. (Above) Mary and Doug and Edward Knoblock, the well known playwright, snapped on the lot when Mary was making "Rosita."

five feet seven or eight. She greeted me so kindly, she guessed I must be very lonely in a strange land.

I loved Mary from the first moment.

My amazement never ceased at hearing real considered wisdom emerging from those baby lips. No one could listen to Mary without being struck by her intelligence, her common sense, shrewdness and quiet dignity. Her eyes were like stars, and her dear little face expressed character and determination.

At dinner she and Douglas sat side by side, and often held hands. They were really in love and not ashamed to show it.

EVERTHING was very simple in their home then, but well done and charming and, as in those days Hollywood was rather velvety, with pseudo-Spanish horrors of furniture and enormous mammoth upholstered armchairs, the fresh cretonne seemed a delicious relief.

Their conversation, too, was quite different in tone from any I had yet heard in Movieland. They were interested in outside things, and Douglas, especially, talked of world events and foreign peoples.

We saw a picture afterwards, which was the invariable custom—and it was delightful to sit upon a comfortable sofa covered with a warm rug. (It is always cold watching pictures!)

The screen drew down over the end window. Douglas and Mary always sat together, and sometimes the dear tired little thing would go to sleep on her husband's shoulder, cuddled in his arms like a child.

I remember being so struck with Mary's adoration of her mother. She went off to telephone to her twice in that first evening. Coming from Europe so lately where there are sometimes not these matriarchal devotions, I

An old picture (below) of Doug and Mary and one of their several beautiful police dogs. The picture was taken in April, 1920, soon after they were married. Madame Glyn says in the story that she has never seen a more devoted couple. "They were really in love," she writes.

International

(Above) This picture was taken las June when Mary and Doug returned aboard the "Empress of Britain" from Europe. Eleven years have brought the Fairbankses many changes—many more than the bobbing of the famous and beautiful Pickford curls.

was much interested in Mary's filial devotion.

This evening was the forerunner of many happy hours and week-ends.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was often one of the party, which never consisted of more than six or eight people. And what delicious make-believe he and Douglas used to put over! I remember one Christmas in those early days when they played judge and prisoner in a murder case, which made us laugh so we nearly had hysterics.

Everyone was friendly and joyous and carefree in those old days.

And I never in all my travels over the world have seen such true love and devotion as Douglas and Mary showed toward each other.

For me they were the kindest friends, always sympathetic about my struggles to get reality into the pictures I was doing. Douglas had just made "The Mark of Zorro"—the most entrancing movie I have ever seen (I stood on line three times to enjoy it again and again!). He was now beginning "The Three Musketeers." Mary was making "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I could not bear that, because of her portraying both "Dearest" and "Fauntleroy." No artist playing two rôles can arouse *emotion* in an audience, because all reality is lost, and the only feeling is one of admiration for the cleverness shown, or one of curiosity as to how the trick is done.

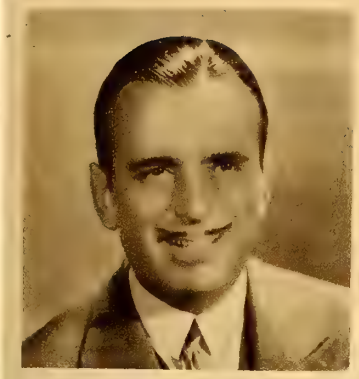
I DO not think the subconscious mind of Mary's fans has ever quite recovered from the shock of having adoration for Mary's personality destroyed by seeing her demonstrating cold technical ability instead of causing the usual real heart throbs.

I remember when I first went round the sets with her I longed to ask her to scrap the whole thing—but I did not know her well enough then.

My next admiration for Mary came from the marvelous way she learned French so rapidly. After about a year of constant, patient study taken in off half-hours on the set or in her bungalow, Mary acquired perfect French, both in accent and grammar, and could talk fluently. The pluck to do this when very busy and often very tired!

We all crossed over to Europe together one time—I think it was Mary's second visit there—and it was so delightful to see the reception they were given. Mrs. Pickford was with them then, such a kind woman.

The aspect of Pickfair began (*Continued on page 118*)



WHITHER THESE FOUR?

. . . What of Mary and Doug? And the younger Doug and Joan? Do their futures bode happiness? Or will it be . . . ?

By HARRIET PARSONS

On the preceding pages, Elinor Glyn told her memories of Doug and Mary. Now Harriet Parsons tells what she knows—of their present emotional tangles. And Joan and young Doug's. A keen and sympathetic account of four people's problems

THE past year has brought repeated rumors of the shattering of filmdom's greatest romance—that of Queen Mary and King Doug of Pickfair. Rumors which rocked Hollywood and the world and have not been laid at rest yet. And now, strangely, a parallel rumor hovers over the second generation of Hollywood's royal family—Prince Doug, the Second, and Princess Joan. The junior Fairbanks followed in the footsteps of Mary and Doug in their romantic marriage, their passionate and idealistic devotion to one another, and the sweeping publicity which accompanied it. And now, if reports can be believed, they are following again in the threatened breaking up of their marriage.

Just how much credence can be lent to these reports that the two most publicized unions in motion picture history are approaching dissolution? Just what is the present situation between Mary and Doug—between Doug and Joan? Will there be divorce in the Fairbanks dynasty? Will there, perhaps, be two divorces? Or will these two world-famous couples adjust their problems and keep their marriages intact?

This much I know—that in spite of all denials and statements to the press there are marital complications and problems—serious ones—in both households. That there have been vital emotional situations to be faced and difficult adjustments to be made and that this marriage drama of the four Fairbanks is still going on, and no one can make more than a shrewd guess at its outcome.

NOW, Doug, Jr., and Joan have grown more sensible in the past year. They go out more often. They see more of other people. There is less of the puppy love attitude about them. They seem to have passed through their adolescent and infatuated period of baby talk and public love-making and settled down into a more normal married life. In fact, much of this talk of a separation between them is due to that very fact. If, in the first months of their marriage they had not spread things on quite so thickly and shown their feelings so much publicly, people would not notice so much now that they are less frantically doting. Curious, but much the same thing that happened to Mary and Doug is now happening to the younger Fairbanks. Mary and Doug were devotedly—almost frantically—absorbed in one another for many years. They kept their marriage at a romantic pitch for so long and built it into such a tradition that when, normally and inevitably, they ceased to feel and behave quite so feverishly, it caused a furor. Joan and Doug, Jr., started out to make the same mistake—but their adjustment has apparently come much sooner.

Joan and Doug began their married life under serious handicaps. There was first of all the fact that they were news—that their every move was in the limelight. This is the same handicap which has bitterly hampered Mary and Doug in bringing their marriage through a difficult and trying, but perfectly natural, period of adjustment. There was also the fact that so much had been written and said about Doug, Sr.'s disapproval of his son's match. Doug, Jr., was such a youngster—and Joan had rather a gay reputation. The general attitude was that she had set her cap for the young scion of the royal family and that ambition and not love was her ruling motive in marrying him.

NOW Joan is a very intense person. She goes in for everything—from a new dance step to marriage—with complete passionate earnestness. During the first months of her marriage to young Doug she set out to prove to the world that their marriage was a real love match. She was determined to show beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was serious, and that she could make a success of matrimony and *(Continued on page 107)*

THE LOVES OF CLARK GABLE

Norma was the name of the second girl whose charms captivated Clark Gable. She lived in Akron, Ohio, and although she was a pretty and attractive girl it was her voice, really, with which Gable fell in love—her speaking voice. He always remembered it.

. . . The whole world is interested in the women Clark Gable has loved. Here he gives the facts about his romances for the first—and last—time

By WALTER RAMSEY

Says Gable, "Some I have tried to forget —with just as much difficulty as trying to remember others. . . . A few reached the point of romance. . . ."

ALMOST since the day Clark Gable's first picture was shown in Hollywood, he has been asked to give his views on women, love, marriage and divorce. His answer has always been "No!" But in this statement, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, he tells for the first time all of his thoughts, ideals and illusions with regard to the many women he has known—a few of whom he has learned to love.

"Right at the outset," he said, "I want it understood by those who read this magazine that I have been married *twice*—not four times, as an erroneous report has it. Nor have I a son—as another report stated. I would have absolutely no reason to be untruthful about the subject in any way . . . many persons have been married a number of times and in most instances married people have children. But I haven't . . . so far."

I was quite impressed with this opening statement of Clark Gable's for the reason that it proved him the type of man who likes to put "his cards on the table" . . . and that is the type of man I have learned to believe. The sincerity with which he portrays a character on the screen isn't lost one whit in his off-screen attitude. He has the same tone of conviction over a luncheon table that you have learned to enjoy over the microphone. He is a splendid fellow, personally, and a real gentleman. I asked him, rather hesitantly, to tell me of all the women he had known in his life . . . right from the beginning. He had promised me the story and he came through. But the manner in which Clark Gable tells of the women he has known, stamps him all the deeper as a gentleman. *You* be the judge!

Clark's first experience with love will thrill you with its charming sincerity and youthfulness. Treela was her name. Clark even went to church on her account. Other loves followed that first one, but its memory lingered on for many years

THE first *woman* I ever knew," he began with a smile, "made a new man of me! She was seven and I was eight. She was short . . . dark . . . beautiful . . . and brown-eyed. Her name was Treela . . . and since she is now happily married I shall keep her other name a secret. Why it was that I suddenly found myself thinking about her during every waking hour . . . and dreaming about her at night, I don't know. Up until the time I first saw her I always had utter disdain for 'gurls' and had laughed at any of the boys in the gang who gave the opposite sex the slightest glance or thought.

"Two weeks after I met Treela, however, I found myself in a church pew listening with one ear to the Sunday school sermon . . . and watching Treela with both eyes. It rather startled me, I remember, to find myself in church . . . mostly, I suppose, because I had always gone fishing instead. Sunday school had been another thing the gang had always avoided . . . religiously! So, as I said, the first woman I ever knew made a new man of me.

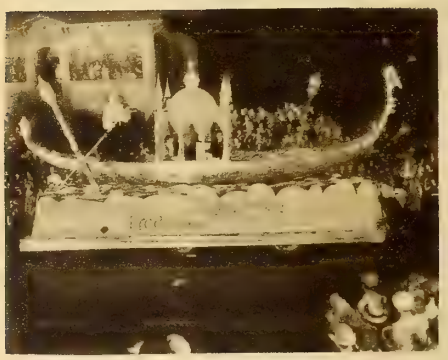
"And believe me, ours was more than a puppy love affair. We swore undying love to each other. Appeared haughty when asked to play Post Office or any of the other games that all the kids went in for. We told each other than it would 'cheapen our love.' And I really believe it *was* more sincere than most youngsters' love affairs . . . it lasted five years . . . and I still call that more than a passing acquaintance! It was Treela who set the styles—as far as women have been concerned in my life. She was distinctly feminine . . . quite short . . . dark brown hair and the same shade of eyes. She has always remained in my mind as a little old-fashioned girl.

"To show you how much she impressed me, I can truthfully say that until a short time ago I thought of her every day of my life! In fact, so often did my mind wander back over the memories of the five years that Treela and I 'went steady' as kid sweethearts, that I decided at one time that I would have to go back to the small town in Ohio and see if she still remembered me.

"I went back to the little place where I had been born and brought up—and I found Treela! Not the same little girl I had been carrying in my memory for all the years . . . but a grown woman. A woman who had been married for quite some time and who introduced me to her husband and two of the cutest little kiddies I've ever seen. But I lost something by going back. I replaced the beautiful memory of a little girl . . . with a vivid recollection of a mature woman. The little girl (*Continued on page 130*)

LA FIESTA

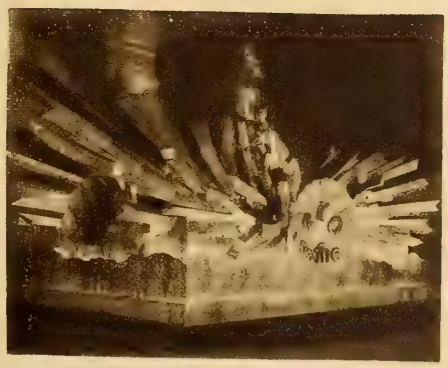
PAGEANT OF JEWELS

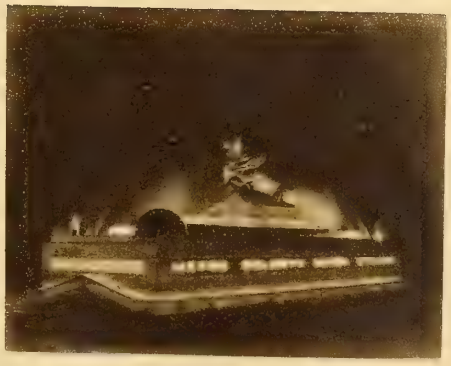


THE Pageant of Jewels was the movie companies' splendid contribution to the celebration of Los Angeles' One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary. Every movie company sent a beautifully decorated float and many of the most famous stars were there in person to take part in the celebrations.

Above, across the top of the page, is a general view ot the Los Angeles Stadium where the celebration was held. The small pictures are some of the floats. They are, reading from left to right: Howard Hughes (Caddo Company), Warner Brothers, Paramount, RKO-Radio, RKO-Pathé, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

. . . On this and the following pages we present the finest collection of impressive and intimate pictures of movie night at the Los Angeles Sesqui-Centennial





Harold Lloyd was the Grand Marshal of the parade. Conrad Nagel was the radio Master of Ceremonies. Preceding the floats a string of cars appeared bearing many stars, among them: Dick Barthelmess, William Powell, Reginald Denny, Robert Montgomery, Warner Baxter, Elissa Landi (you'll find pictures on pages 40 and 41).

One of the most important contributions to the festivities was the presence of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1931. Dolores Del Rio was their hostess.

Altogether it was one of the greatest public events Los Angeles has ever seen. The city was full of gratitude to the movie companies for their assistance.

Some of the Wampas Stars. Left to right: Sidney Fox, Joan Blondell, Marian Marsh, Dolores Del Rio (hostess), Anita Louise, Rochelle Hudson. The couple with backs turned are Joan Marsh and Clark Gable.

You know all about Fox's own Débutante Stars of Tomorrow, of course. You see them here (left) as they appeared in the parade. Left to right: Conchita Montenegro, Helen Mack and Linda Watkins. (Above) Conrad with Karen Morley and Joan Marsh, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Wampas Stars.

. . . The pretty Wampas Baby Stars, shown on these pages, were much in evidence at the Pageant of Jewels

Dolores Del Rio, hostess to the Wampas Baby Stars, says the customary "few words" over the microphone. Behind her is Ivan Lebedeff, her escort. To her left is John L. Johnston, President of the Wampas. At the right is Conrad Nagel, the Master of Ceremonies and announcer of the fête.

First National Studios were represented in the Wampas Baby Stars by Joan Blondell. She has already appeared in a number of pictures among which the most popular was "Illicit." No doubt you remember it very well. This lady will be doing big things these next few years.

Two extremely famous representatives of two extremely famous movie companies. In other words, Mr. William Powell, ace star of Warner Brothers Pictures, and Mr. Richard Barthelmess, ace star of First National Pictures. Of course you know they're great personal friends, these two.

Representing the Fox company, Elissa Landi and Warner Baxter rode in one of the automobiles which preceded the floats. Incidentally, we refer you to our story concerning Elissa's ancestors on page 62. We wanted to secure the truth for you on this much talked of matter. And we did!

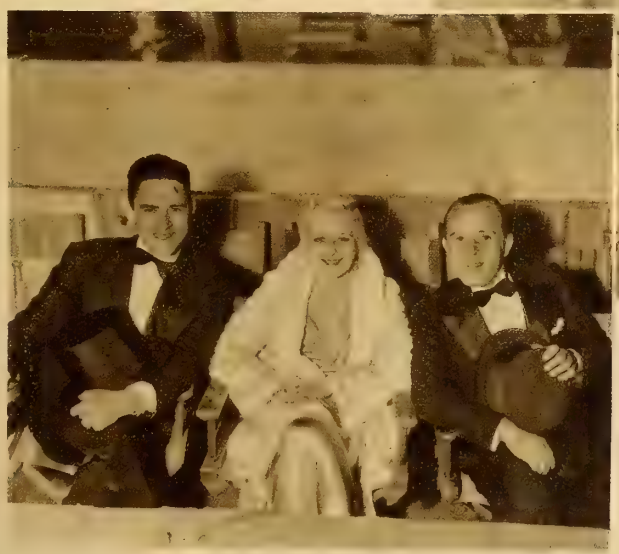
After the cars carrying the stars which preceded the floats had circled the stadium, the stars adjourned to the boxes from where they watched the rest of the festivities. Above, reading in the customary manner from left to right, we have: Louise Fazenda, husband Hal Wallis, Richard Barthelmess, William Powell and Harold Lloyd.

(Above, left) Harold Lloyd as he appeared as Grand Marshal of the Parade. He circled the bowl at the head of the parade and got a very big hand. He had to wear his famous glasses as the public wouldn't have recognized him without them. (Above, right) Conrad Nagel doing the announcing. The Wampus Baby stars passed in review and he announced each one separately. (Right) Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey—part of the great audience, watching the Pageant of Jewels.

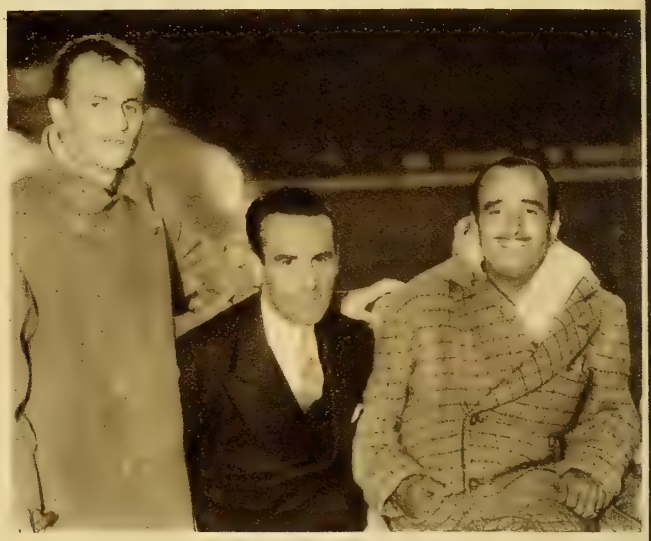
. . . On these pages are some of the finest specially posed intimate pictures you ever saw—the stars are watching the brilliant Pageant of Jewels

The pictures on these two pages specially posed for MODERN SCREEN (excepting Harold Lloyd in car) and photographed by Lippman through the courtesy of Warner Bros. and First National Pictures

International



You never saw such a collection of stars and well known players. Every time you turned around another famous person came into view. Above, Ralph Forbes, who, in case you've forgotten, is the husband of Ruth Chatterton, Madame Schumann-Heink, who took part in the ceremonies, and Ruth Chatterton. (Left) Glenn Tyron, Helen Mann (you may have seen her in comedies) and Bobby Vernon.

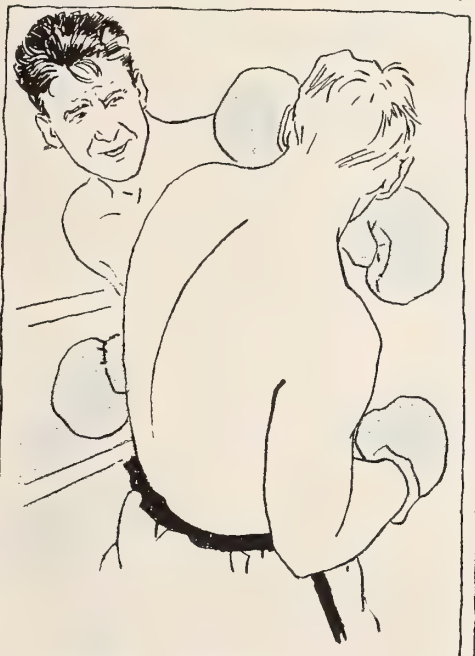


Some delightful intimate stuff taken during the evening of the Pageant of Jewels. Reading clockwise: William Powell and Richard Barthelmess with Mayor Porter. Daryll Zanuck, Warner Brothers executive and famous polo player, Harold Lloyd and Douglas Fairbanks. Will Rogers, Jr., (see any resemblance to the old man?) and Raymond Griffith, of comedy fame. And last: George Bancroft just before he spoke his radio piece.

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH

IT COST A STUDIO $11,000 PRODUCTION TIME WHEN A CAT BEING USED IN A SCENE CLIMBED UP ON A RAFTER AND REFUSED TO COME DOWN.

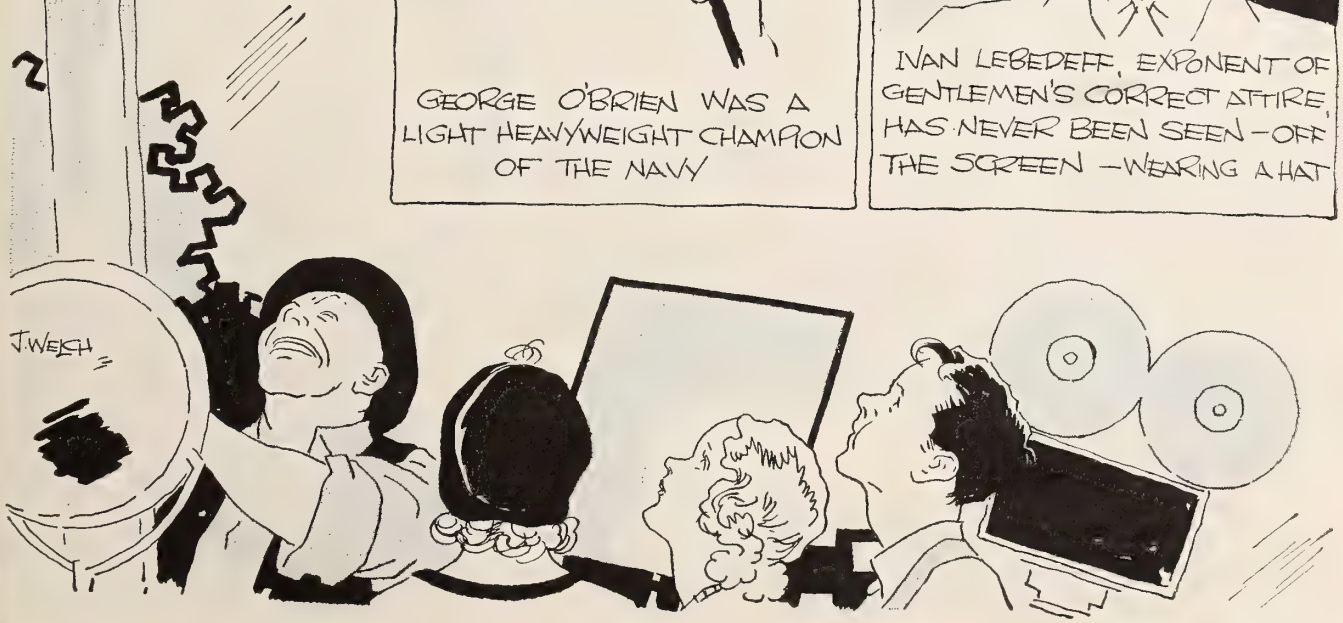
CONSTANCE BENNETT NEVER REMOVES THAT SILVER LINK BRACELET FROM HER RIGHT ARM.... WHEN IT ISN'T APPROPRIATE TO HER COSTUME SHE SEWS ANOTHER BRACELET OVER IT....



GEORGE O'BRIEN WAS A LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE NAVY

EDDIE QUILLAN HAS PLAYED GOLF TEN YEARS AND NEVER LOST A BALL! (HE'S SCOTCH)

IVAN LEBEDEFF, EXPONENT OF GENTLEMEN'S CORRECT ATTIRE, HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN — OFF THE SCREEN — WEARING A HAT



HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES BY MAIL

By JACK JAMISON

Año de 193 1. *Juicio Núm.* 217. -

JUZGADO DE LO CIVIL

DISTRITO BRAVOS

CIUDAD JUAREZ, CHIH.

CIVIL por DIVORCIO:

contra -

Inic. el 31 de Julio de 1,931.

El Juez, *El Secretario,*

C Lic. ANTONIO DEL ROSAL. C Esteban Briones Ma

Milton Golden, a clever Hollywood lawyer, who has handled a large number of the countless movie divorces.

An actual Mexican decree which was obtained by mail without either of the interested parties appearing in Mexico. (Above) The first page of the absolute decree. (Right) The American Counsel's notarization.

. . . An amazing revelation as to how Hollywood obtains such very quick divorces

(Left) When Grant Withers wanted to marry Loretta Young he obtained a quick divorce from the woman who was his wife at the time. Yes, he used the post office method. (Right) And so did Nancy Carroll when she divorced Jack Kirkland.

RENO?

"Huh!" sniffs Hollywood. "We know a better way than that!"

People throw up their hands in horror over Reno, where a divorce may be got in six weeks. Hollywood knows a place where you can not only get one in four weeks, but marry again the same day!

And there is at least one case on record of a popular young leading man doing just exactly that! He filed his papers, waited the necessary month until he heard that the judge was ready to grant the decree, then rushed into court with his new bride-to-be on his arm. No sooner did the judge conclude reading the papers which marked the exit of the old wife, than he assumed the rôle of Cupid and married the young star to his new one. The whole affair took something like five minutes flat. Then the bridal party adjourned to Agua Caliente and enjoyed what is known out west as a beer bust.

Where can such things happen? To mention Agua Caliente, the famous resort to which Hollywood adjourns when it feels like betting on the ponies or squandering money at black-jack, chuckaluck, and roulette, gives away the secret. Agua Caliente, translated into English, means Hot Water. The stars get into Hot Water often enough, although that isn't what they drink when they go there. And Agua Caliente is in—

Mexico! Or, as the natives insist upon spelling it, Mejico—the divorce ground of Hollywood.

Do you know that any American husband or wife can now obtain a divorce in thirty days?

You don't need to leave your own sitting-room to do it.

Have you often wondered how the Hollywood stars manage to get so many divorces?

MODERN SCREEN reveals here, for the first time, how the trick is done.

PEOPLE in Hollywood have known for a long while that, after a divorce, it was possible to re-marry in Mexico without waiting the year required by California law. You may remember that Charlie Chaplin, after his California divorce, went to Mexico to marry Lita Grey. But it is news to discover that anyone—you, or I—can get a Mexican divorce in thirty days, without so much as setting foot in Mexican territory. At first Hollywood distrusted the news: it seemed too good to be true, perhaps! One Mexican divorce had been set aside, and the question rose whether all such divorces might not be regarded as illegal in the American courts. Milton Golden, Hollywood's representative in the State Legislature and the friend and legal adviser of many of the stars, investigated and found out that this new kind of divorce was perfectly all right. It would hold water, he reported, in any court. That means that a star can get a divorce without losing a single day's work at the studio. Everything necessary can be done, in fact, without the star's so much as budging out of his own front parlor. A signature on a dotted line, and—presto!—Uncle Sam does all the rest, for the price of a two-cent stamp.

Indeed, a Mexican divorce is surer than a Reno one! S. S. Hahn, another favorite Hollywood lawyer, points out that Jack Dempsey's Reno divorce from Estelle Taylor—and it now seems to be quite thoroughly settled—Jack really got one—is much less water-tight than a Mexican one would be. "All Estelle has to do, if she wants to have it set aside," Hahn gives his opinion, "is to prove that Jack went to Reno for the purpose of getting the divorce. Any judge will take that as evidence that Jack was never at any time a *bona fide* resident of Nevada; and that knocks the props out from under his divorce." If Jack should marry again, in other words, Estelle could charge him with bigamy. He would be married to two women at the same time. Not that there is much danger of Estelle trying to void the divorce, when she was the party who most wanted it. Hollywood insists that she had excellent reason to want one, though liking Jack too well to tell any tales out of school. At any rate, Estelle has taken the precaution of getting a divorce on her own hook. Complicated, these affairs are!

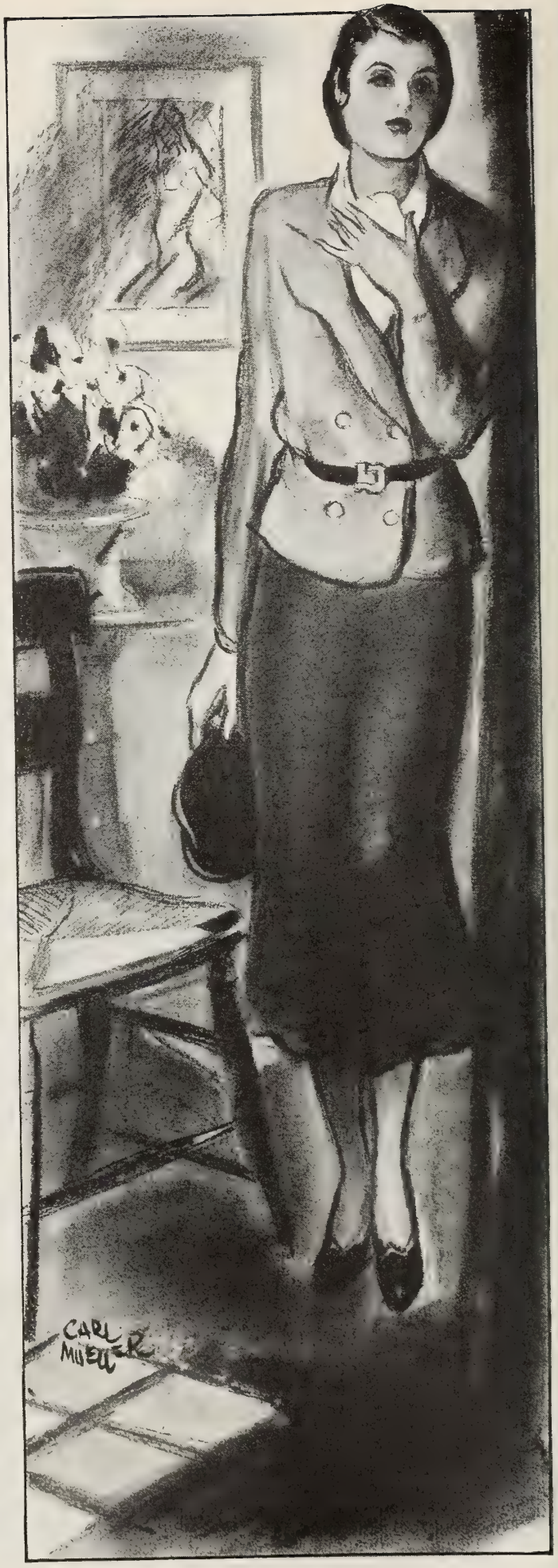
DIVORCE is a shameful and disastrous thing which destroys the home, many persons believe. An equal number of people think divorce should be made even easier to get than it now is. There is something to be said on both sides of the question, and MODERN SCREEN has no wish to enter into the controversy. It is the duty of a magazine merely to present

(*Continued on page 96*)

BIG SISTER

By HAGAR WILDE

. . . There comes a time when love means more than sacrifice—and then it is that a hurricane of emotions is let loose!



CHRISTINE sat waiting. Her hands, tired, trembling, fumbled a script. She heard herself repeating lines, over and over, and realized that they meant nothing to her. With a despairing gesture, she laid the script down and put her head in her hands. Her whole body ached with weariness. Her eyes felt as though they had been burned in. She could feel the inner quivering of tired nerves. From time to time, she glanced at the clock. Two, now. Two-thirty. Two forty-five. She dozed, drawing her quilted robe close around her knees. She had to be up early in the morning—on the set.

The door closed and she started up, her heart pounding. Patsy stood in the doorway, blinking. Behind her stood one of the myriad young men who followed Patsy around. The youngster's blond hair misted off into the light of the hall and gave the effect of a halo. "Hello," Patsy said in her absurd little voice.

"Oh, hello, Patsy," Christine said. "I must have fallen asleep." She stood up, aching, aching.

Patsy came into the room. She still had the young man's heavy coat bundled around her shoulders, holding it close around her neck. Her little blond head popped out at the top. She looked like an incredibly beautiful Dresden doll.

Christine said, feeling uncomfortable and awkward because of the quilted robe, "I worked late and there wasn't a note or anything. I wondered where. . . ."

"I went to a party," Patsy said. "Didn't we, Rich?"

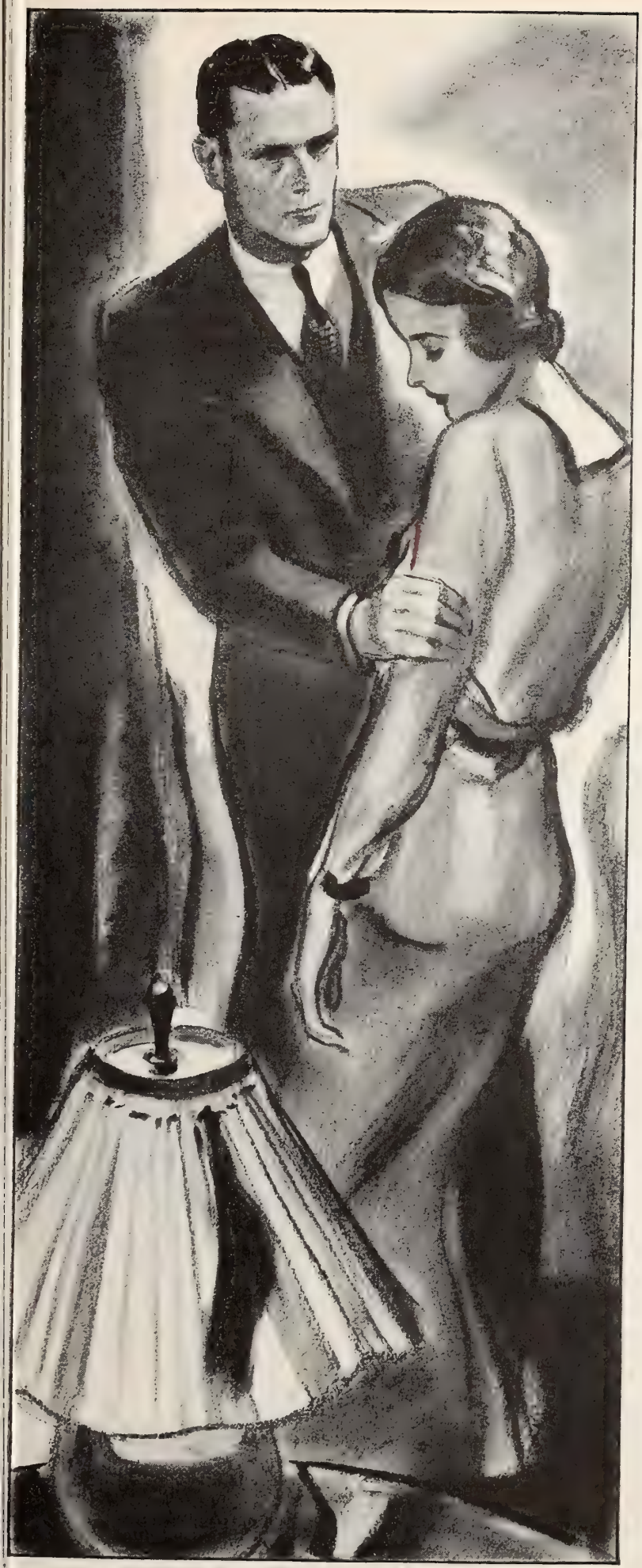
"Yep," Richie said.

"Then we went driving," said Patsy. "Didn't we, Rich?"

"Yep," said Richie.

Christine could picture them, tearing through the night, swooping around long curves on the mountain roads . . . Patsy's little pink tongue appearing between her white teeth, her head thrown back, laughing, gleeful. No thought of the hour, no thought of anything except the wild rush of air and the laughter.

"Driving," Patsy said. "Marvelous night." Suddenly, she dropped the coat from her shoulders. It plumped to the floor and lay there in a shapeless mass. That was the way with Patsy. When she was through with a thing, she dropped it. Suddenly and without warning. And that



Illustrated by CARL MUELLER

was the way, usually, with the things Patsy dropped. They lay, in a shapeless mass, until somebody stooped over and straightened them. Christine watched the young man named Richie stoop over and straighten his coat now. He picked it up and laid it across the back of a chair.

She said, "It's late, isn't it?"

They agreed, good-naturedly, that it was late. Christine started hesitantly toward the bedroom. She *had* wanted to talk with Patsy. There was a whooping sound in the outer hall and Richie flung the door open. Other youngsters tumbled in and moved toward Patsy in a body. The party had begun. Christine went to her room silently.

THERE, she sat down in front of her mirror. Large, steady gray eyes stared back at her. Masses of dark hair framed them. A full, tender, sensitive mouth drooping slightly at the corners from weariness. She was young, much too young, to take the responsibility for Patsy. One would have had to live for centuries to reach an age whereby he might consider himself equal to Patsy and her whims. Christine gave it up and went to bed. She *had,* she thought drowsily, wanted to talk with Patsy. They had seen so little of each other in the past two months. Patsy was always busy with parties and Christine was working hard....

"Preacher! You're always talking as though you had a half interest in me! You've no right to tell me what to do.

I won't stand for it!" Voices bounding out, hard and intense. Christine halted there in the hall, her heart behaving oddly.

From childhood, Christine had been Big Sister and Patsy had been Baby Sister. Christine's dolls went to Baby Sister when she cried for them. The cherries on Christine's dessert went to Baby Sister when she held out her dimpled, demanding little hands. Christine's devotion, her protection, her love, in all its simple dignity, went to Baby Sister.

Their first separation had come when Christine had her chance to go into a Broadway production from the local stock company in which she played. From there she had taken a Hollywood contract.

When she had been in Hollywood a year, her mother died. At the funeral, Patsy begged to be allowed to come to Hollywood. She was terrified and lonely. Christine had offered her a trip to Europe instead, but Patsy wanted to go to Hollywood and held out for it. She went.

Christine tossed in restless slumber, waking now and then to hear the muffled giggles from the living room. At dawn, she roused again. There were sounds of departure outside. She lay quiet, listening. Patsy's footsteps passed her door in the hall. Patsy was going to bed. Christine got up and opened her door, saying softly, "Patsy!"

In the dim light of the hall, Patsy turned, yawning. "You awake?" she said. Her golden hair was tousled and her eyes were heavy with

approaching sleep. Her rose-petal mouth pouted a trifle, as would that of a child who has already slept for an hour or so.

"I just happened to wake up and hear them going," Christine said. "I have to get up early and I'll be working late tomorrow. I thought perhaps you'd come and crawl in bed with me for a few minutes. We could talk a little. I haven't seen anything of you for so long. . . ."

"I'm so sle-e-epy!" Patsy wailed, rubbing her knuckles in her eyes. "I couldn't sa-ay anything at all, I'm so sleepy. I co-ouldn't ta-alk!"

"I'll just hold your head on my shoulder and you can go to sleep," Christine said. She realized how lonely she was. She wanted something of her own, something to hold to, something to love. She wanted, more than she realized, the comfort of holding Patsy's head, even asleep, on her shoulder.

"I don't sleep well unless I'm in a bi-ig bed al-l-l by myself," Patsy said, "where I can stretch out. I'll see you tomorrow sometime."

"I'm afraid . . ." Christine started.

"Oo-oh," Patsy said, stretching her little white arms toward the ceiling as though she wanted to separate them from her body and send them floating away, "I'm so-o sleepy!"

"Well," Christine said, "good-night. I hope you sleep well, darling."

"Thanks," Patsy said, "I will." She vanished, and Christine could hear the thump of her little high-heeled slippers as they were kicked off. Christine didn't realize that Patsy hadn't expressed the hope that she, Christine would sleep well, too. She went back in her room and closed the door feeling barren and tired and lonesome.

THE following morning, on the set, there were soft dark circles under her eyes. Exhaustion held her in a vise-like grip.

Jeffrey Sangster, who was featured in the same production, came over to her. "Tired, Christine?" he said.

She nodded. "A little. I was up late."

He was a big, hulking fellow with a gentle, kindly, quiet voice and smile. He sat down beside her. "When we finish work, let me take you for a drive. The air will do you good. I know a little place where we can have dinner. . . ."

That evening they sat at the little place he knew. Purple mountains rose in the distance and everything was quiet. There were only two other people having dinner there. Christine relaxed under his quiet, commonplace conversation. They dined, talked, and danced once to the strains of an old victrola. She told him about Patsy. How pretty Patsy was and about her appealing little ways. She told him about Patsy's suitors and the clever things Patsy said; about the marvelous, unbelievable way that Patsy wore clothes.

He thought it was very interesting. Then he said when she paused for breath, "Don't you ever think of anything but Patsy, Christine?"

She laughed. "Not really," she said. "Patsy's always in the back of my mind, no matter what I'm doing. I feel terribly responsible for her. Mother loved her so much . . . being the baby and all. . . ."

"You have beautiful eyes," he said.

She said: "My eyes are like my father's. Patsy has mother's eyes. Almost purple and awfully big."

"There's a light catching your hair. It makes a blue wave in it. Don't move."

"My hair's like my father's, too," said Christine. "Patsy's is blond, lighter than mother's was, and all curly. She looks like a baby."

"I'm crazy about dark hair," Jeffrey said. He leaned forward and took her hand. "Christine, have you thought much about marriage?"

"I suppose every girl thinks about marriage," Christine said. "Why?"

"I've just been sitting here thinking what a wonderful wife you'd make some man. All that love . . . all the love that's going to Patsy . . . all the care and tenderness. Patsy, of course, will go on without you. That's inevitable. It would be wonderful to see that love of yours piling up inside something. Inside four walls where it couldn't get away."

"Patsy's all I've got," Christine said. "I wouldn't think seriously of marriage until she is settled somewhere—and she's much too young yet to think of settling down to any one thing. She's experimenting."

"And while she experiments, you stay in the background," said Jeffrey.

"I don't mind," Christine said.

"That," Jeffrey said, "is the hell of it."

THE amazing thing was, she found, as they drove home through the dark, that she was in love with him. She loved the set of his head, the hard, firm line of his jaw. She loved the pucker of his brow and the quiet way he mastered his snorting, startled roadster; twisted it in and out of traffic, held it steady when it wanted to race downhill, made it exert itself going uphill when it obviously wanted to lag, wasting time. She watched his hands and suddenly felt a wave of peace and safety sweep through her.

Occasionally, he turned and smiled his slow, steady smile at her—but he didn't talk. She was grateful for that. No effort, no thought, just the breeze against her face and the consciousness of his presence. She slept part of the way home and he woke her at the door of her bungalow.

"You'd better go in and get some sleep," he said. "You poor kid, you're worn out."

She looked at the house. The lights were all on. There were sounds of music. She said: "Patsy's having another party, I guess. Why don't you come in? I won't go to bed right away anyway."

Speculatively he looked at the lighted windows. "Can't you kick them out and get some rest?" he said.

"Oh, I feel quite rested now," she said. "The drive did me worlds of good. Please come in."

"Being polite?" he wanted to know.

She shook her head. "I want you," she said.

Together, they went into that whirling mass of kids, music and cocktails. Patsy was (*Continued on page 100*)

Photographs by Elmer Fryer

Marian Marsh, on a recent trip East, visited many famous buildings and had her picture "took" as she posed in front of them. We think the one above, of Marian standing in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, is the most interesting. The small picture, of course, shows the historic Liberty Bell. Don't forget to read the delightful story on Marian by Faith Baldwin which starts on the next page.

SELF-MADE

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARIAN

. . . In answer to the many stories about the true responsibility for Marian's meteoric success

By FAITH BALDWIN

AND she'd like you to understand that she's serious when she says "self-made."

Not that she doesn't give full credit to her "discoverers," to the people who have helped her, to the sister whose "sacrifice" has been so widely publicized. She does. She gives them all full credit and a lot of gratitude. But she feels that it is a little unfair, and something of a handicap, to start out on a career, in which she believes with all her heart, as a sort of legend; as a sort of Cinderella person, a charming automaton, shoved around and pushed into the limelight by a whole lot of interested hands.

I sat at breakfast with her in the living room of her suite in a New York hotel. The windows were wide and gave out on a glorious view of Central Park and the lake. It was nine o'clock. Marian was up and dressed, of course—dressed in a very attractive blue frock, her blond hair loose and lovely about her shoulders and she was all made up, for as soon as breakfast was over and I had gone she would be out and away to pose for pictures.

She's pretty, of course. We all know that. But there is something very unexpected about her, quite aside from her delightful coloring, and her wide, very straightforward eyes that are not blue and not grey and not green. "Cat's eyes," she called them, laughing, when I asked her, earnestly, their exact color.

SHE has great poise for seventeen. For almost any age. She has none of the awkward, restless gestures of youth. She does not giggle, she is not slangy, and she has a very attractive speaking voice—low, a little deep, with the faintest trace of a British accent, softened by a tropical sun. And if this description sounds a little insane I will explain at once that Marian Marsh was born in Trinidad in the British West Indies.

At breakfast with us was Marian's mother. I will call her Mrs. Marsh for convenience, but Marsh is not her name any more than it is Marian's. Mrs. Marsh is as unlike the usual stage or motion picture mother as it is possible to be. She is tall and young-looking, with dark hair, and eyes like Marian's. She has an exceptionally serene face; the face of a woman who has been very happy. She has a delightful accent, more strongly marked than Marian's. She has a quiet sense of humor. I like her a lot. I understood Marian much better after talking with her mother; and we talked together a good deal, for Marian was called to the telephone at least six times in the two hours I spent with them.

Both Marian and her mother (*Continued on page 120*)

(Left) Marian Marsh and William Powell in a scene from "The Road to Singapore." Since John Barrymore chose Marian for the rôle of Trilby she has been greatly in demand. You'll be seeing her in "Five Star Final" and in the leading rôle in "Poor Little Ritz Girl." (Right) Marian, when she was a baby, with her nurse. This picture was taken in Trinidad.

(Left) A picture of a very happy family, taken quite recently. That's Marian's mother between the two girls, Marian and Jean Fenwick. George and Ed are standing just behind. Jean has adopted the name of Fenwick because it was the name of an old family friend.

BROKEN HEARTS

. . . Some Hollywood stars seem to flit gaily from one romance to another without apparent heartbreak. But maybe all is not as it seems

By CARTER BRUCE

A BROKEN heart has always been more or less of a subject for joke or song lyrics—to all except those who suffer from it. In Hollywood, it is believed to be even more of a joke.

Hollywood . . . where Nancy Carroll is married to Bolton Mallory three weeks after her divorce from Jack Kirkland . . . where Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise are reported "engaged" six months before his divorce from Gloria Swanson becomes final . . . where Lupe Velez is reported so soon to be interested in another man after the fading of her "great romance" with Gary Cooper . . . and Coop himself is finding new interest in Tallulah Bankhead. Hollywood . . . where marriages and romances and love affairs seem to overlap the old flame with the new.

Lupe Velez

Tallulah Bankhead

When Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez parted, Gary immediately turned to Tallulah Bankhead. But was this a real, deep-felt attraction or just a gesture to show he didn't care?

John Gilbert

Robert Ames

When Ina Claire returned to Hollywood she announced she had not come back "to mope about that John Gilbert affair" and started going with Robert Ames. But—

"Broken hearts in Hollywood!" scoffs the cynic. "Poof! There isn't any such animal. The way those people can forget each other in a big hurry is something wonderful. Just a month or so ago I read a revealing story about Gary and Lupe and their 'great love.' Now here it is in the papers that Gary is hot and heavy about Tallulah Bankhead and Lupe is going places and having fun with a Big Boy from the Front Office. Is that heartbreak—I'm asking you? And look at Howard Hughes and Billie Dove. Six months ago they were reported on the brink of matrimony—now Hughes has his name coupled with three other girls and I read where Billie isn't exactly lonesome either. June Collyer was getting her name mentioned regularly with Russell Gleason right up to the time she married Stuart Erwin. Jack Gilbert's 'big moment,' the Hawaiian Princess, goes back to her Island and Marjorie King becomes the guest of honor at Jack's beach house. Dot Mackaill and Walter Byron are thata-way until Dot gets out of his sight for a week or so and meets Neil Miller. That business of 'crying my eyes out for you' is just a song so

OF HOLLYWOOD

Loretta Young

Betty Compson

After the Withers-Young marriage broke up, Grant was seen places with Betty Compson—apparently terribly interested in her. But Betty unwittingly gave away his secret.

. . . When a Hollywood couple parts they act very light-hearted and gay about it all. But what of their real, private feelings? Are they hurt?

Garee is nice boy. But Lupe would not marry heem if he is last man on earth. We are good friends . . . we are in the habit of seeing each other . . . that is all."

THOSE were Lupe's laughing, indifferent, casual words that she never lived up to. She isn't living up to them now that she is back in Hollywood in the same house where she and Gary were once so happy. People say Lupe has changed. "Nonsense," says Lupe. But it is there. Her laughter is not so quick to come.

Recently I saw Lupe at the Cocoanut Grove at the same table where she so often used to sit with Gary, and hold his hand, and snuggle her chair around closer to his. This time Lupe was with her affluent and wealthy admirer. (*Continued on page 126*)

far as fickle old Hollywood is concerned. And not a very sad song, at that."

I'M sure these words are the sentiments of many people who watch the constantly varying parade of Hollywood loves as it changes and changes.

And yet I wonder? . . .

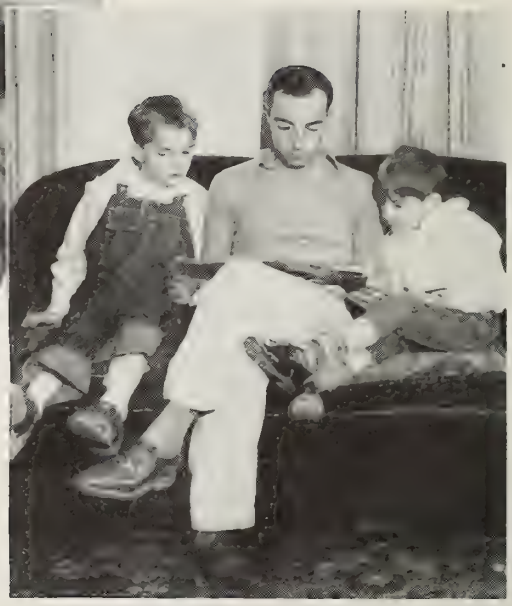
In spite of the wicked cynics, I believe that *somebody* gets hurt, and hurt badly, even in the most casual Hollywood "break-up." Somebody figuratively buries a face in a pillow and cries it out even though pride prevents them from letting the world in on it. For actors are prouder than Lucifer. Unrequited love is a badge of defeat. The admiration, adulation and love of the world is theirs for the mere asking—and a personal failure in one's own game is ignoble. That is why movie star's wives are "good sports" about divorce. That is why ex-lovers steel themselves to speak magnanimously of the lost flames, to politely "wish them well," to attempt to part as comrades and friends.

Could it have been some uncanny presentiment that prompted Lupe Velez, even at the height of her love for Gary Cooper, to deny it with joke and gibe in the public print. "Loff Garee!" she would scoff. "Sure . . .

Howard Hughes

Lillian Bond

Gossip had it that Howard Hughes was being seen places with Lillian Bond, so Billie Dove started going places with Roland McKenzie. Another gesture?



With Joe and Bob, his two sons, in the dressing room-house on the M-G-M lot. The kids are crazy about him but pay no attention at all to what he tells them.

FAMILY MAN

By JACK JAMISON

. . . On the screen Buster Keaton is a grand comedian. But off-screen he is amazingly different from what you'd expect a Hollywood funny-man to be

OFF the screen, Charlie Chaplin is an even more sensitive artist than on. Off the screen the Marx Brothers—outside of the time they are playing bridge—are insane. Off the screen Laurel and Hardy are wistful, El Brendel is stupid, and Charles Butterworth and Roland Young are cultured and cosmopolitan.

Off the screen, Buster Keaton is normal.

Buster is a normal, everyday man who happened to slide into fame on the seat of his pants. He knows it. No one will ever be able to accuse him of being high-hat. He takes no credit for anything. He got into pictures by accident. "I belonged to an organization of vaudeville artists called "The White Rats." This was years ago, of course. About that time, vaudeville was taken over by the trusts. That made it plenty tough for all of us. "The White Rats" struck. I didn't want to get mixed up in the strike, so I quit vaudeville and signed up for a Winter Garden show. I happened to meet Joseph Schenck. 'Ever play in a movie, Buster?' he asks me. I told him 'Nope.' 'We're making a comedy with Fatty Arbuckle,' he says. 'Go down to the studio and play a bit in it, just to see if you like it.' That's how I got into pictures. That's all there was to it."

But it goes back still further than that, Buster's falling into his profession! That's what he did—literally fell

into it. As you know, he was practically born in a theatre. Did you ever stop to think that being born in a theatre doesn't necessarily make you belong there? Most of our farmers are farmers because they were born on farms. They might be a hundred times happier driving locomotives or selling ribbons in a department store. We're all lazy. We take the easiest way out. Buster was born in the theatre, so he stayed there. His parents' act was a rough-and-tumble comic one, so he became a comic. Really Buster is no more a comedian than you or I. He would be better fitted as a grocer, a shopkeeper, an undertaker—especially an undertaker, perhaps, with that dead pan of his. Instead, he learned comedy as the son of a bricklayer learns to lay bricks.

IT was no easy school. It was the school of Watch-Your-Step-Or-Get-Your-Block-Knocked-Off. That is not a figure of speech, but an actual fact. A misstep, a misgauged hand-hold, resulted in falls that made him gasp with pain. Then, sick and dizzy, he had to jump up smiling and go on with the show. Once Buster's dad misjudged a comedy kick, and landed a heavy shoe at the base of the little boy's skull. Buster was unconscious for exactly eighteen hours. Then, travelling about the country, there were freezing depots to wait in through howling blizzards, trains to be caught in rainstorms at four in the morning—a million other inconveniences, annoyances,

The dining room of "Keaton Kennel," the dressing room-dwelling. It is in this house that he has his training quarters in which he keeps constantly fit.

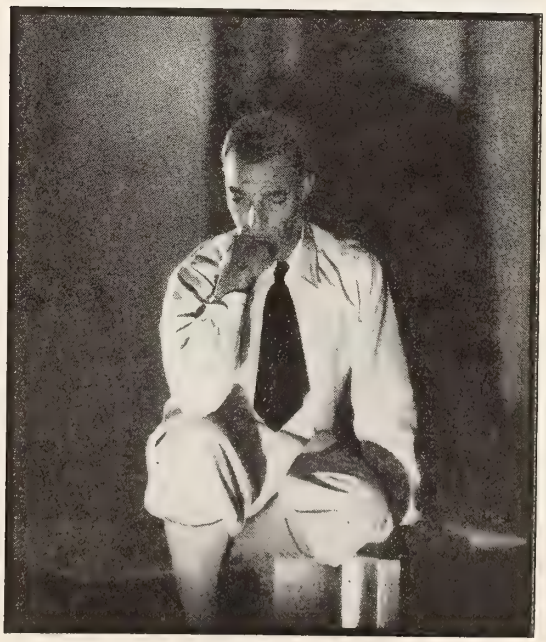
downright hardships. In a single period of five months, the Keaton family had to leap from bed in the middle of the night and dash from five burning hotels. Buster saw his baby sister tumble from the second-story balcony of one of these small town hotels, strike the ground on her chin, and bite her tongue in half. (And the baby had her tongue sewed back on, and her jaw set, with no ether or cocaine to deaden the pain.) He learned that balconies—and other things, in the theatrical world—were to be scrupulously avoided if you didn't want to get hurt. It was slam, bang, crash, the Keatons' life, both on and off stage! Uncertain food. Broken bones. Accidents. Lost trunks. Missed sleep. Town to town. Good people. Bad people. Devoted friends. Traitorous acquaintances. All the mad rush, the alternate exhilaration and despair, of the life of a trouper. That was Buster's childhood.

DID it make Buster a comedian, that life? Well—does it sound very comic to *you?* It taught him several things, yes. It taught him, that school of bumps and falls, that hard luck is liable to step up and kick you in the seat of your comedy pants when you least expect it. It taught him, secondly, that no matter how hard the luck is, there is almost always a way out if you keep your brain working fast. And it taught him—amazingly enough—to *enjoy* that sort of life. Why quit the show business to become a business man, when the show business paid better money and offered so much excitement? Hard knocks there might be, but it was exciting. Humdrum it was not! So, to stay where he was, with the people he knew and loved, Buster learned to lay the bricks of comedy. And the man who ought to be an undertaker or the proprietor of a music store learned that, if you sat down suddenly on the seat of your pants, people would laugh.

Sitting down suddenly on the seat of his pants is a business with Buster. There is no roguish twinkle in his eye. He does not have a humorous outlook upon life. On the contrary. It is his means of earning a living, into which he drifted as most of us drift into our lifework. He manufactures and sells laughs as though they were articles turned out in a factory he owned. "I got a lot of laughs in that picture," he says. In the exact tone Buster uses, a business man might speak of a successfully marketed piece of merchandise. He doesn't kid himself. I have heard him come out of a studio projection room, after a preview of one of his films, and say: "That's a lousy picture. It hasn't a laugh in it. It doesn't deserve to make a dime." And he didn't care who heard him, either. How many Hollywood stars would admit such a thing about their pictures? Hollywood loves to kid itself. Buster doesn't. He is a hard-headed, clear-sighted business man.

A business man with the seat of his breeches for his stock in trade. *Oomph!* Down he goes, kerplunk! And we laugh. And pay money at the box-office.

Someone ought (*Continued on page 113*)



Hollywood says: "For a comedian, Buster is a pretty good family man." But how much nearer the truth it would be to say: "For a family man, Buster is a pretty good comedian."

SUSAN LENOX (M-G-M)

The Glamorous Garbo as a flaming light o' love, plus Clark Gable as the main contender for her favors, are sufficient to make this wages o' sin film fable one you mustn't miss. It is one of the season's top-flight features, and although the topic is scorchy as well as torchy, it provides Greta with one of her finest vehicles.

As Susan Lenox she wages the uneven battle of woman against the world, encountering such menaces as Ian Keith, John Miljan, Alan Hale and Jean Hersholt in her meteoric hurtling from high places to the dance line of a South American dive. Greta, her fine supporting cast, and the beautiful production will hold you.

DEVOTION (RKO-Pathé)

A sort of East Lynne-ish production, smacking more strongly of the theatre than of the screen, serves to bring us Ann Harding again. And also to help materially in establishing Leslie Howard more definitely as one of the first gentlemen in the cinema. The fable introduces the glorious Miss Harding as a girl who will do 'most anything for love—even to hiding some few of her physical charms behind spectacles and a cockney accent.

In other words, she disguises herself to be near the man she adores, her discovery, of course, paving the way to the happy ending. The aggregation of players is especially strong.

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)

Those sure-shot Marx-men of the movies, Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo, score another hilarious hit in this new nonsense. The action rips along at a merry clip, hesitating only long enough to let the audience recover its breath for the next laugh. Both situations and dialogue contribute to the fun, and Marx Brothers do their utmost.

The slight story doesn't matter. But the antics of those accomplished clowns Groucho, Harpo and Chico always hold interest. Zeppo sustains the romance with Ruth Hall, while Alison Lloyd (Thelma Todd to you), Rockcliffe Fellowes and big Tom Kennedy aid and abet the "monkey business."

SOB SISTER (Fox)

This one proves that Jimmy Dunn's immense success in "Bad Girl" was no accident, for in this story of love 'n' life on a newspaper the newcomer again tops all competition. The film itself doesn't equal its predecessor, although its good scenes more than balance the great open spaces that should have been more closely knit to make a right, tight story.

Against the exciting background of city desk and press room, Mr. Dunn and Linda Watkins enact a love story spiced with snappy dialogue and situations which add thrills and laughter to the hard-boiled romance. It is, by the way, the film début of Linda Watkins. Looks as if she may fulfil the brilliant prophecies made for her.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE (RKO-Radio)

Double-barrelled love is the theme of this thin, but expertly woven film textile. Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien are the charming people who wed one another in a moment of pique at their sweethearts, Lester Vail and Myrna Loy. Then, if you please, each of the newlyweds finds renewed interest in the discarded lover.

Now how would you solve such a situation? Yep, that's right! It's the patter of little feet that saves the couple from divorce. And that makes a happy ending. The cast is great, with Miss Dunne and John Halliday doing extremely well. The remarkable Miss Loy continues to make strides toward stardom.

REVIEWS

. . . An entertaining and helpful guide to read before you choose your talkies

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner Brothers)

Made fascinating by the artistry of George Arliss, and by the prototypes of Washington, Jefferson, and other historic figures of the Revolutionary period, this is a fine, intelligent, but unexciting motion picture. It adheres rather closely to the "Disraeli" formula, with the plot complicating Hamilton's legislative efforts through the medium of an affair with Mrs. Reynolds, impersonated by June Collyer.

Not the least of the film's value is in the startling resemblance of the players to the figures they portray. For the rest, it is all Arliss, with Doris Kenyon, Dudley Digges and Monte Love assisting. The dramatics of Hamilton's later life are neglected.

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)

Glorifying the gridiron star, the first of the season's football epics features such pigskin warriors as the far-famed "Four Horsemen," Frank Carideo, Bucky O'Connor, and other illustrious names mentioned with reverence wherever the conversation turns to touchdowns. But even in such company, Lew Ayres as hero, and J. Farrell MacDonald, substituting for Knute Rockne as the Spirit of Fair Play, are strong enough to arrogate a place for themselves in the cinema sun.

The conventional love interest, intrigue, and the usual bunk with which the average football yarn has heretofore been interwoven, is pretty well abandoned here. The picture is worthy of its title.

STREET SCENE (United Artists)

A splendid drama, brought from stage to screen in brilliant fashion, this tense story of city streets is one of the season's finest films. The fable deals with a love-starved beauty of the tenements whose tawdry romance reaches Page One of the tabloids in a blood-and-bullets climax. There is also the pathos of her daughter, rather hopelessly enmeshed in the tentacles of the slums. And the bitter, biting humor contributed by the bedraggled neighbors.

Every part is superbly played. Perhaps the members of the original stage cast are best—especially Beulah Bodi. But Sylvia Sidney and William Collier, Jr., acquit themselves nobly.

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)

The first lady and gentleman of the modern stage reach Hollywood via the Theatre Guild route in this suave, sophisticated, wholly delightful entertainment. In Alfred Lunt you'll find a new talkie hero. And in Lynne Fontanne a star with more glamor than almost anyone.

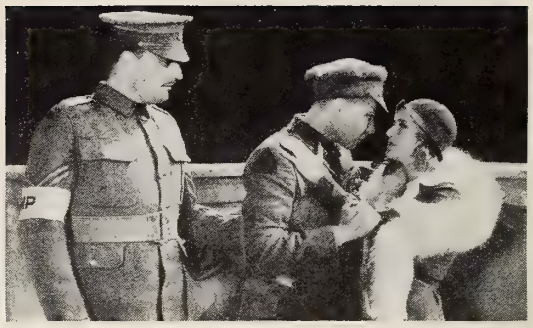
The plot of Ferenc Molnar's play tells what happens when a jealous actor masquerades as a dashing officer in order to try his wife's affections. His suit succeeds too well for his liking. In fact, he becomes the lady's lover. Does she penetrate her husband's disguise and know him all the time? If so, he's a poor actor. If not—well, in any event, how he wishes he knew!

PENROD AND SAM (First National)

Primarily for the kids, this screen version of Booth Tarkington's juvenile story will please Mom and Pop as well as the youngsters. The adult actors really don't mean much here, excepting Charles Sellon. The children hold the screen, and the honors as well.

That accomplished actor, Lëon Janney, portrays Penrod in a manner that brings both tears and laughter from his audience. And Junior Coghlan plays the boy's glum looking pal. Some of the best sequences deal with the initiation of the town pests into the boy's secret society. And there's a certain sob in the scene where young Penrod's chuckles are silenced by the death of his beloved dog.

PALMY DAYS
(United Artists)



WATERLOO BRIDGE
(Universal)

Eddie Cantor, Charlotte Greenwood and a bevy of beautiful blondes, brunettes and redheads make gold-standard entertainment for the fans who like comedy song cinemas. The fun is clean and there's plenty of it. Eddie plays the rôle of assistant to a fake spiritualistic medium. Through accident he supplants one of the villain's henchmen as efficiency expert in a musical comedy bakery. Throughout the action Cantor looks forward to marrying the boss's daughter, but in the end, doesn't.

A sensitive, sad story of a war-wracked youth and a lady-of-the-evening offers great opportunities to Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke, who play the leading rôles. An air-raid meeting brings the couple together, and an air-raid parts them forever. Meantime the girl is tortured by the clean love of the kid soldier and tries desperately to disguise her true status. But she cannot hide from herself, and until the end has courage to refuse his offer of hand as well as heart.

THE ROAD TO RENO
(Paramount)

LARCENY LANE
(Warner Brothers)

Had it not been for the expert direction of Richard Wallace, this one might have been a regular "shilling shocker," for one of the big moments concerns the murder of a bridegroom at the altar, and the suicide of the slayer. Lilyan Tashman is the near-bride of the sequence, and is cast as the much-divorced mother of ingénue Peggy Shannon. The killing of William Boyd and Lilyan's return to Irving Pichel paves the way for the young romance between Buddy Rogers and Miss Shannon.

The sensational James Cagney equals his earlier triumphs as a hotel bell-hop who turns racketeer. The girl in the case is Joan Blondell who leaves James outside the law to marry within it. The rest of the story tells how the respectable husband gets in a jam, with Cagney turning hero to save him for Joan's sake. The tag indicates that maybe Jimmie and Joan will get together again some time in the future. Cagney is all the aces, with Mlles. Blondell and Polly Walters as Queens.

THE 'CISCO KID
(Fox)

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR
(Columbia)

Warner Baxter begins where he left off in the memorable "In Old Arizona," and you'll surely welcome the return of that debonair border bandit, the 'Cisco Kid. Nor is the Kid alone. His friendly enemy, Sergeant Dunn, is right with him in the person of Edmund Lowe. These two provide enough kicks for several pictures, and wavering between them is Conchita Montenegro. Warner Baxter is superb in this continuation of the character he created in the earlier film.

They're together again—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, and while the story may be the old hokum-pokum it's got more thrills than a three-ring circus. And laughs come tumbling one over the other like a lot of acrobats.

Following his usual irrepressible character, Ralph plans to swipe a necklace just to stir up some excitement. Of course, a real crook beats him to it—and the rest of the exciting action follows the two heroes in a thief chase through murder, haunted houses and all sorts of things.

A very cute informal picture of—well, now, who could it possibly be but Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell? The picture was snapped on the Fox lot where the two of them are making "Delicious." Janet plays a down-trodden bit of a Scotch lassie in this film. Charlie plays a handsome millionaire. Janet and Lydell Peck, Charlie and Virginia Valli have started a new beach colony above Malibu. Janet's going to take a vacation in Honolulu after "Delicious" and Charlie will start work on "The Devil's Lottery."

THE TRIAL OF PAUL LUKAS

. . . In Hollywood this actor met the great crisis of his career. And how he faced it will evoke your real admiration

By CARTER BRUCE

I SHALL never forget the morning I was summoned into the front office and told that I was through in pictures because of my inability to speak good English," began Paul Lukas as we finished our order for luncheon. "They told me that my six-month's option was up—and that the studio was unwilling to sign another one. I begged and pleaded with them for a chance to learn the language. I promised, if given a short time, that I would learn it perfectly. They asked if I thought I could do it in six months. I promised to be in command of a good speaking knowledge of English in that time if they would only allow me the opportunity. They kindly consented to sign me for that short period . . . and luckily I made good on my word."

Suppose you were asked to master a foreign tongue in six short months. How would you go about it? Or would you even try? The way Paul Lukas not only tried but actually succeeded is one of the neatest things on record in amazing Hollywood

But those few short words—"and luckily I made good"—do not tell the story of the struggle that followed. It is probable that had Paul Lukas known the near impossibility of his task he would have become resigned to his fate. One has but to know the highlights of his life to realize that he might have made the promise even in the face of almost insurmountable odds. His life has been full of decisions to try the impossible . . . to go ahead in the face of almost certain defeat . . . and in every case he has won out. His attempt to learn the English language in a period of six short months is but a single example of his spirit. And again he won his point.

POSSIBLY if you knew something of his early life and the struggle he has always had to place himself near his chosen goal it might be easier to understand this man who learned the most difficult of modern languages in a few months . . . so that he might continue in his career.

Paul Lukas was born on an express train traveling at sixty miles an hour between the outlying provinces and Budapest, the Hungarian capital. It was the morning of May twenty-sixth. And by a strange coincidence, it was on the same date many years later (while the motion picture industry was flying along at a fast clip) that he was given six months' grace for a chance at fame.

All during his childhood and early manhood he was drawn to a career as an actor. He loved to go to the

(Left) With Gary Cooper in "The Shopworn Angel." Paul had no talking to do in it, so his work was considered good. But in "The Wolf of Wall Street," with George Bancroft (above) Lukas found his slight knowledge of English too slender to make his talkie personality successful.

theatre and watch the great of that day perform. He even went so far as to confide his great desire to his father. Here was the first obstacle! His father was dead-set against any member of his family becoming an actor. He went so far as to warn his son that should he ever so much as set foot on a stage he would be thrown out of his home and left to shift for himself. He battled this out with himself mentally during his youth. His dream and the wishes of his father were so diagonally opposed to one another that he never forced himself to come to a definite conclusion until a few years later.

Came the World War. He happened at the time of its outbreak to be serving in the army. It is the law of his country that each young man must spend a year in military training . . . and Paul had chosen this time as the best. Thus he was immediately transferred to an active company and sent to the front. He was wounded and sent to the hospital within a few weeks after his arrival at the front lines. When he had fully recovered, he asked to be placed in the aviation corps and soon he was flying for his country. After a year in that branch of the service he was wounded again . . . this time much more severely. By the time he had partially regained his health the high officials granted him a year's absence from actual duty. He went immediately to his old home.

A few days of thought brought him to a sudden conclusion: that he might be sent back into the service at the end of the year's leave—and that he might *never* return! This year then was the time for him to work out his life's greatest desire. He must try for the stage now! His father no sooner heard of his plan than he ordered him from the house with the command to stay away until he had come to his senses. So Paul Lukas took the few dollars that remained of his last army pay and boarded the train for Budapest.

He gave himself less than a year to accomplish the impossible when he first started! Is it any wonder that he was willing to try the *(Continued on page 109)*

Photograph by Freulich

And now Paul Lukas is being starred on the Paramount lot. His latest picture for them is "The Beloved Bachelor" (below), Vivienne Osborne and Guy Oliver with him. (Right) As he appears in "Strictly Dishonorable," for which Universal borrowed him.

(Right) The frontispiece and title page of the book on which the claim of Elissa's royal blood is based. (Below) The castle of Sassetot where Elissa's mother claims she was born in secret to the Empress of Austria.

COUNTESS ZANARDI LANDI AND HER CHILDREN ANTONY FRANZ AND ELISABETH MARIE CHRISTINE

The
Secret of an Empress

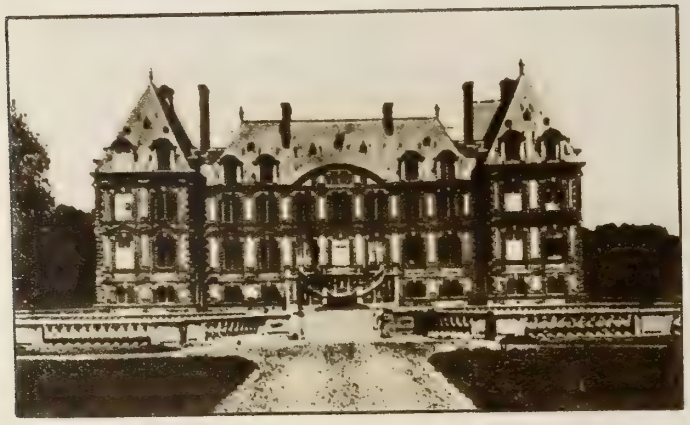
BY

Countess Zanardi Landi

With Fourteen Photogravure Illustrations

Cassell and Company, Limited
London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
1914

REFUTATION



By PRINCESS RADZIWILL

This story is offered to the readers of MODERN SCREEN with the purpose of presenting another side of the rumored and recently published story that the Countess Zanardi Landi, mother of Elissa Landi, is the daughter of the erstwhile Empress Elizabeth and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Whether Elissa Landi is a member of a royal family or not does not detract one whit from her great talents as an actress or her charm as a person. Princess Radziwill, whose knowledge of the European royal families has been shown in a number of brilliant historical works, considered the book a misrepresentation when she heard it was going to be published, back in 1914. She has written exclusively for MODERN SCREEN her version of the facts. In the interests of truth, her story is published on these pages.—The Editor.

IN the autumn of 1914, just after the first British and French reverses in Flanders during the World War, there appeared in London a book signed by Countess Zanardi Landi, in which that lady claimed to be a daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and the Empress Elizabeth. She also claimed she had been brought up in ignorance of her real parentage owing to the desire of the Empress to have one of her children entirely to herself, and not educated according to the etiquette ruling the House of Hapsburg. This book was one of the many propaganda volumes published at that time, with the intention of discrediting the rulers of the Central Powers at war with the allies, and I have every reason to know this to be the fact, with proofs to strengthen these reasons.

Based on the statements set forth in this book the story has been circulated which purports to prove that Elissa Landi is the granddaughter of an Empress.

The first thing which must be told to disprove it is that at the time the Countess Zanardi Landi was born, the Empress of Austria, who the story says is her mother, had reached the age of forty-seven. That her last child, the Archduchess Valerie, had been born fifteen years earlier. And that since that birth the Empress had been extremely desirous of having another child—particularly a male child—but that she had never had any hopes of motherhood. It was very well known both in the family

. . . A noted authority on European courts comes forward to deny the circulated stories that Elissa Landi is the granddaughter of an Empress

circles as well as in court society that the Empress couldn't have another child.

That is the first objection to the Countess Landi's story that she is the daughter of the Empress of Austria.

The second objection refers to the circumstances attending her birth. She claims that it took place in the Castle of Sassetot in Normandy where the Empress was spending the summer months. That it was kept secret—it being said the Empress had had a riding accident which kept her confined to her bed. It is added in the book that the Emperor came to see her incognito, without anyone having known it, and that, furthermore, the Empress herself was not known in Sassetot as such, but as a simple Countess von Hohenembs.

NOW this is what really happened: The Empress, who was very fond of traveling and loved solitude, rented the Castle of Sassetot in the Seine Inférieure, near the watering place called Petites Dalles. She arrived there in July, 1882, accompanied by a large retinue, and brought with her twelve hunters and riding horses. She was traveling as she always did under the name of Countess Hohenembs, one of the titles of the House of Hapsburg, but this was not with any intention of hiding her identity. On her arrival she was welcomed by the Prefect of the Seine Inférieure in the name of the President of the French Republic, and of the French Government. She received him as well as the local authorities, and the fact was announced in all the French newspapers.

She received also the Curé of Sassetot, went regularly to church on Sundays, and made friends with many people, among others the sisters in charge of the schools in Sassetot and Petites Dalles. And, finally, she was seen riding every day when her horsemanship was immensely admired. The French magazines, the *Illustration* as well as the *Monde Illustre,* published photographs of her on horseback. One morning as she was mounting her horse, the animal got frightened at something or other, reared, and threw the Empress.

Present at the accident were the members of the Empress's household, her grooms and several servants. She was picked up insensible and there was fear she had concussion of the brain, because for several hours she did not recover consciousness. The local doctor was called in by the Empress's physicians and several eminent Paris surgeons were telegraphed for, among others Dr. Pozzi. These facts were also recorded in every newspaper, not only in France but all over the world. The Emperor Francis Joseph, as soon as he was informed of the accident, hastened to his wife's bedside, traveling under the name of Count von Hohenembs. As he passed through Paris, he was greeted at the Gare de l'Est by representatives of

(*Continued on page 116*)

(Above, left) The Empress Elizabeth of Austria of whom this writer denies the rumors of a secret child. (Left) The Countess Zanardi Landi as a child. (Below) Elissa is a great actress but she is not the granddaughter of an Empress—so claims Princess Radziwill.

The pictures on these pages (excepting that of Elissa Landi) were reproduced from "The Secret of an Empress," by Countess Zanardi Landi.

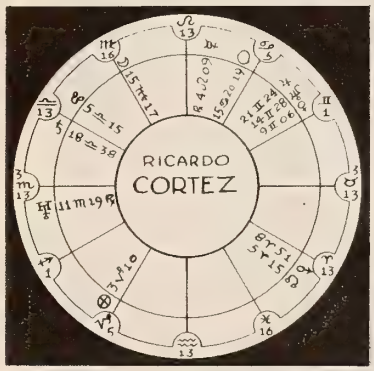
Photograph by Freulich

What of his future?

. . . Fascinating revelations about the things which are in store for Ricardo—artistic and personal

Ricardo is under contract to RKO-Radio and makes pictures regularly for them. They lent him to Universal, however, to do "Reckless Living" with Mae Clarke.

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR RICARDO CORTEZ



By WYNN

WE are living in a strange world, my friends.

Pause to consider for a moment the remarkable fact that we pin medals on the general who leads his men into slaughter, we pin them on the scientist who devises a new kind of poison gas with which wholesale murder can be achieved; *and* we also pin our badge of recognition on the physician who spends his life in the laboratory trying to perfect a method for saving life.

The reason, I think, is that we admire a fighter.

There are two kinds of fighting—the external, physical kind and the quiet battles of character building that are sometimes fought out in the silence of one's secret soul.

Ricardo Cortez has been through one of the latter type. He has fought temptation and sorrow and bitter misunderstanding on the part of the public and even his friends.

He is a born fighter, according to his horoscope, for he has as his ruling planet Mars, the patron of Energy and Force.

Mars, as most of my readers already know, rules the two signs Aries and Scorpio in the Zodiacal circle. The ancients told us that Mars presides over the human qualities of applying strength, whether the application be constructive or destructive. If you are a native of Aries (born between March 21 and April 20) or of Scorpio (born between October 23 and November 22) you have already had numerous experiences that have tested your ability to master the constructive side of your capabilities, learning the lessons of doing the right thing when tempted to do the other. Those are the lessons of Mars.

RICARDO CORTEZ was born July 7, 1894, in Vienna, at approximately 2 p. m., local time. This gives him the sign Scorpio on the Eastern horizon, called the Ascendant by astrologers. The ruling planet of the sign thus rising is the ruling planet of the life, regardless of which section of the Zodiac is occupied by the Sun, Moon or other celestial body. His Sun is in the sign Cancer, indicating him to be a most excellent portrayer of character (a talent which we are all glad to see he is having more opportunity to demonstrate in his recent film work).

Not everyone is aware of the fact that the motion of the Earth on its own axis, turning around once each day, brings every sign of the Zodiac to the Ascendant once daily, and that because of this it may be truly said that all twelve types of people (speaking of Zodiacal types) are being born every day. It is this phenomenon that explains the differences between people who are born very nearly at the same time and place.

At the time of Mr. Cortez' birth, the sign Scorpio was rising at the Eastern horizon, giving him the calm, forceful, reserved strength of character that has been so severely tested in his matrimonial venture with Alma Rubens.

Mars is in Aries, the other sign it rules, adding to the force, but making it mentally applicable. Although Mars appears to be on the wrong side of the line in this horoscope, the orb of the sixth house calls for interpretation in that division of his affairs, the house of health. Analyzing the degree on his Ascendant, we find that it is in the first decan (ten degree area) *(Continued on page 106)*

LORETTA YOUNG'S

Loretta Young is only twenty. Yet her attire always has a fascinating touch of sophistication—

(Left) A lovely "picture" dress. The material is black velvet—one of Loretta's favorites. The lines are quite straight and the skirt, as you can see, very long. The starched lace collar and inch-lower-than-the-elbow cuffs are sweetly old-fashioned and yet, somehow, they add a charming worldly note. (Above) Loretta's midnight-blue crêpe, cut on molded lines. A very simple daytime dress—quite suitable for the office, and smart enough for a date.

HOW should the young girl dress? The girl who is somewhere between eighteen and twenty-two and who wants to be the sweet, wise young woman-of-the-world without losing any of her youthful charm? She faces a problem. I know that from the letters that pour in to me from girls all over the country.

"What should I wear so that I'll have an air of sophistication without making myself look older than I am?"

"What shall I do to create an appearance of subtlety in my clothes and yet retain a certain youthful dash in them?"

These days every girl wants to look *interesting,* different. She isn't satisfied to be the demure young thing—to cast shy glances about her and wear a ribbon in her hair. Neither does she care to imitate the finger-snapping hoyden of the nineteen-twenties who thought it amusing to show her knees. Miss Modern knows that knees are

WARDROBE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

—and in this article Loretta and Miss Lane tell you how to give your wardrobe the same touch

(Above) No, that wrap isn't ermine—nor lapin. It's panther skin, a smart and durable fur which is suitable for both daytime and evening. (Right) Loretta's very best evening dress, which she keeps for the most formal of parties. It's icy white satin. Crystal beads form a charming design on the bodice and the girdle is a crushed sash. The dress hanging up is satin, too—chartreuse, with a bodice of sea-green sequins.

seldom especially good-looking—that long, graceful skirts are much more flattering than abbreviated ones. She'd rather be called attractive and intelligent than merely pretty. And she infinitely prefers having her friends say, "Oh, what a smart gown!" instead of, "My, isn't that cute!"

In every sense of the word Loretta Young is a Miss Modern. Earl Luick, who has designed innumerable costumes for her, says she's young without causing one to be constantly aware of the fact. He describes her as being "a triumphant twenty." Twenty that combines graciousness and poise with the attractive spontaneity of girlhood. "And I try to have her screen clothes give just that impression of her. She wears them beautifully, principally because she knows how to carry herself. You can't walk in jerks or have round shoulders and expect your clothes to give you distinction.

"If you really want to acquire style, first learn to move

(Above) A black velvet dinner or semi-formal evening gown which perhaps most effectively of all Loretta's wardrobe combines the youthful and the sophisticated. The wing sleeves edged with ermine, the square neck and the straight lines of the skirt couldn't be more suitable for the young girl. However (surprise!), the décolletage is cut down to the waist in back! Loretta wears with this the black velvet wrap (left). (Above, left) A new mink coat which Loretta has added to her wardrobe. It's luxuriant enough for evening wear and tailored enough for the street.

smoothly and gracefully. The new dresses demand it. They also demand that you hold yourself properly. The best way to practise that is to stand with the heels about three inches apart, the toes pointing forward, and then draw yourself up easily until the back is stretched to its full length. Push the shoulders back into a straight line and raise the head—but remember the top of the head, not the forehead, should be nearest the ceiling. When you've mastered this posture you'll do your clothes justice. In standing, if you'll keep the spine erect and at the same time allow the weight of the body to rest more on one foot than on the other, it will give a more pleasing line to your gown."

IT'S by such simple little tricks that a girl endows her dresses with an air all their own. Loretta was taught them as a child . . . and by no less a person than Mae Murray. I think it must have been the generous Miss Murray, with whom she lived for a year, who implanted in Loretta the love of soft, beautiful materials. To this day she's unable to resist a luscious satin or a rich velvet.

"Beautiful materials, beautiful lines are of far greater importance to me than trimmings," Loretta observed, and right there she began answering the general plea in those beseeching letters that come to me. Trimming should always be subordinate to line if you want your clothes to be subtle.

"Let's take evening dresses. When a young girl is getting ready for a dance it's as if she were preparing for her big act. She's going to be in the spotlight—she wants thrilling things to happen. First, she considers the man she is to be with, his age and degree of worldliness.

The two pictures above show the dress which Loretta calls her "peach pick-up." (She bought it in about fifteen minutes). The material is peach-colored angel skin, the skirt lines are bias-cut, and the narrow belt comes just a speck below the natural waistline—a very good place for a belt, by the way, if you're a much-curved person. The picture directly above shows the adorable little criss-cross jacket which goes with the dress. The wide sleeves are bordered in mink. (Right) Loretta goes completely and utterly feminine when she buys negligées. That's her favorite, of blue satin.

NOT long ago I was driving downtown on a business errand and while I was waiting for a 'go' signal I noticed a heavenly outfit in one of the store windows. Well, instead of rushing on as I should have done, I swung into a parking station and then went into the shop and bought it. It took me exactly fifteen minutes. I've spent two very jolly evenings in that costume. Funny, how your clothes are so closely associated with the ups and downs in your life. I never put on a pair of silver slippers without remembering what a good time I had at my first dance . . . and I love a white sport suit because I was wearing one when Herbert Brenon signed me for 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh'—it was my first real part. But to get back to the cause of my delay. . . . The dress is peach colored angel skin satin, one of those sculptured models with the skirt cut on the bias and falling to the floor in lovely folds. (There's a picture of it, shown above.) The neck is square cut and the rhinestone clips on the shoulder straps, both front and back, match the belt buckle. It has a shoulder cape bordered in mink that doublecrosses and ties in front. By way of completing it I wear an antique gold and crystal necklace and bracelets. Just last week I indulged in a new fur coat, a mink one that has a flattering shawl collar (isn't it great to have those collars back in style?) and of course it goes beautifully with my 'peach pick-up.' (There's a picture of the coat on page 68.) But occasionally I get perverse and wear a little cream and tan panther skin coat for evening, although it's supposed to be a sport coat. You really can make it do double duty, however, and it looks so well with a chartreuse satin dress I have. Yes, satin again! It makes me appear quite tall because it has such a

(Left) Dance accessories. The white moiré slippers have buckles of an antique design to blend with the antique necklace. There are real lace insets in the hankie and the bag is studded with pearl and gold beads.

(Left) A knockout sport coat. It's made of brown and white chevron tweed with a shawl collar, diagonal pockets and sleeves that flare below the elbow. (Right) Loretta's dress coat for winter. It's of black chongella cloth, and the silver fox fur forms a stand-up collar and trims the cape.

(Left) Street accessories in brown and white. The hat is a shallow-crowned soleil felt. The necklace and bracelet are of brown and white novelty beads. The brown suede gloves have very heavy seams. The purse is brown kid, very plain and smart.

(Right) More evening accessories. Long black mesh gloves, the tops studded with sequins, are a very exciting novelty for fall and winter evening wear.

Pictures on these pages specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Elmer Fryer, courtesy of First National Pictures

long skirt line and the waist of sea-green sequins with wide straps of the satin adds a surprising note. Somehow you don't expect that shimmering top to so sedate a skirt. My slippers are studded with sea-green sequins and I leave off all jewelry except a queer green bracelet that I found in a Chinese bazaar.

"For very formal parties I keep in reserve a gown of icy white satin. (See page 67.) I suppose I look like the original snow maiden in it, but if ever you want to feel like the duchess of something or other, wear that shade of satin. The waist of this gown is trimmed with crystal beads and it has a crushed girdle that loops through a crystal buckle. The wrap I wear with it is of black silk velvet lined with white satin. The shawl cape collar is of ermine and the sleeves look like a bishop's.

"To be truthful, the wrap is part of a black velvet dinner ensemble. The dress that goes with it has a square neck in front and it drops to the waist in a deep V in back. The wing sleeves edged with ermine provide an old-fashioned touch. I have an (*Continued on page 118*)

Eddie Quillan and Maureen O'Sullivan on the RKO-Pathé lot where they are both working in "The Big Shot." Maureen was borrowed by Pathé from Fox for this picture. Following its completion she'll return to the Fox lot to make "Hoorah." Did you know that Eddie Quillan was marched into his first movie job on the arm of a detective? It seems that Eddie was playing in vaudeville and Mack Sennett wanted him for a picture. Eddie had disappeared on tour or something. Sennett had to send a detective after him.

LET'S TALK ABOUT

(Left) Lilyan Tashman is now in Europe with husband Edmund Lowe enjoying their first vacation in years. Yes, that's a copy of MODERN SCREEN she's holding. (Below) Dorothy Dix, the new Vee of the new Torchy Comedies. It seems that many of the girls who played Vee have become great stars. Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Norma Shearer, among others. Will Dorothy do it, too?

WELL, just as we said in MODERN SCREEN, it was the money that was causing the break between Barbara Stanwyck and Columbia studio. Not Frank Fay . . . or any other of the so-called reasons.

And when Barbara decided to leave Columbia out in the cold because they wouldn't pay her what Warner Brothers were willing to pay, it didn't work. Not at all—at all. Columbia waited until she was all set to start work on "Safe in Hell" and then they stepped in and served her with a court order that said that she should appear on a certain day ". . . and show cause why a permanent injunction should not be issued from the court to restrain her from working at any other studio until such time as she had fulfilled the contract with Columbia."

Hollywood, and all the bigger producers, anxiously awaited the outcome of this little legal encounter. The court's decision would set a precedent that would have to be followed in the future! Now it's all over . . . Columbia voluntarily raised her salary—and everybody's happy.

John Barrymore has announced that his schedule in the future will be two pictures a year and one stage play. The main reason for a definite routine is the fact that John wants to plan on plenty of time for the ol' yachting business. John and Dolores have come to the conclusion that boating is a lot more important than work anyway. Mebbe they're right.

WHEN Roland West signed Thelma Todd for a dramatic rôle in "Corsair," opposite Chester Morris, he changed her name to Alison Loyd. "To take the taint of comedy away from her and give her a chance as a dramatic actress," said West.

But Thelma still had some short comedies to do for Hal Roach, who burned at the change of her name. "I suppose," said Roach, "I'll have to change her name to Susie Zilch . . . to guard against the taint of drama!"

Here's a real Hollywood Mystery Romance: A well known director leaves his own well known Rolls-Royce in the garage—rents a limousine and visits a well known blond actress! Don't look at us—we can't tell.

Latest developments on the Barbara Stanwyck-studio break!

HOLLYWOOD

(Below) Mrs. Loretta Withers, Gretchen Young, Loretta Young. They're one and the same. She recently divorced Grant Withers on the grounds of non-support. This picture was taken right in the court room. (Right) Dorothy Mackaill, with her absolutely one and only, at least up to the moment of writing. Neil Miller is his name and he is a radio crooner and the son of a planter in Hawaii. That's where they met.

World Wide

CERTAIN wags have been wagging that Michael Farmer, once supposedly engaged to the beauteous Marilyn Miller, and now rumored engaged to Gloria Swanson, is not a millionaire playboy as everyone thinks. Rather, a very attractive young male trying to get along! He certainly must be *very attractive* to get the attentions of two such famous beauties as Marilyn and Gloria!

Daily Puzzle:

Sidney Fox is renting the house owned by Austin Parker, whom Miriam Hopkins is suing for divorce. Miriam is going places with Dudley Murphy since the marital break. Sidney, also, is a good friend of Dudley's. Miriam is friendly with her ex-husband, Austin Parker . . . so is Sidney. Miriam and Sidney are still good friends.

FRANCES MARION, one of the highest-paid scenarists in Hollywood, and her director husband, George Hill, have separated for good this time. They plan to get a divorce in the very near future. In their couple of years of married life, the Hills have separated any number of times and then made up again. But this is final.

Frances has been going around since the separation with an attractive fellow who looks a great deal like her late husband, Fred Thompson, the Western star. Many say that Fred was Frances' one love and that his sudden death affected her more than anyone will ever know.

SOME say that Edmund Lowe is really a sick man—and that that is the reason for his leaving Fox. Others have it that Eddie wanted his salary raised from the $4,000 he was getting under his old contract, to $6,000 a week. His physician came forward with the statement that the actor's health won't stand the continual grind of picture after picture and that he needs a rest immediately. So, as we write this, Eddie and wife Lil Tashman are planning to leave for Europe on a vacation.

Whether it's actual illness . . . or salary-itis, it looks like Lowe and Fox have come to the parting of the ways. John Boles is replacing him in "Cheating," and the studio is grooming Spencer Tracy to play opposite Vic MacLaglen in "Disorderly Conduct."

LOOK FOR OTHER GOSSIP ON PAGES 16 and 92

Is that just a gag about Michael Farmer? Or is it really true?

Illustrated by RUSSELL PATTERSON

By WALTER RAMSEY

HOLLYWOOD has been quite dull lately!

No sensational divorce rumors . . . no red-hot parties where the noise was loud and the wine ancient . . . not so many flaming exponents of IT strolling the Boulevard . . . no one getting into fist fights at the Brown Derby or the Embassy . . . not much news . . . and very little gossip!

What's happened to our fair little Hamlet?

Some of us who have been in Hollywood for a number of years and can remember back *when* have been giving this little question a bit of thought lately. We can recall without much trouble or hesitation that the film capital used to be a hot-bed of whoopee and hey-hey. It took no time at all in the good old days to find a party . . . and a good one. Or gather with half the gang and listen by the hour to real juicy tidbits about the other half. You see, in Hollywood *one half* used to know how the *other half* lived . . . or at least they would make a swell attempt at guessing.

And while we are doing all this remembering, we can also recall that just about that time our good friend Will Hays came bounding over the horizon, tsch-tsching at each bound, and took the situation in hand. Mr. Hays came to the movies as a salvation . . . a sort of bulwark against the whispers of the world. His main duty was to check what Hollywood referred to as her "delightful freedom" . . . and of course he had other duties, but his main job was to clean up everything in general and movie reputations in particular.

AFTER the deplorable death of Wallace Reid and the unfortunate Arbuckle scandal, Mr. Hays put his foot down with a resounding and reverberating thwack and said: "Be good, my children, be good. A little bird said that if you didn't mend your ways the boogy man would take away your Rolls-Royce and your swimming pool and your mansion in Beverly and whatnot. To say nothing of your bed of roses and other household furniture."

Immediately things began to happen!

Morality clauses sprang into existence. These included every misdemeanor and felony on the books together with a lot that Hollywood had forgotten were implied by "nice and respectable movie star." It was put down that if a cute little star were to ". . . have or appear to have

IS HOLLYWOOD COMING TO LIFE?

. . . Respectability is all very nice but—it's liable to be a little dull. At least, that's what Hollywood discovered. Indications are that the old town is going back to something of its former vividness

The world is sick and tired of reading about movie stars who are "even as you and I." What the world wants is more color, more vivacity. And Hollywood is going to give it to us. At least, everything points that way.

caused her name to be connected or appear to be connected with anything that smacked or appeared to smack of the unsavory . . ." that said star was to have his or her head promptly cut off. Or words to that effect. Hollywood's previous work-a-day rules of behavior became as obsolete as yesterday's roses and the colony was forced to leave forgotten those things which they had always done.

Location chaperons arrived. No longer were the blond and tinted darlings to be allowed to go tripping off with a studio company for three or four weeks . . . *alone*. Leading men were no longer trusted to be more than leading men. There must be a kindly, gray-haired old lady along to guard the ingénue. Sparing no expense . . . facing all wise-cracks.

The august eye of the Front Office was turned on the personal conduct as well as the professional performances. And after a few hard years, it looked as though Mr. Hays

had won. The movies were cleaned up. Hollywood was *white* in place of *primrose* . . . dull instead of sparkling.

Ramon Novarro, with his flare for peace and quiet (at all and any cost) became the leading light of the new movement. Joan Crawford commenced hooking rugs . . . taking pictures in the garden . . . and generally acting ga-ga all over the place. Tashman quieted down to a mere shadow of her former robust self. Buddy Rogers became an idol of modern American youth. Phillips Holmes turned over a new leaf. Jack Gilbert did a right-about face in *low* and even stopped talking. Conrad Nagel and Mary Brian rated headlines.

BUT . . . and you can hear this question on every tongue these days . . . has the cleaning up done more than it was supposed to do? In the whitening process has Hollywood lost much of the intrigue and flame that once made her the most discussed and fascinating town in the world? There *is* a point! Hollywood had gone genteel and good . . . and just a little goody-goody. In the era of self-conscious gentility and determined culture wasn't some of the spirit lost? To those of us who have written about Hollywood doings and doers for years some exceptionally brilliant colors were missing from the Hollywood Legend. The pattern had grown faded.

The vivid days of the Montmartre, where stars rubbed shoulders with other stars and tourists and housewives . . . where Joan Crawford danced in a spangled dress and the rafters shook with the din of the applause . . . where the beaming Eddie Brandstatter held off the mad-but-laughing crowds with a red velvet rope—this is gone from Hollywood.

Gone also are the temperamental clashes between studio queens such as in the good old days of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri dividing the Paramount lot in adoration and allegiance . . . and the bizarre raiment of the then over-dressed Gloria with her curleycue coiffures . . . the be-diamonded Ruth Roland . . . the white fox furs of Billie Dove . . . the bare legs of Alice White, Sally O'Neil and other cuties . . . the childish and naive tricks of famous people—Mabel Normand eating peanuts on the back seat of her luxurious town car . . . and the crowd of fans that used to be at the entrance of every popular place to see and applaud the movie stars regal public appearance. All . . . gone!

THE studio darlings now dine at the exclusive Embassy Club and Mayfair . . . far from the eyes of the crowd. And the crowd doesn't gather to gape and yell at the famous. Studio queens don't quarrel any more—they are too determined to be ladies. Gloria wears her knot in the approved Mayfair fashion on the nape of her neck. Billie Dove's white foxes are packed away in the moth balls.

Yea, verily, Hays has won—but has *Hollywood* won?

From the goings-on about town it would lead one to believe that the Colony has come to a negative conclusion on the above question. Certainly the interest in the present crop of pampered beauties is not nearly so fervid as it was five years ago. And thanks to Mr. Hays, it is not scandal that has slowed up the interest. Can it be that the movie stars have become too much like you and I?

Look at some of the things that are happening:

Norma Shearer, the original and everlasting lady of the films is acquiring a new atmosphere. No longer does she desire the utmost in "proper" gowns for all occasions. She may be seen at first nights with "daring creations"—almost up to the standard set by her breath-taking wardrobe in "Strangers May Kiss," "The Divorcée" and "A Free Soul." Norma probably came to the conclusion that her home-and-fireside publicity wasn't helping her sensational picture rôles at all. The happy and contented Mrs. Thalberg is about to disappear from the public prints . . . in her place will be ". . . the stunning, fascinating Norma Shearer, she of the sex-appeal and curves. . . ."

Joan Crawford? Yes, it took her a long time to understand that she wasn't cut out for the rôle that she is now playing in private life. She was told that she had made her success in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" because the public had a hunch that she lived just that sort of life *off* the screen as well. She used to dance, love, laugh and sing. Thus her sudden domestic trend didn't help her situation in the least . . . and it begins to look as though she were about ready to give it up. The other night she was seen dancing at the famous Cocoanut Grove—and what's more she was singing and laughing as of old. There are even rumors that she and Doug are indulging in little romances on the side! Oh, things are picking up all right . . . all right!

AND Marlene! The German gal has decided that she will give out no more interviews. That's the first indication of her future personality. Now we can get back to our guessing games about her . . . as well as Garbo. And the funny part of it all is: that what you and I *guess* about them is a lot more exciting than what we *know* about them.

Dietrich got off on the wrong foot when she first arrived. She punctured the Von Sternberg romance by saying that she was already married and had a baby. Her husband gave out statements that . . . "she is every bit as good a cook as she is an actress." Such cracks may go very well in the cooking class, but they are not the type of publicity that makes for personalities like Garbo and Dietrich. They require much mystery and intrigue.

But now!

Out comes the statement that Riza Von Sternberg, Josef's twice-divorced wife, is suing Marlene for some six hundred thousand dollars. Five hundred thousand of the grievance is said to be for "alienation of affections." Marlene hit the front pages with a big bang and stayed there for quite a few days. Can't you see what is happening? Why, Hollywood is coming to life again!

Even Clark Gable is going in for some of the old-time Hollywood stuff! His studio has awakened to the fact that there has been entirely too much ga-ga going out about their big box-office bet. He was doing everything but "hooking rugs" (for the press) . . . and any woman who sees him knows that he couldn't *look* that way without *living* just a little! From now on you will get a lot more of the truth about your favorite he-man . . . they are just about through making him out a sissy. They have decided that they will not allow "nice" publicity to kill the chances of the only man to approach Valentino's success since that famous Latin became the household word for passionate love scenes. Rudy lived and dressed and spoke as he chose! They are going to let Gable do the same!

WHY did Clark Gable marry the same woman twice within a year without once divorcing her? Why did he divorce his first wife? Has he a nine year old son? Has he been married more than twice? What is his "ideal girl"? How close does that come to the women he has married? How does it happen that he has always married a woman at least ten years older than himself?

These questions will be answered now . . . and before, they were the subject of a hushing up campaign.

And Pola is back in town . . . Mae Murray is suing her husband (the Prince) for (*Continued on page 129*)

Photograph by Hurrell

There's no one who looks quite as cute in cute poses and cute costumes as Anita Page. That's our main reason for running this picture. Also, we thought perhaps you'd like to know that Anita's contract was saved by large quantities of fan mail. You'll next see her in "Poor Little Ritz Girl" for which she was lent to Warners by M-G-M. Anita has lost fifteen pounds lately.

SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD FAILED

(Above) Conchita Montenegro with Warner Baxter in "The 'Cisco Kid," her first picture for Fox. Although Conchita herself cries, "I am too awful!" directors are full of praise for the little Spanish girl.

(Left) A portrait of Conchita taken at the time she and her sister Juanita were touring Europe as a dancing team. Conchita was fourteen—Juanita seventeen. Their success was instantaneous. But Conchita discounts it.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

OCCASIONALLY children like Conchita Montenegro come to Hollywood. Their advents, however, are infrequent.

Yes, there *have* been other—many other—beautiful Spanish girls who have come to Hollywood. I'll even admit that there have been other beautiful Spanish girls in Hollywood who were witty, charming, graceful, provocative and all the other nice things that Conchita is. But the unusual thing about Conchita is that for a long time, in spite of applause and compliments and contracts—she thought she was a failure.

She hasn't played in a great many English-speaking films—yet. She was imported from Europe to make Spanish versions of American pictures. Then, when most foreign importations were being dispatched home, Conchita was taken from the Spanish versions and given English-speaking parts. You saw her, no doubt, in "Strangers May Kiss." She was the little dancer who twirled and swayed so alluringly at that big party which some nobleman or other was giving for Norma Shearer down on the Riviera. Conchita's next rôle after that—which was really only a bit, after all—was leading lady opposite Leslie Howard in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." She still thought she was a failure. Now she has a new contract with Fox and you'll be seeing her in "The 'Cisco Kid" with Edmund Lowe and Warner Baxter, and "Disorderly Conduct" with Lowe and Victor McLaglen. They talk of big things for her—particularly

. . . They say that a true artist is never pleased with his own work. And that's how Conchita feels

(Above) With Leslie Howard in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Conchita worked under a terrible strain when she was making this picture. And she was convinced that her acting in this film was "ver-ry ba-ad."

(Right) Conchita as she is today! "Slim, slight, jetty haired, and queen of all she commands." But that despairing sense of failure still pops up. To Conchita, her own best efforts are never quite good enough.

since they selected her for one of their three Débutante Stars of Tomorrow, which is an honor indeed.

I REMEMBER Conchita sitting talking to me in her apartment, which overlooks the Wilshire golf course, fully convinced that her motion picture career was at an end, that as an actress she was a total failure. She was sure that on the screen she moved like an animated doll, that her figure was too wide, her face too broad, her accents too impossible.

She and her sister, Gusta, were ready to pack their wardrobe trunks and hurry back to Madrid. Like as not the trunks were halfway packed, so decided was Conchita that her first appearance in an American film was a failure. She was quite sincere in her attitude, too.

At the studio, the story was different. Officials and directors were talking of the excellent trouping of the little Madrileña. Fellow actors—compliment indeed—were talking of the delicacy and grace with which she handled love scenes that might have been brazen in another's hands. They were saying other pleasant things about her appearance in "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

At home Conchita, in a jade green sports dress, sat on the edge of the henna upholstered chair and talked rapidly of her blasted career.

"Oh, I am ter-reeble! Don' tell me otherwise. Those costume, so full from the bosom—" small, excitable hands swept down from hers, *(Continued on page 114)*

THE MOST DYNAMIC WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Nathalie Bucknall is now head of the Research Department at M-G-M. Her amazing experiences have more than fitted her for the job.

. . . Amazing, this woman's terrific energy and dauntless courage. Her bravery is equal to any man's

By JACK JAMISON

YOU are a nineteen-year-old schoolgirl. You have left a home of luxury and delicacy, where your life has been a sheltered one, to join an organization with the name of The Women's Battalion of Death. You have been in it only six weeks. You scarcely know what a gun is. One morning you are pulled out of bed at five o'clock. After prayers, a rifle is thrust into your hands. Your commander says, "The Bolsheviks are attacking the palace. There are no troops. All the defense rests upon us." Through the grey light you march to the huge palace. Scattered shots are fired at your column on the way. The girl next you staggers and falls, coughing blood. In the palace, you barricade the great doors. The Reds are advancing through the gardens, firing from behind shrubbery. You aim and fire whenever you see a man—you, who have never been able to bear seeing a chicken killed! No one has told you to stand back from the windows, so you fire over the sills; the Reds can see you better than you can see them, and girl after girl tumbles to the parquet floor. You drive the attackers off. They come on again. More girls die. You wonder how soon a bullet will sear into your own breast. The attack goes on all day. Not until night do the Cossacks charge the Reds, drive them off, and enter the palace to relieve you.

NATHALIE BUCKNALL, now chief of the Research Department at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, was at nineteen a slim blond girl with blue eyes, whom British visitors to Petrograd often took to be English, an impression which was heightened by her fluent speech in that tongue. As a matter of fact, she spoke perfect French and German also, as do all cultured Russians. Nathalie was at St. Anne's College in Petrograd, studying engineering and architecture. Strange as those professions may seem for a woman, they were her choice; and when Nathalie makes a choice nothing dissuades her. War was declared. Nathalie instantly enlisted as a nurse. For a year she served at the Czarevitch Alexei's Hospital in Petrograd. Then the Grand Duchesses Tatiana and Marie endowed several hospital trains, to bring wounded from the front, five days' journey away, and Nathalie volunteered for duty on them. On her first trip, as the train rolled along, she leaned out of the window and saw German planes overhead. A small black object detached itself from the plane and fell toward her. There was a racking boom. "Bombs!" cried the head nurse. "They're bombing us in spite (*Continued on page 123*)

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

SIDNEY FOX

—who has made good in Hollywood in less than three hundred and sixty-five days. Her good work in the rôle of the unsophisticated Southern child in "Strictly Dishonorable" will be followed by the leading part in "The Impatient Maiden," from the novel by Donald Henderson Clarke. Sidney is a little bit of a thing—not five feet tall. Before she made her Broadway stage début in "Lost Sheep" she ran a newspaper column of advice to the lovelorn. The screen has always been her goal.

Photograph by Freulich

Photograph by Hurrell

LYNN FONTANNE and ALFRED LUNT

—who have brought real sophistication to the movies. Their first talkie is "The Guardsman" which was a Theatre Guild play. As a talkie, it's practically perfect—even perhaps a bit too subtle to meet every taste. This scintillating pair are Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt in private life—and have remained devotedly so for several years. They frequently—though not invariably —play together on the stage.

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

CHARLES FARRELL

—who managed to preserve a gentlemanly silence through all that Gaynor-Farrell discussion. He's very happy now because his contract has been renewed and because Virginia Valli devotes her time to being Mrs. Charles Farrell. After "Heartbreak" with Madge Evans, he'll play "Delicious" with Janet Gaynor. He says he enjoys playing with Janet because they understand each other so thoroughly.

Photograph by Irving Lippman

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

—whose humor is both subtle and cuckoo and whose sense of the ridiculous is a priceless thing in a literal-minded world. After completing "Side Show" with Winnie Lightner, Butterworth had a bad siege of appendicitis, but he's doing nicely now. He keeps bachelor quarters in Hollywood. He at one time commenced the study of law, but gave it up in favor of the stage. He says his pet hobby is reading pamphlets.

"I'M PROUD TO BE A MOTHER"

. . . Says Ann Harding who, contrary to the procedure of a good many stars, has never tried to keep her marriage or child a secret

Jane Bannister is Ann Harding's answer to her theory that women should never let a career interfere with motherhood.

By ROSA STRIDER REILLY

IN the best movie circles—it simply isn't done!" The glamorous Ann Harding was talking about motherhood.

"For a screen star to discuss her children," she continued, "is considered just as bad form in Hollywood as pulling instead of pushing your soup. But I can't help that. I'm proud to be a mother so I don't see why I shouldn't come right out in black print and say so."

As I listened to Miss Harding, the thought struck me that among the many mothers of the screen with whom I had at one time or another talked—Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Nancy Carroll, Joan Bennett, Dolores Costello, Eleanor Boardman, Mae Murray, Polly Moran and Irene Rich—Ann was the only one who had willingly discussed her child with me. And her willingness seemed a lovely trait.

It was only a few months ago that Miss Harding made the statement that she believed no woman came into her full mental and physical heritage until she had experienced motherhood. And this in spite of the fact that her closest friends had advised her—ever since she left the New York stage to go into talking pictures—not to let it be known that she was even married—much less a mother!

MISS HARDING is such an exquisite, romantic type that many of her friends and advisers felt moviegoers would not like to think of her as being married.

"But I couldn't believe that," Miss Harding said. "I felt that discriminating movie lovers had more intelligence than that. And my feelings proved right. For never since the first day I entered pictures has the fact that I'm a wife and mother stood in my way. On the contrary, hundreds of fans have written me letters to say they are glad I'm a woman first and a star second."

Little Jane Bannister has influenced her mother in every rôle the great star has played. For nearly all of Ann's films have touched on married life. Especially "Paris Bound" and "East Lynne." And because Ann Harding is herself a wife and mother, in both of these pictures, she has introduced a quality of emotional understanding which has brought her hundreds of new screen friends every day.

We all know that the word marriage has a lovely lilt to it—if it is spoken gently. For marriage isn't just a ceremony—a matter of stepping up to a candle-shadowed altar with a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley in your hand, and being joined to a man for better or worse by priest or parson.

No, says Ann Harding, marriage is a matter of two people being welded together by years of understanding, sympathy, and, maybe, sacrifice. A long arduous process. And marriage only becomes a fact instead of a name when it makes two people happy and satisfied—able to live and work better. And when these two people in turn bring children into the world to share this warmer relationship, then, and then only, is marriage an institution.

IT is because we feel that Miss Harding has sifted the values of living and caught this essence of content and happiness that we are attracted to her on the screen. It is that deep, sweet, quality in her, in addition to her beauty and talent, which fastens (*Continued on page 127*)

THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

. . . Hollywood, judging Lebedeff by its own code, finds him wanting. But, judge him by the code of a Russian gentleman—

It's all right to be eccentric in Hollywood—after you're a success. But Ivan Lebedeff made the fatal mistake of being different before he was a success. And that's rather unforgivable in the film town.

By
ALFRED CRANE

IT is all right with Hollywood if Garbo holds herself aloof from the crowd—stays a mystery.

Likewise it is quite cricket for Connie Bennett to hold her beautiful blond head in the air and ritz the rest of the gals. Or Mary and Doug to entertain all the visiting royalty . . . and get real choosy with the invitations. Or Ronald Colman to play hermit and slight all the cute little tricks in the colony.

Yes, that's all perfectly well understood with the rest of the gang. You see, they all figure that it is okay to be a little "different" . . . high-hat . . . eccentric . . . or anything their hearts desire, because they've worked up from nothing. They now have the right to rub it in everyone else's hair—and the boys and girls are supposed to *like* it. Fame is allowed the right of way in Hollywood! *But one must work up to it gradually!*

That's where Ivan Lebedeff made his big mistake. Why . . . he wore spats and carried a cane while he was still *looking* for his first job! He was seen to bow low from the waist and kiss a lady's hand while he was practically working "extra" in pictures. Hollywood was quick to look and judge. The judgment voiced the opinion that no one had the right to be strolling up and down the Boulevard, cane in hand, acting as though he was playing the rôle of the object lesson in "Our Betters" while he was actually hungry! Who did he think he was, anyway? And he claimed that he was a prince of royal blood from Russia—that he had been a page in the court

With Genevieve Tobin in "The Gay Diplomat," Ivan's latest effort for RKO-Radio. He wrote the story in addition to playing the leading rôle. It is said that RKO expects him to be one of their really big stars.

That was a curious trick that some of his friends played on Ivan Lebedeff. It concerned the waitress in his usual restaurant. His reaction, however, quite baffled his companions. Below is a John Decker caricature of Ivan.

of the former Czar—that his name was listed in the renowned Velvet Book of Russian aristocracy! Where did he get that stuff? Didn't every Russian in Hollywood claim the same thing?

AND so it was that the tall, dark-eyed man whom Hollywood jokingly referred to as "The Ex-Prince," became the most misunderstood man ever to play in pictures. He had failed to await the arrival of fame in the movies before becoming eccentric and spat-wearing . . . thus he was stamped as an outcast from the colony. One well known magazine went so far as to have his "Russian Prince Story" checked abroad . . . it was their idea to print an exposé when the real dope arrived from the land of the peasants! But they found to their utter amazement that Ivan Lebedeff hadn't *begun* to tell them the story of his social and family connections! He was all he claimed—and more!

But the joke was on *them* . . . so the truth was never printed! That is the way of Hollywood! If they are wrong they will admit it—but only in unheard whispers. It isn't sensational to be a non-bogus prince!

And the funny part of it all is that he is succeeding in spite of them. He is being starred! Of course, most women are supposed to like him . . . but on the other hand, most men aren't. What is it that the fans see and like about Lebedeff that Hollywood is missing? I think I can explain it to you.

HOLLYWOOD has never taken the trouble to learn to *know* the man. They laugh at his hand-kissing and kid about his white spats, but they never allow themselves the pleasure of knowing him personally. They are content to sit off at a distance and judge him . . . a proven gentleman of royal birth . . . by comparing him with the rest of the other struggling *hams* in the movies. Lebedeff has been filed and card-indexed by Hollywood according to the general formula. He has been found wanting—according to American standards.

But Ivan Lebedeff is Russian!

And since I know that those of us who have given him a real hearing and learned to know him, invariably like him—I think it only fair that we tell you what we have found. Let us judge Lebedeff by the standards of a Russian gentleman. Then if he is found wanting, Hollywood is entitled to a laugh . . . not only at Ivan, but at me. But you shall be the judge.

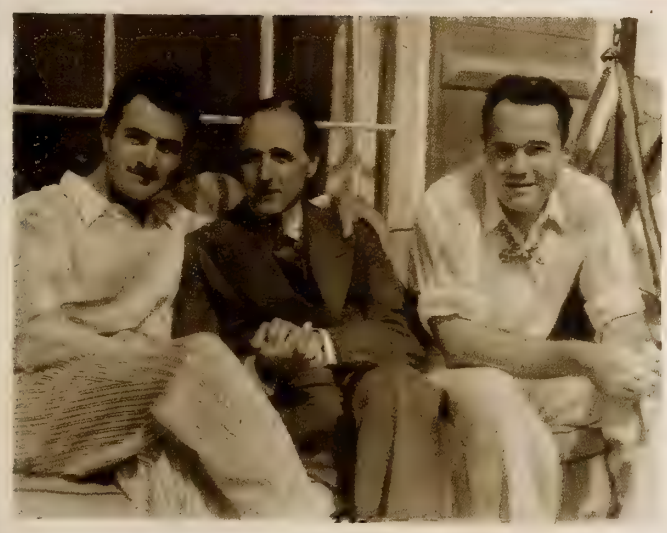
According to an old, white-haired Russian army officer in Hollywood, a man in his (*Continued on page 128*)

At Norma's party for Harriet Parsons, MODERN SCREEN writer, Billie Dove had a swell time laughing and kidding, even as you and I. The chap with her is one Alan Tomblin, a non-professional. Although he looks terribly interested in Billie, no rumors about them have started as yet. (Right) Lionel Barrymore and Louella Parsons, famous columnist and mother of Harriet, the birthday child. Doesn't the Barrymore look jolly?

BIRTHDAY PARTY

. . . What a crowd of Hollywood's famous collected at her house when Norma Talmadge gave a party!

Natalie Keaton, Norma's sister, Norma, and a gentleman in gay trunks. The gentleman in the gay trunks is Sid Grauman. Bet that's the first picture of Natalie you've seen for some time.



Norma told everybody to dress as he liked. So Gilbert Roland wore awning-striped pants, Claude Allister's attire was impeccable and Bill Haines just rolled up his sleeves and undid the old collar.

And here's the whole gang. Get ready, now, to pick them out. All set? Go! Top row, left to right: Mrs. Leslie Carter, Muriel Babcock, Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Dr. Radwin, Mrs. Marg Talmadge, an unidentified friend, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Mark Busby, Bebe Daniels, Billie Dove, Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Elda Vokell, Dean Markham, Lionel Barrymore, Zeppo Marx. Lower row: Dr. Harry Martin, Natalie Keaton, Buster Keaton, Norma Talmadge, Harriet Parsons (the birthday child), Louella Parsons and Ben Lyon. Such a lot of famous people!

Photographs specially posed and photographed by Hyman Fink.

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

From the Harold Seton Collection

The gentleman with the pen-knife and the dirty expression on his face (above) is the chap to whom women have been kind (that is, according to the title of his book). Yes, yes, of course it's Lou Tellegen. The chap laid out on the couch is Gaston Glass. Hot and heavy drama, this. The pert young lady (right), so naughtily lifting her skirts, really is Ina Claire. The picture hat and the ballet-lacing shoes are very-very. You'll be seeing them everywhere this winter—maybe.

. . . Look these over and see if you can tie them

A WRITER OF ROMANCE DISCOVERS THAT "pink tooth brush" HAS AN UNHAPPY ENDING!

"BUSY? Of *course* I've been busy! In the past twelve months I've traipsed across a couple of oceans . . . done Egypt again so I could finish that serial . . . taken a peek at Vienna . . . and sold nine short stories, besides giving a few lectures.

"And I look it. My clothes are a sight. My hair looks *dead*. Why, even my *teeth* look wrong lately! And goodness knows, I've never neglected *them*.

"Or have I? Who was it? Must have been that nice young American dentist in Calcutta who told me I'd better get rid of 'pink tooth brush' or I'd regret it. That was a year and a half ago. I suppose I'm paying up now for *that* piece of negligence. Well, here goes for Ipana and massage. *Today*. I may be 34—but I'm going to have sound gums and white teeth for a good many years longer. If I know myself" . . .

"Pink tooth brush" is a sly trouble that may slip up on you no matter who you are —where you are—or how old you are.

It's the soft foods we civilized people eat!" your dentist will tell you. "They don't stimulate the gums. And without exercise your gums relapse into laziness. They stop working. Get flabby. And the next thing is that they're so tender that you find 'pink' on your tooth brush."

And he'll go on to tell you that if you don't get "pink tooth brush" under control, you may find yourself with gingivitis or pyorrhea or Vincent's Disease. It may even endanger sound teeth through infection at the roots.

There's no need to take chances with "pink tooth brush"—not with Ipana Tooth Paste in every drug store. Clean your teeth with Ipana. That will help. But for the best results, each time put a little fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and massage it directly into your gums.

Even in the first few days you'll see a new brightness taking the place of the grayish look your teeth have developed. And before that first tube of Ipana is gone, you'll find that your gums are *decidedly* firmer. Keep on with Ipana and massage—and you'll be safe from "pink tooth brush."

* * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-121
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" · BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

Courtesy Los Angeles *Herald* and Los Angeles *Examiner*

At Marion Davies' homecoming party. Left to right, top row: Clarence Brown, Robert Z. Leonard, Jack Conway, Irving Thalberg, Adolphe Menjou, King Vidor, Samuel Goldwyn, George Fitzmaurice, Herman Mankiewicz, Dr. Martin, John Gilbert, Lloyd Pantages. Lower row: Mona Maris, Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, Mrs. Jack Conway, Eleanor Boardman, Mrs. Goldwyn, Louella Parsons, Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Mankiewicz, Kathryn Carver, Aileen Pringle and Hedda Hopper. Other pictures of the party on pages 14 and 15.

More About Hollywood

ANOTHER HELPING OF DELICIOUS CHIT-CHAT

BUDDY ROGERS is saying so-long to Hollywood and pictures at the end of his contract with Paramount. He's going to be a big band man and alternate between the stage and radio with a carefully selected orchestra, each member of which, Buddy says, will be an entertainer besides a musician. Buddy himself not only has a pleasant singing voice, but plays almost any musical instrument you could name.

'Pears like Rudy Vallée will have to look to his laurels!

Some of Buddy's friends think that he will utilize this temporary retirement from the screen to take unto himself a wife. Seems as if he would have married months ago if it hadn't been for strong studio opposition. We wonder who the lucky girl will be?

When the Fox Studios announced that Eric Von Stroheim would direct a picture for them . . . it looked like a sure sign that the Hollywood depression was over!

WE are watching, with a great deal of trepidation, the progress of the M-G-M experiment. We have reference to the production, "Grand Hotel," in which you are to see Garbo, Gilbert, Gable and Crawford in one and the same picture! Can you imagine how the fans are going to take that one? Will it stand 'em in line or not?

But there is liable to be a lot of fun before it actually reaches you in its completed form. Will Crawford want to take third or fourth billing? Will Gilbert be watching the dialogue handed to Gable? Who will get the most footage? Will one director be able to handle so many big names in a single picture?

The above question will give you an idea why MODERN SCREEN is watching this particular picture with a bit of wonder. Maybe the developments will give us a story . . . and if such is the case you will get all the inside low-down in a hurry. It might just happen that such a picture will be made without any trouble whatever . . . but on the other hand, we will be watching.

Lothar Mendez (Dot Mackaill's ex) is shopping around for a diamond ring to place on the finger of Lady June Inverclyde. Lady June has meantime been getting a Reno divorce from her titled English husband—and she and Lothar will be married soon. Let's hope Lady June will succeed where Dot failed!

JUST when we were all set to send Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor congratulations on their coming wedding, they had to go and break-up—for keeps this time, they say. Betty is now going every place with Irving Weinberg, a wealthy broker.

About a year ago, Betty told friends, "I'm never going to get married again—my one marital adventure cured me for all time." Of course, no one believed her—how could just one taste of marriage be enough for the much-wedded stars of Hollywood—but now it looks as if she meant it.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is coming back to Hollywood, but not to appear in pictures. She wants to sell her houses—one in Beverly Hills and the other at Malibu, which Connie Bennett has been renting for the summer. Corinne's husband, Walter Morosco, has been made head of Paramount's London studios, so she wants to stay there with him.

For a while, the Morosco-Griffith marriage threatened to break up—but now everything has been adjusted, and Corinne is satisfied to play only one rôle . . . that of Mrs. Morosco.

The Hollywood butlers have formed a union. A wisecracker remarks: "God help the stars—the extras can open their own doors!"

(*Continued on page 104*)

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

Take a look at pages 59 and 83

Have you ever thought that Charles Farrell still has many fans who would like to see more photographs of him in your magazine?

A Farrell Fan,
Newark, N. J.

Oh yes we have, Virginia, on page 71

Please give us a story about Eddie Quillan. He is the best comedian there is at present and you never even have a portrait of him.

We read so much about the other stars we get tired of it.

Virginia A. Voss,
St. Louis, Mo.

Maybe we'll run a full page picture of him someday, Bob

Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy reading your wonderful Modern Screen Magazine. I like the new article of "Gone Are the Days."

Best of all I like the picture of the late Wallace Reid, I sure hope you have in the future a full page length portrait of him, as he was my favorite star.

Robert Taylor,
Lexington, Ky.

Maybe we will, Just Ann. We need those prayers

I thought that Dorothy Mackaill's picture on the October issue was really wonderful. But, gee, why wasn't there even one teeny weeny picture of her inside? Was that nice? Dot is so popular, too. Oh, please, Mr. Editor, please print the True Story of Dorothy Mackaill. Her fans will jump for joy. I ought to know. Maybe they'll even *pray* for you. How would you like that?

Just Ann,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Don't Feel Hurt

—if your letter isn't printed in this issue. We get so many letters that we can't possibly print them all. We try to pick the most interesting—but we can't even print all of those. One thing you can be certain about, however: every letter is read carefully and the contents thereof given due consideration. Questions requesting a personal reply are answered by mail—if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Address your letters to Between You and Me, Modern Screen Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Try to make your letters pithy and to the point. And don't forget that, although we like compliments and praise quite as much as the rest of the world, we welcome frank, honest criticism even more—it makes better reading.

Nestle

COMBINATION HOT OIL TREATMENT AND SHAMPOO

Revive Natural Hair Vigor

THE *first* step in having beautiful hair is to restore its natural health and vigor. And that is most easily done by simply using the Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo—another never-failing aid to glorious hair developed by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

Leading beauticians depend upon this Hot Oil Treatment to revitalize lifeless hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new vigor and beauty. It also makes the ideal shampoo, as it is free from soap or alkali. Everyone in the family should use it. Get the handy 10c size today and your hair will gain new loveliness amazingly fast.

SuperSet

every finger wave or water wave—it makes every wave more glamorous and longer lasting. SuperSet is greaseless and fast drying. There is no deposit or sediment. The SuperSet wave is the finest wave you ever had.

ColoRinse

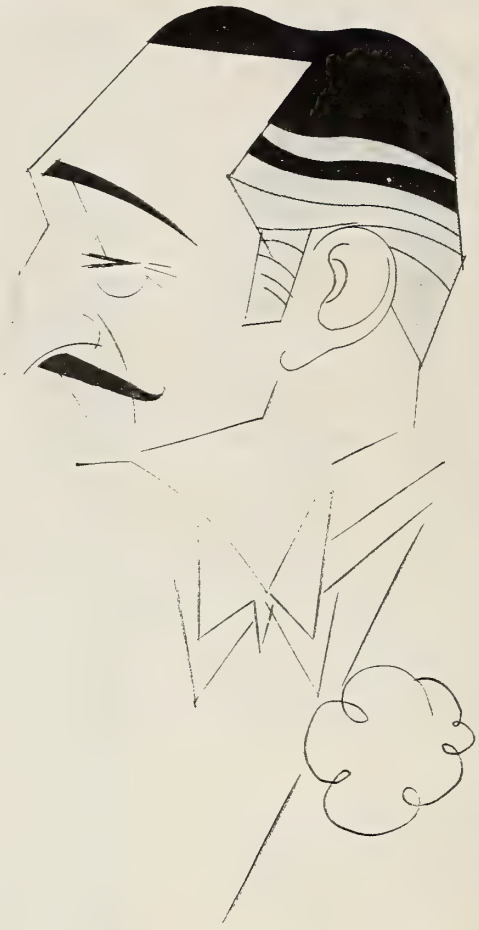
Use it after your next shampoo for the new tone color it will give your hair. It is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless, vegetable compound. It gives the hair a natural, radiant loveliness and restores its youthful sheen and glamour. Twelve shades to choose from—you will be positively enchanted with ColoRinse.

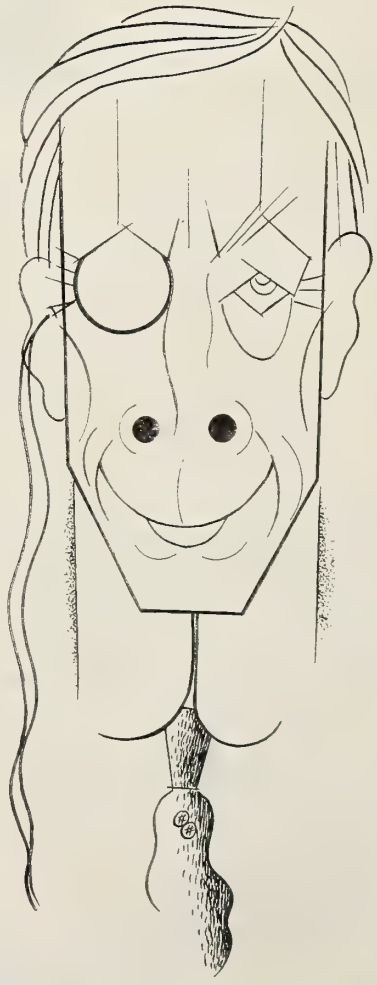
These Nestle specialties are available in 10c sizes at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor. The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City.

KNOW THEM?

. . . This month's caricatures are by the well known artist, Rivéron

(Right) The screen's most prominent exponent of man-about-townishness. He made his first hit in a picture in which Chaplin played a very small part. (Lower, right) One of the screen's most polished actors and gentlemen. He frequently plays in historical stories. One of his historical movies is playing right now. (Below) Another famous man-about-town. He recently changed studios and, still more recently, married a girl whose initials are C. L. Class is dismissed.





Why Many Slow Down And Grow Fat

All Doctors Know the Reason and the Remedy

To the medical world, in late years, there has come a new conception of excess fat. Once it was attributed almost entirely to over-eating, under-exercise. The remedies were self-denial and forced activities.

There is still no doubt that moderation helps. But starvation and abnormal exercise are often dangerous to the over-fat. And it was found that they often failed, even when carried to extremes.

Then medical science discovered that a major cause lay in a weakened gland. That gland's secretion largely controls nutrition. One of its main functions is to turn food into fuel and energy. When it is scanty, too little food goes to creating vim, too much goes to fat. Advancing age, with millions, creates that condition.

That discovery has vastly changed the methods of dealing with obesity. Doctors, the world over, now feed that lacking substance. They do this by taking like glands from food animals, and supplying the human system what it lacks.

This method has revolutionized the treatment of excess fat. Any doctor will tell you that. And the results are too apparent to be doubted. They are seen in every circle, the world over.

Why Others Don't

Some years ago, a great medical laboratory embodied this new treatment in tablet form. They made it easy, pleasant, economical. They carefully adapted it to the average case of obesity.

This scientific help was called Marmola prescription tablets. Half the world over it is known simply as Marmola. People have used it for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. The results are now seen in almost every circle.

No need to tell you, if you look about, that excess fat, in late years, has been disappearing fast. Mothers look like daughters, fathers act like boys. Slender forms have become so general that all fashions cater to them.

New Youth—New Beauty
New Health and Vitality

The lack of this gland factor does more than add weight. It slows people down, blights youth and beauty, reduces vivacity, shortens life.

Things have changed. Slender figures now prevail. Youth has been extended, health greatly benefitted.

Marmola has been a great factor. Users have told others about it, and the use has spread. It now holds a pedestal place in this field. Most of you have friends who can show and tell you its results.

Be Fair to Yourself

If you are facing over-weight, and all that it implies, learn how Marmola can help. No secret about it. A book in the box gives the formula and explains all the good results. Every user knows exactly what he is taking, and why. And his doctor knows.

The directions are to take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. The results may be slow or swift, according to conditions. But obtain them, for they mean much to you.

Don't delay longer, when so many people, for so many years, have been getting the help you seek. Start Marmola now.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each box

One Hollywood star, at least, isn't guilty of getting one of those quick Mexican divorces. Three cheers for Mitzi Green!

Divorces by Mail

(*Continued from page 45*)

the facts, which readers may then judge for themselves. Though Hollywood publicity offices belittle the fact, everyone knows that the motion picture stars who have not been divorced at least once are in the minority. Such record-holders as Gloria Swanson could almost paper a room with their decrees. We won't even bother to mention any more. Everyone knows how prevalent divorce is in Hollywood. We say nothing about that, here. We are simply disclosing the facts as to how these far-from-infrequent divorces are secured.

If getting quick Mexican divorces is a bad thing, we ought to expose it, so that steps may be taken to stop it. If it's a good thing, then there is no reason why only the Hollywood stars should be in on it. Why not let others know how to go about it?

How to go about it! Ah! Here, right off the reel, we have to give you sad news. The luxury of a thirty-day Mexican divorce is not for the poor man. It costs a thousand dollars. There is some consolation, it is true, in the fact that the movie stars have to pay a lot more than this. Lawyers gauge their fees according to the income of their clients. Thus a star, known to be receiving a large salary, in all probability will have to pay ten thousand dollars to be freed from an unwanted spouse. For you or me the charge is more reasonable. That is, if you call a thousand dollars reasonable. At that, a thousand is less than a divorce costs at Reno, after you've paid your train fare there, your hotel bills, your court costs, and added the loss of time from your gainful occupation, if any.

IF the thousand dollars is no obstacle, here is what you do. It makes no difference whether you live in Los Angeles or Boston; you can stay right there. (1) You find a lawyer who has a Mexican correspondent—a Mexican attorney who will handle the case there for him. Almost any lawyer can dig up one of these, if he chooses to do it. You give this American lawyer a copy of your marriage certificate. (2) The lawyer sends your certificate to a Mexican consul, who validates it. (3) Your grounds for divorce are translated into Spanish, and the papers sent to you for your signature. (4) The papers are forwarded to the correspondent attorney in Mexico. (5) A small notice, saying that you intend to get a divorce, appears— printed in Spanish, of course—in a Mexican newspaper which no one in this country ever sees. (6) At the end of a month, notice comes to you by mail from the Mexican court that you are free.

That's all there is to it. Simple, sure, speedy!

Do you remember how quickly Nancy Carroll made her recent change of husbands? One moment she was married, and the next thing anybody knew she was divorced and already married to another man. It took your breath away, it all happened so fast. How did she do it? A Mexican divorce is the answer.

The explanation of the ease of this new way to dissolve a marriage lies in what lawyers call the "grounds." In New York there is but a single ground for divorce—marital infidelity. Thousands of divorces are granted in New York State every year, and certainly not all of these couples can be guilty of marital infidelity. Ugly rumors flutter about, to the effect that several private detective agencies in New York City make a great deal of money 'framing' these divorces. In South Carolina, there are no grounds at all for divorce. If you are too poor to afford a trip across the State border, you just stay married, no matter how unhappy you may be. New York and South Carolina are extreme cases. Mexico goes to the other extreme, with a full dozen grounds for divorce. Three of them are unprintable; the rest are marital infidelity, insanity or some chronic disease, desertion for six months, failure to provide for one year, mental or physical cruelty, slandering one another (for instance, calling hubby a big bum), drunkenness, and crime—such as going through your husband's pockets while he's asleep. The twelfth ground is one our own courts punish couples for, under the name of 'collusion.' Husband and wife come into court together and simply announce that they want a divorce, whereupon the judge grants it.

INA CLAIRE had her choice of a slow divorce or a fast Mexican one. She picked the slow one. And do you know why? You'd never guess in a thousand years, unless you knew Ina! If a judge told her at the end of a month that she was free to marry whomever she pleased, she might do it, she was afraid! She didn't want to marry anyone, and had not the slightest intention of doing it; but who knew but what she might get a wild idea into her head and do it just the same, for

all her intentions! So she decided to put herself where she *couldn't* marry for at least a year. That's a bit like throwing your money into the river to keep yourself from spending it. Wild and impetuous and impulsive Ina may be—but she knows it!

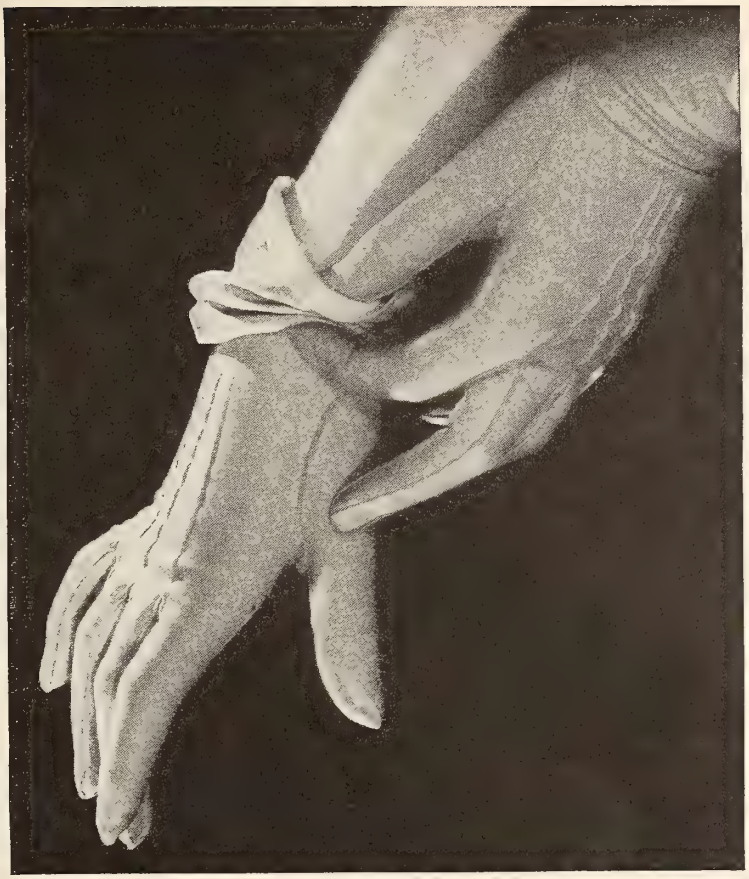
NOT everyone is as anxious to wait as Ina, however. Far from it! Roy D'Arcy married a girl, divorced her, married her again, and rounded out the performance by getting another divorce from her. Milton Golden got Grant Withers a speedy Mexican divorce because he was in a hurry to marry Loretta Young. This was just before Grant appeared with Loretta in a picture with the title of "Too Young To Marry"—the reason for the smash-up of their own romance later. An amusing sidelight of the case is that, after she had been deposed in favor of Loretta Young, Grant's first wife haled him into court so many times for one thing or another that nowadays when Grant meets Milton, at Malibu or wherever it may be, he shouts: "Well, sue me." It was Golden, also, who got two Mexican divorces from the same wife for Hal LeSueur, Joan Crawford's brother. The first time, Hal got one; the second time, Mrs. LeSueur did. Incidentally, there hangs in Milton's office a photo of Joan inscribed: "To Milton—Bestest Always, and Bless you for your kindness. Always a most sincere friend. Joan."

Ah, if only Milton Golden or Sammy Hahn would trade places with Jack Jamison, what secrets you would hear! Behind the sealed lips of their professional honor, all the hidden tragedies of Hollywood, all the mysterious never-explained splits between husband and wife, all the bitter cruelties and furious revolts, all the broken promises and broken hearts, lie never to be revealed. There is sadness—much sadness. Dolores Del Rio's divorce in Mexico from Jaime was sad. But there are funny things, too. Even these are professional secrets which the attorneys are honor-bound not to disclose. Some of them leak out through other channels. For instance, Hollywood got a chuckle out of Mae Clarke's Mexican divorce from Lew Brice, brother of the famous, and comic, Fanny Brice. That was probably one of the friendliest divorces ever put on record. At noon, Mae and Lew were solemnly parted by the Mexican court, never to be joined again. At six o'clock the same evening they were having dinner together, and at eight they went to the prizefights at the American Legion Stadium arm in arm.

We repeat, some of these divorces are funny. Some of them are bitter, and cruel, and sad. Certainly there are too many of them.

But—and, again, we repeat—it's not our job to set ourself up as a judge and say that Mexican divorces are wrong or right.

And now you know how. Perhaps you'd also be interested to learn that legislation is afoot to make divorces obtainable in additional Mexican territory—and that, in some cases, the required four-week interval can be shortened to two weeks!



-but when she drew off her Gloves

the whole illusion was spoiled!

Pretty face—pretty gown—but when she exposed her hands, what a disillusionment!

Many a girl loses the effect of an aristocratic person solely because of "housemaid's hands." Housework or office work will do much to take the beauty out of your hands unless you do something to counteract. Always, after making your toilet, rub a little Pacquin's Hand Cream into your hands. This amazing cream restores what work and weather take out of the hands. It banishes redness and roughness and makes the hands exquisitely white and smooth.

Three days with Pacquin's sees that aged, withered look disappear and a youthful freshness and suppleness take its place. It is absorbed readily by the hands and does not leave them sticky or greasy.

At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at $1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing Creams in 10c size at all 5 & 10c Stores.

Pacquin's HAND CREAM

JANE E. CURRAN, INC., 101 West 31st Street, New York

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 10*)

If this menu seems elaborate to you, you can, of course, serve just one vegetable and one kind of potatoes—you can omit the soup or the fruit cup. But because everything can be prepared well in advance, and there are no dishes requiring fussy last-minute attentions, even the woman wthout a maid will really find no difficulty in preparing and serving the entire menu.

Mr. Cagney, you notice, doesn't mention a salad, prefering to dispense with that course, and we feel that unless you are very devoted to salads it really is wiser to omit one in your Thanksgiving repast.

THE meal as it stands is served in four courses. The fruit cup, celery, olives and nuts, should be on the table when the family is called to dinner. The soup follows as a separate course, and then the well known "groaning board" demonstrates how it got its name by holding up the turkey and generous dishes of vegetables. For, of course, everything should be served "family style" on this day—with Papa officiating behind the golden-brown bird and Mamma helping everyone to vegetables *and* cranberry sauce *and* gravy, with perhaps the assistance of one or two members of the family, seated on either side of her.

In our Star Recipes for this month we tell you how to make the scalloped cauliflower and tomatoes, the chestnut stuffing, the sweet potatoes with apples and the pumpkin pie. The recipes are, we admit, not startling—but they are the sort that win a place in the "frequently used" group because they are so easy to prepare and so extremely delicious.

Especially the pumpkin pie! My dears, if you have noticed that there is only one dessert mentioned in that menu, don't think it's because we didn't try to get other suggestions for you. After Mr. Cagney had said "pumpkin pie" and let it go at that, we said encouragingly:

"Pumpkin pie—and what else?"

"Pumpkin pie and cheese," Jimmy answered with a bright smile.

"Or else—?" we prompted gently.

"Well—I like pumpkin pie," he replied after a moment's thought.

"—and cheese," we added, and there the matter rested.

So if you consider only one dessert at Thanksgiving a distinct hardship you will have to write your own ticket, for James Cagney is simply no help to you there. But after trying out the recipe for Jimmy's pumpkin pie, we understood how he felt about it—and we believe that if you send for this month's Star Recipes and make up that pumpkin pie, you, too, will understand why any other dessert seems to him a waste of time and table space. The other recipes are grand, too, but somehow the memory of *pumpkin pie* lingers on above all the rest. Please just fill out the coupon on page 10 and mail it to us and we will see that you get the whole set of James Cagney's Star Recipes at once. And we know that they will make your Thanksgiving dinner this year the best one you have ever served.

KNOWING that Jimmy's liking for cranberry sauce is a standing joke with his family, we asked him what type of cranberry sauce he liked best.

"Strained, unstrained, jellied, frozen cranberry sauce, or what?" we inquired.

"There are no 'or whats'," said Jimmy. "I like them all."

So if you have a preference for any one type of cranberry sauce fix yours that way, but be sure to serve cranberries with the turkey. We agree with Jimmy that they are an indispensable part of the feast.

Just at that point, and probably to get our mind off the cranberries, Cagney remarked with a grin:

"You forgot to ask me something."

"What is that?" we asked.

"You didn't inquire about the part of the turkey I like best."

"Gracious, that *was* an oversight," we admitted. "Well, Mr. Cagney, break down, come clean, and tell all. Just what part of the turkey *do* you like best?"

"The DRUMSTICK!" he answered. "Let those who want it have their white meat, the drumstick is mine!"

"At what hour do you like your Thanksgiving dinner served?" we asked.

"At eight P. M.," he replied instantly, and we laughed, for we knew he had it all figured out that by that time he'd be as hungry as he could be.

He then added, with an oratorical wave of the hand and a comic grin (and if you don't believe that the menacing Cagney can be comic just let us remind you of his pantomimic description of the fair lady in "Smart Money"), "The proper way to observe Thanksgiving is—by eating plenty of turkey!"

WITH that bit of pertinent advice and our best wishes for the success of your feast, we pass on and over to the far less thrilling, but very necessary problem of left-overs and what to do about them.

Unusual indeed is the family whose turkey and trimmings are entirely devoured on the feast day—and this is fortunate both as a boon to the budget and because there are so many delicious things which can be done with the remains (and don't forget at the very end there is the inevitable turkey soup—just about the best soup ever discovered). Perhaps after preparing an elaborate Thanksgiving dinner you will be left with a magnificent disinclination ever to cook again, but that mood passes and the family gets hungry, and it makes life simpler to have a recipe or two. For instance, try the following:

Turkey And Noodles Au Gratin
1 cup cooked flat noodles
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour

The good old days! Tom Kennedy, Mack Swain, Phyllis Haver, Polly Moran, Gloria Swanson and Chester Conklin. That was in 1917.

2 cups milk, or one cup milk and one cup clear stock
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups diced turkey meat
Bread crumbs
Grated American cheese

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water until soft and then drain. Melt butter in top of double boiler, add flour and blend thoroughly. Cook 3 minutes. Add hot milk or milk and stock slowly, stirring until smooth and thick, add seasonings, noodles and diced turkey. Place in buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, sprinkle with grated cheese, dot with butter and bake in moderate oven until brown on top.

Then, when the temptation to throw out your left-over vegetables confronts you, resist that impulse and make a Vegetable Soufflé which we think you will find truly delicious.

Vegetable Soufflé

2 to 4 cups cooked vegetables
6 stale white rolls
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 minced onion
Yolks of four eggs
Whites of four eggs

Any cooked vegetables may be used —cauliflower, carrots, celery, squash and other vegetables of a decided flavor are best.

Remove crusts from rolls and soak the insides in the milk. Melt butter, in saucepan, add minced onion and cook over low heat for 5 minutes with a cover on the pan. Add soaked bread mixture and mix well to a smooth paste. Beat the egg yolks and add to the above. Add vegetables which have been chopped, seasonings, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour mixture into buttered baking dish, place dish in a pan of hot water in the oven and bake at a moderate heat until soufflé is puffed and set. A light cream sauce or left-over turkey gravy thinned out with milk is a delicious accompaniment.

THANKSGIVING is the biggest test of the year of the efficiency of your kitchen (and yourself!) Plan your meal beforehand—order your provisions on Tuesday so that you will have Wednesday free and clear to indulge in a veritable spree of advance preparation and leave as little as possible to be done on Thanksgiving day itself.

Several days before Thanksgiving, don't forget to see if the table linens you plan to use are fresh and dainty. Then check up on your supply of dishes, plates, and glasses, of pots and pans and kitchen cutlery.

You will find a tour of the counters of the Kress and Kresge stores extremely helpful in replenishing your kitchenware and in adding new and useful things which will simplify the preparation of the feast. And be sure to send for the James Cagney recipes, which are printed on cards to facilitate filing. You will surely want to make a collection of these Star Recipes.

•NOW NIPPED BY *Frost*

•NOW PARCHED BY *Heat*

Complexions **need protection** *against* **BOTH** *Extremes of Winter*

Spend 5 minutes a day with these delightful Olive Oil preparations and keep a smooth, lovely complexion through the winter

IN THE OPEN, snow and wind attack your skin... reddening, roughening it. Indoors, dry artificial heat bakes out its natural moisture. Every day your complexion must be subjected to *both* extremes—perhaps many times a day. Yet this year millions of women are meeting the winter season without dread.

Five minutes' simple care with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Products will keep your complexion spring-like and lovely in all weathers.

A Simple Safeguard for Beauty

Two minutes at night! That's enough. First remove all trace of dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Then apply a thin film of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Cream. Leave it on to nourish your skin through the night.

Three minutes in the morning! Start with a stimulating application of OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Follow with OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream, as a protection and a perfect base for powder. Next rouge your lips, using Lipstick or Lip and Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder if your skin is normal, or with *Lightex* if it is oily. Dry Rouge, if you prefer it, should go on after the powder... Now you're ready for a winter's day — indoors and out.

OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Preparations are unique because they contain Nature's greatest gift to feminine beauty—pure *olive oil*. Now in your own home—in a few priceless minutes—you can win with OUTDOOR GIRL a complexion as soft and fresh as though a corps of experts had worked for hours.

So inexpensive, too!

No excessive outlay necessary! You can purchase generous introductory packages for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores. If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, *send 4c in stamps for generous trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two Face Powders.* Crystal Laboratories, 134 Willis Ave., N.Y.C.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Big Sister

(*Continued from page 48*)

sitting under the grand piano playing blackjack with two boys. She peered out and squealed, "It's Christine!"

"Hi, Christine," a strange young man said from the window-seat. "I lost three hundred dollars on Kentucky Baby today and Patsy's giving me a party to celebrate. See, if I'd won—the odds were fifteen to one—I'd have had lots of money, and then I'd've gone away, and Patsy would have been broken-hearted, and . . ."

A loud "Boo-oo" issued from the masculine throats in the room and Patsy squealed from beneath the piano, "*Darn* it! I just can't seem to . . ."

"Patsy," Christine said, "come here a minute."

"In a minute," Patsy called out. "Somebody give Christine a drink, will you?"

"I don't want anything," Christine said to the young man who had been appointed bartender. Jeffrey accepted a highball and sat down beside Christine on the davenport. Patsy came scrambling out a moment later, her eyes glistening. Christine said, "I want you to meet Jeffrey Sangster, Patsy."

White chiffon dripped off Patsy's flawless little shoulders and she wore two trembling orchids. She stood there looking at Jeffrey. "Oh," she said, "I've heard about *you!*"

"Have you?" Jeffrey said.

"Nice things," Patsy said archly. "Do you play blackjack?"

"I have," he said.

"Come and play with us," she said, locking her arm in his and tugging. "It's under the piano. You can get in. You'll have to scunch your shoulders a little bit, but there's room."

"I . . ." Jeffrey said, looking at Christine.

"Christine won't mind," Patsy said. "Will you, Christine?"

"No, of course not," Christine said. Patsy tugged him away. Christine wondered if everybody in the room could see the drooping process which went on within her. It was as though she had been leaning against a very solid, substantial rock, resting, and someone had blasted it from beneath her. In self-defence, she accepted a highball from the young man who was bartender. The young man said, "That's some kid sister you've got. Try and persuade her to marry me, will you?"

"Miles Standish tried that and it didn't work," she reminded him.

"But his messenger was a younger and better looking man than himself," the boy said, "and there aren't any younger and better looking men than myself in Hollywood. I have it all figured out, you see."

"I see," Christine said. The corners of her mouth curled at him stiffly. She was aware, although she was not looking at them, that Patsy was snuggling her head against Jeffrey Sangster's shoulder and that he was smiling down at her as he would have smiled at a little Persian kitten.

The party ended at three o'clock. Jeffrey said, in the doorway, "Try and get some sleep, Christine."

"Yes," she said. Not one minute alone with him! Not a minute to rest her quivering nerves against his soft, solid voice and the gentle smile. "I hope you weren't bored," she said then.

"I had a marvelous time," Jeffrey said. "Patsy's a sweet child, isn't she?"

"I told you she was," Christine said.

That was all and then she was alone with Patsy. The child was stretching again and wailing, "I'm so-o sle-e-py!"

"Did you like Jeffrey?" Christine said. It was dragged out of her.

"Crazy about him," Patsy said promptly. "Good night."

"Good night," Christine said.

MOST of Jeffrey's scenes had been shot. Christine saw him an hour or so each day on the set and then he disappeared. When she reached home she often found him there with the mob of kids and Patsy. Sometimes he was there with Patsy alone.

A NEW THRILL FOR YOU!
A hitherto unpublished episode of Marlene Dietrich's life.
It gives a new light
on the German star.
"Marlene Dietrich's Secret"
In Our January Issue

Christine began to wonder about them. She dreamed of his smile, dreamed of his hands on the wheel of his roadster and daily grew more tired with the added burden of putting her dreams behind her. Because she was putting them behind her. Surely he wouldn't be there so much if it weren't for Patsy. Surely . . . they were . . . in love. She tried hard to reconcile herself to the thought, but found suddenly that this thing . . . this one thing . . . they could have spared her. Or Patsy could have spared her. But then Patsy couldn't know that Christine loved him, too.

One night when she came in, she heard their voices in the living room. There was a note in Patsy's young voice that made her stop to listen. The voice was young and angry. "Preacher! You're always talking as though you had a half interest in me! You've no right to tell me what to do. I won't stand for it!"

Voices bounding out, hard and intense. Christine reached out and held onto something there in the hall. His voice would never take on that tone for her . . . only for Patsy, who had always had everything else. Jeffrey's voice, hard and cold and determined.

"You've had your way with everybody. You've been spoiled for a man who'd make you happy and keep you within decent bounds. Chasing around night after night with a bunch of silly kids . . . tagging the dawn in . . . it makes me heartsick to watch you go on this way, Patsy. . . ."

"Do you think I care what you like or don't like? I won't be dictated to . . . I won't!"

And, Christine thought, I would. But he doesn't want to dictate to me. It's the Patsys of the world who get dictated to . . . and then Christine almost stopped breathing. He was shaking Patsy. She could tell by the little sobbing, gasping sounds coming from her sister's throat. She pulled the door open and they fell apart, Patsy looking for all the world as though she'd been in a high wind, Jeffrey looking as gentle and mild as ever. Christine threw her purse on the table and pulled her hat off. "Hello," she said.

"Hello," they said, almost in unison.

"It's been a nice day," Christine said.

"Yes." Jeffrey lit a cigarette and stared out of the window. Christine went into her room and closed the door. Their voices started again, a little more controlled now. A little less harsh. A lover's quarrel. Christine sobbed, suddenly, and threw herself across the bed. There were so many men that Patsy might have had!

She thought: Even if I hadn't brought him home . . . even if I hadn't, he'd have seen her sooner or later. He was just sorry for me because I looked tired.

SHE heard the front door slam and knew that he had gone. They'd make up their quarrel tomorrow. Drearily, she rose and wiped the tears away.

Going out into the living room once more, she found Patsy sitting on her heels on the davenport staring sullenly out of the window. "What is it, darling?" she said.

"Nothing," Patsy said.

"Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite well."

"Why did Jeffrey go home so early?"

"We had a quarrel," Patsy said briefly.

"Oh." Christine went over and smoothed her forehead. "It will be all right tomorrow," she said. "Don't worry about it."

"I'm not worried about it," Patsy said.

The telephone rang and Patsy jumped to it. It was Richie. "Yes, yes," said Patsy. "All right. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

Christine watched her dash to get ready. Patsy was that way, she thought. She'd go out and be the merriest one of the party. If possible, she'd let Jeffrey know that she'd been the merriest one of the party, just to hurt him. Christine didn't want Jeffrey hurt.

She followed Patsy into her bedroom

Who Can Find the Lost Flyers?

Qualify for this Opportunity to Win $4,000.00 Cash!

S.O.S. **HELP! HELP!** — Frantic radio messages flash out! — The air is electrified with S.O.S. distress signals. "S-E-V-E-N — F-A-M-O-U-S — F-L-Y-E-R-S — L-O-S-T!" Great ocean liners, airplanes, and even the Graf Zeppelin are searching the seas and sky to find them. But even now, dark treacherous storm clouds are endangering their lives and YOUR help is needed QUICK! Look! — Old Father Neptune is already reaching greedily out from his stormy black sea to claim these brave flyers for his watery grave.

CAN YOU FIND THE LOST FLYERS? Are your eyes SHARP ENOUGH to save them from the hungry clutches of the Old Man of the Sea? Only dim visions of their faces appear through the storm, and they are almost entirely lost to normal eyesight. Try to find at least FOUR out of the seven. To see them, it may be necessary for you to turn the picture upside down, sideways or even cornerwise. They may be in the clouds or in the sky — almost anywhere — perhaps in the sea itself.

THERE IS $14,000.00 CASH TO BE GIVEN and you will be eligible for the opportunity to win a sum as large as $4,000.00 cash if you are clever enough to find at least four of the seven flyers and I will advise you at once if your answer is correct. There are FIFTEEN big prizes ranging from $4,000.00 to $515.00. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. And, in addition, A LIBERAL CASH AWARD WILL BE PAID TO EVERYONE who takes an active part toward winning these wonderful prizes.

I'LL PAY $2,400.00 EXTRA CASH FOR PROMPTNESS

YES SIR! — $2,400.00 EXTRA cash will be given to the first prize winner just for being quick, making $4,000.00 in all. So, study this picture carefully — see if you can qualify for the opportunity to win that big $4,000.00 FORTUNE. Just find at least FOUR flyers — mark their faces, cut out the picture and mail it to me with your name and address, that's all. I'll immediately tell you without obligation or a penny of cost just what else to do to win that tremendous prize of $4,000.00.

Some one is going to get that wonderful $4,000.00 cash reward. Why not you? Anyone in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago, Illinois, may enter for nothing — so send your answer today. Rush it!

A. S. WEILBY, Director of Prize Awards
4619 E. Ravenswood Ave. Dept. 167, CHICAGO, ILL.

and closed the door. Standing with her back against it, she said, "Patsy."

"What?" Patsy said, scrambling through her dresser drawer without turning around.

"You can't do this, Patsy. You mustn't do this."

"Why not?" Patsy demanded sullenly.

"Wasn't this what you and Jeffrey were quarreling about?"

Patsy flung around and faced Christine. The tears were coursing down her cheeks. "Yes!" she said, "But—but—oh, Christine, why did you ever bring him here in the first place?"

Sobbing, she ran out and slammed the door. Christine went slowly out to the living room. Richie's roadster was drawing away from the curb and Patsy was in it. Why indeed had she brought him there? Christine thought. Why, indeed? To break his heart and Patsy's—and hers.

SHE went to the studio the following morning dull with misery. The noises scraped across her brain like a file destroying delicate Venetian glass. Her scenes went badly. Her lines were stiff and awkward. The director was patient. Retakes, retakes, retakes. After doing one scene four times, catching a glimpse of the director's patient despair and Jeffrey's consternation, she stood on the set with tears streaming down her face. Just stood there, the tears dripping down, and down, and down. The director came over to her.

"You'd better sit down and rest, Christine," he said.

Jeffrey came over to her and led her to a chair. He sat down beside her. "Christine," he said, laying his hand over hers. "My dear, what has happened to you?"

She just looked at him, the tears still dripping down and down, and shook her head. Her voice wouldn't come. As from a long distance, she could hear him saying, "You should go home and go to bed. You're in shreds."

She shook her head again. "I'm all right," she said. She stood up and looked at him, wiping the tears away. Her make-up was smudged badly. "I'll have to patch this up," she said, and then, almost as an afterthought, faintly, "You might be interested to know that Patsy didn't come home last night."

"Pat?" he said.

She started crying again and rushed away. She found her make-up box, and with trembling fingers repaired the damage. Then she went back. Jeffrey caught at her arm as she passed him.

"Christine!"

She pulled away from him. "She didn't come home," she said, "and it was because you quarreled with her. God knows where she is now."

"Christine . . . it was only because I was frantic. I'll admit that I lost my head, but it's so maddening to see . . ."

"We can't discuss our personal affairs in the hearing of all the studio employees," she murmured. "Later."

She went back and did the scene once more. It was satisfactory. As she walked off the set, she saw Patsy standing in the shadows. Richie was with her. How had the little wretch gotten in? Christine thought, with a mixture of relief and exasperation, that Patsy could coax her way past Saint Peter at the pearly gates. She was grinning like a mischievous street urchin. She still wore evening clothes and Richie had the coat collar of his top-coat turned up to conceal the glaring fact that he wore a dinner-jacket.

Patsy said: "We came over to announce our engagement."

"Whose engagement?" Christine said. "Where have you been?"

"Our engagement," Patsy said. "Richie's and mine. We've just been places. Parties and things. There are lots of parties going on. We're going back. We just thought we'd drop in and tell you."

Christine saw red. Her eyes narrowed. "You've engaged yourself to Richie?" she said.

Patsy nodded.

Christine gave way, then. The tears came again, but they were tears of anger. She felt her hands going out

LUPE VELEZ makes an amazing confession—in relation to her "loff for Garree." It's real, straight-from-the-heart stuff and you'll be amazed at Lupe's frankness when you read it

In our January Issue—on sale December 5

at Patsy and clutching her. Then she was shaking her, sobbing, "You dare to . . . you dare to . . . just to hurt him! You come here and tell us just to hurt him! I stepped aside. I loved him . . . I love him now, and I stepped aside for you, and you play with him!"

"Hey!" Richie said, "She's not playing with me. She's going to marry me . . ."

But Christine's words tumbled out and over their protests. Her fury seeped into the innermost corners of her mind, and she held on, still shaking Patsy. "All your life," she cried, "you've played at things while I worked! All your life you've taken the things I gave up! This time your little game isn't going to work. You're going to marry Richie and like it! You're not going to ruin Jeff's life with your baby tricks . . . you're not going to have the chance to practice your selfishness on Jeff . . . make him do things he doesn't want to do, give in because he's afraid of losing you. You can't have him now . . . you can't . . ." Suddenly, she turned and saw Jeffrey standing just behind her.

HE caught both her arms and held them. Patsy tumbled back into Richie's arms, breathless and scared. "Christine!" she said, and began to cry. "Chris! I . . . I . . ."

Jeffrey had Christine in his arms, quieting her, soothing her "She wants to marry Richie, darling," he said. "She's going to marry Richie. She doesn't want me . . ."

"I heard you last night," Christine sobbed. "I heard you quarreling. I heard you tell her you couldn't stand it. I heard her tell you it didn't matter what you liked and I stood out there with it mattering so much to me! I'd have done anything! I'd have been anything. . . ."

Patsy came over and stood in front of Christine, her eyes sober, and her face streaked with tears. "Chris," she said, "put your arms around me. Please. Put your arms around me."

Christine put her arms around her and they stood there. "I've been selfish," Patsy said, "and I've demanded things and you've given them to me, and I've kept you up late nights chasing around with a lot of silly kids and tagging the dawn in, and I've never thought of anybody but myself. That's what Jeffrey was quarreling with me about last night. I wanted to tell you about it, but I was too ashamed, and so I just ran out . . ."

"And cried on my shoulder for hours," Richie said.

"And I'm sorry I got mad," Patsy said. "Jeff was perfectly right, and there's nothing makes you madder, Christine, than to have a man right. You *know* that. . . ."

"And," said Jeffrey, "I'd just spent a couple of hours telling Patsy that I loved you and wanted to marry you and that sometime during the next ten years I hoped to see you alone for a moment. Why, I've waited there day after day for you to come home and every time I waited there were mobs of Patsy's friends coming in and I didn't have a chance . . ."

"And I do love Richie," Patsy said, "and so, Christine . . ."

"If you two guys would take your engagement out of here," Jeffrey said, "I could explain this much better."

"The party'll be waiting over at Gwen's," said Richie, "if you fellows feel like celebrating later. We'll be there." He took Patsy's arm.

CHRISTINE stood there twisting her hands. Jeffrey took them in both of his. "We can't," he said gravely, "discuss our personal affairs with all the studio employees looking on, now can we?"

"No," Christine said, "we can't. O-o-h, Jeffrey! I shook Patsy! I *shook* her!"

"There," he said, "it's going to cry again, isn't it? Wait until we get outside, sweetheart." He put his arm around her and they left.

Out in his car, he looked at Christine and grinned. "Let's go over to Gwen's," he said. "We have to celebrate our engagement, too, and somebody has to teach Richie about shaking Patsy. One shaking a month should do."

"She's had two this month," Christine said smiling through her tears, "so she doesn't get one now until October."

"All right, big sister," Jeffrey said, "I'll tell Rich that."

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 11*)

sults have been beyond her wildest expectations. She told me that she couldn't remember exactly how long she used the tonic before her hair began to show signs of its original color. It was quite a long time, she admitted. But, prior to that, her hair had improved so much in health and texture that she just kept on patiently rubbing the tonic into the old scalp.

It sounds like a miracle to me. If any of you are interested—if you have a similar problem—I'd be glad to send you the name of the tonic. I haven't tried it myself, but I have seen this one concrete evidence of its worth. Remember—it's not a dye nor a rinse, nor will it restore your hair color overnight.

DO you sometimes wish you "took a nice picture"? (I told you I was going to ramble, and I'm keeping my word.) I've been quite depressed, lately, over my own recent visit to a photographer. The quite expensive pictures of myself prompted thoughts of suicide. But instead of jumping out of the window, I marched back to the photographer—after devoting a little thought to the problem of "photographing well." There's just one rule: attractive people with poor features photograph badly—unattractive people with good features photograph well. Pretty skin and hair don't count for much in front of the camera. Neither does a sweet expression, if you become self-conscious—and who doesn't, with a lens turned on one? A bad skin and nondescript hair don't matter if the features are good. Attractive people should make up their eyes rather heavily and throw their heads proudly back to show the line of chin and throat. Also assume an attitude which may seem just a tiny bit theatrical at the moment. A theatrical attitude is better than a diffident, self-conscious one if the picture is going to sit upon your boy friend's desk. Smile if your lips and teeth are pretty. Watch your favorite stars on the screen—see them turn their best points to the camera. Remember, they may have bad points as well as you—but they hide them from the camera.

BY the way, I must remind you that I still have copies of that eight-day diet formula I spoke about in a recent issue. Perhaps some of you thought that the suggestion to write for it only held good for one month. No—it's still good and I'll be glad to send it to you at any time. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, Modern Screen Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Now! Make-Up Just Once a Day!

For 12 Hours Lips and Cheeks Stay Lovely Without a Touch of Rouge

INSTEAD of rouging your lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock. Its charm and fresh beauty remain for hours after you put it on... What's more, it costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

You'll find this smart, all-day make-up right there on the 10-cent counter... Heather Rouge and Heather Lipstick in a wide variety of shades—both as pure and fine as you could possibly want—both having rare permanency not found in ordinary cosmetics, a permanency that weathers even kisses and caresses. Then for those who make up their eyes, Heather Cosmetiko, Eye-Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil. Now keep your lips and cheeks perfectly made-up without forever daubing them with rouge. Use this new Heather All-Day Make-Up.

Sold in all 5-and-10-cent stores. Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

HEATHER COSMETICS

10 cents in U. S. A. . . . . 15 Cents in Canada

Hollywood Chit-Chat

(*Continued from page 92*)

IT looks like wedding bells for Mary Brian and Russell Gleason very soon. It may surprise you because both Mary and Rus have had heavy romances with other people. Everyone thought that Jack Oakie and Mary might sneak off and get married a few months ago—to say nothing of her marked interest in Buddy Rogers. But now Russell is taking up all of her time—and this really looks serious.

DARRYL ZANUCK, First National studio executive, and the publicity director of that studio, settled their differences via a socking bout the other day in the private office of no less a personage than Jack Warner.

As a result, First National is looking for a new publicity director, and Zanuck is looking in the mirror to see how badly his jaw was hurt.

AT a party the other night, the list of guests read like Hollywood's 400. From Mary Pickford down, the most beautiful women in pictures were present.

Things were getting sort of dead—when Buster Keaton suggested he'd call up Clark Gable and ask him to come over. You should have seen how all the femiine faces brightened. If Clark had come, he'd probably have been killed in the rush. Lucky for him that he worked late at the studio!

Despite shifting of romantic interests —Howard Hughes is still concerned about Billie Dove, the actress. Although they don't see each other except occasionally around the studio—Howard calls Billie several times a week to see how her work is progressing. Evidently they parted good friends.

JUST a coincidence, but interesting. Only a few days after Bebe Daniels gave birth to a baby girl—Charlie Paddock, famous sprinter, became a father. You remember that Charlie and Bebe were engaged a few years ago and everyone expected them to marry. They didn't; and now both of them have found happiness with other mates.

LITTLE JACKIE COOPER went on location down to Agua Caliente where liquid (out of bottles) flows freely. Wally Beery, Jackie's idea of one swell guy, was in the company. After working hard the first day on location, Wally and the bunch decided to get something cool to drink at a nearby dispensary. Jackie insisted upon going with them.

Wally was the first to be asked for his order.

He looked down and saw little Jackie's questioning upturned face. "Why . . . I . . . I'll take a lemonade," he finally stuttered.

"Gee, that's swell, Wally," Jackie exclaimed. "I was going to order whatever you did—and lemonade is my favorite drink!"

DOROTHY MACKAILL was fairly sizzling. After she had got all her costumes and read the script for "Safe In Hell," there was a rumor that, after all, Barbara Stanwyck would play the starring rôle. Dot was all ready to go up in a whiff of smoke.

But everything is all set now. Barbara has been ruled by the court to return to Columbia to do "Forbidden" before she can work for Warner Brothers. So Dorothy gets the part that was first turned down by Marilyn Miller, then scheduled for Barbara Stanwyck.

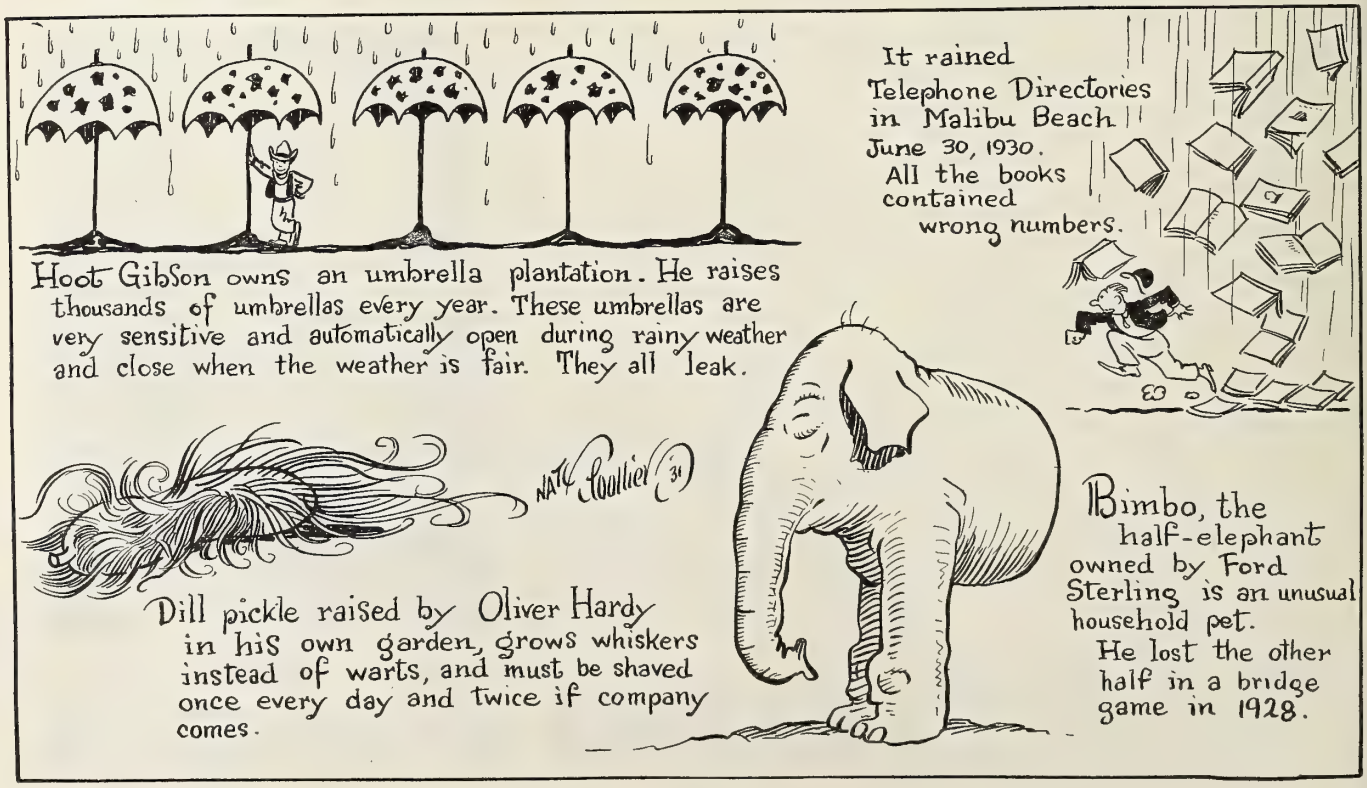
LIL DAGOVER, Warner Brothers' latest German importation, is in Hollywood, after almost crashing in a cross-continental airplane flight. Lil is from the German stage and, like Marlene Dietrich, has a husband who is in the movie business in the old country. She also has a young daughter.

Lil has made a rule for herself that she shall not speak one word of German —either at home or at the studio. She is even hiring a maid who can't speak or understand the guttural language. Lil first won fame in her native land by being awarded a grand prize for the most beautiful and perfect back in Germany.

Someone suggested that when and if Connie Bennett marries the Marquis de la Falaise—and Gloria Swanson weds young Michael Farmer . . . they have a double wedding!

OH, YEAH?

By NATE COLLIER



LEAVE it to Charlie Chaplin to figure out a way not to talk in a talkie. He is going to play the part of a deaf and dumb tramp in his next—according to his latest plans. He's convinced that his real talent lies in pantomime, so he's taking the only way. Harpo Marx is another who confines his talkie activities to pantomime. He just whistles, runs after blondes, plays the harp . . . and is a riot.

One of Hollywood's ironies: Ben Lyon making violent love to Marilyn Miller for a scene in her new picture. Ben and Marilyn were engaged to each other a couple of years ago—before he and Bebe Daniels decided to "'Til-Death-Do-Us-Part" it.

FOR a while, Mrs. Clark Gable was sort of a Hollywood myth. Nobody had seen her . . . nobody knew her. But evidently this attractive lady has decided to step into the light and is now frequently seen at the Brown Derby or the Embassy Club. Still, none of the magazines can get a picture of her for publication. Clark absolutely refuses; he says it's not fair to her to mix her up in publicity stories.

If you didn't already know that there's a Mrs. in the Gable family we're sorry we disillusioned you. He certainly has what it takes to set the girls' hearts a-flutter from Podunk to New York.

ON September 30, at Harold Lloyd's Santa Monica beach home, a near-tragedy occurred—and it might have been a very real tragedy had it not been for the quick thinking and quick acting of the bespectacled comedian.

Mildred Gloria Lloyd and her adopted sister Peggy were in the bathroom adjoining their nursery in the early morning, getting ready to go to school. A fire broke out—suddenly and without apparent explanation, as fires sometimes will. The two little girls cried out in fright and their cries awakened their father, who had decided to sleep a bit late that morning. He rushed in a dishevelled and frantic state to rescue them. The two children were so terrified by the sudden burst of flames that they scarcely had control of their little legs. Harold picked up Mildred Gloria, who was quite hysterical with terror, and marshalled four-year-old Peggy in front of him. The fire ate wickedly at the dainty curtains and the bathtowels and threatened to spread into the nursery where Harold, Jr., lay in his crib. At that moment, however, his nurse, who had heard the uproar, rushed in, picked him up and carried him to safety. Master Harold wasn't a mite upset—didn't know what it was all about. Mrs. Lloyd appeared on the scene, naturally very much worried, but once she saw the children were safe with their father she began courageously to try to extinguish the flames. The task was too much for her, however. The fire was rather a sizeable one and quite a bit of damage was done to the children's quarters of the beautiful home before the engines arrived and put the flames out.

Songs to Listen For

I'm With You—from Ziegfeld Follies.
I'm Falling In Love—no show.
Many Happy Returns Of The Day—no show.
Dancing In The Dark—from The Band Wagon.
Shine On Harvest Moon—from Ziegfeld Follies.
It's In The Stars—from Shoot The Works.
Just One More Chance—no show.
I Can't Get Mississippi Off My Mind—no show.
Without That Gal—no show.
I Can't Write The Words—no show.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of The Modern Screen Magazine, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1931.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of The Modern Screen Magazine and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: publisher, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; managing editor, none; business manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Syndicate Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1931.

(SEAL) MAY KELLEY.

(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

Free BOTTLE SENT ON REQUEST

Banish CHAPPED SKIN Quicker than ever before

HERE is news! Campana's Italian Balm, unrivaled skin protector in winter-loving Canada, is now sold coast-to-coast in the United States.

The genuine goodness of Italian Balm is quickly proved—by the *speed* with which it banishes the slightest trace of chapping, redness, dryness or roughness. It far outsells all other skin protectors in Canada. It is "King of Lotions" where winter-time skin protection is a necessity.

16 INGREDIENTS—SELECTED BY A WORLD-FAMOUS SKIN SPECIALIST

Sixteen ingredients—many imported from France, Italy, Persia and other foreign lands—are used to make Italian Balm. This famous skin softener is scientifically correct—the invention of a famous Italian skin specialist. Greaseless, quick drying and astonishingly economical. Get a long-lasting 10c, 35c, 60c or $1.00 bottle. Or, try Italian Balm at our expense—send the coupon.

Campana's Italian Balm
The Original Skin Softener

Tune in Saturday Nights—
"First Nighter" broadcast,
N. B. C. coast-to-coast
. . . 9:30 Eastern Time;
8:30 Central; 7:30
Mountain; 6:30
Pacific Coast.

CAMPANA CORPORATION, 2492 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.
Name
Street
City
State
If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., 86-88 Caledonian Road, Toronto.

Try the new NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF Maybelline

NATALIE MOORHEAD, GORGEOUS PHOTOPLAY STAR

Beautify your eyes, this marvelous, *new*, easy way. Give them a dense, rich fringe of dark, long-appearing lashes, instantly with the *new* Maybelline. This truly wonderful preparation

—*is very much easier to apply*
—*positively will not smart your eyes if accidentally gotten into them*
—*will not run or smear with tears or rain*
—*will not make your lashes brittle*
—*contains oils that will tend to stimulate the growth of your lashes*
—*removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.*

Already, countless thousands have voiced enthusiastic approval of this new eye cosmetic. You will like it, too. Black or Brown —75c at leading toilet goods counters.

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 Cent Stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier

PURSE SIZE for 10c AND THIS COUPON

Maybelline Co., 5914-N Ridge Ave., Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size Package of the new Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

Name.....

Address.....

.....

What the Future Holds for Ricardo Cortez

(Continued from page 65)

of Scorpio, with Mars appearing again in the more specific instance, this time as sub-ruler of Ricardo's life. When the ruler and sub-ruler both concentrate on the same planet, there is a multiple importance to be read in its position for that person. The decan on the Ascendant here shows the influence of death very strong in the life, for his Ascendant is the eighth (the sign and house of one's relations with the Reaper) of Mars in Aries, the position of his ruler.

AMONG the applications of this fact in Ricardo's horoscope is the relationship of marriage, which has been so sadly borne out in his affairs. Yet he has proven his quality as a fighter, striving with all his intelligence and power to overcome the problems which became not only hers, but his, when Alma Rubens joined him in matrimony.

Venus is the ruling planet of his seventh house, that of marriage; and it is seen in the eighth, already described as indicating one's relationships with the unpleasantness of death. Thus we see the foreshadowing of the prior passing of his wife—indication that he would outlive her. The conjunction of Venus with Neptune, the ruler of his fifth (love affairs), is strong testimony that he married for love—love of the right kind. That is why I say he would have gone ahead anyway, even though he had known of her difficulties with the terrible drug, morphine. It is interesting to note here that Neptune is the general ruler of narcotic drugs and this conjunction shows the manner in which he would have to meet the problem of matrimony, as well as that of his contacts with death.

These are also matters that he must take into consideration when and if he marries again. He is not apt to have the duplicate of his former great love, but that does not mean that he cannot or will not be very happy in another marriage. There is strong indication of more than one marriage in his life, possibly more than two. And here we come to the strange fact that we can sometimes be happier under certain conditions without love than under others with it. There are those to whom the recollection of their one true love is a sharp pain. Such may be the case in the intimate soul of Ricardo; it is possible according to this horoscope.

PHILOSOPHY is perception of causes behind and beyond what we see, feel and hear. Cortez has this perception. And, rough though the experiences may be, the sort of thing he went through with Alma Rubens is bringing out his very valuable understandings. The ninth division of the horoscope is the location where the astrologer looks for indications of this capacity to see the truth in the external symbol and we find the philosophical and truly religious faculties present in the nature and character of all born with the Sun in this house, as is the case with Ricardo. The Sun is in this house every day from noon till about 2 p. m., so check up on your own moment of birth, as well as on those of your friends and relatives, if you want to learn who has the gift. Of course, many have this talent in a latent state, undeveloped as yet. But they could use it to great advantage if they would apply themselves to learning its uses and powers. All this, to my mind, explains the remarkable development and expansion of Ricardo's abilities during the past year.

THE transit of Jupiter over his natal Sun position in this division of his horoscope has helped a great deal, bringing him a good contract and many opportunities to present his higher and better nature to the most advantage. Jupiter is the planet of expansion and development, not only financially, but also in the less tangible benefits we obtain in this life. This continues to be of assistance to him for at least another year and he can make a great deal of progress along the Path of Attainment if he continues to use his strength as he has already shown us he can. I saw his practically perfect work in "The Maltese Falcon" and was delighted with it, as were all present in the audience at the time.

He seems to have found himself at last. First they let the blank left by Valentino blind them to Ricardo's real worth; then they tried to make a heavy of him because he had some of the characteristics of a Latin type. But now his rôles are perfect for him. He should always have the opportunity in every screen portrayal he is given to develop character, especially along the subdued lines which he can do so well.

This is really a remarkable set of qualities when you stop to think them over: action, as shown by his position and condition of Mars as his ruling planet, plus the subtleties that he is capable of blending into his performances. With Ricardo Cortez as the paint on the brush, the sensitive director can get any kind of picture he wants.

One of the best things about Cortez is his ability to hold himself back, keeping in reserve the tremendous powers that lie behind that Scorpio Ascendant of his. This is particularly appealing to the opposite sex, for they instinctively feel the reserve force upon which he always seems able to draw if the occasion should arise in which he would need it. This is a big assent to him in his private affairs, too.

If a young lady were to ask me if she had the qualifications that

would please Mr. Cortez in case he were thinking seriously of getting married again, I would study carefully the way the planets in her horoscope fell in relation to his position of Venus, the ruler of his seventh (matrimonial) house. This planet has already been referred to, but it is also worthy of mention that it occupies the first decan of Gemini, indicating less than perfection in matrimony. Perhaps, this being a double-bodied sign (indicative of repeats in the experiences of the native). Mr. Cortez needs more than one set of happenings to develop completely the full promise of what he was put on this earth to learn in this department of life. His ideal of a wife is a girl who would help in managing his business and financial affairs, be very much interested in art, music, acting, the forward look in the motion picture profession, literature and philosophy. Not an easy order to fill, but mighty worth while if he locates just the right wife.

We used to hear something about Ricardo's troubles with his mother-in-law. I think that was a matter of vibrations in personalities. It seems to have a good deal to do with his position of Uranus, the planet of changes, particularly those of a mental nature. In looking for the answer to a question about the married partner's mother in regard to how a man will get along with her, look to the fourth house and its ruler. Here we see the sign Aquarius, ruled by Uranus, which is over there very close to the sensitive cusp of the Ascendant (on the left, just below the middle, horizon, line). The fourth house also shows much more than this, for it includes also his real estate affairs, general indications of home conditions, estate, and any stocks or bonds he may own. With Uranus ruling this division of life, the native is subject to many ups and downs, shifts of scenery, changes of residence, rapidly moving points of view within his own soul—all reflected in the outside world of affairs through the sort of matters mentioned. It would be a good idea for him to look into the matter of how he would get along with the mother of his prospective wife when he thinks he has made a selection. This year and also 1934 appear to be good ones in which Mr. Cortez would be able to wisely choose a mate, if he cares to do so.

FROM the testimonies of this chart, I think he likes a serious minded, but active type of woman; one who enters into things rather deeply and enthusiastically, yet under as much control as he himself would be under similar circumstances. He detests sham, pretense, fakes of all kinds. What he wants is always in a direct line from where he is to where he intends to go. That would be one side of his ideal. The other side of her would be that she must be domestic, affectionate, willing to move fast when necessary and in every way a co-operating pal. There are some indications in this chart that he would not get all these qualities, however, so I advise him to remember the old adage about half a loaf. Compromising is one of the arts in a complete life. Not always pleasant, but wise.

The best way to get him to do what you want him to do is either to tell him you don't think he can do it, or, in case you might be one who would want him to pay attention, ignore him.

A great future lies ahead of Ricardo in his chosen profession of the movies, if his emotional life doesn't cost him too much. I cannot see the owner of this horoscope as one who would ever be very wealthy; but then, Ricardo is one who can take his pleasure and progress in many more ways than in attempts to amass great gobs of this world's goods. That's another way in which his philosophical tendency comes in handy. Even though he may not leave a gigantic estate for his heirs to quarrel over, he is nevertheless well equipped to make a comfortable living for many, many years to come. It would be well for him to make all he can during 1932 and put some of it away where he can't spend it too fast (I don't mean in anything speculative—he would practically always lose in trying to get something for nothing).

Ricardo, make every minute of 1932 count to the fullest. It means a great deal to you, especially in regard to the future after that. Don't fall into any traps; get your share; work hard to establish the complete picture of your many abilities in the eyes of producers and public. Then all will be well.

Whither These Four?

(Continued from page 33)

make the boy happy. What happened, of course, was that she went too far. She worked too hard at being a model and devoted wife. But fortunately, being the wise and practical young person that she is, she has realized her mistake before it is too late. At least, I personally do not feel that it is too late—but only time will prove me right or wrong.

During those first months people talked a great deal about what Doug did for Joan. How he had turned her from a dancing girl into a poised, charming and intelligent young woman. They either did not know or chose to ignore what Joan did for Doug. And she did a great deal for him. Doug, Jr., was a harum-scarum, spoiled, idealistic youngster. A youngster with great potentialities and a lot of half-baked ideas. Joan gave him some of her practicality. She made him groom himself better, took care of his health,

what fun to be good-looking!

WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle!*

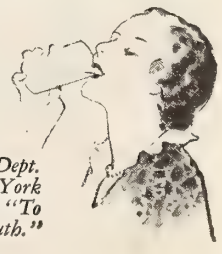
Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica. A laxative? Yes. But don't get Sal Hepatica confused with ordinary laxatives. For Sal Hepatica is a *saline.* It contains the same salines as do the waters of the European spas where thousands of Continentals go to recover their vitality and health!

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline, it can't irritate the normal digestive tract. It isn't habit-forming. And if you're trying to *reduce,* remember this—*Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout.*

Rid your body of wastes with Sal Hepatica—begin *today*—and find out what it is to be good-looking and to feel fine!

Sal Hepatica

helps you to enjoy life more!



Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-121, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

Try the new NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF Maybelline

NATALIE MOORHEAD, GORGEOUS PHOTOPLAY STAR

Beautify your eyes, this marvelous, *new*, easy way. Give them a dense, rich fringe of dark, long-appearing lashes, instantly with the *new* Maybelline. This truly wonderful preparation

—*is very much easier to apply*
—*positively will not smart your eyes if accidentally gotten into them*
—*will not run or smear with tears or rain*
—*will not make your lashes brittle*
—*contains oils that will tend to stimulate the growth of your lashes*
—*removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.*

Already, countless thousands have voiced enthusiastic approval of this new eye cosmetic. You will like it, too. Black or Brown —75c at leading toilet goods counters.

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 Cent Stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier

PURSE SIZE for 10c AND THIS COUPON

Maybelline Co., 5914-N Ridge Ave., Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size Package of the new Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

Name.....

Address.....

.....

What the Future Holds for Ricardo Cortez

(Continued from page 65)

of Scorpio, with Mars appearing again in the more specific instance, this time as sub-ruler of Ricardo's life. When the ruler and sub-ruler both concentrate on the same planet, there is a multiple importance to be read in its position for that person. The decan on the Ascendant here shows the influence of death very strong in the life, for his Ascendant is the eighth (the sign and house of one's relations with the Reaper) of Mars in Aries, the position of his ruler.

AMONG the applications of this fact in Ricardo's horoscope is the relationship of marriage, which has been so sadly borne out in his affairs. Yet he has proven his quality as a fighter, striving with all his intelligence and power to overcome the problems which became not only hers, but his, when Alma Rubens joined him in matrimony.

Venus is the ruling planet of his seventh house, that of marriage; and it is seen in the eighth, already described as indicating one's relationships with the unpleasantness of death. Thus we see the foreshadowing of the prior passing of his wife—indication that he would outlive her. The conjunction of Venus with Neptune, the ruler of his fifth (love affairs), is strong testimony that he married for love—love of the right kind. That is why I say he would have gone ahead anyway, even though he had known of her difficulties with the terrible drug, morphine. It is interesting to note here that Neptune is the general ruler of narcotic drugs and this conjunction shows the manner in which he would have to meet the problem of matrimony, as well as that of his contacts with death.

These are also matters that he must take into consideration when and if he marries again. He is not apt to have the duplicate of his former great love, but that does not mean that he cannot or will not be very happy in another marriage. There is strong indication of more than one marriage in his life, possibly more than two. And here we come to the strange fact that we can sometimes be happier under certain conditions without love than under others with it. There are those to whom the recollection of their one true love is a sharp pain. Such may be the case in the intimate soul of Ricardo; it is possible according to this horoscope.

PHILOSOPHY is perception of causes behind and beyond what we see, feel and hear. Cortez has this perception. And, rough though the experiences may be, the sort of thing he went through with Alma Rubens is bringing out his very valuable understandings. The ninth division of the horoscope is the location where the astrologer looks for indications of this capacity to see the truth in the external symbol and we find the philosophical and truly religious faculties present in the nature and character of all born with the Sun in this house, as is the case with Ricardo. The Sun is in this house every day from noon till about 2 p. m., so check up on your own moment of birth, as well as on those of your friends and relatives, if you want to learn who has the gift. Of course, many have this talent in a latent state, undeveloped as yet. But they could use it to great advantage if they would apply themselves to learning its uses and powers. All this, to my mind, explains the remarkable development and expansion of Ricardo's abilities during the past year.

THE transit of Jupiter over his natal Sun position in this division of his horoscope has helped a great deal, bringing him a good contract and many opportunities to present his higher and better nature to the most advantage. Jupiter is the planet of expansion and development, not only financially, but also in the less tangible benefits we obtain in this life. This continues to be of assistance to him for at least another year and he can make a great deal of progress along the Path of Attainment if he continues to use his strength as he has already shown us he can. I saw his practically perfect work in "The Maltese Falcon" and was delighted with it, as were all present in the audience at the time.

He seems to have found himself at last. First they let the blank left by Valentino blind them to Ricardo's real worth; then they tried to make a heavy of him because he had some of the characteristics of a Latin type. But now his rôles are perfect for him. He should always have the opportunity in every screen portrayal he is given to develop character, especially along the subdued lines which he can do so well.

This is really a remarkable set of qualities when you stop to think them over: action, as shown by his position and condition of Mars as his ruling planet, plus the subtleties that he is capable of blending into his performances. With Ricardo Cortez as the paint on the brush, the sensitive director can get any kind of picture he wants.

One of the best things about Cortez is his ability to hold himself back, keeping in reserve the tremendous powers that lie behind that Scorpio Ascendant of his. This is particularly appealing to the opposite sex, for they instinctively feel the reserve force upon which he always seems able to draw if the occasion should arise in which he would need it. This is a big assent to him in his private affairs, too.

If a young lady were to ask me if she had the qualifications that

would please Mr. Cortez in case he were thinking seriously of getting married again, I would study carefully the way the planets in her horoscope fell in relation to his position of Venus, the ruler of his seventh (matrimonial) house. This planet has already been referred to, but it is also worthy of mention that it occupies the first decan of Gemini, indicating less than perfection in matrimony. Perhaps, this being a double-bodied sign (indicative of repeats in the experiences of the native). Mr. Cortez needs more than one set of happenings to develop completely the full promise of what he was put on this earth to learn in this department of life. His ideal of a wife is a girl who would help in managing his business and financial affairs, be very much interested in art, music, acting, the forward look in the motion picture profession, literature and philosophy. Not an easy order to fill, but mighty worth while if he locates just the right wife.

We used to hear something about Ricardo's troubles with his mother-in-law. I think that was a matter of vibrations in personalities. It seems to have a good deal to do with his position of Uranus, the planet of changes, particularly those of a mental nature. In looking for the answer to a question about the married partner's mother in regard to how a man will get along with her, look to the fourth house and its ruler. Here we see the sign Aquarius, ruled by Uranus, which is over there very close to the sensitive cusp of the Ascendant (on the left, just below the middle, horizon, line). The fourth house also shows much more than this, for it includes also his real estate affairs, general indications of home conditions, estate, and any stocks or bonds he may own. With Uranus ruling this division of life, the native is subject to many ups and downs, shifts of scenery, changes of residence, rapidly moving points of view within his own soul—all reflected in the outside world of affairs through the sort of matters mentioned. It would be a good idea for him to look into the matter of how he would get along with the mother of his prospective wife when he thinks he has made a selection. This year and also 1934 appear to be good ones in which Mr. Cortez would be able to wisely choose a mate, if he cares to do so.

FROM the testimonies of this chart, I think he likes a serious minded, but active type of woman; one who enters into things rather deeply and enthusiastically, yet under as much control as he himself would be under similar circumstances. He detests sham, pretense, fakes of all kinds. What he wants is always in a direct line from where he is to where he intends to go. That would be one side of his ideal. The other side of her would be that she must be domestic, affectionate, willing to move fast when necessary and in every way a co-operating pal. There are some indications in this chart that he would not get all these qualities, however, so I advise him to remember the old adage about half a loaf. Compromising is one of the arts in a complete life. Not always pleasant, but wise.

The best way to get him to do what you want him to do is either to tell him you don't think he can do it, or, in case you might be one who would want him to pay attention, ignore him.

A great future lies ahead of Ricardo in his chosen profession of the movies, if his emotional life doesn't cost him too much. I cannot see the owner of this horoscope as one who would ever be very wealthy; but then, Ricardo is one who can take his pleasure and progress in many more ways than in attempts to amass great gobs of this world's goods. That's another way in which his philosophical tendency comes in handy. Even though he may not leave a gigantic estate for his heirs to quarrel over, he is nevertheless well equipped to make a comfortable living for many, many years to come. It would be well for him to make all he can during 1932 and put some of it away where he can't spend it too fast (I don't mean in anything speculative—he would practically always lose in trying to get something for nothing).

Ricardo, make every minute of 1932 count to the fullest. It means a great deal to you, especially in regard to the future after that. Don't fall into any traps; get your share; work hard to establish the complete picture of your many abilities in the eyes of producers and public. Then all will be well.

Whither These Four?

(Continued from page 33)

make the boy happy. What happened, of course, was that she went too far. She worked too hard at being a model and devoted wife. But fortunately, being the wise and practical young person that she is, she has realized her mistake before it is too late. At least, I personally do not feel that it is too late—but only time will prove me right or wrong.

During those first months people talked a great deal about what Doug did for Joan. How he had turned her from a dancing girl into a poised, charming and intelligent young woman. They either did not know or chose to ignore what Joan did for Doug. And she did a great deal for him. Doug, Jr., was a harum-scarum, spoiled, idealistic youngster. A youngster with great potentialities and a lot of half-baked ideas. Joan gave him some of her practicality. She made him groom himself better, took care of his health,

what fun to be good-looking!

WHEN poisons collect in the system, you can count on missing many a good time! Nobody is attracted to the muddied skin and dull eyes and slow wits that show you've neglected internal cleanliness!

Keep clean *within*—with the saline treatment—and watch your charm come back! You'll have a clear complexion, bright eyes, and *sparkle!*

Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica. A laxative? Yes. But don't get Sal Hepatica confused with ordinary laxatives. For Sal Hepatica is a *saline.* It contains the same salines as do the waters of the European spas where thousands of Continentals go to recover their vitality and health!

Because Sal Hepatica is a saline, it can't irritate the normal digestive tract. It isn't habit-forming. And if you're trying to *reduce,* remember this—*Sal Hepatica never has a tendency to make its users stout.*

Rid your body of wastes with Sal Hepatica—begin *today*—and find out what it is to be good-looking and to feel fine!

Sal Hepatica

helps you to enjoy life more!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-121, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."

balanced beauty

USE Phantom Red to preserve the balanced beauty of bewitching red lips and rosy, youthful cheeks. Phantom Red Lipstick is waterproof and self-blending with every complexion. It will allow the healthy, vital color of your lips to appear. Make your lips glow with their natural beauty by using Phantom Red Lipstick. Phantom Red Rouge will bring fresh, harmonizing tints to your cheeks.

For color balance use Phantom Red Cosmetics. Lipstick $1.00, Junior Size 50c. Rouge Compact 75c. All Purpose Cream $1.00. Phantom Red Natural Skin-tone Face Powder 75c. Sold at the leading Toilet Goods Counter everywhere. Purse sizes may be secured at all chain stores.

Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Phantom Red LIPSTICK

Read YOUR FUTURE with NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM

Answers Questions of Vital Importance

Fascinating reprint of Napoleon's Oraculum said to be used by him on every important occasion. Found among his effects after his death. Questions on love, matrimony, business, etc., answered by your key to the Oraculum. Limited American edition. Enclose $1.00 for your copy.

BARNES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1704 Telford Street Kalamazoo, Mich.

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

10 Cents

At Kresge's

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted minature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake St., Dept. W-1311 Chicago, Ill.

saw that he ate properly—gave him both material care and understanding.

She threw her whole soul into mothering this boy whom she had taken as a husband. If he departed for his studio before she did in the morning she would see that he had pocket money and a clean handkerchief before he left. When they met every noon for luncheon she would devote the entire meal to seeing that Doug got enough to eat. He was too thin. She saw—breakfast, luncheon and dinner—that he ate nourishing food—and enough of it. She ordered for him and left her own plate untouched while she hung over him and saw that he drank his milk and ate his potatoes.

OF course, eventually she went too far. Joan has a strongly developed maternal instinct. She has to have someone to take care of. And all this intense emotional fire of hers which had been scattered for years, she concentrated and poured into her life with Doug. Before she knew it she found herself completely wrapped up in him. You cannot pour all your energy into taking care of a person without becoming, paradoxically enough, dependent on him. In fact, it often seems that we care more for the people we do things for than for those who do for us. The instinct to give and cherish is deeply rooted in us.

Perhaps at first it was Doug who loved the more. He was mad about Joan. The deep, true love which she now has for her young husband probably did not come to Joan until after they had been married a time—until after she had mothered and watched over him for months.

But this mothering business, if carried too far, becomes a stifling thing which smothers the one we are seeking to serve and protect. We humans love to be taken care of—but we resent too much of it. I am not absolutely sure, but I have a feeling that this is what happened to young Doug.

And I am pretty sure that Joan realized almost as soon as the reaction set in. That she realized eventually I know—for she has admitted it herself—though not to me. And when she saw that it was not best, either for Doug or for herself, to be so completely wrapped up in him, she set about definitely to correct her attitude. She saw, too, that their being together so constantly was not the way to keep their marriage a success. Two people—no matter how much in love—must have outside contacts. If they spend every moment together they will wear out the love they are trying to preserve and soon have nothing to give one another. And this Joan realized, fortunately in time.

SHE saw suddenly that it was a little silly that she and Doug, who shared a home and met every evening, should go rushing miles across town every noon to have lunch together when they were working at separate studios. She saw that people were laughing at their baby talk and their unconcealed infatuation and calling it a pose. So she set about deliberately to attain a more normal, sensible adjustment between them. And that very effort of Joan's—and Doug's—to behave more sanely, was partially responsible for the rumors that they no longer cared for one another.

Then, too, there is the question of their careers. Both Doug and Joan have unquestionably progressed professionally since their marriage, and this also has had its effect on their marital life. It would be strange if such were not the case. Doug, Jr.'s, career has, of course, developed tremendously. When he married Joan his social and family prestige were greater but she was more important professionally. But he has come along tremendously in the past year and is now a star on a footing with Joan. Probably he has not quite adjusted himself as yet to his own increased importance.

As for Joan, she has always been passionately devoted to her career, although for a time her marriage came close to erasing every other interest. Now, however, she has begun to divide her energies and her attention a little more than she did during those first months of marriage. Which is, after all, a wise thing and gives that marriage much more chance to last. Since she has begun to play heavily emotional rôles it has become a driving, burning ambition with her to become the screen's foremost dramatic actress.

THUS, both Doug, Jr., and Joan have turned more, of late, to this absorbing outside interest of a career, and inevitably they are taking their marriage more for granted than during that first period when it seemed the only thing in life. This does not mean, however, that their marriage is any less stable or that they are any less devoted. On the contrary, it is much more likely that they have a greater chance for lasting happiness together. And above all, it is a normal, natural thing—an inevitable adjustment.

With Mary and Doug, Sr., the problem is more serious—and don't let anyone tell you there *isn't* a marriage problem at Pickfair. It is more serious because these two are older—because where Joan and young Doug are at the height of their careers, busy and happy in them, Mary and Doug, Sr., have reached a trying period professionally which shadows their relations with one another.

Particularly is this true of Mary. As for Doug, I doubt if he would care if he never made another picture so long as he could remain in the limelight in some field or other and find some outlet for his astounding energy. At the moment, he is all excited over the film based on his travels in Siam which he is producing. But he would be just as excited over playing in a golf tournament or marshalling a parade.

But with Mary it is different. There are any number of things to which she could successfully turn her attention right now. She would undoubtedly be a brilliant producer if she could content herself with such a rôle. But Mary is not yet willing to give up the grease-

paint. I have heard her say in a deeply depressed moment, "I know my career is finished"—but the very tone in which she said it (it was almost antagonistic) told a different story. In reality she still clings to the hope of once more being received with love and adulation on the screen. What she chiefly wants is to erase the memory of "Kiki." She cannot bear to leave that last impression with the public whose adored sweetheart she was for so many years.

NO wonder poor little Mary seems to be floundering a bit these days. She is faced with the necessity for terrific mental and emotional adjustments which cannot be ignored. She is trying to adjust herself to the fact that her glorious career as an actress—probably the most lasting and outstanding career in the history of motion pictures—is drawing to its close. With that vital part of her existence slipping from her she turns to her marriage—only to find that that splendid union which for ten years has seemed the most stable thing on heaven or earth, has grown shaky. She had to face the fact that her romance with Doug, undeniably one of the great romances of the age, is no longer perfect.

If Mary could straighten out the tangle of her career she would be better able to deal with her marriage. And likewise, if she could reach a completely happy adjustment in her marital relations with Doug, her career problems would not bewilder her and disturb her so much. But it is the combination of the two things, I think, which has been almost too much for Mary of late.

For the past year she has seemed to be trying to fling herself into a lot of superficial activities to keep her mind occupied. While Doug was in Europe she kept herself surrounded by youngsters. Even now that he is back she seems to want to keep youth about her constantly—to have almost a youth complex. Her most frequent companions are her young cousin, Verna Chalif, and Verna's husband, "Sonny." Occasionally she is seen in public with the Chalifs and some of their friends—and without Doug—which, of course, starts tongues wagging and reminds folks of the days when Doug would not even let her dance with anyone else. Often there is a hectic gaiety about her; she seems afraid to relax for a moment for fear she will remember depressing things. So she fights to forget—but sometimes loses the fight.

OCCASIONALLY she does childish, irresponsible things; innocent, gay things, plunging into the Pickfair pool for a swim at 3 a. m. Why shouldn't she? But afterward she frets and worries for fear Doug will disapprove. She has been a social dignitary and a queen for too long—she cannot escape from it entirely no matter how hard she tries. The pathetic part is that Doug usually doesn't disapprove . . . is glad, in fact, to see her gay and having fun, being possessed of a magnificent spirit of play himself. But there seems to be a gap between them. They never seem sure of understanding one another these days.

Yet I believe they have reached more of an adjustment now than they have in some months. It is by no means a completely happy adjustment, and one cannot be entirely sure yet just what will be the outcome at Pickfair. However, there are the strong bonds of habit and of ten years together, privately and in the public eye. And the force of public opinion which has welded Mary and Doug into a single tradition—made them almost one person in the eyes and hearts of their fans—is bound to have its effect in holding them together. Such a tradition weaves subtle and indissoluble bonds which outlast even love. And there is still love at Pickfair. What if Mary *does* grow irked at Doug when he dips his celery into the community salt dish? And what if Doug *does* feel sometimes that Mary doesn't understand about golf? Other matrimonial partners, with far less to hold them together than Mary and Doug, have surmounted much more serious obstacles without resorting to divorce.

I wouldn't want to stake my life on any prediction concerning Mary, Douglas the Second or Joan. I can, after all, do very little more than sense the terrible drama, the interplay of emotions, the conflict of personalities, which must underlie the daily life and mutual relations of these four brilliant and fascinating individuals. No, I certainly wouldn't stake my life—but I'd like to lay a good ten to one bet that no divorce documents bearing the name Fairbanks will be filed—and that goes for both the senior and junior branch.

The Trial of Paul Lukas

(Continued from page 61)

impossible in six months in Hollywood?

Soon his extremely small supply of money was gone. He was attending a school for actors and working in small parts on the stage whenever the occasional opportunity arose. But the chance to show his talents came all too seldom. He decided that he must find some other way of earning enough money to live on while he was studying. He took up a post of tutor. Each afternoon, from one o'clock until three, he would walk three miles across the city to the home of a wealthy old family and coach the small children of the household in their lessons for the next day. His own education was sufficient to do this work well . . . and thus he was able to eat and pay for a small room while he pursued his studies at the Academy.

A
Gift Book
for the
Children...

THE CHILDREN will be delighted to find a Ceresota Fairy Story Painting Book under the Christmas tree. It contains 48 pages, 12 of them in full color with an outline of the same picture opposite, printed on special paper ready for the kiddies to paint with a set of Japanese water colors, included. The Painting Book alone is worth while, but two other things come with it—a Cook Book and a pound and a quarter sack of Flour. The three together comprise the Ceresota Trio. The Cook Book contains over 150 tested recipes beautifully illustrated and practically arranged. The Flour is Ceresota Unbleached. It needs no bleaching because it is milled from the finest Northern Wheat. Many flours made from inferior wheat must be artificially bleached to obtain a presentable color. Ceresota, naturally creamy white, is as good for cakes and pastries as for bread—with it, you need no special flour for fine baking—yet it is priced for general use . . . . You'll be delighted with Ceresota Flour for Christmas baking. Your grocer has it or can get it for you.

This Coupon and 25c
brings the
Ceresota Trio

MAIL TODAY

CLIP THIS COUPON
The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Here is my 25c for the Ceresota Trio — (1) a trial supply of Ceresota Flour, (2) the famous Ceresota Cook Book, (3) the beautiful Ceresota Painting Book for children.
Name.....
Street or R. F. D.....
Town.....State.....
Grocer.....
MM 3

DR. COPELAND
talks on health and diet over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Thursday morning, 10 o'clock Eastern Standard time, 9 o'clock Central Standard time

an Eyelash Make-up that Actually Makes

LASHES GROW

IT'S TRUE—true and proven. A mascara which gives lashes a *Double Treatment* —that is the new discovery.

It's called the new Liquid Winx. First you use it as a waterproof mascara. It darkens lashes, makes them look soft, delicate and fascinating. Eyes take on new sparkle, new appeal. Yet the effect is natural—in good taste.

And (while you use Winx as a mascara) it actually promotes the health and growth of lashes. Winx contains stimulating oils which turn skimpy, straggly lashes into a long, curly, bewitching fringe. A week's use actually shows definite improvements!

You may try the new Liquid Winx—simply by sending 10¢ for a Vanity Size —enough for a month's use.

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. M-7
243 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.

Black_____Brown_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

ZIP 50¢
DEPILATORY CREAM
Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. Sold Everywhere. GIANT TUBE 50c.
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
(Formerly $5.00) Now in a new $1.00 size package
Permanently Destroys Hair

PHOTOS ENLARGED
SIZE 8x10 or 11x14 INCHES
Now is your chance to get a life-like Bromide photo enlargement at an unusual bargain. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, or enlargements of any group picture. Safe return of your original photo Guaranteed.
48c EACH
Send NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 8x10 or 11x14 guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 48c plus a few cents postage or send 50c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

REX ART 538 South Dearborn, Dept. 23 Chicago, Ill.

Then the War ended!

He was almost stunned with the marvelous thought that he would never again have to return to those terrible nights of Hell and fire . . . now he could go on with his work forever. Nothing could stop him now!

AT the end of the second year as a student of the Actors' Academy in Budapest, Paul was given his first big opportunity. He was cast in the leading rôle of Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom." He made a terrific hit in his first play and from that time on was in constant demand on the Hungarian stage.

Then came the play that was to be the turning point in his career: "The Miracle," by Reinhardt. Max Reinhardt, the great German director, saw him play a part in a Molière play in Budapest and promptly offered him the leading rôle in his latest play. After appearing as a guest artist in Vienna, he took the play to Berlin. It was there that he was first noticed for the screen and given a chance in an UFA production called "Samson and Delilah." Lukas played Samson. After this picture was released, his ability was recognized by an American film producer. He sent for him the day after seeing his first work on the screen and offered him an opportunity in Hollywood. Lukas took the chance immediately. No thought of language entered his head at that time. The talkies were still unheard of.

IN America, Paul Lukas never seemed to have time for mastering the English tongue. He picked up a few words here and there during his first months in Hollywood but never more than was necessary to understand the director on the set. During this time he appeared in such pictures as: "Loves Of An Actress," with Pola Negri, "Manhattan Cocktail," "The Shopworn Angel" and "The Wolf of Wall Street."

In the last-named picture, in which he played with George Bancroft, his lack of perfect pronunciation was a glaring defect in the film. It was his first talking picture—and he couldn't talk! Just at this time his option came up and it was then that he was called into the front office to learn of his dismissal. His six months' grace to learn the language staved off his release but how was he to go about this impossible task? Where could he get help for it?

How Paul Lukas answered these questions for himself may surprise you.

"I had to make a great number of decisions and make them fast! First, I had to realize that I had been spending most of my spare time with the Hungarian colony in Hollywood. I had been able to talk with them without the necessity of learning a new language. Besides, I felt more at home with my own people and so this fact is only natural. I immediately told my wife that we must break off relations with the Hungarian friends—at least, temporarily. We did. Then I hired a young college boy to come and live with us. He needed a few extra dollars for his education anyway, so the arrangement was perfect. He was to help me with the language and correct me when I made a mistake in pronunciation.

"But he spent half of his day at the University, and I was faced with but six months in which to prepare myself . . . I must find other means of learning and learning rapidly. I went to Church! It made no difference *what* Church. I went to the Courts and listened to lawyers make pleas to the jury. I went to political meetings. Anything!

"But where do you suppose I found the greatest help? You will hardly believe it when I tell you! From the advertisements over the radio! Not speeches and singing . . but advertisements. The main reason for this is apparent after a bit of explanation. The men who announce the advertisements are so anxious to get their message over that they stop at nothing to make themselves clearly understood. They will pronounce the name of the concern and the telephone number as many as five or six times, and each time with unusual accuracy so that no one will miss it. There is where I learned English! Possibly many of the advertisers will be glad to hear of this new method of making the audience listen to their ads —without dialing another station.

EVERY week or so they would call me in the front office and ask me a few questions. I knew that they were just trying to see how much progress I was making. It rankled on me until at length I said to them that it was unfair to try me out in this way. I explained that when they gave me a script to learn I would say each line over at least a hundred times until I was letter-perfect in it. This would be far different from coming into their office 'cold' and making a half-hearted stab at talking. I asked them to give me a chance in a picture.

"At last they came around to my way of reasoning and gave me a small part in a picture starring Buddy Rogers called "Illusion." That chance was one of the greatest opportunities I have ever had. I was placed opposite a young man who had had no training on the stage and was almost as scared as I was. I could dominate every scene and keep command of every situation. Thus my lack of perfect English was hardly noticed. I made the grade!"

And from that six months of terrific strain and trial, Paul Lukas has gone up and up. And now he has actually attained stardom in the place of William Powell who has gone to work under the Warner banner.

As we got up to leave the luncheon table so that he might be back on the set for the next scene for his picture, "The Beloved Bachelor," Paul turned to me with a smile and said:

"And the funny part of it all is that I may have to apologize to my Hungarian friends whom I have so neglected during the past year or so. I was called into the front office the other day for the second time to learn that many of the fans seem to like my slight —oh, so slight!—accent and that I shouldn't learn my English too perfectly! Hollywood and the picture business has its funny side, hasn't it?"

DANCER ON WAY TO STARDOM • [redacted] • WANTS A NEW NAME!

★ (NEWS ITEM)

On the very threshold of international fame and fortune, Jeanne Williams wants a new "Stage Name." Young—graceful—talented; her beautiful body is vibrant with the magnetic glow of youthful personality. Critics say her performances are "Sensational", "Exotique", and that she is at the door of stardom. . . . Now, because her name is similar to that of another star of Broadway, she wants a NEW name by which she will be featured and which she hopes to carry to fame.

We Will Pay $500.00 Just for a Girl's Name

COSTS NOTHING TO WIN

Nothing to Buy — Nothing to Sell — No Entrance Fees — No "Number Paths" Nor "Guessing" to win This Cash Prize

JUST SUGGEST A GIRL'S NAME

What an amazing opportunity! You may win this big cash prize in only a moment's time. Simply send us a name for this graceful young dancer—*nothing more to do.* Sounds easy? It *is* easy! The first name that comes to your mind this minute may be the very one to win $500.00 cash. It does not have to be a "fancy" name—just some simple name that is easy to say and easy to remember—a name that will look well in blazing electric lights in front of the nation's finest theatres. Think of a name—send it TODAY—Win $500.00 Cash.

NO WAY YOU CAN LOSE . . .

Simply suggest the winning name—that is all you have to do to get the $500.00. We are giving the prize to advertise our marvelous Foot Balm that is even now used by many professional dancers. A famous name is a great help in advertising. The new name chosen for this rising young dancer will also be used as the name for our Foot-Balm—her fame will bring us big advertising. . . . That is why we are so generous in giving the cash prize. It is your opportunity of a life-time. Maybe your own name, or the name of a friend may be the very name we want. Nothing for you to lose—a *fortune* for you to win.

JUST SENDING A NAME QUALIFIES YOU FOR OPPORTUNITY TO

Win $3,000.00

OR BUICK 8-CYLINDER SEDAN AND $1,500.00 IN CASH BESIDES...

In this sensational advertising campaign we are giving away over FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS just to advertise and promote our business. This money is entirely *separate and in addition* to the prize for the Dancer's Name. Over 50 huge cash prizes—3 fine automobiles. Think of it! You may win *over $3,000.00 cash or a new Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $1,500.00 Cash besides!* What a magnificent fortune! Some one is going to get it—why not you? You have just as good an opportunity to win as anyone. All you have to do to qualify for this amazing opportunity is to suggest a name for the Dancer. Do it now—it may mean a *fortune* for you.

$1,000.00 CASH CERTIFICATE

Will Be Sent to You At Once . . . BE PROMPT

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are PROMPT and win first prize. So don't delay! Send your name suggestion *promptly*—nothing more to do now or ever toward getting the Name Prize and to qualify for the opportunity to win the other huge prizes. *You can't lose anything*—EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH—so send a name today.

Hundreds Have Won

Viola Lauder, Oregon, was destitute—her home burned down. She suggested a name for our toilet soap and won a big cash prize of $900.00! H. L. Adams, Pa., won over $2000.00 besides cash rewards as high as $200.00 in a week. Lutz received $500.00. Hundreds of others made happy by big prizes and rewards. Now, we are going to distribute *bigger prizes than before.* Anyone may win . . . Some yet unknown person is going to win $3,000.00 cash; many others are going to be made happy with scores of prizes as high as $750.00. Three fine cars will be given to people submitting names.

SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize, No "puzzles," "number paths", "lucky numbers" or "guessing" contest to win over $3,000.00 cash. The only thing to do now is send a name for the dancer. The first name you think of may win the prize. But, remember the EXTRA $1,000.00 for promptness. Act at once! *I will send you a $1,000.00 Cash Certificate as soon as your name is received*—I will tell you just how you stand in the distribution of over $5,000.00 in cash prizes and fine new automobiles.

Read These Simple Rules

Contest open to all except employees of our company. Only one name may be submitted—sending more than one name will cause all names sent by you to be thrown out. Suggest a first and last name for the dancer. Contest closing date given in my first letter to you. In case of duplicate winning names, duplicate prizes will be given. Every person submitting a name qualifies for opportunity to win $3,000.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $1,500.00 in cash. Use the coupon or write a letter to submit name and receive all details.

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.

906 Sycamore Street Dept. 6045-PP Cincinnati, Ohio

Winning Name Coupon

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.,
906 Sycamore St., Dept. 6045-PP Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Name I suggest for the Dancer is:.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Rush me the $1,000.00 Cash Certificate for Promptness and tell me how I stand for Winning $3,000.00 cash.

The smart woman today insists upon Deerie for her face and compact poudre, her rouge, her cosmetique, her lip rouge, and quite naturally . . . her lipstick!

The same harmonizing motif . . . the same alluring fragrance pervades each creation. Deerie brings you the best cosmetic values, for each toiletry is exquisite in quality and each is encased with true Deerie finesse! Deerie beauty aids savor of the highest in everything . . . except price! Generous introductory sizes are available at all good 10c toilet goods counters.

Deerie Creations
THE LINE TO BEAUTY

CURLS

Learn to set waves with fingers, combs or clips. It's easy. Our booklet shows how. FREE! Penny Waves to keep hair curly 10 days. No burns. No grease. Safe. Send 10c to cover mailing to E. Penny, 117 N. Wells, Dept. E Chicago

HAIRLESS SKIN with GYPSIA

FREE Pamphlet FREE

Marvelous imported Parisian discovery, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy, for good! No irritation Harmless, liquid, clean. Just apply and wash off! Satisfaction or money refunded. Send this ad and your address to get FREE explanation how "GYPSIA" destroys Hair and Root.

GYPSIA PRODUCTS CO., (C) 55 W. 42 St., N.Y.

NO MORE BIG TIRE BILLS!

GOODYEAR · FISK · Firestone · U.S. AND OTHER TIRES At ¼ Regular Prices

Tires You Know and Prefer AT NEW LOW PRICES!

You can rely upon Chicago's oldest and most reliable rubber company to deliver tire mileage at lowest cost. Actual tests on the worst roads in the country prove that our standard brand, reconstructed tires deliver 50 to 60 per cent more service. A trial order will convince you.

BUY NOW 12 MONTHS' SERVICE GUARANTEED SAVE MONEY

BALLOON Tires

Size	Rim Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21"	$2.30	$1.10
29x4.50-20"	2.40	1.15
30x4.50-21"	2.45	1.20
28x4.75-19"	2.45	1.20
30x4.95-21"	2.90	1.35
30x5.00-20"	2.95	1.35
28x5.25-18"	2.95	1.35
30x5.25-20"	2.95	1.35
31x5.25-21"	3.20	1.35
30x5.77-20"	3.20	1.40
31x6.00-19"	3.20	1.40
32x6.00-20"	3.20	1.40
33x6.00-21"	3.20	1.45
32x6.20-20"	3.65	1.75

Reg. CORD Tires

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.20	$1.00
30x3½	2.25	1.00
32x3½	2.70	1.15
31x4	2.95	1.15
32x4	2.95	1.15
33x4	2.95	1.15
34x4	3.50	1.15
32x4½	3.20	1.45
33x4½	3.20	1.45
34x4½	3.45	1.45
30x5	3.60	1.75
33x5	3.60	1.75
35x5	4.45	1.75

All Other Sizes

DEALERS WANTED

All Tubes New—Guaranteed First Quality

Send only $1.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 5 per cent. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at half price.

MIDLAND TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. 388, 1000-10 W. Sixty-Third Street Chicago

The Story of Sylvia Sidney

(Continued from page 29)

the teacher went on, "it would have washed away the pretty houses . . . it would have swept . . . over the tulip . . . fields and . . ."

Sylvia's head nodded. She was such a little girl, only six. And it had been a long ride from the city. A bumble bee buzzed against the screen. It seemed to get inside Sylvia's head somehow, that buzzing sound, until it quite drowned the teacher's voice. And then there was only a buzz-buzz-buzzing that wove itself into her dream.

WHEN Sylvia awoke it was dark. Pitch dark. She thought just at first, for one blessed, secure moment, that she was in her own bed, within call of the big bed where her mother and father slept. But flinging out her arm she struck the bed-post and then she knew it wasn't her bed at all. She remembered then that she had left her mother to hear the teacher tell a story . . .

"MOTHER!" There was terror in that shrill cry. "M-O-T-H-E-R! *I want my mother!*"

A teacher came running. "Hush," she said. "It is very late and you'll wake the other children. Your mother isn't here."

Sylvia shoved away this strange creature who dared speak to her with authority and screamed louder than before. Enraged because she felt she had been tricked, she beat her fists against the headboard.

Another teacher came running. "This noise will have to stop," she said. But you could scarcely hear her for Sylvia's screams.

The first teacher realized finally that Sylvia was one of those children who never will submit to alien authority even if they know they wage a losing fight. She changed her tactics.

"Telephone your mother," she said. Sylvia stopped weeping and opened her eyes very wide. She moved to get out of bed, to go to the telephone. But the teacher restrained her. "Not now," she said. "In the morning. The night is half over. If you'll go to sleep the next thing you know it will be light and then—I promise you—you may telephone."

Here was calm reason. Sylvia submitted. The next day, before breakfast, she had her mother on the wire.

"Come and get me," she demanded.

"I'm ashamed of you, Sylvia," Beatrice Sidney told her. "Both your father and I want you to stay at school. We want you to meet other children. To play with them. Do you understand, my dear?"

There was no answer.

"Sylvia!" It was peremptory.

"You won't come and get me?" Sylvia pleaded.

"No!" It was short and crisp. It must have caused Beatrice Sidney pain. "And what is more, Sylvia, if you misbehave I won't come to visit you. Do you understand?" Beatrice was firm.

Harsh measures. But both parents felt it best to sacrifice the present to the future. They were concerned about this child of theirs, this child of moods and of fire. And they still hoped that she would learn to associate with children of her own age and find pleasure in her friendships.

THE receiver at the other end clicked. Sylvia had hung up. She realized she had to stay. But she resolved that never, never, never would she play with the other children. Something of iron was forged in her spirit. She couldn't submit. She couldn't give in. It would have been much easier for her to die.

If this were a fiction story Sylvia would have adjusted and in no time at all become the darling of all pupils and teachers alike. But nothing of the kind happened. Instead, things went from bad to much worse.

Nights were long and black and lonely. But at night, if a salty tear slipped out of Sylvia's jade eyes there was no one to see. Days were too much to be borne. There hardly seemed to be a minute when some teacher's critical eyes weren't focused upon her. The tantrum she had staged the first night had not helped her reputation any. And there was one teacher, tall, spare, and dark with a thin mouth, and a mole under her left eye, who seemed to find a strange pleasure in taking Sylvia to task.

"You're a very bad child," she would say, waylaying Sylvia in a hall and backing her into a dark corner. "And if you don't learn obedience now you'll come to no good end." She really succeeded in making the future something to be dreaded.

As for the other children they stared at Sylvia as if she was a strange creature from another world. They couldn't understand her. She not only made no overtures but she seemed to go out of her way to avoid them.

In all that strange, hateful world Sylvia had just one friend. That friend waited for her whenever she stepped outside. Together they went for long walks. Her friend was Roger, a great dog with a long, silk-fringed tail which he carried with the proudest sort of swing.

THE other day, looking back upon the little girl she was then, Sylvia said, "I don't think I could have endured the months I spent at that school if it hadn't been for Roger. I really was frightfully unhappy."

Even the arithmetic class wasn't so bad when Sylvia had Roger to think about. When the figures on the ruled yellow paper wouldn't come out right she used to think of him lying patiently at the foot of the steps . . . snapping now and then at a too persistent fly . . . sleeping with one eye open, waiting for her . . . Her only friend.

Roger alone saw Sylvia cry. Sylvia did try to be brave but there were some trials too great for her six-year-old courage. There was the bread and butter, for instance. Sylvia never had eaten dairy food and for the first month or two her bread and butter had gone back to the kitchen on her plate. Then one day the dark teacher saw Sylvia leave her bread and butter and she immediately pounced upon this as an excuse for discipline.

"You must eat it," she told Sylvia sternly.

Of course every child in the refectory began to stare.

"I can't," Sylvia said. "I never eat bread and butter. Not even when I'm home."

"You're going to eat it here," the teacher said. "Remember, I'm warning you . . . Whatever you leave will be placed before you next time, together with a fresh piece."

And sure enough, at supper that evening there were two pieces. At breakfast the morning following there were three pieces. And so on.

THAT pile of bread and butter grew until it seemed to Sylvia it blotted out all the rest of the world. In chapel, even, which had been the very best part of school—there was something beautiful about the stained glass windows and the children singing—Sylvia couldn't remember the hymns for thinking about it. The little stories of Goldilocks and Pinnochio in the school reader lost their color and interest. That bread and butter filled her whole world and crowded every bit of happiness out of it.

It came to Sylvia one afternoon when she and Roger were sitting in the little copse where they sometimes rested that never again could she face the great pile of bread and butter before her place. She had reached her breaking-point. And it was then, in childish despair, that she pillowed her little head in Roger's lovely soft coat and wept.

With the sun low the November woods were chilly. And in her frantic haste to escape the school building Sylvia had come without her sweater. In the distance the supper bell rang. Faintly Sylvia could hear the last of the childrens' voices as they trooped inside. She could picture the stir her absence would cause. She held herself so tense that her whole body began to ache. The sudden flight of a bird made her jump. Time, as clocks tell it, is, as we all know, an illusion. The hour in which we are happy and the hour in which we are sad are not the same interlude of time.

Sylvia was frightened but her resolve not to go back to that school and not to go home until her mother and father wanted her home did not weaken. Even when the night came and terror lay dark, suffocating wings upon her heart. . . .

(To be continued)

Family Man

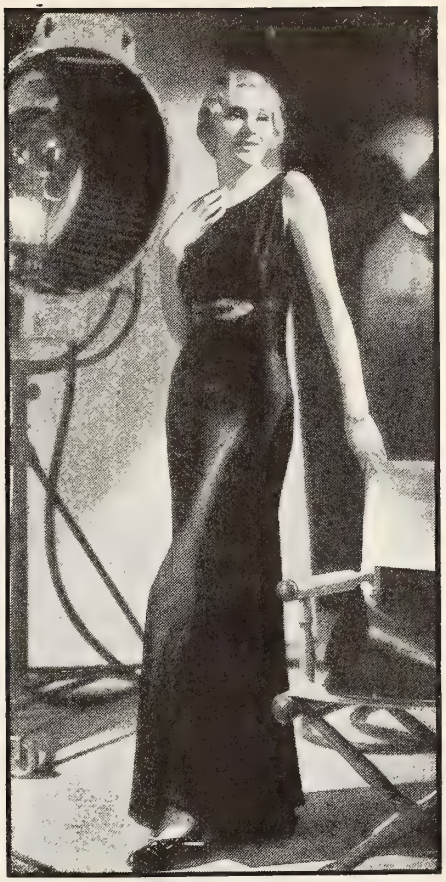
(Continued from page 55)

to make a list of how many hundred ways to sit down, trip, stumble, fall, that Buster has demonstrated in the time he has been making pictures. There must be thousands. My own favorite is the time, in "Doughboys," he came marching up the street alone, wearily saluted the sergeant, spun around, and plunked into three feet of mud, too tired to march another step. Yours may be the way the smokestack knocked him down, years back, in "The Navigator." But both falls came from the same factory. They were both Keaton products, like the thousands of others. Without a smile, without a chuckle, Buster planned them all out for us, all those falls. Once they were carefully planned, he put on a funny costume and—kerplunk! But he never smiled. Do business men smile at their own products?

Buster is a dutiful citizen, who always votes and never breaks the speed laws. He is a loyal friend. He is a good husband, a good son, a good son-in-law. (He stayed up all night, night after night, with his mother-in-law, during her recent illness.) He could not be a more regular citizen if he was a clerk in a chain store and attended pep meetings wearing a paper cap and a celluloid button with his name on it. When he is not working, he plays golf. In the evening he and Mrs. Keaton go to the movies. In season, they go to baseball games. In dead seriousness, Buster says: "The most exciting moment of my whole life came the day when Washington and Pittsburg were playing, in the World Series, and Walter Johnson got licked."

HE ought to have a big round tummy, and smoke cigars, and go to sleep in a Morris chair after dinner with a handkerchief spread over his face. He's so normal it hurts. He probably *will* go to sleep that way, in a few years. What a grandfather Buster is going to make! Kids will crawl all over him. And undoubtedly he'll carry little sacks of peppermints in his pockets, for them. You've probably heard what his hobby is. If you haven't, it's—singing harmony in quartets. Sad, plaintive barber-shop tunes. His favorite is one whose words run:

Dear old pal, the robins sing above you.
Dear old pal, they sing of how I love you.
For the blinding tears are falling



How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It *ends* all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.

DOCTORS SAY...

"Mere diaper-changing won't prevent Urea Irritation."

Z. B. T. Baby Talcum forms a delicate protective coating against the tiny acid crystals which produce painful irritation and chafing. This soothing and healing powder is endorsed by doctors and nurses and hospitals everywhere.

Reject Substitutes!

Use Z. B. T. to keep Baby's skin smooth and healthy. At all drug, department and chain stores in three sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.

FREE TRIAL CAN!

Send 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address Z. B. T. Products Co., Dept. U., Bronx, N. Y.

Z.B.T. BABY TALCUM

FINE FOR BABY'S BODY . . . FINE FOR EVERYBODY!

New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

AGENTS

Men and women have made up to $6 and $8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE TEST OFFER.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept W-3265, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SONG WRITERS

NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—M. M. Newcomer Associates 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Improve your FIGURE!

Just Give Me 10 MINUTES a DAY

Are you dissatisfied with your figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full and embarrassing? **Contour Creme Treatment No. 1** aids in filling out hollowness and developing round, graceful curves where needed. **Contour Creme Treatment No. 2** helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs and hips. Send name, address for **FREE** sample and directions. **Mention cream number desired.** Enclose 10c for mailing costs.

FREE SAMPLE

Mme. Renee' Renault
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. -25
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

As I think of my lost pearl;
And my broken heart is calling—
Calling for you—dear old girl!

This man—this loving husband—this singer of sad ballads—this player of amateur golf—this wild rooter at baseball games—this is the man we think of as a comedian! Oh, he does like a little fun now and then, yes. But so does a preacher. On the front porch of his dressing room he has a sign "Men At Work," just as college boys hang signs in their rooms. Recently he sneaked up behind Darryl Zanuck, an executive, and pushed him into a swimming pool with all his clothes on. And after a woman visited him in his bungalow and later sued him in court, he had a form printed which every woman who visits him there now must sign. It reads, "The undersigned deposes and states that she is in the spot known as Keaton's Kennel at her own risk, which same she recognizes and fully admits and in consideration agrees that she will under no circumstances sue for any damages, either actual or punitive, arising out of any injury, broken limbs, or any other mishap sustained while upon said property." He likes little jokes like that, does Bus—kiddish, prankish little jokes. But they're not the kind of jokes you expect from a professional comedian. *Of course they're not.* Why?

Says Hollywood, "For a comedian, Buster is a pretty good family man."

HOW much nearer to the truth Hollywood would be if it only said: "For a family man, Buster is a pretty good comedian!" . . . A family man is what he is, first and foremost, finally and forever. A family man who learned how to sit down hard on the seat of his pants.

No hint of separation, no breath of scandal has ever touched Buster and his wife, who was Natalie Talmadge. They are perfectly happy, perfectly contented. Their home life is that of thousands of other American homes. It centers entirely upon Bobbie and Joe, their sons. Buster and Natalie live for their children. They spend hours together in the playhouse. Buster does acrobatic stunts for the kids. Once a week the two boys visit daddy at the studio, and get gloriously sick on ice cream and excitement. Buster spoils them terribly, and they adore him and pay attention to nothing he tells them to do. Natalie is stricter with them, and they mind her. She does everything for them herself, and leaves nothing to the servants. Buster helps them with their homework in the evenings. When there is no homework, he plays casino with them, and teaches them card tricks. Other evenings he and the boys make a wreck of the house, taking alarm-clocks and toys apart and putting them back together again. Few people know that Buster is a certified marine engineer, and the boys have inherited his love of mechanics. The kids go to bed early, and so do their parents. Buster reads in bed and eats apples and crackers, and Natalie gives him the devil for it. He's just a big kid, too, keeping young with his children.

A family man, Buster.

A family man who slid to fame on the seat of his pants.

She Thought She Had Failed

(Continued from page 79)

"—and such heavy cloth. Eet stand straight out and I look so-oo—" measuring an enormous distance with her hands "—beeg.

"No, I do not theenk I will be an actress now. All my life I 'ave wanted to be that. I 'ave gone to the cinema in Europe to see Greta Garbo, and I 'ave wanted to be a great actress like 'er, but now it is impos-seeble. My face is so broad. My movements are so steeff. I wear beeg boots and laugh and laugh and laugh. I sit on the wooden chest in one scene and make my mouth so—" forcing a *moue* "—and my head is like this—" craning it to an impossible angle "—and then I laugh and keeck my feet. Oh, I theenk I am too awful!

"I lost feefteen pounds making thees picture. For three days I am seeck in bed, with no voice. I cannot say a word, only make a croaking noise in my throat. They send the *eferma*—nurse, I mean—and she paints my throat—it is laryngitis, and I stay in bed, tossing and turning, theenking of my part. It is ter-reeble. Then I get up and go to the studio and I am so theen. I see the film that I have been in and I theenk 'Oh, it is so awful.' I know I will not be an actress, and yet I want to be. I want to do something dramatic.

"I theenk I go back to Spain in two months. Gusta is ver-ry lonesome. My mawther 'as moved to Paris and my sister Juanita is weeth 'er."

SLIM, slight, jetty haired, is Conchita, and queen of all she commands. That is, largely, her life and her emotions. At eighteen she has conquered Hollywood and nine-tenths of its eligible males.

It is said that genius is never satisfied. That what it creates is never perfect. That the ultimate is never reached. Conchita is probably not a genius. Van Dyke, her director in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," said she worked under a terrific handicap in that picture. She was forced to struggle with English syntax when she should have been thinking about the emotional demands of the part. In

spite of these difficulties, she triumphed. She worked hard. She probably is not a genius, but she has that inspirational thing that makes Raquel Meller and La Argentina, her countrywomen, remembered. Conchita, too, is a dancer. She has, also, that restlessness, that craving, that inward desire that burns like a flame and is unquenchable, to do things. To do them better. And when she has done them better, they are not good enough.

That is why children like Conchita are rare to Hollywood. There is too much smugness, too much contentment with what has been accomplished in the usual Hollywood youngster, and too little quest for the unattainable.

I KNOW when I am ba-ad. I remember when Juanita and I first start to dance, in Madrid. I am fourteen, and am going to the convent of Las Damas Negras. Juanita is older, by perhaps three years. She is much more beautiful as I—" brown eyes very large and serious. "We 'urry and order dancing costumes from Paris, because we 'ave nevair danced in publeec before and this man at the Téatro Roma —he is a friend of our family—asks us to. We dance a little theeng called *Murmullo de Alhambra*—to you it would be sometheeng like 'Murmurs of the Alhambra'—and we were ver-ry ba-ad.

"No. It is true. You say, maybe it is because now I *theenk* we were ba-ad, but that is not so. We knew nothing about dancing. We go out and make motions. Nevairtheless, instead of dancing three days as we 'ad been asked, we dance feefteen days. They like us, because we are so leetle. I look like a leetle ba-bee. It is just last year that I grow as beeg as I am now."

(That's five feet three inches, with one hundred and ten corresponding pounds.)

"We are not pleased with ourselves, as I say, and we go to the Academy and learn about dancing. In a year we 'ave learned much. We go to Paris and are for one month at the Olympia Theater, and at the Empire. Then we theenk we would like to see London and an agent gets us an engagement at the Savoy 'Otel. About that time the season opened in Berlin and we danced at the Wintergarten, there."

AT home the Iturriaga de las Robles Madariagas, her Basque-Castillian family, requested her, their youngest, christened Concepcion, to refrain from using the family name on theater marquees. They asked their beloved *chatita* (Little Flat Nose) to think of them at home, their pride, their honor, their feelings. Concepcion, thinking, became Conchita, which means "little shell," and the sisters danced away with the name of *Dresna de Montenegro Andalusia.*

In Paris Conchita made one film. Then she went, presumably, to Biarritz where one could swim, slip into a sweater and skirt, daub carmine on the lips, sip a cocktail and dance. Conchita was that way. Impetuous. Dancing with Juanita at the Chateau

Who wants to be a DISCARD?

Actual photograph of Miss Jolieta Mac Cready after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

Keep your hair alluring with* VANKAI *Wave Set

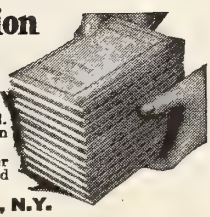
See yourself as others see you. If your hair is always at loose ends, stringy and straggly, you'll be a "discard" before you know it. Let VANKAI Wave Set make your hair charming—and *keep* it so.

This new Wave-aid brings out the *natural* ripple, the silky-soft lustre, of your hair. It makes longer-lasting finger waves, adds precious weeks to the life of permanents, and shortens morning make-up time ten minutes. It is used and endorsed by thirty thousand beauty shops—contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes.

Be sure you get the genuine VANKAI Wave Set. At most 5 and 10c stores (extra-large 10c bottle); 25c size at drug stores. For trial bottle send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

VANKAI WAVE SET

HIGH SCHOOL Education at Home



Here in 15 wonderful texts is the equivalent of a High School Education. Each subject taught by fascinating "Question and Answer" method. Now used in 12,000 high schools. Certificate awarded. It's *fun* to learn this *easy inexpensive* spare-time way. Greatest bargain in brain power.

Send for Free Book Find out how YOU can quickly prepare for bigger pay and social culture. Send this ad with name and address for FREE booklet, "What a High School Education Can Do for Me."

High School Home Study Bureau, 31 Union Square, Dept. 7799 New York, N.Y.

Lacy Charm

Smart tables have gone paper

The gay convenience of Roylace paper doylies delights the modern hostess.

The patterns are the rarest of real lace designs . . . sizes from 3½ to 20 inches . . . in pastel tints and white.

Let them add lacy charm to your table . . . *let them cut your laundry bills and laundry wear-and-tear.*

Roylace Doylies and Roylace Shelf Papers are sold by 5-and-10c stores, department stores and stationers. Look for the name "Roylace."

***3* Booklets Free**

"Roylace Party Book" — how to decorate for novel parties, by Helen Ufford, Hostess Editor, Delineator.

"Roylace for Charming Tables" — smart table settings by Emily Rose Burt, well known author.

"Transforming Shelves With Roylace" — how to beautify your shelves, by E. M. Blondel, Decorative Arts Editor, McCall Publications.

State which booklet you want and address THE ROYAL LACE PAPER WORKS, Inc. 842 Lorimer St., Dept. 312, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Roylace
paper doylies

Reduce Hips

often 2 to 4 inches in 10 days

YOU can do it—*easily*—with the wonderful new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle. Makes you look slimmer the instant you put it on. Exerts a constant, gentle massage that breaks down the fat cells moulds away flabby flesh and reduces waists and hips—*often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days.* Made of finest quality, fresh, live, pure Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co. Cool, comfortable light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

Write today for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET with full details about this marvelous girdle, also particulars of our 10-day trial offer and money-back guarantee. No obligation. Just fill out and mail coupon below to *Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 5312, 41 East 42nd Street, New York City*

PERFOLASTIC, INC., Dept. 5312,
41 East 42nd Street, New York City

Without obligation please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle also particulars of your 10-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

There's an amazing secret in the life of the beautiful Marlene Dietrich! A secret never before disclosed! A brilliant open letter by Adele Whitely Fletcher will reveal this secret in the December issue of MODERN SCREEN

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days.* My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You are not obligated. *Send no money.* Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Dept. 3891, Chicago

SONG WRITERS

$$ *Big Royalties* $$

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Our FREE Booklet, "RHYMING DICTIONARY AND TALKIE SECRETS" describes the most complete Song Service ever offered and points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity. Send poems or music for songs for free examination and advice. One of our Famous Writers who has ONE HUNDRED SONG HITS to his credit will revise, arrange, and compose music to your poems or poems to your music. Publication Contracts Negotiated. We have just arranged for contract on favorable terms of Client's Song entitled, "LOVE BLUES" with Prominent New York Music Publisher. United States and International Copyrights Secured. Next to being a Movie Star, the successful Song-Writer stands out more prominently as a big Money Maker than any other Professional. WRITE TODAY FOR YOUR FREE COPY.

Mahoney Associates 4-X E. 23rd St., N. Y.

de Madrid in Paris, later, Conchita received her Hollywood offer. Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, a supervisor's wife, saw her. Shortly, she was working in the Spanish version of "Way For a Sailor" with José Crespo at the Culver City lot, and was heroine of another cinema Cinderella tale.

When she wasn't working she was turning down invitations from local Don Juans. And accepting a few. Charles Chaplin, Ramon Novarro, Valentine Parera, José Crespo, William Bakewell, the younger Rubio—son of Mexico's president—are among the legion who admired the Spanish youngster who had never powdered her pale skin until she came to Hollywood. She used only lip-stick, señors. They like the reckless way she tumbles cream out of the side of the pitcher and into her spoon to form a rich, thick layer atop the coffee. They like her enthusiasm for flying, and the way she tangoes. But all of this adulation means very little to Conchita. Determined that she is a failure, she wants to go home.

Perhaps the Fox officials of the company, with whom she has her new contract, can dissuade her. At the moment she is busy with daily, and lengthy, English lessons. No matter how "ba-ad" she thinks she is, she has spotted one weakness and is determined to correct it. That's the stuff from which success is made.

Refutation

(Continued from page 63)

the President of the French Republic and of the Minister for foreign affairs. All this can easily be ascertained if one refers to newspapers of that time. There was absolutely nothing secret in the entire affair, and it would have been absolutely impossible for an Empress of Austria to have had a child without its becoming known. And no one with the slightest knowledge of Elizabeth's character, or of the Emperor's and their relations to each other, could admit for one moment they would have deprived a child of theirs of the privileges of its birth and have brought it up as the child of commoners. One must not forget that they both ardently desired a second son, having but one heir, whose health left very much to be desired. The baby whose birth was supposed to have been concealed would, if it had been a boy, have been heir to the Austrian throne, and can one admit for a single moment that his father would have been privy to its rights being questioned?

I WILL further add that the whole book shows such ignorance of facts that it is only laughable to anyone who, like myself, knew under what kind of restraint royal personages of those days lived. Not only that, my family was allied to the House of Wittelsbach and would have heard if anything as fantastical as the tale told us by Countess Landi had ever happened. The fact of the Empress having had a child could not have been kept secret one hour, let alone many years.

It is said in this book that the child, supposed to have been given up to the care of a Frau Kaiser, was brought up by her in her apartment situated at 5 Opernring in Vienna, in which house was located the Empress's dressmaker. That this was done to allow Elizabeth to visit her supposed daughter while she was believed to be trying on dresses. The Empress would never have been permitted to enter a dressmaker's establishment. Her clothes were brought to her to be tried on in her apartments in the Imperial Hofburg. And Elizabeth, although most simple in her tastes and manners, would nevertheless never have entertained even the idea of doing anything else, or being seen in any store or shop in Vienna, whatever she might have done while traveling abroad. Her children were never taken away from her as the book says, but what is true is that her mother-in-law, the Archduchess Sophy, interfered so much with their education that the Empress in disgust betook herself away to Madeira where she spent several winters in succession. But when the Archduchess Valerie, her youngest child, was born, she fought the Archduchess Sophy, and kept the baby beside her.

And also, in 1882 the Archduchess Sophy had already been dead for four years. There was consequently no one to interfere between Elizabeth and her children.

IT was said in Vienna that about two years before the World War broke out an attempt was made to persuade the Emperor Francis Joseph that he had another unacknowledged daughter, but that the latter simply smiled, and replied, "Let them prove it, the thing is too absurd to trouble about." An edition of the book absolutely different from what it turned out to be when published, was offered to Italian and French publishers, but declined by them, not suppressed as the Countess Zanardi Landi says. It was only during the World War that people bethought themselves the story might be used with advantage for propaganda purposes, which was also done. But even with public feeling against the Central Powers running as high as it did, the book had little success and was considered unauthentic.

I think Elissa Landi is a great actress. But I do not believe—and do not see how anyone else can—that she is the granddaughter of the Empress of Austria and Emperor Francis Joseph.

Who Will Qualify FOR THE *Opportunity to Win?*

$8,275.00 in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known $1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve $500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, **and only one,** is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of $125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 234, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Sensible way to lose

FAT

Woman Loses 15½ pounds in 2 Weeks

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast provides a GUARANTEED safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic.

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

MOLES and WARTS

REMOVED PERMANENTLY

Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts. Miller Co., 2447 South St., Lincoln, Nebr.

"HERE'S THE PIN WE WANT" ...Says most EVERYONE...

OUR 36TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

THIS NEW PIN, SILVER PLATE 35c EA. OR $3.50 DOZ. STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 50c EA. OR $5.00 DOZ. 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY 3 OR 4 LETTERS AND YEAR.

FREE—1932 CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS SCHOOL, CLASS, CLUB, SOCIETY PINS, RINGS, MEDALS, ETC.

BUY FROM THE CLASS PIN PIONEERS

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 82 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Let WYNN Estimate Your Future

Now you can have a mimeographed astrological service by WYNN that will be of future help in finances, matrimony, occupation, travel, dangerous periods, business and other important affairs.

WYNN offers you choice of three future estimates, each based on your Zodiacal Sun sign. The short one, **Three pages for 25c** explains some of the most important planetary vibrations for your sign from now till the end of 1932.

You may want the more detailed estimate of 19 pages for $2, covering the same period; or the five year estimate of 23 pages (till the end of 1936) for $5

FREE With each of these services I am sending FREE the 6,000 word first part of my Reply to Critics of Astrology, as published in my monthly magazine. No strings attached to this offer—you will receive it gratis with the 25c estimate, if that is what you order. Mention your birth date and year when remitting.

WYNN Box 435 Fishkill, N. Y.

About Doug and Mary

(*Continued from page 32*)

to change after their return. It was all redecorated and made very luxurious and beautiful and French and up-to-date, and all sorts of celebrities and exalted European friends came to stay with them. I used to wonder if they would bring shadows.

BUT when I finally left Hollywood Mary and Douglas were still their own simple selves, still sitting beside each other at meals—and still hating to have to go out into society.

I remember once at dinner at a great oil magnate's in Los Angeles I sat next to Douglas who confided to me that he just hated his honey to be so far from him across the table!

I think one of the few times they ever dined in a restaurant in those days was with me at the Ambassador at a party I gave for one of their guests who was a very old friend of mine, Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland—but they did not dance generally. I remember Mary only danced once with her brother.

They lived in a perfect world of their own, interested in each other's work and the rise of the moving picture business in general—each growing more cultivated as their horizons widened. They were indeed worthy of being looked up to as the King and Queen of Hollywood.

I remember one evening we were out on the veranda after dinner (it was a warm summer night) when we perceived two figures moving stealthily up the side-steps. People who do not know Hollywood, and the desperados who lurk round successful stars, cannot imagine how dangerous this might have been.

Douglas signalled to Mary and me to step back, and, quite unarmed, he went forward gaily to meet them, saying "Hello, boys!—can I do anything for you?"

They were so taken aback that whatever their intentions had been, his charm of manner disarmed them and after a little talk he sent them off with some money and a handshake—glad to have met the hero, "Doug."

THERE are a thousand pleasant incidents I could tell you of this ideal life the two married lovers led, and of their sweetness to one another, then. For me they were the model of the world.

Nothing ugly or sordid ever entered their atmosphere. Scandals in Hollywood, of which there were beginning to be plenty, were never discussed. The ideal seemed to be work and beauty and goodness. The repose and distinction of the old world seemed to be expressed in that sweet home, where there were no cocktails, and no jokes about people being "plastered." All the years that I have been in the moving picture colony working for either Paramount or M-G-M, Pickfair, and Mary and Douglas, and their little circle of charming friends, seemed a haven of peace and kindliness for me.

Mary was so proud of Douglas' courage and magnificent dash in producing "The Thief of Bagdad," a truly glorious achievement—and her ambition then was to make one perfect picture in which they could both star. She never wanted anything unshared by Douglas. And he was so deliciously jealous! I remember standing with Mary in her room one evening in the twilight, looking out on the beautiful peaceful view of their garden, and the far away hills. We were both full of sentiment perhaps, and I said how divine it was to have a husband-lover who could still be jealous of nothing, and Mary said, yes, Douglas had always said there never must be one shadow, so that they could go down the long road to old age together in perfect love, hand in hand.

Then Douglas joined us. He slipped his arm round Mary and held her close —And thus I leave them—

That this vision may still be fulfilled is the deep wish and prayer of their old friend,

ELINOR GLYN.

Loretta's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 70*)

onyx and diamond bracelet that my sister, Sally Blane, gave me which is lovely with the dress, and I use white moiré pumps with it.

SPEAKING of black velvet—I saw what I consider the perfect black velvet evening dress yesterday. It was molded to the figure with points that went upward and downward, and a sunburst of brilliants was worked on the right side of the waist and skirt yoke. The skirt swept the floor—you know, in the famous regal manner—and the V-shaped neck was outlined with brilliants. Doesn't it sound nice? But I couldn't afford to buy it right now."

Which is just as well because—shh! —Loretta's sisters and mother are giving it to her for a Christmas present.

"Still speaking of black velvet (oh, how I love it!) I have an afternoon dress (see page 66) that has several old-fashioned complications, like starched lace trimming the round neck and inch-lower-than-the-elbow sleeves, and the buckle of brilliants that is the only startling feature. The skirt is al-

most straight and very long. As you might suspect, the hat that accompanies the dress is an Empress Eugénie model with a romantic white ostrich feather curling on one side and an equally romantic black one curling on the other.

"I think the coats this winter are more interesting than they've been for some time. My dress coat simply haunted me until I bought it (have you ever had clothes that did that?). Blue fox fur fashions the stand-up collar and then sweeps down to accent the elbow length cape sleeves. The coat itself is of black chongella cloth and it has wide revers in front. My hat is a square crowned French felt with black and white quills crossing in back.

AND the sport coats are quite as smart as those for afternoon. I like the swaggy, comfortable air they have. Mine is a brown and white chevron tweed with a shawl collar, diagonal pockets and sleeves that flare below the elbow. (See page 70.) I can wear it with a number of sport frocks—with a brown, white and yellow jersey, a beige wool that has a brown patent leather belt, and with a primitive green wool crêpe.

"There's something about green that appeals to me strongly. One of my new sport outfits is a grass green flannel jersey. *Grass green,* mind you! It's the first vivid shade I've ever worn on the street. The capelet that accompanies it ties in a bow and it's a barunduki fur, to match the belt. The hat is of green soleil. A pheasant feather, blending in color with the barunduki, is the only trimming. Then there's an angora wool sport suit that I trot out in for football games and morning shopping expeditions. It's an eggplant shade. The vest, lining of the collar and the small cuffs are of Roman stripes. It's the kind of suit in which you feel very gay and people tell you how well you are looking—because the color lightens your skin.

"I'm one of those 'half-blondes' in complexion and I find the colors I can't wear are henna, opaline yellow and opaline green. Midnight blue is most impressive. Especially a wise little black-blue crêpe dress with very definite molded lines. Every girl ought to have one. They're indispensable for work. I have one that's quite terribly plain. It's cut on the bias and the skirt has a restrained flare at the bottom. The long sleeves puff just below the elbows and then are tight to the wrist. The V neck has no collar. Very simple, but you'd be surprised how much enjoyment I get out of that frock." (There's a picture of this dress on page 66.)

I CONFESS that when I went to get a hostess gown I thought, 'Here's where I go ultra-feminine.' And I did! In your own home you can pamper your taste for bright colors and finery in a way you wouldn't dare to do outside . . . and that release from conventional styles is a boon to one's spirit! The gown I finally selected is of pink chiffon with a petalled skirt that shades to dark rose. The long sleeves are buttoned at the wrist and have butterfly effects in chiffon trailing from the shoulders and dotted with rose sequins. What could be more absolutely and utterly feminine? I like quantities of lace on my lingerie, too. My favorite negligée and nightdress have inserts and borders of Chantilly lace. The material is ciel blue satin." (See page 69.)

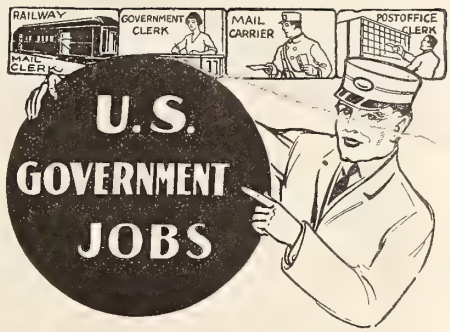
"I think that if a girl, in getting a wardrobe together, chooses *one* outfit for each occasion that looks like *her,* and nobody else, and if she wears it with a graceful assurance, she's bound to have individuality and distinction. The way she wraps her coat—the angle at which she wears her hat—all can be made to express *her.* All she needs is to let her personality assert itself in her clothes instead of trying to look like her companions."

OH, if I could only do a little skywriting with that last sentence of Loretta's! *Let your personality assert itself in your clothes—don't go in for standardization in style. Be individual!* You'll notice how all the clothes Loretta wears in the pictures illustrating this article express *her.* They're chic, young, smart. And notice, too, all you Miss Moderns, how her dresses achieve that mark of youthful sophistication—they're surprising! For example, the black velvet dinner gown has a very girlish front . . . square neck and wing sleeves . . . and the V-shaped back and molded hip line has the knowingness of a court lady. In her severe black-blue crêpe frock the sleeves are arresting—they give it a piquant touch.

Sleeves, by the way, are a very important item this season. They are as varied as the necklines and they need as careful consideration. Be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline! So many people, in buying a dress, watch *only* the collar.

For afternoon there are the jewelled tulle sleeves coming out from shoulder capes of velvet (excellent if you have thin, narrow shoulders), the long double bell sleeves that are so flattering to the older woman. Sleeves that have a fanciful cut and those with an old-fashioned twist like the modified leg-o'-mutton and the Second Empire puff. Have an eye to these significant features when you buy your new frock!

The woman who intelligently slurs over the bad lines of her figure has taken a long step toward a chic appearance. Out of all the lovely figures no two are alike—each must have individual study. If you're long waisted it's folly to wear the very high waistline of the Empress Josephine type. Your belt usually looks best where the natural curve of your waist is unless your waist dips in too abruptly. Then the solution is to place the belt lower, no matter what fashion decrees. A lady with a tendency toward a fat tummy should never wear a wide belt or in any way emphasize it by trimming at the waistline. No matter what the styles, one can always find lines which suit one's type without resorting to extremes.



$1260 to $3400

A YEAR

PICK YOUR JOB

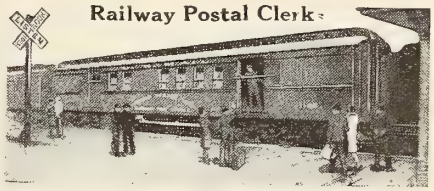
Men—Women
18 to 50

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

$1,900 to $2,700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks get $1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. $79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year $112.50 each pay day.

Railway Postal Clerk



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increase $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary $1,260 to $2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET $1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2,100 to $2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. J317, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

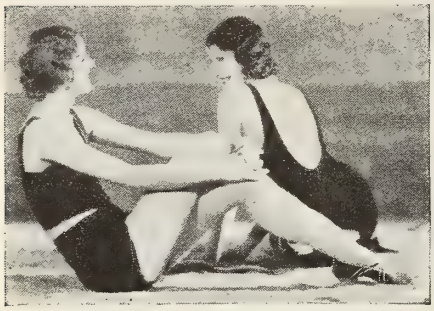
- ☐ **Railway Postal Clerk** ($1,900–$2,700)
- ☐ **Post Office Clerk** ($1,700–$2,300)
- ☐ **City Mail Carrier** ($1,700–$2,100)
- ☐ **Rural Mail Carrier** ($2,100–$3,400)
- ☐ **Government Clerk—File Clerk** ($1,260–$2,500)
- ☐ **Inspectors of Customs** ($2,100–$3,300)
- ☐ **Prohibition Agent** ($2,300–$2,800)

Name_____

Address_____

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

Sensible way to lose
FAT



Woman Loses 15½ pounds in 2 Weeks

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast provides a GUARANTEED safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic.

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS
"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

MOLES and WARTS
REMOVED PERMANENTLY

Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts.
Miller Co., 2447 South St., Lincoln, Nebr.

"HERE'S THE PIN WE WANT"
...Says most EVERYONE...
OUR 36TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL
THIS NEW PIN, SILVER PLATE 35c EA. OR $3.50 DOZ. STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 50c EA. OR $5.00 DOZ. 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY 3 OR 4 LETTERS AND YEAR.
FREE—1932 CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS SCHOOL, CLASS, CLUB, SOCIETY PINS, RINGS, MEDALS, ETC.
BUY FROM THE CLASS PIN PIONEERS
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 82 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.
#5194

Let WYNN Estimate Your Future

Now you can have a mimeographed astrological service by WYNN that will be of future help in finances, matrimony, occupation, travel, dangerous periods, business and other important affairs.

WYNN offers you choice of three future estimates, each based on your Zodiacal Sun sign. The short one, **Three pages for 25c** explains some of the most important planetary vibrations for your sign from now till the end of 1932.

You may want the more detailed estimate of 19 pages for $2, covering the same period; or the five year estimate of 23 pages (till the end of 1936) for $5

FREE With each of these services I am sending FREE the 6,000 word first part of my Reply to Critics of Astrology, as published in my monthly magazine. No strings attached to this offer—you will receive it gratis with the 25c estimate, if that is what you order. Mention your birth date and year when remitting.
WYNN Box 435 Fishkill, N. Y.

About Doug and Mary

(*Continued from page 32*)

to change after their return. It was all redecorated and made very luxurious and beautiful and French and up-to-date, and all sorts of celebrities and exalted European friends came to stay with them. I used to wonder if they would bring shadows.

BUT when I finally left Hollywood Mary and Douglas were still their own simple selves, still sitting beside each other at meals—and still hating to have to go out into society.

I remember once at dinner at a great oil magnate's in Los Angeles I sat next to Douglas who confided to me that he just hated his honey to be so far from him across the table!

I think one of the few times they ever dined in a restaurant in those days was with me at the Ambassador at a party I gave for one of their guests who was a very old friend of mine, Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland—but they did not dance generally. I remember Mary only danced once with her brother.

They lived in a perfect world of their own, interested in each other's work and the rise of the moving picture business in general—each growing more cultivated as their horizons widened. They were indeed worthy of being looked up to as the King and Queen of Hollywood.

I remember one evening we were out on the veranda after dinner (it was a warm summer night) when we perceived two figures moving stealthily up the side-steps. People who do not know Hollywood, and the desperados who lurk round successful stars, cannot imagine how dangerous this might have been.

Douglas signalled to Mary and me to step back, and, quite unarmed, he went forward gaily to meet them, saying "Hello, boys!—can I do anything for you?"

They were so taken aback that whatever their intentions had been, his charm of manner disarmed them and after a little talk he sent them off with some money and a handshake—glad to have met the hero, "Doug."

THERE are a thousand pleasant incidents I could tell you of this ideal life the two married lovers led, and of their sweetness to one another, then. For me they were the model of the world.

Nothing ugly or sordid ever entered their atmosphere. Scandals in Hollywood, of which there were beginning to be plenty, were never discussed. The ideal seemed to be work and beauty and goodness. The repose and distinction of the old world seemed to be expressed in that sweet home, where there were no cocktails, and no jokes about people being "plastered." All the years that I have been in the moving picture colony working for either Paramount or M-G-M, Pickfair, and Mary and Douglas, and their little circle of charming friends, seemed a haven of peace and kindliness for me.

Mary was so proud of Douglas' courage and magnificent dash in producing "The Thief of Bagdad," a truly glorious achievement—and her ambition then was to make one perfect picture in which they could both star. She never wanted anything unshared by Douglas. And he was so deliciously jealous! I remember standing with Mary in her room one evening in the twilight, looking out on the beautiful peaceful view of their garden, and the far away hills. We were both full of sentiment perhaps, and I said how divine it was to have a husband-lover who could still be jealous of nothing, and Mary said, yes, Douglas had always said there never must be one shadow, so that they could go down the long road to old age together in perfect love, hand in hand.

Then Douglas joined us. He slipped his arm round Mary and held her close —And thus I leave them—

That this vision may still be fulfilled is the deep wish and prayer of their old friend,

ELINOR GLYN.

Loretta's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 70*)

onyx and diamond bracelet that my sister, Sally Blane, gave me which is lovely with the dress, and I use white moiré pumps with it.

SPEAKING of black velvet—I saw what I consider the perfect black velvet evening dress yesterday. It was molded to the figure with points that went upward and downward, and a sunburst of brilliants was worked on the right side of the waist and skirt yoke. The skirt swept the floor—you know, in the famous regal manner—and the V-shaped neck was outlined with brilliants. Doesn't it sound nice? But I couldn't afford to buy it right now."

Which is just as well because—shh! —Loretta's sisters and mother are giving it to her for a Christmas present.

"Still speaking of black velvet (oh, how I love it!) I have an afternoon dress (see page 66) that has several old-fashioned complications, like starched lace trimming the round neck and inch-lower-than-the-elbow sleeves, and the buckle of brilliants that is the only startling feature. The skirt is al-

most straight and very long. As you might suspect, the hat that accompanies the dress is an Empress Eugénie model with a romantic white ostrich feather curling on one side and an equally romantic black one curling on the other.

"I think the coats this winter are more interesting than they've been for some time. My dress coat simply haunted me until I bought it (have you ever had clothes that did that?). Blue fox fur fashions the stand-up collar and then sweeps down to accent the elbow length cape sleeves. The coat itself is of black chongella cloth and it has wide revers in front. My hat is a square crowned French felt with black and white quills crossing in back.

AND the sport coats are quite as smart as those for afternoon. I like the swaggy, comfortable air they have. Mine is a brown and white chevron tweed with a shawl collar, diagonal pockets and sleeves that flare below the elbow. (See page 70.) I can wear it with a number of sport frocks—with a brown, white and yellow jersey, a beige wool that has a brown patent leather belt, and with a primitive green wool crêpe.

"There's something about green that appeals to me strongly. One of my new sport outfits is a grass green flannel jersey. *Grass green,* mind you! It's the first vivid shade I've ever worn on the street. The capelet that accompanies it ties in a bow and it's a barunduki fur, to match the belt. The hat is of green soleil. A pheasant feather, blending in color with the barunduki, is the only trimming. Then there's an angora wool sport suit that I trot out in for football games and morning shopping expeditions. It's an eggplant shade. The vest, lining of the collar and the small cuffs are of Roman stripes. It's the kind of suit in which you feel very gay and people tell you how well you are looking—because the color lightens your skin.

"I'm one of those 'half-blondes' in complexion and I find the colors I can't wear are henna, opaline yellow and opaline green. Midnight blue is most impressive. Especially a wise little black-blue crêpe dress with very definite molded lines. Every girl ought to have one. They're indispensable for work. I have one that's quite terribly plain. It's cut on the bias and the skirt has a restrained flare at the bottom. The long sleeves puff just below the elbows and then are tight to the wrist. The V neck has no collar. Very simple, but you'd be surprised how much enjoyment I get out of that frock." (There's a picture of this dress on page 66.)

I CONFESS that when I went to get a hostess gown I thought, 'Here's where I go ultra-feminine.' And I did! In your own home you can pamper your taste for bright colors and finery in a way you wouldn't dare to do outside . . . and that release from conventional styles is a boon to one's spirit! The gown I finally selected is of pink chiffon with a petalled skirt that shades to dark rose. The long sleeves are buttoned at the wrist and have butterfly effects in chiffon trailing from the shoulders and dotted with rose sequins. What could be more absolutely and utterly feminine? I like quantities of lace on my lingerie, too. My favorite negligée and nightdress have inserts and borders of Chantilly lace. The material is ciel blue satin." (See page 69.)

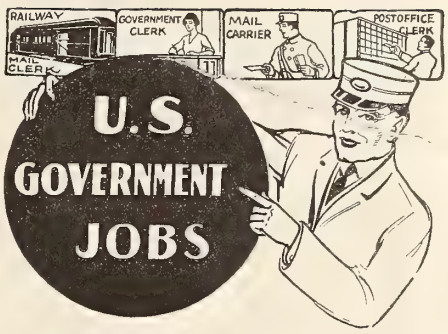
"I think that if a girl, in getting a wardrobe together, chooses *one* outfit for each occasion that looks like *her,* and nobody else, and if she wears it with a graceful assurance, she's bound to have individuality and distinction. The way she wraps her coat—the angle at which she wears her hat—all can be made to express *her.* All she needs is to let her personality assert itself in her clothes instead of trying to look like her companions."

OH, if I could only do a little skywriting with that last sentence of Loretta's! *Let your personality assert itself in your clothes—don't go in for standardization in style. Be individual!* You'll notice how all the clothes Loretta wears in the pictures illustrating this article express *her.* They're chic, young, smart. And notice, too, all you Miss Moderns, how her dresses achieve that mark of youthful sophistication—they're surprising! For example, the black velvet dinner gown has a very girlish front . . . square neck and wing sleeves . . . and the V-shaped back and molded hip line has the knowingness of a court lady. In her severe black-blue crêpe frock the sleeves are arresting—they give it a piquant touch.

Sleeves, by the way, are a very important item this season. They are as varied as the necklines and they need as careful consideration. Be sure your sleeves are as becoming as your neckline! So many people, in buying a dress, watch *only* the collar.

For afternoon there are the jewelled tulle sleeves coming out from shoulder capes of velvet (excellent if you have thin, narrow shoulders), the long double bell sleeves that are so flattering to the older woman. Sleeves that have a fanciful cut and those with an old-fashioned twist like the modified leg-o'-mutton and the Second Empire puff. Have an eye to these significant features when you buy your new frock!

The woman who intelligently slurs over the bad lines of her figure has taken a long step toward a chic appearance. Out of all the lovely figures no two are alike—each must have individual study. If you're long waisted it's folly to wear the very high waistline of the Empress Josephine type. Your belt usually looks best where the natural curve of your waist is unless your waist dips in too abruptly. Then the solution is to place the belt lower, no matter what fashion decrees. A lady with a tendency toward a fat tummy should never wear a wide belt or in any way emphasize it by trimming at the waistline. No matter what the styles, one can always find lines which suit one's type without resorting to extremes.



$1260 to $3400

A YEAR
PICK YOUR JOB

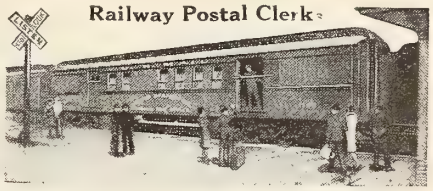
Men—Women
18 to 50

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

$1,900 to $2,700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks get $1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. $79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year $112.50 each pay day.

Railway Postal Clerk



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increase $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary $1,260 to $2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET $1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2,100 to $2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. J317, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

- ☐ **Railway Postal Clerk** ($1,900–$2,700)
- ☐ **Post Office Clerk** ($1,700–$2,300)
- ☐ **City Mail Carrier** ($1,700–$2,100)
- ☐ **Rural Mail Carrier** ($2,100–$3,400)
- ☐ **Government Clerk—File Clerk** ($1,260–$2,500)
- ☐ **Inspectors of Customs** ($2,100–$3,300)
- ☐ **Prohibition Agent** ($2,300–$2,800)

Name_____

Address_____

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

NEW! "INVISIBLE STITCH" Sewing Thread

Black, white and all seasonable colors

2 SPOOLS FOR 5¢

For sewing all dainty fabrics, use the new fine finished

Byssine

—Looks like silk
—Washes better than silk
—Strong as silk
—Won't cut fabric

Introductory Offer now being featured by all popular priced stores

Dexter-Collingbourne, Dept. 4145A, Elgin, Ill.

DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"

10¢

Look for the name—buy it—use it today

Save Kitchen-Time and Work

Near the magazine counter you'll find The Mystic Marvel, an all-copper scouring sponge—quick—safe—rinsable—for cleaning all aluminum and glass kitchenware!

LIKE VELVET ON HANDS!

LIKE MAGIC ON PANS

The MYSTIC MARVEL

Mystic Mit Makers, W. Orange, N.J.

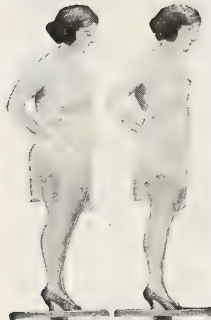
CORNS—SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the *cause*—shoe friction and pressure.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

REMOVE FAT This Sure Way



From any part you wish Reduced. A New and Safe Way. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY

Thin-O-Creme

a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means. THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a creme-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears. THIN-O-CREME sinks deep into the skin and acts as an agent in the removal of fatty matter without any inconvenience.

LIMITED SPECIAL OFFER A large jar of THIN-O-CREME at specially reduced price of only $1.95.

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

THIN-O-CREME CO. 395 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Dept. K-3

Please send postpaid in plain wrapper, large jar of THIN-O-CREME with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

Name.....

Address

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

I'm going home for the week-end at Christmas time, which means I'm going to a small town in Kentucky about a hundred miles from the city where I work. For a special reason I want to look my best during the three days I am there. There will be parties, of course, and probably long hikes in the country.

Won't you please advise me as to what I should take with me? I'm rather quiet, a "serious-minded" kind of girl. I have brown eyes, a dark complexion and brown curly hair. My height is 5 feet 2½ inches and I weigh 110 pounds.

Thank you so much for any help you can give me.

MARJORIE.

DEAR MARJORIE:

Supposing we begin with your traveling suit. Why not make it a brown wool with decidedly pointed lines? Have a small godet in the front of the skirt and let the hip yoke come down to a point also in center front. The jacket should have very wide, notched revers that narrow to a point at the bottom just above the V in the skirt yoke. This will make you look taller. The overblouse might be of sheer wool in a brown, green and gold plaid and have an Ascot scarf of the same material. Your square-crowned felt hat with its slanting small brim, your suede gauntlets, purse and medium-heeled oxfords should all be dark brown. Then I'd carry a tailored topcoat to match your suit—one that has four pockets and amusing gold buttons. You'll be astonished what an outfit like that can do for your attractiveness—especially on long country hikes!

For your party frock I'm going to suggest something a little unusual. Something that will give you a new, mysterious air. It's a dress of black transparent velvet that has long, close-fitting lines and falls softly to the floor. The round neck is draped close to the throat in front and drops to a low V in back, the single ornament being a jeweled clip on the left shoulder. The long sleeves have very deep armholes and are trimmed with enormous cavalier cuffs of white stiffened lace. Be sure to wear an oriental perfume with this rather than a flower scent.

DEAR MISS LANE:

Winter parties call for new dance frocks and I want mine to be particularly lovely. Won't you suggest something for me? I'm 5 feet 8 inches, and a blonde. I weigh 140 pounds. What do you think I'd look well in?

Gratefully yours,

MARCIA.

DEAR MARCIA:

A lovely shade of green crêpe roma would be most becoming to you. You might use patchwork to mold the hips and let the skirt be ankle length with a band of gold embroidered tissue worked in circular fashion about four inches below the knees. A draped cape of the gold tissue would also be a delightful note and have a narrow twisted sash of the same material. Wear gold slippers and green eardrops with this ensemble and be very statuesque and regal.

Self-Made Marian

(*Continued from page 51*)

feel that a great deal of injustice has been done by the publicity given to the story that Marian's start was entirely due to the sacrifice of her sister, who, in pushing Marian forward, herself retreated from the idea of a career. This isn't, they said, true. And the entire family has been upset by the rather melodramatic myth.

Marian's sister is just twenty-two. The impression given of her through the press has been that she is considerably older. But twenty-two she is, and from her mother's and Marian's description, a very beautiful girl. "She has my coloring," Marian explained, "but straighter features. And the most gorgeous figure. She's a little taller than I. And there's something—well, *fine* about her."

THEY are very close, Marian and her sister. When the older girl was working in the studios and whenever she heard that a test was to be taken, her usual remark (after she had ascertained the type wanted) was "I've a cute little sister I'd like you to meet."

"That was perfectly natural, wasn't it? That was what any sister would do," Marian said to me, soberly.

I refrained from expressing my opinion that it was *not* what any sister would do. A whole lot of sisters would keep their "cute little sisters" in the background. But it is what Marian's sister would do, and what Marian would do herself.

Marian's sister was named Jean Morgan by the powers that be in her first screen experience. She didn't like the name, somehow. Neither did her mother.

"It didn't suit her," Mrs. Marsh told me. "And finally we decided on Jean Fenwick. Fenwick is the name of a very old friend of the family; we liked it—it brought back memories, it made a sort of link. So Jean Fenwick she became."

As Jean Fenwick, Marian's sister expects to have her own career, irrespective of Marian or her success. She not only expects it but her family expects it of her; especially Marian. And Marian repeats that the entire story-book

myth built up about her own career beginnings is not fair to her—and certainly not fair to Jean Fenwick. It handicaps them both from the start; and they don't want to be handicapped. There is nothing unsisterly or unloving about this attitude. It is just plain sense. But some people, at a quick glance, might say that it is ungrateful of Marian to repudiate a mythical, much-publicized sisterly "sacrifice." People, Marian has learned even at seventeen, are quick to establish a false premise and to refuse to believe that sisters can be entirely guiltless of jealousy.

The reason for Marian's attitude is clear enough. The Marsh family is a happy one. There are two boys, Edward and George, and the two girls. "All," said Mrs. Marsh, "in this picture business." One of the boys writes and was given a bit in "The Dawn Patrol." They all live together. They share each other's interests, triumphs, and disappointments. They mean a lot to each other. I found Marian just as anxious to talk about Jean and the boys as she was to talk about herself.

THEIR background is interesting and romantic. Mrs. Marsh's father came out from England and settled in Trinidad, and Mrs. Marsh was born there. Her own husband, the father of these four remarkable young people, was sent out to Trinidad from England, and there married her. The sugar industry claimed him and there, in Trinidad, the four children were born. I have spent some time in the semi-tropics and in the sugar countries myself, so I can easily imagine the life which they led. Blazing skies and suns, and moons as big as dinner plates, and stars so near you think you can reach up and touch them. Blue water and palm trees. Dark faces and bright flowers. The hot afternoon when one takes one's siesta. The cool, lovely dawns. The fields of sugar cane, exquisitely green, swaying in the wind from the water. . . .

The four children were close together in age. "I was glad of that," said Mrs. Marsh. "So was their father. It was nice for them to grow up without many years between them. I had lots of help, of course. You know how it is in the tropics—darkies all over the place. But I supervised. You have to. There was only one I could really trust with the children."

She added that her married life was singularly happy. It terminated, after twenty-five years, in the death of her husband two years ago.

During the war Marian's father was in the States. It was impossible for Mrs. Marsh to join him; travelling with four small children was a perilous thing. She pulled all the wires possible—her brother was Collector of the Ports—and even interviewed the Governor. But on their advice she was forced to stay in Trinidad and join her husband when the war was over. They lived in Boston and in Springfield a while and then came to California where Marian's father had always wanted to settle.

"Did he approve of a motion picture

Not just one, but three, soft, warm blankets in beautiful pastel shades—all three for only $3.98. Others ask *double* this price. Only 50 cents Down, 50 cents a month. *Introductory offer to get acquainted.* Order on approval. Postage prepaid! **Greatest Value** in our 38 years! Nothing prettier than these fashionable blankets in solid colors. Extra warm; extra long wearing. Woven of soft cotton and wool yarns—firm, downy, colorful. Lovely four-inch binding of lustrous, good-quality sateen protects the ends of blankets from wear. **Important!** These wool mixed, single blankets are large size—70 x 80 in. Weight 2¼ pounds each. *Your choice of four colors,* Blue, Rose, Green, or Lavender. (Please specify color or colors desired.) **Order No. K A 1475, Price $3.98 for all 3 Blankets. Terms: 50c Down, 50c Monthly.**

Dept. M-102, **Spear & Co.** Pittsburgh Pa.

© 1931 Spear & Co. *Home Furnishers to the People of America for 38 Years*

SPEAR & CO., Dept. M-102, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Send me No. K A 1475, 3 Wool Mixed Blankets. Price $3.98 for all 3. Postage prepaid. I enclose 50c down payment.

Name_____
Box or St. and No. _____
City_____ State_____
State color or colors desired_____

No orders for these blankets accepted from West of the Mississippi River

It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play

—how had she found time to practice?

"WELL, Jim, I told you I had a surprise for you!"

Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before.

"When did you find time to practice?" I asked. "Who is your teacher?"

"I have no teacher," she explained. "That is, no private teacher. I learned to play the piano an entirely new simplified way. You see, some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told how over 600,000 people had learned to play their favorite musical instrument during their spare time without a teacher. And so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," I said.

"You know I've always wanted to play," she answered "And I thought I'd surprise you."

"Well, you've certainly succeeded," I had to admit. "And to think that only a short time ago you couldn't play a note! What a surprise it will be to all your friends!"

* * *

This story is typical You too, can learn to play your favorite musical instrument through the U. S. School of Music—*at the average cost of a few pennies a day!* You simply can't go wrong. First you are told what to do, then by illustration you are shown how, and when you play—you hear it. Thus you actually teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right in your own home.

Learn to Play By Note

Piano, Violin, Guitar, Saxophone, Organ, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion *or any other instrument*

Book and Demonstration Lesson FREE

Let us send you our free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," which fully explains this remarkable method. Also our Free Demonstration Lesson. Mail coupon today. Instruments supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 14412 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
14412 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation

Name_____
Address_____
Instrument_____ Have you Instrument?_____

And now the perfect HOT WATER HEATER

Snap **WATER-MATIC** on cold water faucet, plug into electric socket, *zip—Running* HOT *Water!* $3.95 pays everything—nothing else to buy. Works instantly AC or DC; portable; fits any faucet; *½ gallon Hot Water a minute!* Shock-proof porcelain; SAFE. GUARANTEED against breakage. Mail $3.95 TODAY (outside U.S. $1 extra)—for WATER-MATIC with Insulated Cord & Belden Plug, PREPAID, ready for use.

$3.95 COMPLETE

WATER-MATIC HEATER CORP.
1140 B'way Dept. 1126
New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED
Make $30 to $40 daily. Send this ad and $2.75 (agent's price) for one complete $3.95 WATER-MATIC and Sales Outfit.

Now You Can Have A New Skin In 3 Days' Time!
Visible Ugly Blemishes Disappear!

GET THIS FREE

—And learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called
"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"
which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 398C, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

LEG TROUBLES VANISH!

Don't suffer any longer. The LIEPE METHOD relieves and permanently benefits Varicose Ulcers, Enlarged and Swollen Veins, Eczema, etc., while you walk. A special prescription for each case. 40 years of success! Praised and endorsed by thousands. **FREE!** New booklet "HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY HEAL LEG DISEASES AT HOME" sent FREE. Just send name and address. Write today.

LIEPE METHODS INSTITUTE
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. N-41
Milwaukee, Wis.

DEVELOP YOUR FIGURE

Possess Those Charming Curves Style Demands Today

No medicine or special equipment necessary. Developine is a product of modern science. It has satisfied and brought pleasure to thousands of women — This new home treatment has helped thousands to develop arms, neck, bust, legs, or any other part of the body without any inconvenience or discomfort quickly and absolutely harmlessly.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
LIMITED OFFER

Send no money unless you wish but mail coupon promptly.

Virginia Pierce, Dept. D
116 W. 14th St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your regular $3 size (large jar) of Developine and FREE—complete instruction how I can develop my figure quickly and without any equipment—I will pay postmaster $1.65 plus a few cents postage.

Name_____

Address_____

career for the children?" I wanted to know. She gave me an alert, bright look.

"Of course he did," she said. "It was what he wanted for them."

THERE was a question that I had been wanting to ask Marian, but I feared that it might sound prying. I decided to ask it anyway.

"What about romance?" I wondered if, at seventeen, romance had brushed her with its bright, unstable wing. Marian looked at me gravely.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Mrs. Marsh said nothing. She was determined not to interfere with Marian and her interviews. Determined, I felt, not to interfere in anything, trusting to her youngster's level head.

"Don't you want romance?" I asked Marian, persisting hardily.

"Well, yes," she admitted. "So far, though, it's all been one-sided."

That was rather cryptic. On her side? That was hard to believe! On the side of someone else—a lot of someone elses? That was easier to imagine.

"At your age," I told her, "a serious romance is hardly advisable."

The wide, mysteriously hued eyes twinkled at me a little. Then she was grave.

"I don't want anything—serious. Not yet," she said. "You see, my father and mother were very happy. I think of them. I meet someone and I think . . . why, you're not as attractive as my Dad, not as cultured, not as brilliant. My father," said Marian, very sweetly and sincerely, "was a remarkable man."

Lucky Marian—with standards at seventeen!

She explained further. She couldn't, she said, interest herself in a man with whom she could talk on her own level. "I like them," she announced quaintly, "to use words I can't use, and to talk a bit over my head. I don't like them to meet me on my own ground. I—I couldn't be excited over a man unless he was *superior.*"

The talk turned on Marian's astounding success, on that excellent picture, "Five Star Final," on the great picture, "Svengali," with John Barrymore. I confessed that Trilby had always been one of my favorite heroines; I always saw her, however, in the terms of the DuMaurier drawings. Marian isn't as tall as DuMaurier's Trilby. But she has the wide eyes, and the sweetly modelled face, and doubtless the lovely feet although I did not ask her to take off her shoes and stockings and prove it to me, then and there.

WE spoke of jealousy, competitive jealousy. Marian had encountered it. It was a little hard to understand, but she was learning. She thought it stupid. "If you are jealous of someone in your own profession," she asked, "isn't it because you aren't very sure of your own ability?"

That was not vanity. That was logic. She likes her work. She likes the pictures she has played in. She is enthusiastic. She is also determined. She knows where she wants to go and she is on her way. And she had help and guidance at home. Not the usual sloppy sort of stuff which is given publicity and ballyhoo, but the real thing. I think I know the real thing when I see it.

"How come," I asked her, "that you haven't broken away from home and established yourself in your own apartment, as so many girls do, now that you are successful?"

She shook her head.

"Why should I? We're happy. We have a grand time."

I looked at her with envy. Not of her beauty, not of her success, though, heaven knows, they are enviable enough. But of the unseen things and influences which have gone into her make-up, which have created her as she now is. . . .

Look at Marian with me. She has everything it takes. She also has standards, ideals if you wish to call them that. She is not likely to lose her head over every charming young man who comes her way. She has, in addition, one of the rarest of qualities in any walk of life; and that is common sense. Possibly it is not the duty of an interviewer to point out common sense. Common sense holds little glamor. But it will stand its possessor in good stead when glamor has fled.

She doesn't believe in too much sweetness and light. She doesn't believe in babbling courteously all over the place. I remarked that at the start of one's career one had to conform to certain expected rules.

"Yes," said Marian, "I know that. But when you get where you *don't* have to and therefore don't—then they say you have gone high-hat."

There was nothing for me to add to that, for, of course, she was perfectly right.

She's had rather a long spell in her brief career of being "nice" to people and of saying "pretty please." And she is quite sensibly aware that when the time comes for her to insist upon a little occasional privacy and dignity she will be accused of wearing the stove pipe or of being temperamental.

IT is not easy for Seventeen to find itself ascending the cinema heavens, twinkling with a new lustre, becoming, eventually, one of the fixed planets. Too many find themselves subsequently falling, glaring briefly down the dark skies, disappearing. But here, in Marian Marsh, I firmly believe, is the stuff of which very sturdy stars are made. For she has more than the usual accepted equipment of youth, beauty and ability. She has the adventurous blood of pioneers in her veins, of men and women who faced new lives and strange countries with high hearts and without fear; she has had before her, all her life, the example of two people devoted to each other and to their children; she has the wise guidance which is a tie and not a manacle; she has grown up surrounded with healthy and happy affection. And she has within herself, by heritage, and built into that unique thing called personality, the fine, clear-sighted qualities which should take her far—and keep her there. With this heritage she has been enabled to forge her own success without the aid of any

maudlin "sacrifice" from a pretty older sister—a sister whose rightful job lies in looking out for her own career.

AS I was leaving they spoke to me again of Jean.

"She was to have come with us on this trip," Mrs. Marsh said wistfully. "And we would have had such a good time. But she hadn't been very well, and the doctor advised against the change in climate. Nothing serious—just a threatened sinus trouble. But I told her she couldn't afford to take any chances."

I said that Jean Fenwick was a pretty name.

"All the children have artificial names," Mrs. Marsh told me, mentioning her very own name. "It had to be, of course."

"I wish," said Marian, as she gave me a very firm little hand in farewell, "that we could all have the same name."

I like the implications in that statement.

I like her.

Dynamic Woman

(*Continued from page 80*)

of the red crosses on the roof. Nathalie, pull in your head! Hide!" But Nathalie, cool-headed enough to realize that no seat could fend off an aerial bomb, preferred to stand at the window watching the little black things whiz down. She was equally cool as the train arrived behind the front and stopped to load the wounded, when she stood with shells exploding near her and calmly watched a magnificent charge of mounted Hussars, silhouetted against a scarlet sunset. But her coolness broke when her first wounded soldier died under her hands. After the first one she became hardened to it. Men died in scores and hundreds around her in the next four years. Once two hospital trains set out together. Nathalie rode on the first section. The second section was cut off by the Germans and everyone in it killed, including doctors and nurses.

THE hospital trains, in which no nurse slept for five days and nights, were good training for the shipyards, where Nathalie worked next. She became a draftsman, and later supervised the testing of the turbines for battleships and the cutting-down of Diesel engines for submarines. At this time she became enthusiastic about the second Battalion of Death, just organized. Her parents forbade her to enlist. Nathalie ran away and enlisted. Six weeks later, when she had had her hair cut off with the other new recruits, she defended the palace of Peter and Paul, as mentioned above. She was the first

New Soles in 3 Minutes for 9¢

Amazing Discovery OFFERS AGENTS CHANCE TO MAKE $2 an hour

HERE'S an absolutely new, sensational discovery that's a big money-maker. It offers an amazing chance for big, quick, steady profits. Many making $2 an hour in spare time—$12 to $15 a day full time—helping me fill the demand for SHU-SOLE and my 101 other fast-selling specialties. SHU-SOLE is a marvelous new preparation that puts new soles on old shoes *in 3 minutes—at a cost of only 9c.* No tools needed. Just spread SHU-SOLE over old, worn-out soles with a knife. Fills up all holes, cuts and cracks—dries over night—and then *wears like new leather.* Makes men's, women's and children's shoes last as long as the uppers hold out. Ends costly repair bills. A sensation everywhere.

$39.63 in 7½ Hours

If you're looking for quick profits, fill out and mail the coupon. Give me a chance to prove that you can pocket hundreds of dollars in clear cash. Let me tell you how Lennon, of N. Y., made $39.63 in 7½ hours. Korenblit cleared $110 in a week. Mrs. Jewel Hackett, $33 in first 7 hours' spare time. And there's Frederickson, of Minn., who cleared $20 in four hours. Think of the tremendous possibilities. This is a big opportunity for honest, ambitious people. I need about 500 more men and women *at once.* Help me introduce SHU-SOLE in your locality while it's new and before imitations are put on sale in stores.

SEND NO MONEY

JUST MAIL COUPON ——→

You positively don't need a bit of experience. I don't want you to put up a penny of capital. Under my Profit-Sharing Plan I furnish everything you need and start you off. It's a chance to pocket real money in full time or spare time—right from the start. Don't miss this chance. Get in now and get the cream of the quick profits. Let me send you the facts. Read the proof. Mail coupon *now*—before somebody else in your territory gets a head of you.

Albert Mills, Pres., Zanol Products Co.,
7986 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

ALBERT MILLS, Pres., Zanol Products Co.,
7986 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me, without cost or obligation, detail of your new proposition that offers a chance to clear $12 to $15 a day in full time or spare time.

Name.....

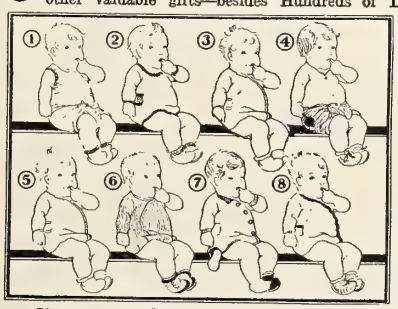
Address.....

.....

© A. P. Co. (Print or Write Plainly)

Win a Buick Sedan or $2,900.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model 8 cylinder Buick Sedan or its full value in cash ($2,000.00). In addition to the Buick Sedan we are also giving away six Ford Sedans, an Eastman Home Moving Picture Outfit, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, Gold Watches, Silverware and many other valuable gifts—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away more than $200,000.00 in cash and valuable merchandise to advertise our business. Miss Jewel Casey received $3,720.00; Miss Anna Linke received $2,320.00; Mrs. Robert Ellington received $1,750.00; and Mr. E. N. Garrett received $2,320.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.



Find the Twins

Qualify for This Opportunity

There are eight babies in the picture to the left. Each one is numbered. Two and only two are alike. These two are the twins. See if you can find them. The rest are different either in their clothes or in their eyes. When you find the twins, write their numbers on a sheet of paper together with your name and address written plainly and send it to me right away.

$900.00 Extra for Promptness

If you act quickly and win the Buick Sedan I will give you $900.00 in cash just for being prompt—making a total of $2,900.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of $7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying, and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle, and send me your answer just as soon as possible to qualify for an opportunity to share in the $7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

ROBERT HARRISON, Mgr. **Dept. X-641** **315 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.**

Smart Women Pay Their Bills This Modern Way

Here's a pleasant way to get started in a new kind of fascinating work that brings friends, popularity and money. Now the demand for hand-decorated Giftwares is so big that this big art institution wants women everywhere to do the decorating at home at a big profit per piece. No experience needed. Secret "3-step" method makes it easy for you to start at once. No studying or memorizing. We furnish everything so you can make money right away. Big complete Artist's Outfit and assortment of Art Objects included free of extra cost so you can *earn while you learn.*

NO CANVASSING. You don't even have to leave the house. We furnish new "Automatic Salesman" designed to *sell for you.* Mrs. Broughel made $325 in two weeks. Mrs. Schobert made $200 right before Xmas. Many show $50 to $75 in a single week. Big Free Book explains everything. Just mail the coupon. Send no money.

FRESIDE INDUSTRIES,
Dept. 147-W. Adrian, Mich.

Tell me how to do decorating at a big profit per piece. Send Big Free Book without charge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Bring Back That Youthful Chin Line

Two profiles of the same girl are shown above—one before and one after using the *Corinthian Combination Treatment*. See what a difference the youthful chin line makes.

Amazing results are secured quickly with the *Corinthian Combination* of both medicinal and physical effort. This treatment lifts the drooping chin line by shrinking relaxed muscles and reducing flesh cells.

Apply the *Corinthian Astringent Lotion* at night before retiring. Then put on the net-like head piece with chin strap to hold up muscles and flesh while the astringent lotion aids the shrinking—all during your sleep.

Simple, scientific and certain, the *Corinthian Combination* quickly brings back the fascination of that youthful chin line of girlhood. The complete $5.50 combination is now only $3.50. Simply mail check or money order or send $1.00 bill and pay balance on delivery. Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

THE HEALTH APPLIANCE CO.
657-M Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

U.S. GOV'T. JOBS

for MEN & WOMEN 18 to 50

Salary Range—$1260-$3000 Send for FREE LIST

Those wanting permanent government positions as Railway Mail Clerks, City or Rural Carriers, Post Office or General Clerk, Customs or Immigrant Inspector, Meat Inspector, Stenographer, or in any other branch of the Service, write at once to **Instruction Bureau, 650, St. Louis, Mo.,** for list of positions, salaries, how to qualify, location, etc.

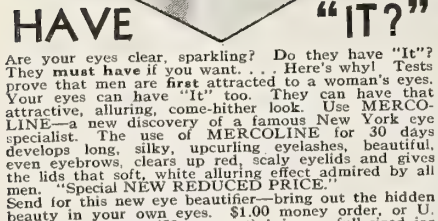
AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE your NOSE

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for *FREE BOOKLET*.

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, N-97 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

DO YOUR EYES



HAVE "IT?"

Are your eyes clear, sparkling? Do they have "It"? They **must have** if you want. . . . Here's why! Tests prove that men are **first** attracted to a woman's eyes. Your eyes can have "It" too. They can have that attractive, alluring, come-hither look. Use MERCOLINE—a new discovery of a famous New York eye specialist. The use of MERCOLINE for 30 days develops long, silky, upcurling eyelashes, beautiful, even eyebrows, clears up red, scaly eyelids and gives the lids that soft, white alluring effect admired by all men. "Special NEW REDUCED PRICE."

Send for this new eye beautifier—bring out the hidden beauty in your own eyes. $1.00 money order, or U. S. postage stamps (50 two-cent) brings a full sized jar postpaid. Or order C.O.D. and pay postman $1.25, and remember—money back if not satisfied after 30 day's use

THE MERCOLINE CO., Dept. M3
Box 120 N. 310 W. 68th St., New York, N. Y.

soldier of the Battalion to marry. In a full military ceremony, with the 1914 War Medal for bravery, the Gold Medal of St. Anne for nursing, the Gold Medal of St. George for bravery, and the Order of the British Empire for special services to His Majesty's forces all glittering on the breast of her tunic, she became the bride of young Lieutenant-Commander George Bucknall of the British Navy. For a whole year she and her husband never slept two nights under the same roof. The war was over, but the Revolution was on. Life was a matter of finding hotels whose managers were friendly and would wake them at night when a raid was on, lest they be shot in bed. The Reds hated the Allies, and at length mustered courage enough to vent their grudge upon those Allied officers whose duty still kept them in Petrograd. One night when Nathalie was with some friends at the British Embassy, the mob broke in. Captain Cromie of the Royal Navy fell dead across her feet. Nathalie was marched to prison with two revolvers digging into her back. Why they were not fired, she doesn't know. The Reds had already imprisoned her father, Ivan de Fedenko, merely because he was Councillor of State and a nobleman, and Nathalie had just received news of his death. She expected no better fate for her husband and herself. Every day Allied officers were being loaded into barges and "taken for a ride"—for the boats had bottoms released by levers, and the rides were nothing less than wholesale drownings. Together with the officers—five men to a one-man dungeon—Nathalie was starved and tortured for days. Released, in the hope that she would lead the way to her hidden supply of money, she disguised herself as a nurse and became the sole go-between between the prisoners and English Secret Service Headquarters at London. Had the letters which she carried daily to and from the prison ever been found on her it would have meant instant death. She took the risk not once but hundreds of times.

At length her husband was released, and they hurried to England, where Nathalie's speeches on the Russian situation elected Oliver Locker-Lampson to Parliament. English soldiers were dying by the score in hospitals in the south of Russia, unable even to ask for water in the foreign tongue. Though the war was done, help was needed. Nathalie rushed to Malta on the first liner permitted to sail after the Armistice; at Malta an English destroyer was placed at her service and took her to Constantinople, and from there a military transport carried her to Novorissisk.

Arriving in South Russia, Nathalie found the hospital for the entire active British army there to be an old schoolhouse. There were a hundred beds, full of writhing, groaning men. Spotted typhus was rampant. But there was no surgery, no nurses, no operating-room. There was one doctor, half dead from overwork. Nathalie pitched in and organized the whole thing. A thousand ex-soldiers alive today owe their lives to her. For a "vacation" she sometimes went down to the front herself, the front being the scenes of revolutionary fighting, and collected wounded and brought them back by the train-load. On these trips, the railroad guards would say: "Please leave by the rear door, Madame. There is something unpleasant at this end of the station." The unpleasantness was bodies of men hanging from lamp-posts, where the revolutionaries had strung them up. Every trip, there were more dangling bodies.

At length it was all over. Nathalie returned to England with her husband, whom she had hardly seen for months. She could not settle down, could not rest. The war, and all she had seen, were still surging through her. On the spur of a moment, she jumped up from a chair and said, "I'm going to America."

"Why?" friends asked her, astounded.

"To write a book about it." It never occurred to her that the experiences she already had had were exciting, and enough for ten books. Always impulsive, a few days later she was in New York. She visited friends. They spoke of Hollywood. Hollywood? What was Hollywood? She must see it. That was all there was to that. A few days, again, and she was in Hollywood.

ONCE there she decided to find what the inside of a movie studio was like. She found a minor job as reader on the M-G-M lot. In three weeks she was transferred to the research department: in three months she was its head. Having travelled literally in every country of Europe since she was a baby, she knows so much the studio dare not lose her. Her department is admittedly the best in Hollywood. A prop man rushes into her office and asks: "What kind of cups do they use for a five o'clock tea in Rome?" and Nathalie rarely needs to glance into a book for the answer, although the studio sent her to Europe last summer to gather a research library. She went there again this summer to take movies of places she thinks might merit duplication in pictures. Incidentally, she is the first woman in the United States to be an accredited sound engineer. But this is only a side line. Nathalie wants most of all to be a director . . . One can only sigh in amazement, and say: "Well, if she wants to, she'll be one!"

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE, MODERN SCREEN ADDS ANOTHER WORLD-FAMOUS WRITER TO ITS LIST OF AUTHORS

The story this author has written is called

"Hollywood Dogs."

YES, ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE IS THE AUTHOR OF IT

Win . . . $3,700.00

or Buick 8 Sedan *and* $2,500.00 Cash

Can You Find 5 Faces?

Sensational money-making opportunity for everybody. You may win this handsome latest model Buick 8 Sport Sedan—delivered to your door by your nearest dealer—and $2,500 or $3,700 if you prefer all cash. This offer is made by a prominent business house for advertising purposes. Someone is going to win $3,700—why not you?

I want to send you this prize. Act quick! Send your answer today and qualify to win.

The artist has hidden faces in the clouds, and, in odd places about the girl in the moon. Some faces are upside down, others look sideways, some look straight at you. If you can pick five or more faces, mark them. Clip the picture and send to me together with your name and address in coupon. Sharp eyes will find them. Can you?

Easy to Win 103 Cash Prizes
Total Cash Prizes $12,960.00

We will give away $12,960 in cash. You are sure to profit if you take an active part. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be given. You get $3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win $2,200 and the winner of the grand third prize may win $1,700. Also four other prizes of $500.00 each and many others. All told $12,960 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

Send No Money

Don't delay! Send your answer at once. Make sure to qualify for the $1,000.00 extra given for promptness if you win the Buick Sedan—a total of $3,700 if you desire all cash. Tear out the coupon and fill in your name and address now before you forget, or write me a letter.

$1,000.00 Extra Prize for Promptness

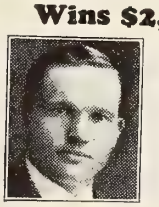
The main thing is—send in your solution today. You can share in this advertising cash distribution. Hurry! and take no chance of losing the extra reward of $1,000.00 for promptness if you win first prize. Act now! You don't need to send a penny of your money to win! Just find five faces in the picture above and mail with coupon at once for particulars.

ROGER SCOTT, Mgr. 427 W. Randolph St., Dept. 888, Chicago, Ill.

Indiana Farmer Wins $3,500

C. H. Essig, a farmer, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your $3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it! Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."

Wins $2,560.00



I wish to acknowledge receipt of your prize check and thank you many thousands of times forit. The people who have been buying your products through me all claim the Helen Dawn products are the best that money can buy and they are all very well satisfied and ready to buy all the time. I have a family and I am going to buy a farm and be my own boss from now on.

M. D. Reidman,
Eveleth, Minn.

South Carolina Minister Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of South Carolina, won a cash prize recently.

Mrs. Kate Needham, of Oregon, won $4,705.00. Miss Serene Burbach, of Wisc., won $1,125.00.

Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls have been rewarded in our past advertising campaign.

ROGER SCOTT, Mgr., 427 W. Randolph St., Dept. 888, Chicago, Ill.

I have found five faces in the $3,700.00 prize picture and am anxious to win a prize. Please advise me how I stand.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

You'll like the convenience and economy of

KAPAK *Sanitary Napkins*

You can buy Kapak Sanitary Napkins at any S. S. Kresge store in your neighborhood in quantities of twelve, six, eight or three. There is a package for every requirement.

Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the most modern sanitary conditions, of finest materials. Deodorant, high absorbent. Easily disposable, with close-fitting oval shaped ends. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are the most convenient and economical sanitary protection you can buy.

Package of 1 doz. Kapak Sanitary Napkins, 20c
Package of 6 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 10c
Package of 8 Junior size Kapak Sanitary Napkins 10c
Package of 3 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 5c

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

$$ SONG WRITING $$

Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

WILL SOCIETY

ever let a girl live down her youthful folly? Read the powerful answer to this question in WANTON in

January MODERN ROMANCES

Broken Hearts of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 53*)

Her hands were cupped under her chin as she stared moodily out over the dancing crowd. Her chair was properly in its place. No longer does Lupe cry out with joy at the sight of an old friend. Something has come over the spirit of the little Mexican bonfire . . . and if it isn't caused from a sore heart then I'm just an old sentimentalist.

And they say Gary isn't so happy either. In spite of the glamorous Tallulah. In spite of the newspaper gossip writers who have coupled their names. If "Garree" is very forgetful, then why did he call Lupe long distance from New York? And why do you suppose Lupe cried for an hour after—as they say she did? Lupe has a new romance. And there is Tallulah for Gary.

Gloria Swanson is a great star. So is Constance Bennett. Gloria is a queen of attractive women. And so is Connie. And believe you me, one Queen does not lower her heart-flag to another even when the Queen's Marquis is at stake.

IF Gloria really didn't care about Connie and Hank, wonder why she held her head so high, and laughed so unnaturally as she danced past their table at that first Mayfair party last year? Because she didn't care? Maybe. But here's a funny thing about that not-caring business. It's always seemed to me that when one really doesn't care—one never goes to any particular pains to show it. Gloria was never again seen in public with her escort of that evening. And yet she gazed dreamily into his eyes, and laughed romantically at his *bon mots,* and waltzed in his arms as though he were the only man in the room. That is—until Connie and the Marquis departed. Gloria seemed to grow tired after that.

Loretta Young announced to the press that she was no longer in love with Grant Withers. Soon afterwards she filed divorce proceedings to free her of that tie. And if you want to look at it cynically, Grant started calling on Betty Compson very shortly after he returned to Hollywood. It was a darn good "I-don't-care" gesture—until Betty accidentally spilled the beans about it.

"Poor Grant," Betty said. "He's still pitifully in love with Loretta. He used to come to my house and talk of her for hours. When we went dancing he would look hopefully about to see if Loretta might not be present. When she was there, Grant would perk up and pretend to be vitally interested in me. After she left, he would just sit there and talk about what a swell girl she was."

They say one man died because he believed Greta Garbo no longer loved him. They say another married another woman just by way of showing Greta that life could go on without her. Still another, this Swedish boy, Sorensen, left the country because he could not stand to be so near—and yet so far, from the woman who is the idol of the motion picture world.

This is what Sorensen is supposed to have told a friend: "I used to wait in my rooms for Greta to call me. Night after night I would wait. When, and if, she did call—I was the happiest man in the world. When she did not I felt that life was not worth living. I could not stay in Hollywood with Greta—and yet so far away from her—without going crazy." Instead, Sorensen went back to Sweden to forget.

DOROTHY LEE makes no secret of the fact that she married one man to try to forget a big heart-break over another. But then heartaches are funny things . . . which is just what we have been attempting to prove all along. They cause people to do even stranger things.

"I went back to see Fred Waring before I married this other man," Dorothy told me. "I wanted to find out if things between us could not be patched up. But Fred seemed so indifferent, so cold. I later learned that he felt that way because he believed that if I could allow my interest in another man to come to the point of an engagement I must really be in love with him. It was a terrible misunderstanding on both our parts. When I thought Fred had forgotten me I rushed back to Hollywood broken-hearted, and into my marriage just to show him—oh, something—I don't exactly know myself. I'm terribly sorry if anybody got hurt in the shuffle. But I never pretended. I never lied. After all, we can't control love." In the meantime there is a heck of a nice young fellow I know trying mighty hard—and none too successfully—to forget the laughter of that funny little girl from RKO who "couldn't help it."

Nancy Carroll became the bride of Bolton Mallory very shortly after her divorce from Jack Kirkland, and now we hear that Jack is "going places" with a pretty little New York show girl. Yet somehow we can't forget the way Jack used to look at Nancy when he called for her at the Paramount studio, or the great pride he took in her work. He tried, even after he must have realized that something important had gone out of their marriage, to make a go of it. At the time of the divorce he grinned for newspaper reporters and said he wished Nancy the best of luck and happiness. I wonder if Jack Kirkland has really forgotten, even in his new friendship with the little show girl. I'd make a bet—my way.

NOW that it is all off between Billie Dove and Howard Hughes you wouldn't think that either of them cared very much—if you judged by the gossip columns. Hughes is seeing a great deal of Dorothy Jordan, Frances Dee and Lillian Bond. Billie, they say, has a new interest in Roland MacKenzie. Somebody started a little story, though, a little story to the effect that Billie felt so badly about Hughes' interest in Lillian Bond that she could not come

to the studio for several days. Lillian Bond is pretty, yes. And charming. But Billie Dove is beautiful—acknowledged to be one of the real beauties of the world. Billie, too may have wondered, as hundreds of plainer and less famous girls have wondered in similar circumstances, "just what he sees in her." Just an impertinent guess on our part, of course. Billie isn't showing anything like that to the world. She's finding new interests herself — and the reasons are quite her own.

Grace Tibbett . . . she doesn't smile like that because she is glad to be free of the trials of being the wife of a popular idol like Lawrence. That smile is because Grace is going "to see it through" without reproach. She is a wonderful woman, generous and open-hearted and giving—and she isn't the kind to give to a man who has been the inspiration of her life all these years, the gift of freedom with strings attached to it. "No other woman—no other interest — just the old fame racket," she smiles. "It doesn't mix in the home. I hope Larry will always be very happy." Grace Tibbett doesn't have to try to be a "good scout" to Hollywood. She *is*.

You read plenty, too, of how Ina Claire has not come back to Hollywood "to mope about that John Gilbert affair." Ina has many new admirers, among them, Robert Ames and Joel McCrea. Yet a woman who happened to be at Ina's house the day before she went into court to get her divorce from Jack Gilbert, said: "She had the strangest look when she talked about him, and the more she talked the stranger she looked. She grew almost hysterical before I left. She kept insisting she no longer cared a row of beans about him, as the old saying goes, and maybe she meant it. Maybe those tears in her eyes were merely from anger. But there's another old saying that you can only hate people you really love."

Yes, the broken hearts of Hollywood inspire people to strange conduct.

New romances.

Front page gossip items with new dancing partners.

Even marriages to other people.

But when you stop to think about it, Hollywood doesn't hide a broken heart much differently than the rest of the world, do you think? And Hollywood has plenty of broken hearts to hide.

I'm Proud to be a Mother

(*Continued from page 85*)

friends to her "like hoops of steel."

You feel she is happy and you would know she is if you could visit her beautiful Beverly Hills home some fine early morning and watch little Jane tiptoe from her Mother Goose nursery into her mother's room for the daily romp.

You would feel it more, perhaps, if you could visit the Harding estate these warm sunny California afternoons and watch Ann and her husband, Harry Bannister, swimming together in the big pool laid down in the garden of their new home. For while they swim, right next in a little wading pool, built especially for Jane, the little girl wades happily and sails boats until it is time for her daddy to take her into the big pool for her swimming lesson. Although Jane has not yet celebrated her third birthday, she is developing into a real little swimmer with no fear of the water.

The way Jane's father is teaching her to swim is the way both her parents are trying to teach her about life. To train her to understand and compete with living so that she will be prepared for whatever comes, and never have that dark formless fear of the unknown wrap itself around her young shoulders.

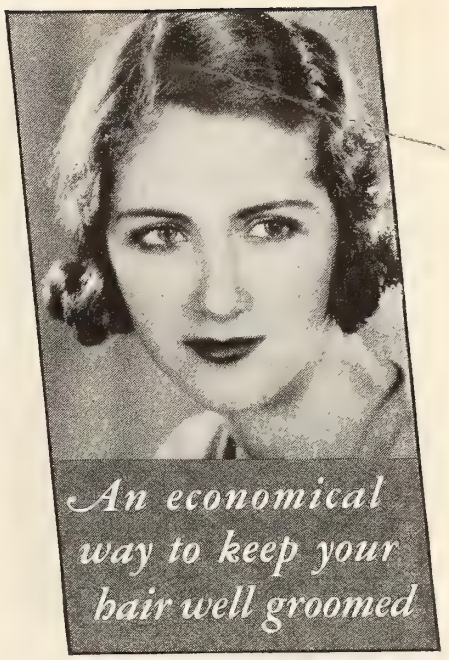
EVER since Miss Harding was a child she has wanted a child of her own. The desire first started, perhaps, because the relationship with her own father was so perfect. He was an army officer—handsome and proud. He used to ride up to the front porch of their army post home on his beautiful black horse. There he would swoop down gently and lift the curly-headed little Ann up to the pommel in front of him. And they would dash away on all sorts of adventurous journeys through the pleasant countryside.

Ann thought she could never be happier. And one day when she was about eight, she told her father so. He looked at her a little sadly and then he said: "Yes, but you will love somebody some day as much—and more—than me."

If a child's relationship to her parents has been right, scientists tell us, she will nearly always hope for children of her own. If you hear a girl say: "I don't want children," it's kinder not to criticize her and think she is an abnormal, unwomanly individual. Except in rare cases, there is always some good reason for such a statement. Usually it comes from a girl who has been the oldest of a big poverty-stricken family—a girl who has had to suffer too early under responsibilities too great. Or it may be that one of her parents died, the other remarried, and she was called upon to rear a whole brood of step-brothers and sisters.

Every normal woman wants children. But sometimes the tragedy of it is they are so emotionally purblind, they don't know *what* it is they want!

If you look around on the crowded streets some evening when the shops, offices and factories are letting out,



Any hairdresser will tell you that you can prolong the life of your wave by protecting it with a snug fitting and fine quality hair net. That is why thousands of women are buying Sensation Hair Nets. They are made of real human hair, fully sterilized. Because of their cap shape, they fit snugly. The double mesh makes them very durable. And Sensation Hair Nets come in all natural shades.

Buy a dozen Sensation Hair Nets today. Keep your hair immaculately groomed.

6 for 25c, Sold exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

Astrology

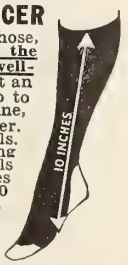
What do the Stars Predict for 1932?

How will your personal affairs turn out? Would you like to know? Our special 12-page Astrological Reading gives predictions, month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1932 based on your sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, raises in salary, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthday with $1.00 for reading.

Franklin Pub. Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. 1559 Chicago

ORTHOPEDIC ANKLE REDUCER

Wear our reducer under your hose, practically invisible! It **supports the arch, relieves varicose veins and swelling,** and since it keeps the skin at an even warm temperature, will help to **relieve rheumatism.** Made of fine, natural-colored light-weight rubber. Contains no harmful chemicals. Fits comfortably, without stopping circulation; leaves toes and heels free. Send ankle and calf measures and length required. Per pair: 10 in., $2.50; 15 in., $4.00; 18 in., $5.00. Send check, money order, or we will send C.O.D. (Do not send cash.)



Representatives wanted to sell our novelties and garments. Write for details.

BREWSTER RUBBER CORP.

Dept. B., 67 Wall Street, New York City

modern girls make money in Art...

As fashion illustrators, interior decorators, fabric designers, show card writers, modern girls are making good money in art. Girls trained in art are needed. Fine incomes are possible.

Through the Federal School of Illustrating you can learn at home. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons in the new techniques of illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing, etc. Find out your drawing ability through our Free Vocational Art Test. "A Road To Bigger Things" will also be sent.

◀ Write today for this Free Book and Test Chart

Federal School of Illustrating
12991 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

PHOTO Enlargements

Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.

ONLY 49¢ EACH

Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 50c with order and we will pay postage.

BEAUTIFULLY Carved Frame FREE! To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 463 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HAS NEW HAIR

She Used KOTALKO

Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now. "My daughter's hair would not grow," writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. We sent for KOTALKO as a final test and thought it would be like the other things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using KOTALKO faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you will see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible." Obviously the roots were alive!

Men also report new hair growth after using KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women whose health was undoubtedly good and whose hair roots were not dead.

Is your physical condition equal to theirs? And are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, they may be stimulated into growing hair through the right sort of invigorant. Kotalko is sold by busy druggists everywhere. To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair, the producers are giving Proof Boxes. Use Coupon or write.

Free Box

Kotal Co., E-3, Station O, New York

Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name_____

Full Address_____

you will see pretty, dashing, smartly-clad girls hurrying from their jobs. But how many of them look happy, rested, satisfied? How many of them have that wonderful shining look in their eyes—that look which so distinguishes Ann Harding—that look which is the true outer indication of inner content?

Not very many!

MISS HARDING says it is her experience that many women are so intent on getting ahead in their careers that they don't take the time or thought to bear children. They think children aren't necessary to happiness.

But they're wrong. For so many women have admitted that when the thirties come, when they see the little wrinkles around their eyes, the first gray hair taking a permanent place among the blond and the brown, they get a sick, unsettled feeling. They feel they have reached the nadir of their careers. And many of them have. For scientists say that childless women are often living saprophytically. That is, they are trying to graft a living career on unquickened sensibilities.

One of these scientists—Herr Professor Doktor Max Fleisch, the eminent German physician, says that many childless women reach this stage of restlessness but they don't realize what the matter is. He finds they lose interest in their jobs; some of them take to a little extra-marital flirting to offset the unrest; some—alas—to drinking; while others just slump and grow morose, ending up with nervous breakdowns, or the more serious cases, in mental sanitariums.

Professor Fleisch further says—and it's a point not one woman in a thousand realizes—that a woman who bears a child or two is apt to keep younger longer than a woman who has no children at all. For it is normal to have children and abnormal not to have them. And when a woman follows the ordered line of existence, she is more apt to keep the gray out of her hair, the lines out of her face, and the avoirdupois off of her figure. So, quite selfishly speaking, there are physical as well as spiritual compensations for a mother.

THIS theory of Dr. Fleisch's is one with which Miss Harding has much sympathy. "Lately, I've been reading a lot," Ann told me. "One tremendous novel which I re-read a few days ago has made a deep impression on me for it bears out my theory about children." She was referring to "Of Human Bondage," written some years ago, as you know, by Somerset Maugham.

"To me," Miss Harding continued, "it is one of the greatest modern psychological novels." You will recall it is about a young man in bondage to a shallow woman whom he never possesses. She poisons his whole life. And it's only after years of suffering that he finds happiness by marrying a sweet, maternal young girl and settling down in a little English village by the sea with the dream of rearing a family of children in whom he hopes to live again—thus surely soldering his one link in the chain of immortality.

"What the hero of 'Human Bondage' hoped for is what all normal people hope for," Ann Harding said, "but it is difficult to express this desire with meager words."

Most Misunderstood Man

(*Continued from page 87*)

country is judged by the four following means and checks:

How does he treat servants?
How does he drink liquor?
How does he gamble?
How does he treat women?

THESE four questions, if answered in favor of a Russian man, are the criterion of his standing. You will notice that nothing is said of the manner in which he treats men! It most likely is presumed that if he measures up in the above respects, he is a gentleman in every sense of the word.

And since I have personal knowledge of Lebedeff that will allow me to answer the above questions for you, I think you should judge him by the standards of his own people and customs. Let us put Ivan Lebedeff on trial in the true Russian manner and ascertain if he is actually wanting.

I believe I have seen every famous person in Hollywood before servants of one sort or another. But I have only seen *one* person who never fails to: thank an elevator boy for taking him to his floor . . . thank a waitress for service . . . who invariably remembers those who serve him regularly around Hollywood at Christmas time—and even on many birthdays. He is the most gracious recipient of aid or help of any kind. He says "Good Morning" to every person who works in the café where he breakfasts. The girls who work in the RKO commissary go out of their way to have him sit at the tables they are serving because they are treated with such cordial appreciation and courtesy from him that it is a pleasure to wait on him! He never forgets to tip in the appropriate places and never overdoes this American custom. He is considered a thoroughbred by servants wherever he goes!

HAVING been brought forth in a continental country, Lebedeff enjoys fine wines as a natural heritage. To refuse a proffered glass is the utmost discourtesy. There have been times when his accepted invitations have

kept him awake for twenty-four hours. During that time he has continued to drink in good taste. No one in the world has ever seen him under the influence of liquor! While many at the same gatherings are being thrown in cold showers, Lebedeff goes on his way as though nothing graced his ever-present glass but clear water. He is the same man at the end of the evening as he was at the outset.

I have seen him gambling but once. He was dealing an "Open Bank." His manner was even and calm. He asked each player in turn to name the amount of their bet. One bet was three hundred dollars . . . another five hundred . . . another two. When he was about to turn the cards, one of the women standing behind the seated players asked, "Is it all right if I bet a single dollar?" To which Lebedeff replied, "Most certainly, Madame. With the greatest pleasure I accept your wager." The same courteous treatment to large and small alike. His action was noted and appreciated by every player at the table.

IT has been said (and many times corroborated) that Lebedeff "broke the bank" at one of the roulette tables at Monte Carlo. His winnings were over two-hundred and fifty thousand francs. It is said that he gave away a greater proportion of his winnings to the beggars at the outer gate than any other person who had ever accomplished the same feat at the tables.

Hardly a person who knows him will not admit that he is the "Gallant of Hollywood" with women. True, he has been laughed at for kissing hands . . . but it is the accepted custom of his country. It is the same gesture as our handshake—and just as natural with him. He treats women with a deference and gallantry that is the talk of the film capital. Most women are stunned and flattered by the attention he showers upon them. It is such a rare thing in the hurry and bustle of our age, that it stands out wherever one finds him. Men generally feel at a distinct disadvantage when they are in his presence for the reason that his gracious conduct toward the members of the opposite sex is revealing of their lack of like attitude. They wish they knew how to do it as well as he.

THEY tried a practical joke on him one night. One of the men escorted Ivan's waitress at his regular restaurant to a fashionable gathering. They wanted to watch his face as he realized that he was being presented to a servant girl socially. They expected him to rage. When he was introduced to the girl, he bowed from the waist and kissed her hand . . . the same as he had done on other occasions. Later they took him aside and attempted to kid him about his conduct with a waitress. He looked them in the eye and said: "I knew who the girl was . . . and the reason for my action was the fact that I respected the man who brought her to this party. I also respect and love the delightful people who are my hosts this evening. I wouldn't do anything to hurt or embarrass them for the world. In Russia, if a gentleman should do this, the lady he escorted would be immediately raised to the level of him who brought her. I so respected the man who brought this poor little girl here that I treated her with the same degree of courtesy I would extend to any socially prominent woman under like circumstances."

And Lebedeff would expect Hollywood to do the same were the positions reversed! He wouldn't receive the same, however, for the reason that in Hollywood, as distinguished from Russia, the man would be immediately lowered to the class of the woman.

Well, how does he stack up? We have had a chance to judge him by the standards of the country that produced him. Has he filled the bill? How does he treat servants? Does he drink with finesse and poise? Does he gamble with becoming modesty and even temper? Does he treat women in a gentlemanly manner?

Ivan Lebedeff stands the test in a big way. One hundred per cent . . . if I'm any judge.

Isn't it a pity that some of those who are prone to make light of him aren't judged by the same means? How many men in Hollywood would stand the inquiry as well as does he? I wonder!

Hollywood Coming to Life?

(*Continued from page 76*)

divorce, and then making up with him the next day . . . Helen Twelvetrees marries the same man three times just "in case" . . . Ann Harding buys an airplane . . . Mary Nolan is coming back to make more pictures . . . Nancy Carroll is walking out every few days and threatening different things . . . Lupe and Gary are all washed up and 'tis said that Lupe is now having a heavy romance with a famous film executive . . . Clara is coming back to make pictures! . . .

You see, it isn't *scandal* that we need in Hollywood! Everyone realizes that front page headlines of the detrimental type are not going to help the colony any at all. What we want is just something to whisper about . . . something we can guess over for a while.

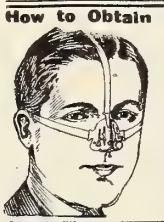
The world is sick and tired of reading about movie stars who are "even as you and I" . . . what we want is some more color . . . a bit more vivacity . . . a hot romance . . . a rumored cold love . . . something of the *old* Hollywood back again.

And Hollywood is going to give it to us! At least all indications point that way. Watch 'em, once they get started! You will see what we mean by saying "Hollywood Is Coming to Life!"

New Beauty Discovery

RAE JUVENAY now presents American women with a great new skin culture discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cup moved over the face instantly evacuates the deepest skin pores and leaves the skin immaculately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, at the same time, kneads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface.

It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvenay cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only $2.50, cream $1.50, suction cup $1.00. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES
566 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

How to Obtain

A Better Looking Nose
Improve Your Personal Appearance
My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to
M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 306, Binghamton, N. Y.

BOYS & GIRLS **EARN XMAS MONEY**
Write for 50 sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. No Work—Just Fun.
St Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 880 MS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That

George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address

Artificial Ear Drums
GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
1052 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

Are You Flat Chested? **FORM DEVELOPED** in 30 Days

Do you lack the womanly charm of a rounded, shapely figure? Do you want to fill out ugly hollows, lift sagging lines and add inches of firm, youthful tissue? I have shown thousands of women how to increase their measurements and add extra fullness where needed
Feminine Curves for YOU
Yes! *in the next 30 days!* A few minutes a day works wonders. See your form fill out to the shapely, *feminine* silhouette now all the vogue.
New Easy Method
It is so easy! Simply apply my wonderful MIRACLE CREAM and follow my special developing instructions.
Special Offer NOW
Send only $1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream and instructions, together with Free Book.
FREE
My new illustrated Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-12
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A grand informal picture of Clark taken while on location.

The Loves of Clark Gable

(Continued from page 35)

had belonged to me—in memory—but the woman belonged to another man! I'm sorry now that I no longer have that picture in my mind . . . somehow I've always given it a great deal of credit for the little happiness I've been able to glean from some very lonesome hours.

"I've often wondered what would have happened to that romance if I had stayed in Hopedale. But I moved to Akron . . . and Akron to me is quite famous for a tall, willowy, golden-haired girl with bright blue eyes. Her name was Norma . . . and we were both fifteen. My memory of Norma is very vivid. But it isn't the memory of a beautiful face or figure. It may sound silly when I say it, but the thing I remember about Norma was her voice! No, she wasn't a singer . . . and she had never had her voice trained.

"I have the recollection of sitting for hours and just listening. It used to worry me that I should have to interrupt—to ask her an occasional question so that she would continue talking to me. And even now, I think a beautiful voice is one of the most arresting and really rare attributes to be found. To me, a woman is automatically interesting if she speaks in a beautiful voice.

THEN, after two years in Akron, I started out on the high road to Broadway. It was a long road . . . one that led me into little towns you have probably never heard of . . . a road strewn with one-night stands . . . twenty-five dollars a week . . . when I worked (and when I didn't, there were many times that I was hungry) . . .

"All during those years from the time I was seventeen until I was twenty-four were spent in day coaches and on the stage. During all this time I met many women. Many of them have become a part of the past. Only a few remain.

"Elsa . . . a wistful little girl—blue eyes and raven-black hair—five feet tall and quaint as a Dresden doll. She lived in a town in Mississippi. I remember her particularly because she seemed so anxious to prove her sincerity. She was the only woman I met in all those years who seemed to believe that I would amount to something as an actor. She recognized and was quick to forgive the light way in which I looked upon our romance. She showed, in a hundred insignificant ways, that she thought continually of my happiness. I didn't realize this until long after—but it isn't easy to forget now.

"Alice . . . another very small girl. She was from the South and her accent intrigued me from the very start. One little mannerism that I recall was the way she had of puckering up her nose when she smiled. It made her appear so much happier than any other person I had ever seen smile that I couldn't get her out of my mind. She had huge dimples in her cheeks . . . and the corners of her mouth always turned up. And I shall never forget the last waltz we had. It was in a small dance pavilion near a lake . . . there was a colored orchestra playing . . . all the lanterns around the walls had been turned low. . . . I'll always remember that . . . that smile . . . and those dimples.

YES, there were many others. Some I have tried to forget . . . with just as much difficulty as trying to remember others. Some were friendships. A few reached the point of romance. And then, after I had finally got to playing some of the larger cities, I found myself occasionally with women whose only appeal lay in a rather dubious physical attraction. I've known the cheap little romances of the actor on a one-night stand. I found that it is very easy for a man who displays emotions on the stage for hours every day to allow himself to do the same off the stage during other hours. I have done it myself . . . and somehow I don't regret it. I think the women I've known have taught me a great deal about life.

"But all of that comes to an end . . . sooner or later. I mean that sort of hit-and-miss romance. It finally comes time to take life and love very seriously. It came to me at the age of twenty-four. It was then that I met and married my first wife . . . Josephine Dillon. She wasn't on the stage when I met her, but her life had been the stage until a year or so previous. She gave me something that I had never had before . . . a constant love and inspiration. Our married life wasn't of very long duration . . . and I will take most of the blame for that. After a separation of a few years, my wife obtained a divorce. Some are quick to say that it was the difference in our ages that made the marriage impossible. I am not sure whether they mean to imply that I was too young . . . or that Josephine was older than I. I don't think age has anything to do with the duration of marriage. It has a much deeper foundation.

SINCE I've come to Hollywood, I've married for the second time. My present wife had been married before just as I had . . . she is everything I could possibly desire in a wife and I am sure that this marriage will be the last for both of us." (In this case, as in the case of his first marriage, the woman is much older than Gable.)

"I have nothing to say concerning either of the two women who have done me the honor to become my wife . . . except to say that in both cases I married women who come up to the standards I have set for what I call my *ideal woman*. In just one respect do they differ from the types I always liked as a kid: they are both taller than average. But as far as coloring . . . hair . . . eyes and personality—both are exactly the same as I have always admired.

"That just about finishes what I have to say on the subject of women. I hope, very sincerely, that in answering this call to talk on this delicate topic (so dear to the hearts of the fans) that I have in no way over-stepped the bounds of decent conduct. I like to play the game fairly. I hope I have. This is the first and last time I shall ever talk on this subject for publication. I consider women a real and vital part of my life—but not a part of my career."

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, at Dunellen, N. J.

His disguise was perfect—*did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?*

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.

Alfred **LUNT**

Lynn **FONTANNE**

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

The GUARDSMAN

with

ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS

From the play by Ferenc Molnar

Screen play by Ernest Vajda

Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

By Courtesy of the Theatre Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Consider your Adam's Apple!!★

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

What effect have harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos upon the throat? A famous authority, retained by us to study throat irritation says:

"The tissues above and below the vocal chords and the vocal chords themselves may become acutely or chronically congested as a result of the inhalation of irritating fumes in the case of chemists for example."

LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. We sell these expelled irritants to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. So Consider your Adam's Apple—that is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Reach for a LUCKY instead.

© 1931. The A. T. Co., Mfrs

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

JANUARY

32

Carole Lombard

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT
LUPE'S BREAK WITH GARY

MARLENE DIETRICH'S AMAZING SECRET

A PERFUME
ONLY PARIS CAN EQUAL . . .

AT A PRICE
NO PERFUME CAN MATCH!

The First Perfume in the World to Bring the Luxurious Odeurs of the Costliest Masterpieces Within Reach of a Sensible Expenditure !

IN TWO NEW ODEURS

10¢

A BOTTLE

FAOEN No. 3—A *new exotic odeur; similar to the choicest of the heavier French perfumes.*

FAOEN No. 12—A *new floral odeur; delightful combination of exquisite French floral scents.*

PARK & TILFORD

FAOEN

Perfumes

The famous house of Park & Tilford, established in 1840, who introduced many of the most distinguished French perfumes to the women of America . . . now sponsors "Faoen" as a revolution in price and a revelation in perfume!

10c a bottle

At S. S. Kresge and S. H. Kress Stores

PARK & TILFORD

FAOEN

Perfumes

JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL
in delicious

It's well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You've never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story *deliciously* different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin's new and brilliant "Second Rhapsody."

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing DELICIOUS. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions soon to come: *Elissa Landi* and *Lionel Barrymore* in THE YELLOW TICKET, *Will Rogers* in AMBASSADOR BILL, *James Dunn, Sally Eilers* and *Mae Marsh* in OVER THE HILL.

●

FOX

NOV 30 [illegible]

©C1B 137364

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

Marlene Dietrich's Secret — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 28
A portion of Marlene's life is revealed for the first time—in an appeal to her courage

Ex-Bachelor — *Walter Ramsey* — 31
William Powell tells why he gave up single blessedness

If You Met George Arliss— — *Faith Baldwin* — 32
A famous writer's impression of a famous actor

The Stars' Dogs — *Albert Payson Terhune* — 34
Modern Screen presents this famous author for the first time in any movie magazine

Hollywood's Mystery Romance—Solved! — *Gladys Hall* — 40
Lupe Velez makes an amazing confession

Could You Have Done the Same? — *Harriet Parsons* — 44
The heart-rending story of Kathryn Crawford's fall and rise

Okaying the Okay Boy — *Viña Delmar* — 48
What the author of "Bad Girl" thinks of James Dunn, the star

There's No Such Thing as Luck — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 51
Not in the case of Bebe Daniels, anyway!

Is Your Voice Right? — *Wick Evans* — 52
A new way to improve your personality—as evidenced by the stars

Motherhood for Lilyan and Joan? — *Jane Drew* — 54
Two actresses make surprising announcements about impending motherhood

Divorced Twice Before Twenty — *Walter Ramsey* — 60
Is Dorothy Lee a cold-blooded vamp? Or just an unknowing child?

What the Future Holds for Clark Gable — *Wynn* — 62
A fascinating glimpse at coming events for the new heartbreaker

Irene Dunne's Wardrobe — *Virginia T. Lane* — 64
This star demonstrates the latest mode. Told in pictures and in story

John Gilbert's Bugaboo — *Jack Jamison* — 70
The real reason why John's popularity has been dimmed

The True Story of Sylvia Sidney — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 74
A charming recounting of her early theatrical days

Amazing People, These Actors—(Illustrated by Jack Welch) — *Helen Louise Walker* — 78
A seasoned interviewer tells some funny ones on the stars

The Price of Motherhood — *Muriel Babcock* — 85
Mae Marsh speaks after years of oblivion

Richard Dix Falls at Last! — 18
How Hollywood's veteran bachelor succumbed to matrimony

DEPARTMENTS

Modern Screen Directory: Players — 6
Pictures — 10
All the facts on the stars, players and pictures

Between You and Me — 11
Where your ideas get their share of publicity

The Modern Hostess — 12
Lew Ayres tells what he likes to eat at Christmas time—try it on your men folk

Beauty Advice — *Mary Biddle* — 13
Priceless beauty hints from a world-famous beauty specialist

Gossip and chit-chat — 14, 72, 90
The newest Hollywood tittle-tattle

All Joking Aside — *Jack Welch* — 43
Some more of those unbelievable facts about picture people

Modern Screen Reviews — 56
What to see and what not to see of this month's films

And also: Unposed Portraits, 24-27; The Roving Camera, 59; Do You Know Which is Correct?, 69; Gallery of Honor, 81; Scoops of the Month, 87; The Stars Correspond, 88

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* **Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative***

Published monthly and copyrighted 1931 by Syndicate Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. H. Meyer, President; M. Delacorte, Secretary and Treasurer. Vol. 3, No. 2, January, 1932 Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Price in Canada is the same as in U. S. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

IS THERE A SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE?
Howard Hughes
PRESENTS
"The AGE FOR LOVE"
• As interesting as "Hell's Angels" —as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"
• It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem—should the young wife work? It will grip you—interest you—entertain you—let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.
• "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.
"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"
FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S SENSATIONAL NOVEL
WITH
BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
A
FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION
WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. John Goodman in "Big Business Girl," First National. Clarence in "The Connecticut Yankee," Fox. Barry in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Campus hero in "Boarding School," M-G-M.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Paramount; "It's a Wise Child," M-G-M; "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio, and "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," and "The Dover Road," Paramount.

AMES, ROBERT; divorced from Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé and "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio. Joe Warren in "Rich Man's Folly," Paramount. Lead opposite Ina Claire in "Glamour," RKO-Pathé.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Dan McMaster in "The Conquering Horde," star of "Gun Smoke," second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," and lead in "The Secret Call." Stellar rôle in "No One Man," and romantic lead in "Touchdown," for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. James Alden in "The Millionaire," title rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," both for Warners. Star of "A Successful Calamity," Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Regan in "The Iron Man," and male lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," both Universal. Co-starred in "Eddie Cuts In" and featured rôle in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé. Male lead in "The Up and Up," Universal.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to Melba Lloyd; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for Paramount release. Now vacationing in Europe.

ARTHUR, JEAN; married (annulled) to Julian Anckner; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Ingenue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "White Shoulders," "Nancy's Private Affairs," "Miracle City," "Smart Woman," "Should Wives Work?" and "Exposed," for RKO-Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Paramount. Archie in "Chances," First National. Jellicott in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. The Kid in "The Iron Man," and leads in "Up For Murder," "Heaven and Earth," "Gallows," and "The Spirit of Notre Dame," all for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Karl in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé. College Boy in "Boarding School," and Tommy in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Baroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Bill Rafferty in "Derelict," Mark Flint in "Scandal Sheet," millionaire in "Rich Man's Folly," and star of "Through the Window," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Tarnished Lady," Carlotta and Ann in "My Sin," and star of "The Cheat," Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick." Title rôle in "Svengali," Russian ballet master in "The Mad Genius," all for Warner Bros. May co-star with Lionel Barrymore in "Arsène Lupin," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Attorney in "A Free Soul," and the father in "Five and Ten," both for M-G-M. Male lead in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. Father in "Guilty Hands" and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Star of "The Man I Killed," Paramount. Also see John Barrymore, above.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol," El Puma in "The Lash," Breckenridge Lee in "The Finger Points," Cary Lockwood in "The Last Flight," and title rôle in "The Doctor," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winfred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Jervis Pendleton in "Daddy Long Legs," Fox. Stellar rôle in "The 'Cisco Kid," and "Surrender," Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Detective in "Homicide Squad," Universal. Capt. Swope in "Then Hell Broke Loose," Columbia. Baggott in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono-Paramount.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M. studio. Contract star. Bill in "Min and Bill," gangster in "The Secret Six," aviator in "Hell Divers," and ex-fighter in "The Champ," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Young Buffalo Bill in "Battling With Buffalo Bill," Universal.

BELLAMY, RALPH; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Gangster in "The Secret Six," and featured rôle in "The Magnificent Lie."

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced from Phil Plant; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star for both RKO-Pathé and Warner Bros. Valerie in "The Common Law," and Doris Kendall in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Stephanie in "Bought!" Warner Bros. Star of "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé.

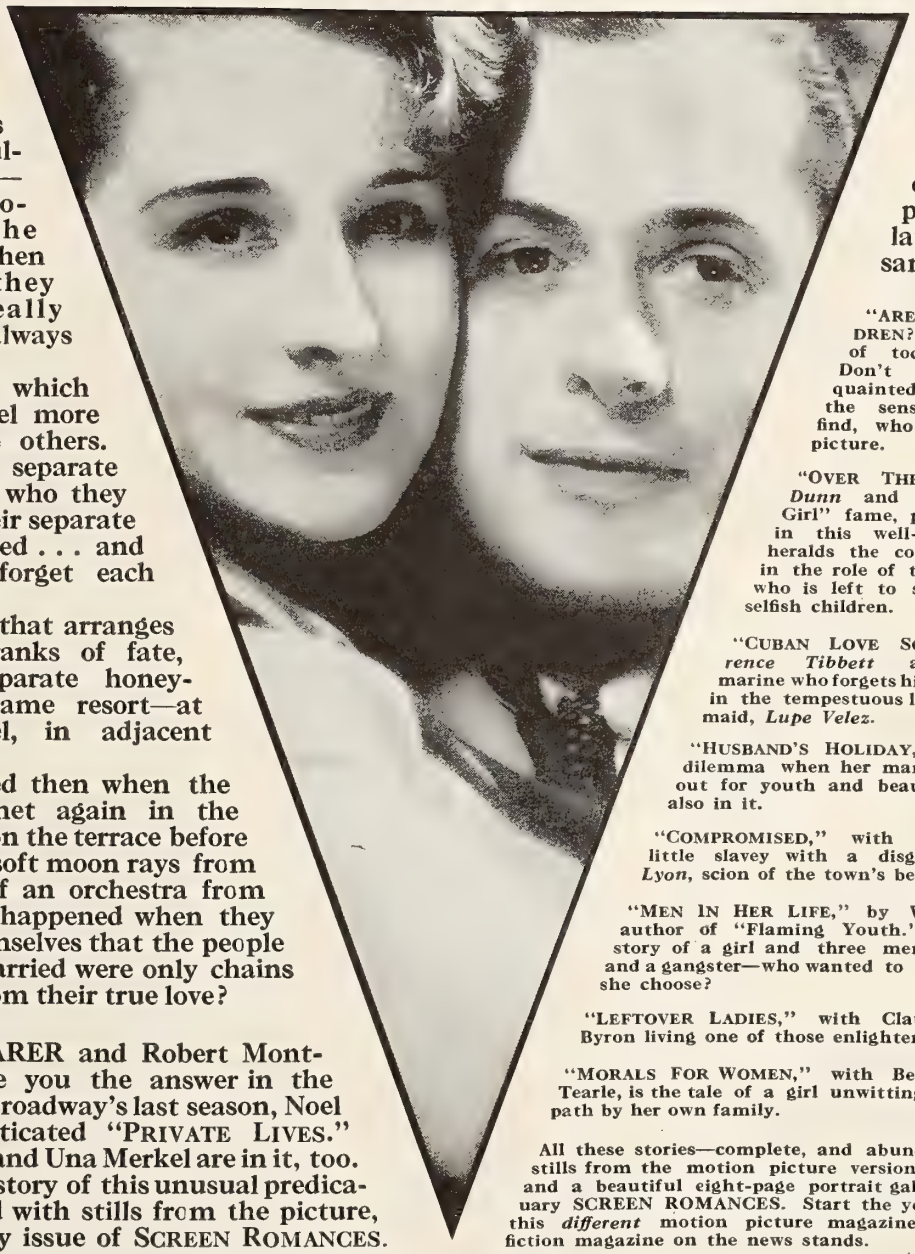
BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Pat Coster in "Many a Slip," Universal. Feminine lead in "Doctors' Wives," "Hush Money." Now recovering from injuries as a result of a fall from a horse.

(Continued on page 8)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR DECEMBER AND JANUARY—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Elissa Landi	December 6	William Haines	January 1
Eddie Dowling	December 9	Kenneth Thompson	January 7
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	December 9	Warner Richmond	January 11
Victor McLaglen	December 10	Chester Conklin	January 11
Sally Eilers	December 11	Kay Francis	January 13
Barbara Kent	December 16	Bebe Daniels	January 14
Ruth Chatterton	December 24	David Torrence	January 17
Marguerite Churchill	December 25	Oliver Hardy	January 18
Helen Twelvetrees	December 25	Ralph Graves	January 23
Lew Ayres	December 28	Joyce Compton	January 27

They couldn't live together . . .
but they couldn't live apart!



THEIRS was a hot, tumultous love—tender one moment, fierce the next. But even when they hated, they knew they really loved, would always love each other.

The day came which brought a quarrel more hectic than the others. They went their separate ways . . . found who they thought were their separate mates . . . married . . . and tried hard to forget each other.

Whoever it is that arranges those queer pranks of fate, placed their separate honeymoons in the same resort—at the same hotel, in adjacent suites!

What happened then when the parted lovers met again in the romantic night on the terrace before their rooms . . . soft moon rays from above, strains of an orchestra from below . . . what happened when they admitted to themselves that the people they had just married were only chains keeping them from their true love?

NORMA SHEARER and Robert Montgomery give you the answer in the smartest hit of Broadway's last season, Noel Coward's sophisticated "PRIVATE LIVES." Reginald Denny and Una Merkel are in it, too.

The complete story of this unusual predicament, illustrated with stills from the picture, is in the January issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

You'll love it! And there are eight other complete stories of the latest talkies in the same issue:

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" an amazing story of today's young moderns. Don't fail to become acquainted with Eric Linden, the sensational new juvenile find, who is the lead in this picture.

"OVER THE HILL," with *James Dunn* and *Sally Eilers* of "Bad Girl" fame, playing the sweethearts in this well-known classic, which heralds the comeback of Mae Marsh in the role of the work-ridden mother who is left to shift for herself by her selfish children.

"CUBAN LOVE SONG," depicting *Lawrence Tibbett* as a happy-go-lucky marine who forgets his home town sweetheart in the tempestuous love affair with a Cuban maid, *Lupe Velez*.

"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY," the tale of a wife's dilemma when her man, *Clive Brook*, reaches out for youth and beauty. *Charles Ruggles* is also in it.

"COMPROMISED," with *Rose Hobart* as a little slavey with a disgraced name, and *Ben Lyon*, scion of the town's best family.

"MEN IN HER LIFE," by Warner Fabian, famed author of "Flaming Youth." His latest is the story of a girl and three men—a gentleman, a cad, and a gangster—who wanted to marry her. Which did she choose?

"LEFTOVER LADIES," with Claudia Dell and Walter Byron living one of those enlightened modern marriages.

"MORALS FOR WOMEN," with Bessie Love and Conway Tearle, is the tale of a girl unwittingly kept on the wrong path by her own family.

All these stories—complete, and abundantly illustrated with stills from the motion picture versions—plus news, features, and a beautiful eight-page portrait gallery—make up the January SCREEN ROMANCES. Start the year right by discovering this *different* motion picture magazine, the only all-screen fiction magazine on the news stands.

38 Winners of our $500.00 Contest Announced in this issue!

Screen Romances

The Only All-Screen-Fiction Magazine

At All Newsstands—Now!

TANGEE

LET THESE FAMOUS FASHION AUTHORITIES TELL YOU OF TANGEE

HARPER'S BAZAAR, famous NEW YORK magazine, says: "Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the* TANGEE *preparations do.*" ©

JARDIN DES MODES of PARIS, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE *well answers these requirements, because it blends with your individual, natural coloring.*"

TATLER, famous LONDON authority, adds: "TANGEE *gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own.*"

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! *Tangee* THEATRICAL, *a special dark shade of* TANGEE LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE COMPACT *for professional and evening use.*

To Match Tangee Lipstick!

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. K-1
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 6)

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Star of "East of Borneo," Universal. Racketeer in "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Football coach in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal. Male lead in "Men in Her Life," and racketeer in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

BLACKMER, SIDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, S. C. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Big Boy in "Little Caesar," Hart in "Mothers Cry," Paul de Segny in "The Devil Was Sick," all for First National.

BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Sue Leeds in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Mary in "Then Hell Broke Loose," and lead in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Office Wife," "Other Men's Wives," "Illicit," and "God's Gift to Women," all Warner Bros. Maloney in "Night Nurse" and Ann in "Larceny Lane," Warner Bros. Schatze in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write to her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Great Meadow," and featured rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine leads in "Women Love Once," and "The Dover Road," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Bart Carter in "Seed," Victor in "Frankenstein," and romantic lead in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal. Star of "Cheating," Fox.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," Mollie in "Kick In," all for Paramount.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien," Bill Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," star of "The Painted Desert," "Suicide Fleet," and "Timber Beast," all for RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "City Streets," "Murder by the Clock," and "The False Madonna," all for Paramount. Featured rôle in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Janitor in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Comedy lead in "West of Broadway," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Delicious," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Heroine in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Evelyn in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Millie in "Homicide Squad," Universal.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "East Lynne," Fox, "Tarnished Lady," with Tallulah Bankhead, "Silence," "Twenty-Four Hours," "The Dover Road," and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

BROOKS, LOUISE; divorced from Edward Sutherland; born in Wichita, Kans. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Florine in "God's Gift to Women," and Gwen in "The Public Enemy," both for Warner Bros.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Rollo Smith in "Going Wild," co-starred in "Sit Tight," Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," and star of "Local Boy Makes Good," all First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Berk in "The Great Meadow," Hank in "The Secret Six," football hero in "The Last Flight," First National. Juvenile lead in "Lasca of the Rio Grande." Universal.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, England. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Leslie Darrow in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Featured rôle in "Five Star Final," First National.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "The Millionaire" and "The Public Enemy." Leading male rôles in "Larceny Lane," "The Blue Moon Murder," and taxi driver in "Taxi Please," Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee" and "Palmy Days," for Sam Goldwyn.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Constance in "Graft," Universal.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Nick Cotrelli in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Louie in "Homicide Squad," and Santa Cruz in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal. Star of "Race Track," Cruze-Tiffany. Caballero in "The Dove," RKO-Radio.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Peggy Gibson in "Laughter," star in "Stolen Heaven," "Night Angel," "Personal Maid," and feminine lead in "The Man I Killed," All for Paramount.

CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Dracula," Universal; "Daybreak," M-G-M; "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany; "The Last Flight," First National. Lenore in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Heart and Hand," Universal.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "What a Man," "High C's," "Rough C's," and "The Panic Is On," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Unfaithful," "The Magnificent Lie," "Once a Lady," and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," all for Paramount.

CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced from non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights," Chaplin-United Artists. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement" and feminine leads in "Trailin'," and "The Brat," Fox.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title rôle in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and song writer in "One Hour With You," for Paramount.

CHRISTIE, DOROTHY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Angelica in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Mrs. Emory in "The Finger Points," First National. Divorcée in "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Charley Chan Carries On," "Over the Hill" and "Sugar Daddies," all for Fox.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

Who rented the house just vacated by Greta Garbo? And why did the new tenant move after living there only two weeks?

Betty Compson's ex-fiancé and John Considine's ex-fiancée are going places together. What are their names?

Who is the 1931 Baby Star who is reported to be about to marry Director Frank Capra?

What famous blond star and what famous director from whom she is divorced celebrated their own "wedding anniversary" with a dinner-for-two?

Who is the lucky guy that little Joan Blondell has fallen head over heels in love with?

Why is Clark Gable called "Hollywood's Al Capone"?

How are Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., planning to stop rumors of their separation and divorce?

Irish Maureen O'Sullivan has a new beau—and he's a well known director. What's his name?

Who is the virile, dark-haired leading man, recently raised to stardom, who is rumored to be planning a divorce?

Why did Ina Claire and producer Samuel Goldwyn disagree during the making of "The Greeks Had a Word For It"?

Who is the dark-haired actress for whom David Manners has broken his habit of not taking girls out?

Is Dorothy Mackaill's fiancé, Neil Miller, really the scion of a wealthy Honolulu family?

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE ANSWERS, READ OUR GOSSIP SECTIONS—PAGES 14, 72, AND 90

in Washington, D. C. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Star of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists and "Glamour," RKO-Pathé.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Gangster's moll in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Waterloo Bridge," "The Up and Up" and "Frankenstein," Universal.

CLIVE, COLIN; married to Jeanne de Casalis; born in Melbourne, Australia. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Star of "Journey's End," Tiffany. Title rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal.

CYLDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland. Write him at Sennett studio. Contract star. Doc Martin in "The Dog Doctor," Pop Martin in "Speed" and Pop Martin in "The Cannonball Express," Sennett.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Capt. Von Lichstein in "A Woman of Experience" and Wally Webber in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Tip Scanlon in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Honor Among Lovers" and feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Secrets of a Secretary," star of "Street of Women," co-star of "Blind Cargo," all for Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Tony in "Little Caesar," First National; Johnny Beasley in "Reducing," M-G-M. Juvenile lead in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Sam Kaplan in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Co-starred in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono Art-Paramount. Featured rôle in "The Brat."

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith," all for Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Helga in "Three Who Loved," June Loring in "The Lady Refuses," and Baroness Gori in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Title rôles in "Tom Sawyer"; featured rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Featured rôle in "Skippy." Title rôle in "Socky," now in production.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Tom Brown in "Morocco," Clint Belmet in "Fighting Caravans." Starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman," co-star of "Blind Cargo," Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; child actor; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Skippy" and featured rôle in "Sooky," Paramount. Midge Murray in "Young Donovan's Kid," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "The Champ," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Illicit," "The Maltese Falcon," Warner Bros., "Big Business Girl," First National, and "Transgression," "White Shoulders," RKO-Radio. Stellar rôle in "Home Town Laughter," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "The Up and Up," Universal. Goldie Gorio in "Bad Company," RKO-Pathé.

COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Expensive Women," First National.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Mary Turner in "Paid," Bonnie in "Dance, Fools, Dance," Valentine in "This Modern Age," star of "Laughing Sinners" and "Possession," M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Tol'able David" and Pinky in "Fifty Fathoms Deep"; John Shreve in "Then Hell Broke Loose," and lead in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Washington. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Last Parade," Columbia. Ingénue in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Lead in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

DAGOVER, LIL; unmarried; born in Germany. Write her at Warner studio. Baroness Carla von Jensen in "I Spy," Warners, will be her first American rôle.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "The Woman Between" and "The Sphinx Has Spoken," RKO-Radio.

DANE, KARL; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Joyce Benton in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Star of "My Past," Warner Bros. Miss Wonderly in "The Maltese Falcon," Warner Bros. Leading rôle in "The Honor of the Family," and "Strictly Confidential," First National.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studios. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," all for M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Seed," Universal.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City.

(Continued on page 110)

Glorify Your Hair

RESTORE sparkle and lustre to your hair. Give it glorious color tone, with a soft, glamorous radiance. Let it have the shimmering loveliness of youth, vibrant and verile . . with a sheen of silky softness and a color charm of entrancing naturalness.

Simply use ColoRinse in the after shampoo wash. It is neither a dye or a bleach, but a harmless vegetable compound that can be used as often as you please. There are twelve shades to choose from . . all natural tints. Faded, dull, sun-bleached hair becomes glorious again with ColoRinse.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Put new vitality, new health and vigor in your hair. Use this Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo to revitalize and nourish the hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff and cleanses the scalp. Free from soap or alkali, it makes the ideal shampoo.

SuperSet

Lengthen the life of every finger or water wave with SuperSet. Make it more lovely, more subtle, more glamorous. It is greaseless, fast drying, and free from any sediment or deposit.

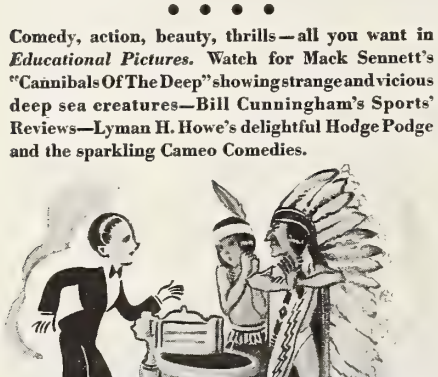
These Nestle specialties are available in 10c sizes at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor. The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City.

MACK SENNETT COMEDY Featurettes

The microphone magic and charming personality of Bing Crosby, the country's latest great radio sensation . . . . brought to the screen again by Mack Sennett, king of comedy makers. Bing's rich baritone voice has been thrilling the country in his first picture "I Surrender Dear." Now he scores another smash hit in "One More Chance." You'll laugh at his comedy. You'll thrill to his songs. It's a delightful concoction of romance, rhythm and fun.

• • • •

Comedy, action, beauty, thrills—all you want in *Educational Pictures.* Watch for Mack Sennett's "Cannibals Of The Deep" showing strange and vicious deep sea creatures—Bill Cunningham's Sports' Reviews—Lyman H. Howe's delightful Hodge Podge and the sparkling Cameo Comedies.



Educational Pictures

"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices, 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

The Modern Screen Directory (Pictures)

Short and snappy reviews of all the pictures released during the last few months

THE AGE FOR LOVE (Caddo-United Artists)—Reviewed on page 56. **Good—but it would bore the children.**

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner)—George Arliss in his impersonation of the famous American patriot. The story is somewhat weak but Mr. Arliss' performance will make the evening well worth your while. **Good—children will not be particularly interested, although they ought to be.**

AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—and very okay for the youngsters.**

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—The well known novel of Theodore Dreiser's in the talkies with Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and others. It has been made into a court room drama. **Very good—but better leave the tots at home.**

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—and the young people can learn a lesson from it.**

THE ARIZONA TERROR (Tiffany)—Ken Maynard in a competent Western. Some humor also adds to the interest of this film. **Very good for Western fans—great for the kiddies.**

BAD COMPANY (RKO-Pathé)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good—the children will like parts of it.**

BAD GIRL (Fox)—The famous best-selling novel in the talkies with Sally Eilers and James Dunn in the leading rôles. There is some marvelously appealing human interest stuff in this. **Excellent—but children may be bored by it.**

THE BARGAIN (First National)—Instead of a father not wanting his son to become an artist, as is usually the case in stories, this father does want his son to become an artist. And the son doesn't want to. **Good—but children will be bored by it.**

THE BELOVED BACHELOR (Paramount)—This is one of those guardian stories in which the little orphan falls in love with her legal protector. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are good but the well known Charlie Ruggles steals the show with his delightful comedy. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

BRANDED (Columbia)—Buck Jones in another Western of the typical variety. In spite of its being more or less the old hokum, the way it's done makes it entertaining. **Very good if you are a Western fan—splendid for children.**

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers again—this time as a business man who dashes off to the desert in an effort to corner the market in the commodity in which he trades. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

CAUGHT PLASTERED (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in another team comedy which, unfortunately, falls far short of their former very hilarious efforts. **Poor—but the kids may get a kick out of it.**

THE 'CISCO KID (Fox)—Remember "In Old Arizona"? Well, here are Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe again in a sequel to that famous story. Conchita Montenegro does well as the feminine interest. **Very good—children will love it.**

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent—fine for the kids.**

COMPROMISED (Warners)—Reviewed on page 56. **Good—but it would bore the little ones.**

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE (RKO-Radio)—All about a quartet—two girls and two fellers. In a moment of pique one of the boys married the one of the two girls he doesn't love. It's all straightened out in the end, though. Myrna Loy is good. **Good—but children won't care for it.**

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)—The charming old story reappears in the talkies with Janet Gaynor playing the little orphan and Warner Baxter playing the guardian with whom she falls in love. **Excellent—little girls will adore it.**

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves in a hokus-pokus story which nevertheless has a lot of excitement and also some good laughs. **Very good—children will like it.**

DEVOTION (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding and Leslie Howard in a simple little comedy in which a girl adopts a homely disguise in order to be near the man she loves. Although Miss Harding is good it must be admitted that the real acting honors go to Leslie Howard. **Very good—but children would be bored.**

DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WIEN (Super Films)—A German comedy interpolated with some excellent songs. You should enjoy it even if your vocabulary doesn't go beyond "auf wiedersehen." **Very good—children will like most of it.**

THE DREYFUS CASE (Columbia)—An interesting presentation of the famous military case which has stirred the indignation of Jews for many years. **Very good—but children will be bored by it.**

EAST OF BORNEO (Universal)—All about a wife who leaves her husband until he goes to the Far East. Then she follows him and plenty of things happen—including a volcanic eruption as a grand climax. **Fair—children will like its thrilling moments.**

EX-BAD BOY (Universal)—All about an average chap who invents a past for himself because his girl friend thinks he is too tame. The results are more amusing than even you can imagine. **Good—but children won't care for it much.**

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell in a story of two ocean divers who both love the same girl. The love part of the plot is sort of silly but the underwater scenes are grand. **Very good—excellent for children.**

FIVE STAR FINAL (First National)—A modern newspaper office as it really is. An amazing exposé of tabloid methods. Edward G. Robinson and H. B. Warner grab the acting honors. **Excellent—but don't take the kids.**

FLYING HIGH (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 58. **Very good—and the children will enjoy it.**

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer as a modern girl who decides to fall in love with a gangster—against her father's advice. The gangster is played by the popular Clark Gable. Lionel Barrymore does very well as Norma Shearer's father. **Very good—but not for the tots.**

THE GALLOPING GHOST (Mascot)—An exciting serial with Red Grange, of football fame, in a leading rôle. We include this serial in our Directory of Pictures because, unlike the old-time variety, this one is worth seeing. **Very good—excellent for the kids.**

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—Ivan Lebedeff as the central figure in an international spy story with loads and loads of complications. Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin have leading rôles. **Good—children may like it.**

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—but not for the children.**

GOLDIE (Fox)—This is a story of the Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt sort of thing. Jean Harlow is in it. **Fair—not for the kiddies.**

THE GREAT PIE MYSTERY (Educational)—A short comedy kidding the mystery stories. **Good—grand for the children.**

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—This is a highly sophisticated trifle with two very well known stage players in the leading rôles (Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt). The story itself is very, very slight but it is the delightful dialogue and the finished acting which makes it a fascinating piece of entertainment. **Excellent—but it will bore children.**

GUILTY HANDS (M-G-M)—A murder story written especially for Lionel Barrymore. He is splendid in the leading rôle. Kay Francis does well, too. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

HEARTBREAK (Fox)—Charles Farrell, Hardie Albright and Madge Evans in a story of aviators in Vienna during the war. Farrell is not as good as he is in the Janet Gaynor pictures. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

HEAVEN ON EARTH (Universal)—Reviewed on page 58. **Poor.**

A HOLY TERROR (Fox)—George O'Brien in a combination Western and mystery story. **Good—especially so for children.**

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD (Universal)—Leo Carillo in another gangster picture. He plays a beer baron and it's his work that really makes the picture worth the money. **Good—okay for kids if you don't mind their seeing gangster stuff.**

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY (Warner)—Bebe Daniels and Warren William in a tale of the days when a duel was an important event which no man worth his salt would miss taking part in. **Good—children will like some of it.**

HUCKLEBERRY FINN (Paramount)—The sequel to "Tom Sawyer." And every bit as good. Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green, Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin will delight you. **Excellent—both for grown-ups and the kids.**

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., goes athletic in this one and quells a lot of Mexicans single-handed for something. **Good—grand for children.**

KARAMAZOV (Tobis)—Based on the famous Russian novel, "The Brothers Karamazov." It's all in German. Fritz Kortner is excellent as the jealous son. **Excellent if you understand German—but not for the children who do.**

LARCENY LANE (Warner)—James Cagney as a hotel bell-hop who turns racketeer. Joan Blondell plays the girl he loves but who leaves him to marry an honest man. From then on the plot has a new twist. **Very good—but better leave**

(Continued on page 99)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

. . . This page is for comparing notes—about the talkies and the stars and about MODERN SCREEN. Write to the editor frankly about your likes and dislikes

Dear Friends:

Did you know that television in the theatre has been inaugurated? For some time there have been television programs over the radio but now it is possible for you to sit in an auditorium, see and hear actors performing in some other place. At the formal opening at the Broadway Theatre, New York, at which I was fortunate enough to be present, Waldemar Kaempffert, Science Editor of the New York Times, asked you to picture yourself, in the not too distant future, "looking up" your butcher on the television-phone, asking to be shown the finest cuts, and saying, into the receiver, "I'll take that one." Further, he asked you to imagine a great concert, a fine theatrical performance, an opera, a sport event taking place not merely before the lucky few but, by means of television, before everyone, in every city, town, hamlet, on this planet!

I saw, on the large screen, a man talk, a girl sing, two actors performing a scene from a play. Thus far, only the face can be transmitted. The sound is perfect; the picture, however, flickers, fades out completely, is only occasionally actually clear. Still an experiment, television is none the less an actuality. It may be years before Mr. Kaempffert's imagined future is realized but when it is we will have another great entertainment form. Now I can only report that the actors stand before a complicated apparatus in semi-darkness, wear a peculiar make-up, and suffer in almost unbearable heat. But it is just the beginning (as was the laughable cinematograph, years ago); another great industry, allied to motion pictures, will grow from that beginning, and MODERN SCREEN, bearing out the full significance of its name, will reach out beyond the silver screen and add the great glass screen to its field of vision.

Do the possibilities of television kindle your imagination as they do mine?

The Editor

Oh, now, Leda, really—

What's the matter with Hollywood? It's in a stupor of dumb pictures—pictures that would even make a baby walk out of a theater. Hollywood is supposed to be the great movie center of the world, have the best directors and the highest paid actors—and just look at the stupid pictures being made! Some of the worst faults are overacting, weak stories, overdoing the secretary, the gangster, the modern girl (Joan Crawford), comedy pictures, Norma Shearer's scant clothing, and Nancy Carroll trying to look and act like Garbo . . . Had it not been for that fascinating person, Clark Gable, I would have stayed away until better pictures are made.

LEDA,
Chicago Heights, Illinois.

Believe it or not, this is the one and only letter we've received to date that pans Clark Gable

Why all the fuss about Clark Gable? He isn't so hot. The screen's only heman is Charles Bickford . . . When Bickford makes love all the other actors look like carbon copies of the Sahara Desert. Print this in your column because I am tired of reading how good Clark Gable is.

BARBARA FELTAINE,
Brooklyn, New York

Can't you buy the street car for a souvenir, Violet?

I want to add my compliments to the many others that are paid Clark Gable. He is one of the best actors that have ever thrilled the movie-going public. He played in a stock show in my city for twenty-four weeks and I am proud to say "I knew him when—." I shook hands with him more than once and congratulated him on his good performances. Once there was a picnic here and I sat in the same street car with him. He is one of the kindest, most considerate men I have ever met. . . .

VIOLET JOHNS
Houston, Texas

Well, at least, Eighteen, no one can accuse Gable of being a glutton with the camera

About Clark Gable—he's my favorite actor and I think he's great, except for one thing. When I go to see him in a picture I expect something hot—now don't you? What I'd like to know is, does he or does he not kiss the heroine? I suppose he does (he doesn't look much like a sap) but I never have been able to find out. Every time he makes love to Norma Shearer or Greta Garbo he gets the back of his head square in front of the camera. It's a nice head and all that but—gee, Mr. Gable—I ask you, is it nice to treat us girls like that?

EIGHTEEN,
Newark, N. J.

Watch for "Flying High," Janet May—and "The Cuban Love Song," Tibbett's next picture

Why don't they make more musical plays? I've read again and again that the musical plays have been flops. That's funny, because every time I've gone to see them, either at a downtown or a neighborhood theater, it has always been literally packed.

JANET MAY,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Ah, Bertha, it's usually the girls who are not technically beautiful who are the most fascinating

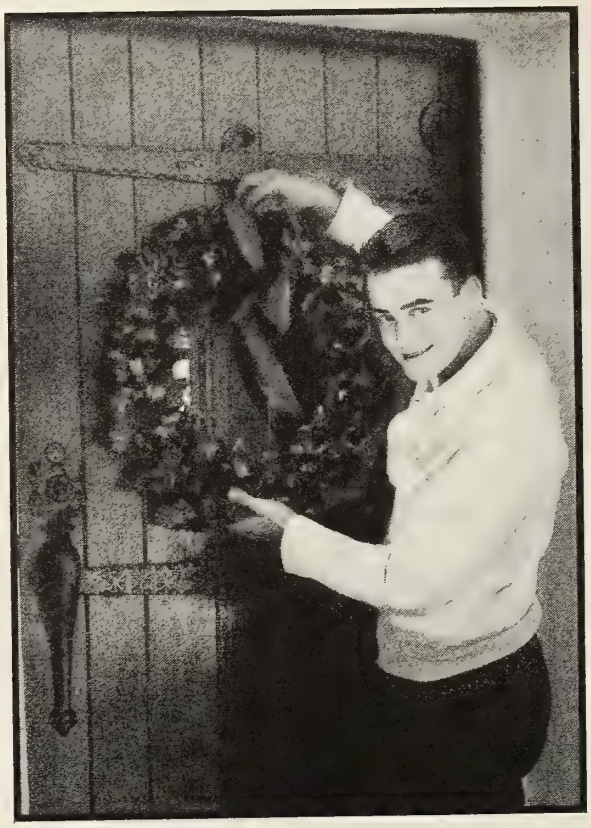
Why, why is Garbo called un-beautiful? Her eyes are the most gorgeous on the screen. She has not "the perfect face," but is she the only one? Take notice of these ladies: Constance Bennett—her nose, cheeks, large mouth, extra large head and she is, oh, so skinny! Una Merkel—bad face, bad figure. Ina Claire, not beautiful, but she is witty, charming, and graceful. Jean Harlow's profile (although I adore the lady) is bad. Irene Dunne—what's pretty about her?—yet she is a grand

(Continued on page 122)

THE MODERN HOSTESS

. . . Lew Ayres tells you how he likes to celebrate the Christmas holidays. And The Modern Hostess gives you Lew's recipes for delicious holiday dishes. Your own menfolk will enjoy them a lot

We wish to announce that the excellent Modern Hostess Star Recipes will henceforth be sent to you free of charge. Just mail in the coupon at the lower left hand corner of the page, with your name and address printed plainly on it in pencil. Send no stamps nor money. And, by the way, if you wish to have any of the recipes from previous issues, we'll be glad to send these to you free of charge as long as they last, for we only have a few left



Lew likes to spend Christmas day at home, with wife Lola Lane and his kid brother and sister. And he likes to go to dinner parties during Christmas week. And when he comes home late at night he likes to partake of his own special scrambled eggs à la Ayres—or one of his other tasty favorites.

THE place to spend Christmas Day is at home!"

That's what Lew Ayres answered when we asked him what kind of Christmas festivity he liked to attend. And he has always felt that way about it—even before he married pretty Lola Lane and became "the head of the house" himself.

"Christmas is a 'home day' celebration," he continued. "With turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, plum pudding, a tree—and everything."

"That's the way people *ought* to feel about Christmas," we agreed. "What do you think one should do, Mr. Ayres, to make a home the sort of place it is a pleasure to spend Christmas in?"

"Keep open house," replied Lew. "Let everybody come and go as they please. Just as water finds its own level, people will congregate where there is the most fun to be had."

"What do *you* do on Christmas that is particularly fun?" we asked.

"Just the same things everyone does," Lew assured us. "I trim a Christmas tree every year for my kid sister and brother. This year Lola and I will trim it together. Then we'll hang up mistletoe—and holly wreaths at the windows and the door and have lots of decorations around because I think they make you feel Christmasy and sort of get you into the spirit of the occasion. And Christmas morning we'll open up our presents and our Christmas cards. I always get a big kick out of the Christmas cards I receive."

"Well, that sounds like a good old-fashioned manner of observing Christmas Day itself. And how do you like to fill up the social calendar between Christmas and New Year?" we asked.

"I like to go to dinner parties," he answered, "but I prefer them to be informal. When we have time—that is, between pictures—Lola and I like to join our friends at luncheon parties, too. But I *don't* care for teas."

"What do you like to do after dinner?" we questioned.

"Dance," replied Lew Ayres with evident enthusiasm in his voice. "I think dancing is one of the grandest forms of entertainment ever invented." (*Continued on page 120*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for January—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name .....
(Print in pencil.)

Address .....

.....

(Left) Madame Rubinstein (the center figure) in her Long Island laboratory. Yes, those are grapes. They are used in the preparation of her famous contour jelly. (Below) A recent photograph of Madame Rubinstein, taken in Paris. She spends much time abroad every year studying with doctors and scientists in Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

BEAUTY ADVICE

A fascinating interview with Mme. Helena Rubinstein—world-famous beauty expert

By MARY BIDDLE

GUESS where I've been? I've been up to see Madame Helena Rubinstein and I have had one of her grand treatments in her smart salon on Fifty-seventh Street. I look—and feel—like a new woman, and it's all I can do not to preen in front of every mirror I pass.

I'll tell you all about the treatment first; I managed to stay awake during all its soothing processes—the most relaxing, doze-provoking processes you can imagine! One sits, all wrapped up in a pink blanket, in a comfortable chair, while a skilled operator puts things on one's face. First a smooth, fluffy cream to remove all that metropolitan dirt and grime. Then that is removed with silky squares of tissue. After that, the operator said, very much in the manner of a considerate dentist, "This will sting just a little." And—pat, pat, pat!—on went a brisk lotion that fetched up the blood from the vessels where it had been lazily sleeping. Then came a molding muscle jelly that will do wonders for incipient double chins. It's slapped on vigorously under the chin and along that line from the point of the chin to the ear, and gently patted with the pads of the fingers around the eyes. After that there was another cream—softening and youthifying. (It was at this point that I nearly went to sleep.) The firm gentle fingers of the operator stroked the cream upward, around the corners of the eyes, over the bridge of the nose where little frowns begin to appear on people who use their eyes too much, gently, always upward, around the corners of the mouth, and into the neck, where the skin loses its youthful texture if neglected. Then a cool pad, soaked in eye lotion, was popped over my eyes and I was left to meditate for ten minutes or so. The final steps included the removal of the cream with tissues, the patting on of a mild skin lotion, and having my face made up.

WITH a skin that felt as smooth and well-conditioned as a baby's, I went downstairs to Madame Rubinstein's office. She's a small, dynamic lady, with enough energy for ten people. She knows her profession from A to Z and back to A, and I'm willing to wager that she could march right into her own salon this minute and give any skin or hair treatment or a manicure or what have you—if she had to.

At one time in her youth, (*Continued on page 120*)

Courtesy Los Angeles *Herald*

Acme

While the marriage between Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye has been set for December 2, in Arizona, rumor has it that they have already been married—in Paris. But it is doubtful if they would have been married before the Marquis' divorce became final—even in a foreign country. Friends of Gloria Swanson insist that Gloria will marry an older man than Michael Farmer—when she does marry. Nevertheless, the gossips insist that Gloria and Michael were recently married in New York.

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

WHEN Greta Garbo "tank she go home now" . . . she go to a new home the exact location of which only her few intimate friends know. Greta just ups and moves from her San Vincente Boulevard house. Seems like too many snoopy people had the address.

The former Garbo sanctuary wasn't hard to re-rent, you can bet. Only a few days after she had moved, Philip Bartholmey, a playwright by trade, leased it. The first thing he did was to issue invitations to a couple of hundred of his Hollywood friends for an elaborate dinner party. It was rumored that there would be three or four orchestras to play dance music, a formal dinner of dainty morsels, imported liqueurs and so on and so on. Everyone who was lucky enough to be invited was all agog—not only a swell party was in view but also a chance to inspect the house that had long been closed to them by the Mysterious Swede. Everyone not lucky enough to be invited was envious of his more fortunate brothers.

Just as swallow-tails and ermine-tails were being liberated from mothballs—host Philip Bartholmey was quietly placed in a psychopathic ward! Living in Garbo's house seems to have gone to the man's head. His friends first noticed a certain strangeness in his conduct when he started handing $100 bills to waiters and stopping strangers on the streets to give them large sums of good old U. S. currency. (Wish we had been around.)

So now Bartholmey has moved from the San Vincente address, too . . . his new address is a private sanitarium. There was no gala party and there were a lot of disappointed guests.

PARAMOUNT studio certainly has terrible luck with its stars. When a film player gets into the headlines with bad publicity—he or she is usually under contract to that studio.

Clara Bow started the ball rolling when she got mixed up with a blackmailing scandal sheet and a dangerous private secretary. Then William (Stage) Boyd made the headlines via a drinking party and a disturbing of the peace. Marlene Dietrich, one of the studio's best box-office bets, came into the newspaper limelight when director Joe Von Sternberg's ex-wife started suit against her for alienation of Joe's affections and libel. That suit hadn't been dealt with before Sessue Hayakawa gets himself all complicated in a legal fracas about the little boy he adopted a few months ago.

If the stars really aren't at fault they get just as much harmful publicity as if they were everything anyone ever called them or sued them for being. In many instances they are proved innocent of the charges—but the damage has already been done as far as their screen careers are concerned.

At a party, a little actress who was letting a taste of movie fame increase the size of her chapeau, appeared in a new white ermine wrap.

"Gee," remarked a friend who had known her when, "that's a swell ermine coat you're wearing."

"Ermine nothing!" high-toned the gal. "This is bleached sable!"

IN the first sequence of her new picture, "Emma," Marie Dressler is supposed to appear ten years younger than she really is. After two hours spent applying make-up, Marie showed up on the set—looking at least fifteen years younger. "And what's more," kidded Marie, "if I'd taken an extra hour for my make-up, they'd be signing me up to play opposite Clark Gable!"

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Janet Gaynor managed to stave off a near-breakdown in order to finish "Delicious," opposite Charles Farrell. She's off on European vacation with mother and hubby.

Robert Williams is dead of peritonitis.

Dorothy Mackaill is now Mrs. Neil Miller.

Walter Huston is marrying Eugenia Sunderland.

It is rumored that Paramount is preparing Vivienne Osborne for the pictures which were bought for Ruth Chatterton.

There is a report that Lupe Velez did not go to Europe because of John Gilbert—but because she and Gary plan to marry there away from parental objections. (See pictures on pages 17 and 73. And story on page 40.)

Lily Damita will probably wed Sidney Smith when her latest picture, at present called "Chi Chi and her Pappas," is completed.

Joan Bennett is in New York to complete the recuperation from her accident. She came by way of the Canal.

Joan Blondell is busy denying rumors of her approaching marriage to George Barnes who is already married and father of two children.

Clark Gable isn't coming to New York after all. He's decided on a hunting trip instead.

Greta Garbo will do "Black Oxen," Gertrude Atherton's novel of some years ago. Corinne Griffith did it in the silents. Joan Crawford was slated for it in the talkies. But M-G-M switched to Garbo.

THIS is just an idle rumor we stumbled on accidentally—so take it for what it's worth. Greta Garbo is supposed to be planning a trip to the altar in the not-so-far-distant future. We don't even know the lucky gent's name . . . we've never even seen him. But this will prepare you for the shock—if Garbo actually does become somebody's *frau.*

The tables are turned. Lupe Velez has always been noted for her imitations of various celebrities—and while they're always entertaining, they are never very complimentary.

At a recent party, Elsie Janis was the hit of the evening doing imitations of Lupe! Meow! Meow!

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE (Mrs. Fredric March) has lost several pounds of that old davil flesh, and it looks like she's all set for a second try at pictures. Now, thinner than she's been for years, she ought to be a wow before the camera.

Mrs. March is well known for her clever retorts. When Freddy was first starting in pictures, a famous red-headed star went quite gaga over his manly charms, and invited him down to her Malibu Beach home for a week-end. Florence, of course, wasn't included in the invitation.

Hey, listen! There's a rumor that Garbo is going to get married!

Acme

Gary Cooper, off for Europe and hunting trip with Woodworth Donohue, Percy G. Melville and Capt. White. Will he see Lupe?

Acme

Our scout suggests that Lupe Velez is really going abroad to marry Gary, away from parental objection. (See pages 40 and 72.)

International

This is the photo which Marlene Dietrich prefers above all others ever taken of herself and her little girl, Maria Seiber.

Freddy declined and the red-head was burnt up. A few days later she met Florence.

"You know," she gushed insinuatingly, "I can't understand why Freddy didn't come up to Malibu with me last week-end."

"Neither can I," out-smarted Mrs. March. "Freddy usually goes where he *wants* to go!"

CHARLIE FARRELL and wife Virginia Valli, built a beach house on the other side of Malibu—so Janet Gaynor and hubby Lydell Peck bought the lot next door and are building themselves a house there. Then Janet and Lydell decided to take a European vacation—so did Charlie and Virginia. These four certainly are great pals—and we can assure you it's not just a publicity stunt.

A recent newspaper headline read: "Movie Scenarist Found Dead!"

"Only one?" *asked an old-timer without even a smirk!*

AT a recent theatre opening, Joan Bennett surprised everyone by appearing without her crutches, and got a big hand from the fans. She came with Hugh Trevor. This may mean a new romance—or just a broken-hearted reunion. Hugh is still feeling pretty badly over his break-up with Betty Compson, and Joan is ditto over John Considine.

They arrived in a party with sister Connie and the Marquis. All four refused to speak over the microphone, but they weren't just being ritzy. Joan felt more than a little nervous without her crutches and feared that she wasn't appearing at her best.

Boy-friend Joel McCrea stopped long enough to have an animated chat with Connie. Whether or not these two were ever in love—they are just *good friends* now.

Buster Keaton has started a new fad in Hollywood. He serves nothing but tea at his teas. What with many of the film favorites brewing their own beer—and now this tea-drinking fad—the bootleggers will have to dig up a new racket.

Director Frank Capra at Columbia has been smitten by the charms of Constance Cummings, a 1931 Baby Star. They certainly look happy when they are together, so maybe they'll follow the example of Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge—and get married.

LUPE VELEZ didn't quite make the Europa, the boat which carried John Gilbert to Europe—but she caught the next one and will see John on the other side. She's still supposed to have a yen for him—and Jack doesn't exactly dislike the little Mexican.

When it was first rumored that Lupe would sail on the same boat as Jack—we heard other reports that Ina Claire had chosen that ship, too. But she later gave up her reservations (could it have been *after* she found Lupe wasn't catching that boat?).

Another passenger on the Europa, according to reports from New York, was the dark-haired Marjorie King, who got a lot of rushing from Jack when she was out in Hollywood a few months ago.

John claimed that this ocean trip was primarily to get away from anything or anybody that would remind him of Hollywood and pictures. Oh, yeah?

One of Gilbert's best friends told us that nobody was as surprised as John himself when Lupe calmly announced she was going East on the same train as himself! Evidently Lupe made up his mind for him.

We were snooping and saw Joan Crawford and Clark Gable dancing together at the popular Cocoanut Grove. They certainly caused a lot of "ohs" and "ahs" from the others there that night. Just as we had decided to rush home and dish you the dirt on the old typewriter (that Clark and Joan are "that way" about each other) they returned to their table. Waiting for them, with broad smiles of approval, were Mrs. Gable and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. And Joan and Clark had the next dance with their respective spouses.

Another juicy scandal nipped in the bud!

JOAN doesn't have to worry any more about Norma Shearer getting the best pictures on the M-G-M lot

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable were seen out dancing!

International

Leatrice Joy recently married William Spencer Hook, Los Angeles business man at Del Monte, California. (Above) With her new hubby.

Acme

Lita Grey Chaplin with her and Chaplin's two boys—Charles, Jr., and Thomas—on board the Ile de France. Going to visit father?

International

Ronnie Colman's off for a three-month Mediterranean holiday. This was taken just before sailing, on the S. S. Conte Grande.

—not after the way her newest, "Possessed," was received by a critical preview audience. Joan and Clark appear together in it—and are the love scenes interesting . . . *they are!* Everyone agreed that Joan did the best piece of work in her career in this picture. Joan and Doug, Jr., and Clark and his wife attended the preview together. They caused a near riot when they dashed out of the theatre. Doug and Joan didn't even have time to stop at the nearest drug store for a coca cola.

Husky Larry Tibbett's elder brother, Jess (who is a singer, too, and who used to appear in musical comedy) calls the burly Larry The Kid.

"The Kid was up last week." Or, "The Kid sure likes to eat!"

The two brothers are great pals—no professional jealousy steals into their fine comradeship.

WHEN Cecil and Mrs. DeMille left for Europe, they were warned that they would probably be mobbed by over-enthusiastic DeMille fans. In a letter back to good old Hollywood, Mrs. Cecil confesses that the only one who recognized her husband was a hotel clerk!

Like the time that Norma Talmadge told her steward on a Honolulu-bound steamer that under no conditions would she see any newspaper boys or photographers. She even had two cabin boys to guard the door to her stateroom. But all in vain—because none of the reporters even asked if she was on the boat!

Pola Negri certainly isn't the best liked actress . . . when it comes to working with her. A well known character actor who played with her in her first come-back picture says, "The only reason the director was able to finish production at all was that Negri was a little nervous about her success—and therefore was more docile than usual." He added, "But Heaven help the director on her next, if this first picture goes over at the box office!"

BOTH Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery are being given a run for their popularity by young Wally Ford, a newcomer to the screen. He has a supporting rôle in Joan Crawford's new picture, "Possessed," and after seeing his work in this, M-G-M immediately put him under contract and assigned him a leading rôle in "Freaks." Yes, that's the title (so far) but it doesn't apply to Wally.

Ronnie Colman is one actor who really shuns publicity. He goes his way quietly and avoids reporters if it is humanly possible to do so. One day Ronnie is up at Lake Arrowhead for a short vacation—and the next he's en route to Italy. Before he left, there was a lot of talk about a romance between Ronnie and Thelma Todd. But it was just talk, 'cause Colman left Hollywood fancy-free.

MILDRED HARRIS, former wife of Charlie Chaplin, just got a divorce from her second husband. She charged desertion and won the suit.

Meanwhile, Charlie is stepping out high, wide and handsome over in Europe. He has met most of the foreign notables—even Ghandi, the champion of India. An excerpt from the London *Daily Telegraph* quotes Charlie as saying: "My real wish is to settle down in England and forget about Hollywood altogether."

Now, Charlie, is that a nice thing to tell strangers?

SETTING a new style in wedding anniversary parties—Betty Compson celebrated hers by having a dinner-for-two with ex-husband Jimmie Cruze. This reunion came as a surprise to all their friends because Betty and Jimmie haven't been speaking since they had a mud-slinging spat just after they finished work on the picture in which Jim directed Betty.

During the making of that picture they were so friendly—what with Cruze sending Betty huge bouquets of roses three times a day—that a re-marriage was expected. But there was a terrific blow-up, and Betty and Jim ignored each other for several months.

They're pals once more and everyone is glad of it, because both of them are such grand persons.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 72 and 90

Charlie Chaplin didn't have to be quite so snooty about Hollywood

. . . The complete details of the marriage of Hollywood's former confirmed bachelor

RICHARD DIX FALLS AT LAST!

Richard Dix met Winifred Coe (right, together) two years ago. For a long time they were merely good friends with no thought of any romance between them. Then, one day, Dix discovered he was in love with Winifred. And they ups and gets married.

International

THE impossible can happen! The day of miracles is not over! Indeed not! And, as usual, it is Hollywood which gets the credit for doing the sensational.

Dix has been one of the most determined bachelors for a long, long time. Other stars married. Other stars divorced—and married again. Even William Powell faced the altar. But not Dix!

Then, one day this fall, Dix fell from his blessed state of singleness with a loud crash which was picked up by all the microphones in Hollywood.

The press was skeptical about his engagement. Dix had been engaged a couple of times before. Two days after his announcement of it, however, the story of his engagement did appear in a San Francisco paper. The moment it appeared Dix chartered a plane for Yuma, Arizona. With him went his bride-to-be, Winifred Coe, J. Walter Ruben, Dix's director and best man, the star's family and the bride's family.

After the ceremony the wedding party took another plane to Los Angeles. They were forced down by fog at Palm Springs. There Dix and his wife enjoyed a brief honeymoon—until the fog lifted. Then, off again. From L. A. the newly married pair disappeared. Probably to Dix's hide-away in the Sierra mountains.

Dix met his bride two years ago through his brother, Doctor E. A. Brimmer. The bride has a brother called Earl. Earl and Dr. Brimmer became acquainted in Minneapolis five years ago. They continued their friendship on the coast. The Brimmer family and the Coe family met. Ernest Brimmer (Richard Dix) met Winifred Coe. They became friends—but only casually. For two years they were casual friends. At the end of two years they decided they were in love—sudden-like.

Winifred is just the type of girl Dix always said was his ideal. Not in pictures; quiet; of a good family. She's a blond (natural, of course). Dresses conservatively. Dix gave her a diamond bracelet as a wedding gift. The bride wore a blue traveling suit at the ceremony. After a few days in the mountains, Dix returned to the studio.

We ought to do something for this chap who fooled us all so long into believing he was a woman-hater. Here's what we can do: let's wish him and his wife constant happiness and success as long as they live, shall we?

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Max Autrey

A lady about whom one never hears any wild publicity. Which is just about the best comment ever on Ann Harding's private life. Ann's next picture will be "Prestige" and her leading man will be a newcomer, Melvin Douglas. Ann recently flew in her own plane to New York and back to Hollywood, leaving husband Harry and baby Jane Bannister at home. She has just bought two new six cylinder cars. She spends less money in beauty shops than any actress in Hollywood. She has attractive freckles and lovely blue eyes.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Irene Dunne has completed her first starring picture for Radio—"Consolation Marriage." Her next will be "Marcheta." In both of these talkies you'll hear her sing. When Irene is too busy to visit her husband, Dr. Griffin, in New York, he commutes to Hollywood to see her. Irene plays golf, not because she likes it, but for the exercise. She's the only woman member of Hollywood's Hole-In-One Club. She's very fond of all kinds of salads and fruits.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Warren William has a profile like John Barrymore's and played opposite Barrymore's wife, Dolores Costello, in "Expensive Women," his talkie début. You'll also see him in "Captain's Wife" and with Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen." William lives quietly in bachelor quarters in Hollywood. He likes green ties. Some years ago, when he was in stock, he competed for a rôle against Richard Dix—and won. He's always exceedingly well groomed.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

If you saw Helen Chandler in "The Last Flight," you have a pretty fair (though somewhat exaggerated) idea of what she's like in real life. That funny little vague expression of hers is very charming. Helen's next picture will be "Heart and Hand" with Walter Huston. Then she'll do a New York stage play. She's married to Cyril Hume, the novelist. She dislikes any form of exercise, has a huge pet cat, never diets, and boasts a lot of cute freckles.

Photograph by Ferenc

Ben Lyon has just finished "Her Majesty, Love," in which he is Marilyn Miller's leading man. He was engaged to Marilyn some years ago—before Bebe Daniels came into his life. He's quite the proud papa just at present. He and Bebe and little Barbara live at the Malibu Beach house the year round. Ben's pet ambition is to become a director. We have an idea, however, that he'll remain too popular as a leading man for many a year to come.

One day Jack Oakie's ma, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, got good and tired of seeing sonny in white flannels and sweaters and took him shopping—under protest. She tried to make a Wall Street broker out of Jack once, but he could sing and dance and wisecrack too well. After "Touchdown," Jack will do "The Jazz King" with Buddy Rogers and Miriam Hopkins.

MODERN SCREEN'S

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Connie Bennett and her tennis instructor. She plays the game because she likes it—Connie has never had to exercise to reduce. She has one of Hollywood's largest appetites and is particularly fond of mashed potatoes with gravy, hot biscuits, and cheese soufflé. Connie is very devoted to her small adopted son and she adores sister Joan's baby.

Photograph by William Grimes

Joan Crawford has just finished "Possessed" in which Clark Gable plays opposite her. Did you know that Joan has a private bodyguard? Also, she hires a man to play the victrola for her between takes. Joan's favorite singer is Bing Crosby. She breakfasts on black coffee and lunches on a salad. Joan's pretty hair is back to its natural shade now.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Photograph by Ray Jones

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Mae Clarke actually did her Christmas shopping early. Mae is practically the most un-temperamental actress in Hollywood. When she does get mad or blue she writes short, vicious poems in a Dorothy Parker style. She likes to play bad girls on the screen. They say she may soon marry Henry Freulich, the Universal photographer. Her next film will be "Blond Baby."

Wide World

MARLENE DIETRICH'S AMAZING SECRET

[AN OPEN LETTER]

Miss Fletcher sympathizes with Marlene's feelings over the rumors that were spread when Marlene's husband (next to her and her baby) arrived in Hollywood just before she was sued for alienating the affections of Josef Von Sternberg (right).

. . . The writer reminds Marlene Dietrich of an episode, hitherto unpublished, in the star's past—an episode which reveals Marlene's great courage in meeting severe odds. Won't she, begs Miss Fletcher, revive that courage to fight a different battle

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

DEAR Marlene:

They say you're heart-broken. That you're going home. *To stay!* It must be wretched to have your name the stuff of which headlines are made. It must be revolting to have photographs of your little girl used as illustrations for news stories in which you are sued for alienation of affections and libel. It must be humiliating to have your husband brought from Germany, as rumor has it he was, to act as a cover, proof for the public of his belief in your innocence.

All of this would be unbearable enough if it were the price you were paying for an extra-marital affair; if it were the inevitable punishment levied for indiscretions you committed either because of emotion or ambition. But those who know you best, those who work with you in the studios, insist the charges made against you in this Von Sternberg fracas are ridiculous; that your interests do not lie in any such direction.

They say so much about you. And there is so much more they might say. But, of course, a beautiful courage isn't nearly as good newspaper copy as a pair of beautiful legs. Furthermore there is doubt in a good many minds as to whether these two things are even likely to be compatible.

It's your courage I want to talk to you about now.

For many years, during her first success, Marlene Dietrich lived surprisingly economically for a star. Where others would have spent oodles of money on various luxuries Marlene was content with the most simple things. There was a very powerful reason—a reason revealed for the first time in this story

You were very young when life first challenged you. You had been sheltered and protected. You had been educated carefully in specialized private schools. You were seemingly unfitted for the battle. But you came through!

I can see you in Berlin playing in the German version of "Broadway." You were in your dressing-room about to go on when they brought suddenly, unexpectedly, bad news. Your father, whom you adore, was in serious financial difficulties. An army man, ignorant of the business world, he found himself in desperate straits. Through no direct fault of his own, because he had been trapped, he faced bankruptcy. His creditors had decided to take the matter to law. Your father had used all the money he had saved to keep him and your mother in their old age but it hadn't been

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

nearly enough to stem the adverse tide. There was absolutely nothing more he could do.

That night when your cue came, you walked on the stage casually but your heart must have pounded fearfully against your side. Bankruptcy, you knew, was something no German officer could survive. It meant not only poverty but social ruin and professional disgrace.

It must have seemed ages before you reached home. There were your mother and father with bowed heads. In your mother's eyes, usually calm, were tears. Your father's eyes, usually keen and bright, were dark with worry.

"You're to stop worrying," you told them, "for there is nothing to worry about."

"YOU call it nothing," your father said brokenly. "I owe hundreds of thousands of marks and you call it nothing . . . *Liebchen,* you don't know how much money it is. You don't know the many years it would take to make that much money. And there are no years left, only days . . . a few short days . . ."

"You're not to worry," you repeated. And there was such confidence in your voice that they believed you.

"I'm going to get your creditors to wait," you explained in answer to the mute question in their eyes. "And then I'm going to pay them back out of the money I'll earn!"

Surely this face doesn't lack courage.

The next morning a week of trying days began. It took courage and determination and a readjustment of all your values for you to approach your father's creditors. Never before in all your life had you needed to ask quarter from anyone.

THE first man you saw laughed at your proposition. Why should he wait? Threatened with bankruptcy and the consequent ruin it meant, he felt your father would move heaven and earth to settle; that your mother would sell the securities and properties representing their savings which he was convinced were hidden away somewhere in her name.

"You are wrong," you told him. "My mother has nothing. My father's savings have gone. Press and you'll gain nothing but his ruin. Wait, and you have my word for it, you'll be paid back to the last mark."

"You will pay me back?" the man asked. But it was evident, wasn't it, that he believed you? There was about you an unquestionable aura of truth which convinced him. He only questioned how you, little more than a child, planned to make so much money.

"I am an actress," you explained. "I'm only beginning my career. But already I'm getting ahead. I tell you I will pay you back!"

Likely enough that creditor felt anyone who had impressed him as you had must inevitably impress others. At any rate, when you left his great office you had his word that he would wait, that he wouldn't present his claim. But he was only one—only the first.

There were many others to see, some more lenient than he, others even less lenient. However, although it took many days for you to talk with them all, the interviews never were to become any easier. Always you had to muster your courage before you started out.

Then, at the very last, there was that grim-faced, tight-lipped broker who threw back his head and laughed in derision when you had finished talking. If he alone held out, your cause was lost. But you didn't truckle to him.

"You must not laugh," you told him angrily. "If it were your daughter who stood in my position, who asked what any daughter would ask for her father's sake, then you wouldn't think it funny.

"And if it is that you're doubting my ability to keep my promise . . . if it is that you're doubting my ability to earn enough money to pay you back, then it is an insult. And I demand that you apologize!"

It doesn't surprise me in the slightest that that financier immediately asked your pardon. Greek had met Greek. Men of such calibre are quick to know when they have met their match.

YOUR biography skims over the next few years lightly. It names the other plays in which you appeared following "Broadway" and marks your entrance into the movie studios with their heavier money bags. Nothing is said about any love affairs. Nothing is said about any beautiful homes in Berlin or in Paris or at any of the fashionable resorts. There are no tales about your furs or your jewels.

Because, for a long, long time you lived economically. I know how for years you maintained only the merest semblance of the "front" your position came to demand. I know how every week, without fail, your salary was divided . . . so much for this creditor, so much for that creditor . . . until there was barely enough left to keep you until the next check came.

There was, however, gold upon your father's sleeves. What more?

Paying back all that money took the best years of your life. It cheated you out of the intoxication of your first sensational success. It forbade your being gay and carefree. It denied you extravagance. But though you missed all of this you gained something, too. Today because of those difficult years, your spirit is stronger.

"Show me how a man treats his mother," the old wives used to say, "and I'll show you how he'll treat his wife." It amounts to the same thing, I think, to say, "Show me how a girl treats her father and I'll show you how she'll treat her husband."

Therefore, when I remember the fine way you served your father, I cannot find it in my heart to believe you would make your husband the butt of a Hollywood scandal. Were you madly and recklessly in love with Josef Von Sternberg, your director, I can see you counting the world well lost and running away with him. That, yes. But I can't, for the life of me, imagine you sneaking your love in dark places, hiding behind Rudolph Sieber's husbandly confidence and trust in you.

However, aware of the courage you showed in this heretofore unpublished, secret episode from your early life I can't believe you're going to quit under fire. You won't do that . . . You have to go home for a little while, I know, when in April your immigration permit expires. But I, for one, won't believe it will be a final leave-taking. So I say only *Auf Wiedersehen* . . .

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER.

EX-BACHELOR

. . . Bachelor freedom? A dreary thing, says Bill Powell. But love, and being married to Carole Lombard, is quite another story

"Somewhere, deep down in every man's heart," says Powell, "there is a strong desire for a woman who needs him and him alone . . . I don't give a hang how much sophistication a man has, there is one woman in the world who can set his heart to thumping like a sledge hammer. Carole was that girl for me."

By WALTER RAMSEY

WHEN William Powell (Bill preferred) first started going places with Carole Lombard, the know-it-alls reasoned like this: "Certainly he is attracted to her. Who wouldn't be! Carole is one of the most stunning girls Bill or anyone else in Hollywood has seen for a long time. But a man like Bill Powell thinks a good long time before marriage. His freedom means so much to him!"

A man like Powell . . . just what did they mean by that phrase? Polished? Most assuredly! A cosmopolite? Yes, Bill has done enough traveling over this merry old globe of ours to rate that one, too. Certainly Powell has seen life. He has been married and divorced. He has been poor and wealthy. And for the past seven years he has basked in a movie celebrity which has earned him the customary elaborate bachelor quarters, the proverbial man servant, a generous income which permitted him to meet all necessities and most of his fancies—and above all, he had freedom!

Yet, two months ago, it began to be whispered about that Powell not only wanted to marry Carole Lombard . . . he was pleading—begging her to marry him!

What's wrong with that picture?

There are a couple of possible answers: either Bill has never been quite the man of the world he was painted . . . or else the little god Cupid came along and knocked all the worldliness into a cocked hat!

BILL attempted to explain to me something of what appeared to be a right-about-face in his personality—sort of between matches at the tennis tournament. "Good Lord, man—the real surprise of this confounded man-of-the-world-marrying thing is that men can remain bachelors so long as they do!

"Being alone in the world is the most boring, restless and unhappy existence I know of . . . believe me there!"

As you and I take time out to digest *that* one from one of the screen's leading sophisticates, permit the cameraman to set up his instrument for a snapshot of Bill as he appears today. I've known Powell for a long time and I've never seen a more becoming change in anyone than has taken place in him lately. He's ten years younger, and incidentally ten pounds heavier than he was last year. Outwardly, except for the weight, he hasn't changed at all. The same immaculate grooming . . . the same piercing glance from his eyes, which are a surprisingly clear blue . . . the same gesticulations with his hands. But inwardly he is a new man. In fact, the new Bill Powell is astonishingly different from the cynical and slightly-morose and moody fellow I first met three years ago.

"Freedom," he chuckled, as we recalled the former Mr. William Powell. "Freedom? You can have it—I don't want it. Look here, I'm not trying to set down any rules for anyone. After all, it's every man for his own life. I only know what my *own* experiments and experiences in freedom brought me . . . I was a disgruntled and dissatisfied human being! It's really a wonder how I managed to retain any of my friends.

"Oh, I get the angle you are driving at, all right! Long ago I used to figure that if I had enough money to live comfortably in freedom; to go where I wanted—with whom I chose; to live my own life in my own way (I believe that is the popular phrase), that I would be the happiest man in the world.

THROUGH a lot of luck, and the movies, I reached that most desirable stage. Like most other things in life, it came upon me so gradually that I hardly realized I possessed it—until I found one day that I was very unhappy! I commenced to take stock of the things I had . . . just to see if I was actually in ownership of all the things I had formerly held so dear. I found that I had:

"Freedom to travel! But what is the fun of going to the most marvelous place in the world if you are alone? A year ago I took a vacation *(Continued on page 121)*

IF YOU MET GEORGE ARLISS—

By FAITH BALDWIN

Acme

Faith Baldwin says of George Arliss, "He is simply a gentleman who happens to be an actor. Or shall we say an actor who happens to be a gentleman?" (Above) On the Olympic when he recently returned from Europe.

FOR a good many years George Arliss has been a bright, especial star in my theatrical heavens. I saw him in "The Devil" in 1908. I saw him in the original "Disraeli," which seemed doomed to failure at first, and then made such a tremendous and deserved success. I read his splendid book, "Up from Bloomsbury," and was interested in his early struggles, his first engagement with Mrs. Pat Campbell and his final great success on the American stage—a success which now, as we all know, includes such an enormous motion picture following.

A day or so ago, I sat with him in a comfortable executive office in the First National building and, dismissing the superb actor from my mind, asked mys lf, "What manner of *man* is this?" I didn't ask Mr. Arliss—it would have been impertinence and I had a distinct feeling that one does not lightly become impertinent toward George Arliss, consciously or otherwise.

Actors so frequently portray gentlemen that they become gentlemen. Or rather, they use all the gestures, employ the accents, and wear, as a sort of armor, a magnificent veneer. Not so Mr. Arliss. In person, so to speak, he portrays nothing, acts no part; he is merely himself. And he himself is a gentleman, without effort or ballyhoo.

HE is perhaps one of the few, if not the only motion picture star who cannot be persuaded to inform the public at large through the medium of the press and the interviewer what he thinks of woman's hats, flaming youth,

. . . A delightful close-up pen portrait of one of the greatest gentlemen on the screen

marriage, romance or what have you. He receives just as much publicity as anyone else but I would venture to say that he considers it merely part of the day's work and reserves, gently but firmly, the right to maintain a rather smiling silence on any personal subject. Should you rush up to him and ask him what he ate for dinner or why he had stayed married for so many years to the same woman, he would receive you with courtesy, he would not kick you down the stairs. But he wouldn't answer you. Why should he? I have no doubt that he made up his mind long ago that the public was entitled to the best of his artistic efforts but not to the casual expression of his private opinions and emotions.

George Arliss makes frequent trips to the land of his birth—England. He has a house there which he loves. This picture of him was taken in the garden which surrounds the lovely old house.

It certainly hasn't hurt him.

Not that Mr. Arliss is anything of a mystery man. I think he would loathe that appellation; somehow the word "mystery," tacked onto a human being by a publicity department and taken up by the Paul Prys of the press, has a hollow and exceedingly false ring. No, there is nothing at all mysterious about him. He is simply a gentleman who happens to be an actor—or shall we say an actor who happens to be a gentleman?—who does glorious and intelligent work on stage and screen and who, quite rightly, considers that he merits his privacy, but does not make a fuss over it.

HE was born, they tell me, on Good Friday, April 10, 1868; and born, as we all know, in London. How old that makes him I have no idea; I am no mathematician and I need pencil and paper to work out sums. It doesn't matter, anyway. He seems to me to be no older—to appear no older—than he did back in 1908 when I breathlessly regarded him from an orchestra seat and watched him taking Molnar's brilliant Devil through his charming and sardonic paces.

He is a slight man, impeccably dressed. The publicized monocle sits placidly under one eyebrow. The other eyebrow quirks a bit as he talks. He has very fine hands. I noticed them at once; I always notice hands. His eyes are blue, definitely blue, rather coldly blue. He has an amused smile and an absolutely courteous, absolutely detached attitude.

When I met him I had just ambled wearily off a train after a trying and tiring trip. I sat in the corner of a comfortable couch and regarded my victim and talked of everything under the heavens. I talked of speech-making, cities, women, politics, humor, books, acting. And Mr. Arliss paid me the very great compliment of listening. He was probably not in the least interested. But he'd never let me feel that, you see.

He asked me a question or two. Was I related to Stanley Baldwin? I felt myself grow in stature; however, I reluctantly confessed *(Continued on page 106)*

With Doris Kenyon in "Alexander Hamilton." Although some people do not consider this as good as some of the other Arliss films, it is not on account of his performance. That is as flawless as ever, you may be sure.

THE STARS' DOGS

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

© Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

(Above) Ramon Novarro's Doberman-Pinscher, Lux. (Upper, right) Helen Twelvetrees' wire-haireds, Romeo, Juliet and Catherine the Great. (Lower, right) Lew Cody's little dog—a champion of many breeds. Traffic is her name.

AN astronomer from the planet Mars, charting Hollywood through his celestial telescope, would find a myriad stars of great or lesser magnitude. But, shining dazzlingly through all, he would discover the Dog Star.

Puritans, who groan that Hollywood has gone to the dogs, could verify that plaint if they should go there. They would find one of the largest and most magnificent colonies of highbred dogs on earth and each dog figuratively knee-deep in clover. For Hollywood is the fabled "Dog Heaven."

Let's hold a dog show of our own, with this canine galaxy as entrants. Line up a mere half-handful of the lot and we'll look them over. For example:

Here are two gorgeous police dogs, worthy of winning the "brace class" at any show on earth. They don't both belong to the same owner, but that makes no difference in the judging, does it?

. . . This world famous authority on dogs has many delightful things to say about the movie people's pets

We feel that MODERN SCREEN has scored a real scoop in presenting to its readers—for the first time in any fan magazine—the very distinguished Albert Payson Terhune, whose favorite subject, pet hobby and major interest in life is animals—especially dogs!

Clark Gable's police dog, Fels. He acted with his master in "Susan Lenox." (Upper, left) Genevieve Tobin's Sealyham. He's known as Sealy. (Lower, left) Lois Wilson's more-or-less collie, Sandy. He came from the S. P. C. A.

One of them is Charles Rogers' Baron; not only a perfect show specimen but a born actor. He can open and shut doors and do a dozen other clever stunts that he learned as fast as his master could teach him.

The second splendid police dog is Clark Gable's Fels. Don't try familiarities with Fels. He is upstage—not to say forbidding—with strangers. But with his master he is an adoring pal; his comrade on horseback rides and in the car. He and Baron are a perfectly matched brace.

THEN here is another dog, as tiny as the police dogs are big. He is Mei-Lan-Fang, the year-old Pekingese that has constituted himself the diminutive but fearless guard of his mistress, Madge Evans. I am disappointed in Madge, for choosing even so exquisite a Peke as Mei-Lan-Fang. For, when she was a child

Marie Dressler's chow, Ming, simply adores his mistress. He showed just how much when they were once separated

Lew Ayres found a pup in the dog pound—and kept him ever afterwards. (Right) Bette Davis' twin French poodles were given her when her wire-haired died.

I taught her—or tried to teach her—that a collie is the one dog on earth. My Sunnybank collies loved her; and the roughest of them romped with her as gently as if she were made of glass—instead of tinted Sévres china.

THEN, here are two more grand dogs for our show; but not a brace, for they are of different breeds. They belong to Wallace Beery. One of them is an English springer spaniel, Sister, by name. The other is Brownie, an English setter. No mere pets, this pair. Beery has trained them both to hunt. Neither of them realizes that their master is so often a sinister screen figure. To them he is just the Easy Boss.

Beery has also taught the spaniel to go with him on his airship rides, thus qualifying her as a "sky terrier." Sister loves the plane, as much as Brownie loves motoring.

Now let's get the foremost collie of the show out of our system, so I can center my attention on the other breeds. While there is a collie impatiently waiting to be

Marie Dressler's chow was given her by a friend when Marie was in Rome. So that makes Ming an imported dog. Very grand, isn't it?

Cast your eye on these pictures if you love dogs—and who could help loving 'em?

Russell Gleason has the ugliest dog in Hollywood. But don't ever tell Russell that or he'll—well, try it.

Connie Bennett rather favors Scotch terriers. They are two of the most adorable Scotties alive and wagging a tail. On the left, Pan. On the right, Peter,

(Below) Madge Evans' Pekingese, Mei-Lan-Fang. He was born in New York. (Right) Wallace Beery and Brownie, an English spaniel, and Sister, an English setter.

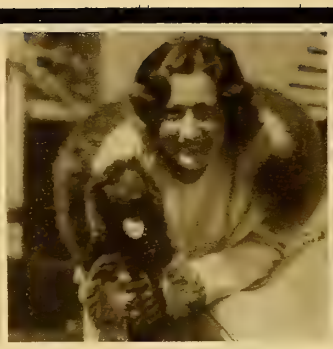
Dolores Del Rio's dog, Pancho, has no use for any human being but his mistress. He bullies Dolores' other dog, a chow, and simply won't put up with cats.

judged, I am prone to slur over the remaining dogs. I am mildly insane on collies. That is why I want to pause at the bench where reclines Lois Wilson's eleven-year-old Sandy.

Sandy did not emanate from a registered collie kennel—so far as is known. Miss Wilson's mother bought him as a puppy from the Hollywood S. P. C. A. But from the moment he entered the Wilson house he made himself at home, driving off tramps and peddlers and constituting himself the family guard.

So well did he learn to protect the house that when Lois Wilson moved to a bigger (*Continued on page 117*)

MORE DOG PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE



Robert Montgomery's wire-haired terrier (above) takes the prize for cuteness. The pictures around the page are as follows, reading counter clock-wise: Jean Hersholt's chow, Kai Wu. Joan Crawford's Scotty, Woggles. Greta Nissen's Arabian saluke, Caid. Charles Rogers' police dog, Baron. Karen Morley's quintet of wire-haired newcomers. Richard Arlen's toy bull and Holland skipperky. Mae Clarke's Irish terrier and her Spitz. Lëon Janney's bulldog, Rascal. Ona Munson's Mexican chihuahuas, Cocoa and Georgia. Chevalier's Sealyham, Adolphe. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wheeler's dog, Rusty. And, last, Ronald Colman's wire-haired, George. Well, aren't you all envious?

Photograph by Bert Longworth

This shot of the Paramount studio where Ruth Chatterton and Geoffrey Kerr were making "Once a Lady," gives you perfectly the feeling of being inside a studio. You can almost feel the close, dead air. Although Ruth's last few pictures have not been so good as some of her others, people who are in the know have very high hopes concerning Ruth's next picture, the present title of which is "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

HOLLYWOOD'S MYSTERY

. . . Remember our theory about the Lupe Velez-Gary Cooper break in a recent issue? Here's the fearless confirmation from Lupe's own lips, told with pitiful candor

International

In the days when Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez were first revelling in their love for each other (above). At the right she is seen with Lawrence Tibbett in a scene from her latest picture, "The Cuban Love Song."

By GLADYS HALL

It isn't often that a human document such as this comes out of Hollywood. We present—with sympathy and something of awe—poor Lupe's condemnation of the forces which, she claims, killed her romance with Gary Cooper. Although she now declares her love for John Gilbert, we believe it is merely a gesture

I WAS sitting in Eleanor Packer's private office on the M-G-M lot. The day was dying. Our work was done. We were talking together, as women will. Suddenly, in the outside corridor, there came the sounds of tumult and confusion. A voice of wild savagery rang through the halls. The door was torn violently open and wild Lupe Velez dashed into the room, slamming the door behind her. She flung herself upon us with lavish endearments and embraces. She wore a pajama suit of dull blue with a pale pink blouse. The Bacchic splendor of her hair flaunted and tossed. She leaped to Eleanor's desk and sat there, cross-legged. She started to chant: "I am bad and I'm glad I'm bad—I'm bad and I'm glad—I eat snakes and toads and worms—I'm glad, I'm glad I'm bad—"

She looked like a fiend's god-daughter.

Suddenly her face changed. She threw back her head and began to sing . . .

"Now that I've lost you—please understand—
I live forever—at your—command—"

There was a break in that voice. A dreadful note of pain.

A suspicion I had held for a long time gripped me and became a certainty.

I said, "Lupe, what *is* this all about? What is the real explanation of your break with Gary? You've been lying about it because you love him—*and you know you do.*"

The room was deathly still. The magnificent madcap turned toward me a face hard to recognize as Lupe's. I felt that I had torn a mask away and I was actually afraid to look at what I had done.

Then through the still room hurtled two words, sharp as shrapnel, bitter and burning—*"His mother!"*

MODERN SCREEN had been right, then. Walter Ramsey had been right in his article in the September issue, called "Hollywood's Mystery Romance." He had been even righter than he knew.

"His mother!"

Surely no condemnation so cruel had ever been voiced before by a raw and quivering heart.

And then Lupe began to talk. Her voice was dull but

ROMANCE Solved!

"I'm not good enough for him," says Lupe, "I know that. But I tried to make him happy. I did make him happy. I would have done anything in the whole world for him." (Below) The two of them in the only picture they both appeared in, "The Wolf Song." Their romance started at that time.

International

Hurrell

persistent. The pain of her words made her usually mobile features rigid. Her eyes were dry—with the dryness of despair.

"I hope she never cries the tears that I have cried. I hope she never knows the suffering I have known. I don't hate her—that much."

That ringing voice was so quiet now that we had to bend forward to hear the words she said.

"She said—his mother—I wasn't good enough for Gary. I'm not good enough for him. I know that. But I tried to make him happy. I did make him happy. I would have done anything in this whole world for him. There was nothing I wouldn't have done. *There is nothing I wouldn't do.*

"She told him that when I was in New York I was seeing other men. She told him that I wasn't faithful to him. *He believed what she told him.* He is so weak, poor baby. He believes what anyone says to him. It was a lie. I didn't. I have nothing to hide. If I had had anything to hide why did I always go out? Sure, I went out. I had to do some of that. But you don't go out when you are really interested in someone else. Not, anyway, when everyone will be wise. *I have been faithful to Gary from the first day I loved him.*

In our October issue, under the title, "Hollywood's Mystery Romance," we published a story which purported to show that the reason for Gary and Lupe's not marrying was Gary's mother (above, with Gary)—who objected strongly. Lupe's own words, on these pages, more than justify our former theory. (Below) "I'm bad, I'm glad I'm bad. I eat snakes and toads and worms—" So sings poor, crushed little madcap, Lupe.

SHE said, his mother, that I wanted fun, money, excitement, party, going-out. All the time my baby and I were together we didn't go hardly anywheres. Gary didn't like parties so we didn't go. Gary didn't like company so we didn't have anybody but a few friends. We went to little neighborhood picture shows where no-one would know us. We went on trips in the car. We had beautiful times together. Gary liked to live quiet and so I liked it, too.

"I would go hunting with him at nights, in the woods. I don't like hunting. I am lazy, I like luxury and comfort. But I would go and scare owls for him to shoot at and I would be a'scairt of my life of toads and snakes and things. But he was happy, wasn't he? That's all I cared about. That's all I ever cared about. He would come home with color in his face and he would eat and eat and get fatter and I would be happy for that.

"He wanted a Dusenberg car. He was just a big kid. He wanted that car so bad. Hees mother and father didn't want him to have it. It cost too much. I said, 'Why shouldn't you have it? You work hard, don't you? You deserve it. You get it, baby. You trade in my car if you need to, but you get that Dusenberg because you want it.'

"He would be afraid to stand up for his rights at the studio. They made him afraid, his family. I said to him, 'Baby, they can't work you to death. They can make you work but they can't kill you. They go to San Quentin for that.' I said, 'You stand up for your rights . . .' If he had done what I told him to do after 'The Virginian' he would be making five thousand dollars a week today. His mother scared him out of it. She told him he must do what they told him to do. He might lose his job if he didn't. She told him he must eat in that Commissary or they mightn't like it.

"I would beg him to come home and eat good warm food. He needed it. You should have seen that boy when I first knew him! . He was going for consumption. He was thin and nervous. I would say, 'Hell, baby, what if you do lose your job? What if I lose my job and my house and everything? You have your Dusenberg, haven't you? It's all paid for, isn't it? We can eat in that—we can go away in that—we can live in that—we are young—we love each other—we are the *mos'* wonderful couple in this whole wide world. No one can touch us, baby, nothing can stop us—what do you care for these?'

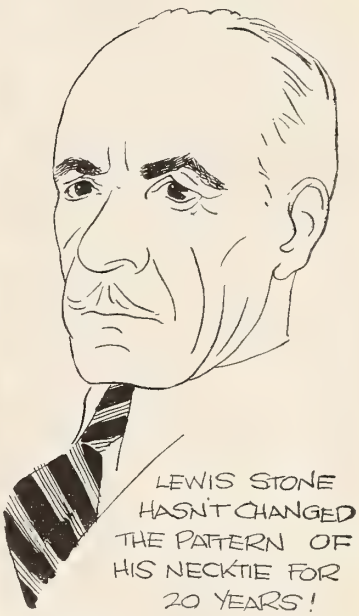
I AM so unhappy. I have sat hours, days, quiet, thinking, thinking—I wish I could go out this minute and fall under a trolley car. That is how I feel about it.

"I love him. Yes, I do. He is the only man I have ever loved. No one in this world will ever be like my baby. But it is gone. It is finished. He is so weak, poor darling. Oh, he would be so discouraged. I have sat, evening after evening, petting him, saying, 'Darling, you are wonderful—you are wonderful, baby—there is no one like you. You are wonderful, baby, you know they all love you, you know there is no one can act like you—you are the mos' wonderful artist on the whole screen—there is no one who can touch you—' I would try to make him feel happy and proud of himself again. He would come to me, his hands all shaking, like this, so ner-vous—

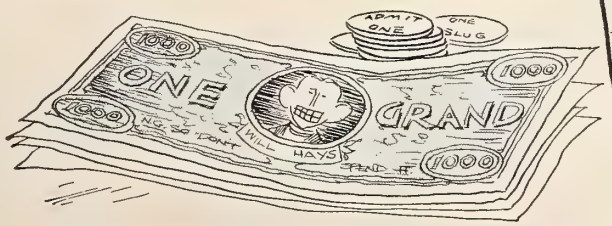
"I know you are surprised. I have given other stories to the magazines. I have said that I am not a one-man woman, that I find I prefer diamond *(Continued on page 107)*

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

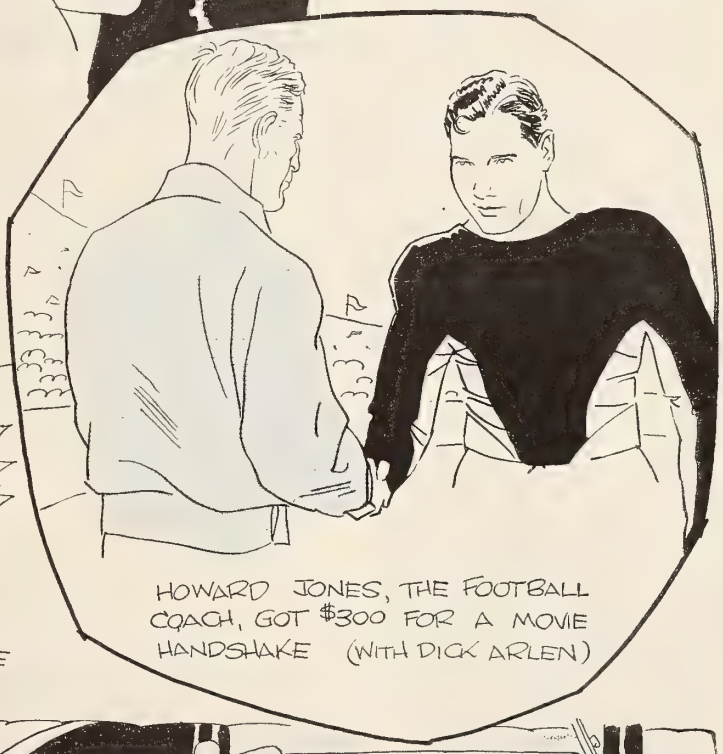
WHEN BARBARA STANWYCK GOES TO A HOLLYWOOD PARTY SHE TAKES ALONG A BOOK TO READ



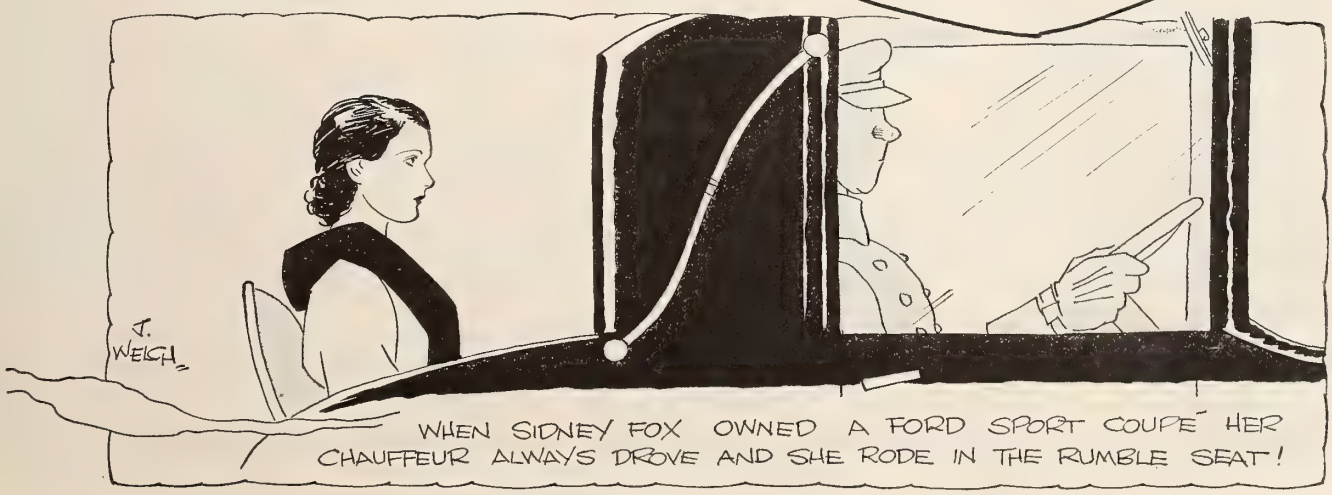
LEWIS STONE HASN'T CHANGED THE PATTERN OF HIS NECKTIE FOR 20 YEARS!



IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO PHOTOGRAPH MONEY - SO ALL THE DOUGH YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES IS PHONEY.



HOWARD JONES, THE FOOTBALL COACH, GOT $300 FOR A MOVIE HANDSHAKE (WITH DICK ARLEN)



WHEN SIDNEY FOX OWNED A FORD SPORT COUPE HER CHAUFFEUR ALWAYS DROVE AND SHE RODE IN THE RUMBLE SEAT!

Perhaps you've wondered what had happened to Kathryn Crawford. She's coming back in the leading rôle in "Flying High." (Above) with Guy Kibbe and Pat O'Brien in a scene from that picture.

COULD YOU HAVE DONE

By HARRIET PARSONS

There is a lesson here for every human being. We all touch rock bottom at times in our lives. Some of us give up. Others follow the line of meek resignation. But people like Irish Kathryn Crawford put up a stiff Irish fight. Read this story and treasure it for that day when you may need an example of such splendid courage.

ONE afternoon not long ago a twenty-two year old girl sat in a darkened projection room and learned the bitter meaning of self-contempt. She had known, in her brief lifetime, both treachery and deceit. She knew what it was to be forsaken by sweetheart and friends. Tragedy had stalked her since childhood. But in that moment when she looked at the living square of canvas before her she touched the darkest depths that a human being can know. She lost her self-respect.

The girl's name was Kathryn Crawford—and what she saw on the screen was herself. Herself grown fat, and negligent and unattractive. She had taken the test for the lead in an important picture. It was her first chance in many dreary months. And as she looked at herself on the screen she was heartsick and ashamed, for she knew no producer in his right mind would entrust her with a big rôle.

No one in that little projection room knew that a great spiritual battle was being fought and won in those few brief moments. The others saw simply that Kathryn Crawford had gotten fat and lost her fresh young beauty. It was too bad, they thought, for her voice was still lovely and just what they wanted for the big musical they were about to screen.

But Kathryn saw more than that. She saw what she had done to herself in the year and a half she had spent trying to forget the beating she had taken from life. She also saw that her whole future as a human being as well as an actress was at stake. She knew that she had either to take herself drastically in hand or drift along the way she was going and be a nobody, a derelict. And she made her decision.

SO Kathryn Crawford did a very brave thing. Dead broke, she borrowed money on the only valuable thing

Penniless and broken-hearted, Kathryn Crawford once touched

Tactfully, sympathetically, Harriet Parsons tells of Kathryn Crawford's heartrending struggles. She has even tasted the wormwood bitterness of self-contempt. But it failed to daunt her Irish spirit.

THE SAME?

she had left and sentenced herself to a week in the hospital on a starvation diet. If she lost, she would be penniless and without hope—but if she won it meant another chance at the career which she had thrown away. It was a great gamble and it took terrific courage. But Kathryn stuck to it and won. For a week she lay in bed in the hospital, taking no nourishment but orange juice. There were many times during those long hours when she thought, "Oh, what's the use? I'm no good. I'll never get another job." But she fought it through—forced herself to believe in her own talent and personality—forced herself to forget the bitter months when the world had regarded her contemptuously as a little bum—a little bum who was through. One who had thrown away everything for a man who no longer cared for her. She made herself believe that Kathryn Crawford, the world to the contrary, was someone worth considering.

I dare not even think what might have become of Kathryn had she lost her battle. She had been through so much, her spirit and her moral stamina had been tested beyond endurance. But that last brave desperate gamble won for her. She came out of the hospital weak—but slim and lovely, with her head held high. Friends persuaded M-G-M to give her another test and she got the part. And that is why you will see Kathryn Crawford

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

the depths—then fought to the heights again

It is Kathryn Crawford's voice which is her most unusual talent. Somehow she has always found the time and money to cultivate it. Even when, at fifteen, she was saddled with the cares of a mature woman, she managed to earn enough to pay for those precious voice lessons. The only time she ever neglected it—and herself—was when her romantic belief in love was wrecked.

in "Flying High." You will like her piquant loveliness and her rich voice—and you will wonder where she has been all these months.

I can tell you where Kathryn has been. She has been in hell. I will tell you as much of her story as it seems to me right and fair to lay bare in cold black print. But I will admit frankly that I am leaving out the most tragic facts. For it seems to me that Kathryn Crawford has suffered sufficiently through people and events over which she had no control. Now that she has started a fresh chapter it would be cruel to drag out for public consumption things which have already hurt her bitterly and were in no way her fault.

WHEN Kathryn Crawford—then Kathryn Moran—was eight and her sister Margaret ten, they were taken away from their mother and sent to live with their father, whom they had not seen since babyhood. They did not know why, suddenly, they should be thus separated from the one who was closest to them. It was many years before Kathryn learned the answer to this riddle—and the circumstances which followed its solution brought great grief and suffering. But that is the chapter which cannot be told—which I, at any rate, will not tell.

At eight Kathryn found herself in a new home, getting acquainted with a father and stepmother who were strangers to her. They have remained strangers to her from that day to this. The father was a silent, severe man; the stepmother, a straight-laced, conventional woman who knew the Ten Commandments but was not overly intimate with the human soul. They must both have been bewildered by the tempestuous, talented little tomboy, Kathryn, who was suddenly flung into their lives.

Kathryn had already given evidence of a definite feeling for music and rhythm. She was a natural born dancer—had, in fact danced at Carnegie Hall and in theater prologues in New York with her sister when she was only six. But it was in her voice that her real talent lay. There was a little money on the stepmother's side of the family and the child was given voice lessons.

When she was just entering her 'teens the Morans moved to California, where the two girls, Kathryn and Margaret, were sent to high school, and Kathryn's voice training was continued.

Now you must understand that there was no living soul to whom Kathryn Moran could turn for understanding or advice during those difficult years when she was growing out of little girlhood. (*Continued on page 94*)

Photograph by John Miehle

A lovely new photograph of Gloria Swanson in a lovely new gown—a gown, be it noted, designed for Miss Swanson by Chanel. Gloria and the gown will be seen in "Tonight or Never." This was a successful New York stage play last season. It's all about a prima donna—which means that you'll hear Gloria sing again.

OKAYING THE OKAY BOY

(Right) Minna Gombel, Sally Eilers and Jame Dunn in a scene from "Bad Girl," the talkie version of Viña Delmar's famous best-seller. Mrs. Delmar has some interesting things to say about this film.

In very clever fashion, this sensationally famous writer tells what she thought of James Dunn's interpretation of her hero in "Bad Girl"

By VIÑA DELMAR

Although you have probably seen "Bad Girl" by this time it is a delight to be able to get the author's (left) opinion of James Dunn, who played the leading male rôle in it. Mrs. Delmar recently returned from the shore where she spent the summer writing a new novel

I NEVER even heard of James Dunn until somebody told me that he was going to play Eddie in "Bad Girl." I'd never seen a picture of him, never before heard his name mentioned, and to this day I haven't met him. If I ever do meet him I shall probably say, "Oh, Mr. Dunn, you were wonderful in 'Bad Girl'," and no doubt he will modestly reply, "It was a grand part," and then I'll say, "Don't you think it's warm for this time of the year?" You see, I'll have to change the subject because, if I went on telling James Dunn what I really thought of him in "Bad Girl," he'd go out and describe me to people as one of those gushing females who always speak in superlatives. That would be slander. I never speak in superlatives—except when I'm telling people about the fellow who played Eddie in "Bad Girl."

It's curious and probably a little insane, the habit authors have of really loving their books. We can see their faults just as an intelligent parent sees the faults of his children but, like that parent, we love the book anyway, particularly if it's our very first book. And "Bad Girl" was my very first book. Until the talking pictures bought the right to film it I had been the captain of that story's soul, the mistress of its destiny. But it belonged to someone else after I had accepted a certain check and signed a certain document. How would it look when I saw it again? Would its mother still love it? What were they doing to it? "Oh," somebody said casually, "they have a fellow named Dunn playing Eddie. That's all I know about it."

I DROVE a hundred miles to see the preview of "Bad Girl." I would have driven a thousand miles to see it, but once I sat in the little private theatre at the film office, waiting for the picture to begin, I wondered if I should have come. Suppose the picture were dreadful? Wouldn't it have been far, far better to sit anonymously in a crowded public theatre and be able to sneak away with my shame and disappointment if the film proved too awful? Here I was handicapped. When the lights went up people would look at me and ask me what I thought of it and probably what I thought of their latest discovery, Mr. Dunn. I wished I hadn't come, for I'm no good at pretending pleasure when I feel pain. I kept saying to myself, "No use getting sore if the picture's awful. They won't remake it for you. It's too late to make even the slightest change so don't be unpleasant about anything. It can't do any good. Even if the pic-

ture is terrible and this Dunn an absolute washout, take it on the chin. Just say, 'It's awful' to everyone who asks and go home quietly."

Then somebody said, "We're ready." The lights went out and the picture began. It was several minutes before Eddie entered the story. Dot, played by Sally Eilers, was shown in her work-a-day world, resenting flirting males and discouraging them with swift, harsh retorts. Well, so far so good. I expected sweet Sally Eilers to be splendid. She was no brand new discovery. Now, perhaps, if this Dunn person looked at all like Eddie was supposed to look and if he were permitted to keep reasonably in the background and let Sally handle the bulk of the story—perhaps everything would be all right. Of course, if they kept pushing him forward anything might happen. I'd seen discoveries before.

Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers in "Over the Hill," Jimmie's latest completed picture for his company, Fox. You'll recall that he made such a sensational hit in "Bad Girl" that Fox is banking on a great future for him. And for Sally Eilers, too. Sally and Jimmie are to be teamed regularly, like Gaynor and Farrell.

THE first flash I had of James Dunn was aboard the Coney Island boat where Dot also meets him for the first time. I looked him over far more critically that Dot did. To her he was only a potential boy-friend. To me he was the man who was going forth to represent my Eddie to millions of people who didn't know about Eddie. Would he be able to make them care about Eddie? That was the question and a very important one.

I wasn't much interested in following the story that was unrolling before me. After all, I knew the story. I couldn't possibly be drawn into the illusion, anyway. I knew that Sally Eilers was Mrs. Hoot Gibson and not really a little department store clerk and this James Dunn was the new discovery, was he? Well, he certainly was a decent enough choice as far as type went. Thank heavens, he wasn't too handsome or too well groomed. Yes, he could be one of New York's four million. Seemed to read lines with a lot of intelligence, too. He was all right, I supposed. Nobody that you'd throw your hat in the air over, but probably competent enough. It seemed that I had heard somewhere that he'd had rather a hard time getting started in pictures. That wasn't strange. There are so many young men with pleasant, smiling faces and the ability to read lines competently. Lucky thing for him that he'd finally been given a big chance. There are so few big chances, I thought, and so many young men who are on a par with James Dunn.

He had a nice way about him, I noticed. A very engaging smile and a definite appeal that you realized only after you had watched him for a time. There is no ballyhoo of narrowed eyes and pleading glances to warn an audience that James Dunn has "It." His charm has the refreshing quality of reticence. It is willing to let the audience discover it for themselves.

I found myself thinking that that delightful, open-faced manner of his was going to help him sell a lot of radio sets when he finally got that shop he wanted. I was amused when I realized the road that my thoughts were travelling. I brought them back to earth with a sharp jerk. How could I judge the picture if I was really going to believe that James Dunn was Eddie Collins? That was silly. James Dunn was a young actor who was doing very nicely in a picture called "Bad Girl." He probably lived at the Hotel Roosevelt in Hollywood and lunched at the Brown Derby on Vine Street. Now the idea was to keep those facts firm in my mind to prevent further fumbling of the situation. He was James Dunn, a young actor who was—

Oh, he shouldn't have shot his whole bank roll for the apartment furniture. He had wanted the store so much. *There* was a fellow who could give till it hurt and keep smiling. Let's see, now—oh, yes, he was doing very well in a picture called "Bad Girl." He was James Dunn. Not Eddie. Eddie is a book character. This is James Dunn. How could I judge the picture if I didn't stay level-headed?

Sort of shabby how everybody had known there was a baby coming — everybody but Eddie. He ought to have been told. Heavens, she was a fool not to see that he could understand anything.

It was getting harder and harder for me to remember that this was James Dunn. I came to the point where I was assuring myself that Eddie Collins lunched daily at the Brown Derby. This was very ridiculous. So ridiculous that I dismissed the whole matter and settled down to the business of pitying poor misunderstood Eddie who would willingly have laid down his life for Dot. He laid down his pride for her. That was a tough thing to do. When he stood before the great obstetrician and cried, I cried, too, but then, maybe I'm just a soft sap. Maybe it's unimportant that *I* cried, but every man I know has admitted to me that *he* wasn't dry-eyed.

I wiped my tears away and the lights went up and I told everybody in sight that it was a great picture.

Somebody said to me as we were leaving the office, "You didn't think that it would make a picture? Well, it's been done, hasn't it?"

And I was willing to admit that it had been—Dunn.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK!

Bebe Daniels, or Mrs. Ben Lyon, is one of the happiest married women in Hollywood—no, more than that—in the world. But her happiness is no mere matter of whim or chance. Bebe has planned her happiness in just the way she planned her success.

. . . Not, at any rate, in the lives of girls like Bebe Daniels—whose complete happiness is the result of courage and brains

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

NOW Bebe has a baby! Wouldn't she? She's always managed to acquire the worthwhile things of life. And the greatest of these is, of course, a baby. Leave it to Bebe not to have lost track of this, never to have become so involved in her busy life that she lost her sense of values.

One evening not long ago I watched a group flip the pages of a magazine and, coming across some new pictures of Bebe Daniels Lyon in her lovely beach house, exclaim in chorus, "Not bad to be born lucky!"

There is, to my mind, no such thing as luck. Except for those rare instances where someone wins a sweepstake or lottery.

Certainly it isn't anything as haphazard as a turn of fortune's wheel that has put Bebe where she is today Any more than it is luck that has caused the physician who was in the group that evening to be rated as one of the most eminent ear specialists in New York City. Any more than it is luck that has caused the novelist who was also in the group that evening to be a best seller. With them, just as with Bebe, it is the possession of other things, sturdier, more enduring things than luck, that has put them where they are and that keeps them there. Courage first. Foresight, of course. And perseverance.

WITHOUT courage, Bebe never in one thousand years would have been engaged to play opposite Harold Lloyd. And this was her start. It was this that set her feet on the steep, steep road that leads to Fame.

At this particular time Bebe was too old to play children's parts and too young to play anything else. She had worked hard for many years as a child actress. It would have been natural for her to have reasoned that there was nothing she could do about her in-between-age and to have felt she was entitled to a holiday . . . to long summer afternoons in a canoe with the young man of the moment at the paddle . . . to late dances under Japanese lanterns and a harvest moon . . . to mornings with nothing whatever to do but try new ways of arranging her hair and telephone confidences with girl friends. These things, after all, are the heritage of youth.

But Bebe never has had time to hunt up excuses for not doing things. She's always been too busy looking for ways to accomplish the seem- (*Continued on page 101*)

IS YOUR

Samuel Kayzer, Hollywood's foremost voice culturist, with Jean Harlow. What he did to Jean's voice through building up her personality is really remarkable.

HAVE you ever been introduced to yourself? Has it ever occurred to you that you may not really know yourself as well as you think?

There is a man in Hollywood who makes a business of introducing the stars to themselves, and his theories will work the same for you as it does for the Barrymores and Gilberts, Dietrichs and Swansons that you see on the screen.

Are you repressed—inhibited? Nervous and ill at ease when meeting strangers or making an entrance into a crowded room? If you are, console yourself with the thought that a half, perhaps even more, of the players you go to see suffer the same mental tortures when facing the microphone and camera that you do when meeting someone whom you want, particularly, to like you, but who you are convinced never will because you either bungled the acknowledgement of the introduction or stumbled over a chair and broke the goldfish bowl in shaking hands.

Samuel Kayzer, well known New York voice psychoanalyst, is the man who acts as master of ceremonies in introducing the stars to themselves. He does it by teaching them the art of the voice. If you have wondered *why* you have an inferiority complex don't blame it on the fact that you haven't hair like Joan Crawford's nor the ability to wear a dinner gown like Norma Shearer, but simply that your voice isn't right.

Mr. Kayzer says: "The voice is the 'sound transom' of a person's character, whether good or bad. In some cases it is a poor ally and must be made over to fit the owner."

AS in the case of Billie Dove, for example. In the days of the silent pictures the quality of her voice didn't matter. She had an excellent acting ability plus a vivid and glowing beauty. Nothing more, save, perhaps, a good vehicle to exploit her beauty and talent, was necessary. When the talkies came along, however, things were much different. The sort of voice she had *did* make a difference—a great difference. She made several pictures in sound. They were failures. Her voice, with its lack of dramatic experience, compared more than

Anita Louise's poor chest development was cured. Billie Dove's voice was made over into something wonderfully attractive.

VOICE RIGHT? By WICK EVANS

. . . The voice is one of the most important things in personality—as the movie stars know. Take a tip from them

unfavorably with the voices of the seasoned stage players with whom she was cast. There were critics who stated that Billie Dove was "washed up"—"through." Then Howard Hughes sent to New York for Samuel Kayzer to come to Hollywood to coach Billie for her "come-back" picture, "The Age For Love," which has just been released.

Billie studied with Kayzer for weeks before her picture was scheduled to begin shooting. The picture shows a remarkable change in her voice. Her friends are convinced that she is back to stay.

"Billie was the retiring type of girl," Kayzer said of her. "She was inhibited. She had a terrific inferiority complex caused by the criticisms that had been made of her voice and work. As a consequence her voice was tight — strained — unnatural. At times it was choked up and scarcely audible. Today, though, she is poised, sure of herself, confident of both her voice and actions. She speaks clearly, musically, and surely."

Do you know that in order to have a fascinating voice you must first change other aspects of your personality? This, at least, is the method Samuel Kayzer uses in voice culture—and it has been tremendously important in perfecting the stars' voices for the microphone

"How did you do it?" I asked.

Neither Kayzer nor Billie could answer that question in so many words. Kayzer has no cut-and-dried method such as is in common usage by vocal teachers and instructors of elocution. Instead he works purely by principles of psycho-analysis.

AS an example, Billie came to his home one morning for her lesson. She had just returned from the aviation field where she was taking lessons in flying and was still clad in riding breeches, boots, and a shirt open at the throat. When she crossed the veranda, Kayzer arose from his chair, swaggered out to meet her, and with a resounding whack on the back, boomed, "Hullo, Bill, old girl, how's everything?" "Bill" was nothing if not surprised. There was a time, she admits, that she would have stalked from the room in high dudgeon at such familiarity, but she realized that Kayzer must have had some definite purpose, so she reacted good-naturedly. She even did better than that. The next day when she appeared for her lesson, she flung open the door, strode across the room to Kayzer, smote him a hearty thump on the back and in a deep voice, shouted, "Hullo, Sam, old boy, old boy, how goes it?"

"That was exactly the goal I was striving for," Kayzer said in speaking of the incident. "Confidence, naturalness, poise. When Billie learned those things it became evident when she spoke that she *had* learned them. Her voice acquired the naturalness and poise that her mind had already assimilated. Her voice changed, and without her even being aware of it, (*Continued on page 102*)

Dolores Del Rio's changed personality bettered her voice.

Ann Harding's famous voice was helped by Mr. Kayzer.

MOTHERHOOD FOR

By JANE DREW

ANNOUNCING the plan of having a baby, a year or two in advance, would be startling enough coming from the most maternal-minded of women. But when the screen's most sophisticated siren proclaims to the world that "there is going to be a baby in the home nursery . . . *or else*. . . ."

And America's foremost Dancing Daughter is quoted as being at least in the mental attitude of expectant motherhood—that *is* something in the way of domestic announcements.

Lilyan Tashman and Joan Crawford are the sex-appealing ladies who have so suddenly developed the maternal urge.

Lilyan began it all when she "confided" to a half-dozen newspaper and magazine writers that there was going to be an heir in the Edmund Lowe home "within a year at the least and three years at the latest!"

"And what's more," continued Lilyan, who never looked less maternal than on this occasion when she was clad in a pair of red satin lounging pajamas, very effective against the background of her red-and-white beach living room, "I mean it! Oh, I know what people will say. They'll think, 'Just another sensational idea for Lilyan Tashman.' They'll think I'm saying this about having a baby just to be quoted in something startling. But they're dead wrong—this is not a publicity story!

"Why in the world should it be so ridiculous that Lilyan Tashman should want to have a baby? Because I'm supposed to be a very sophisticated woman both on and off the screen . . . because of the villainess rôles I play before the camera? Good heavens—the more experience a woman has from life the more likely she is to realize that a home and children is the only real, permanent happiness.

BOTH Ed and I are quite mad about children. And they seem to like me a lot, too. I think one reason why I have always managed to get along with children is because I don't treat them as though they were weak-minded. When I converse with a child I talk to him just as I would to a grown person.

"Of course, every woman has her pet theory about child-raising. Mine is that I would want it to develop its own personality without a lot of 'Do' and 'Don't' regulations. Not that I would want the child to be unruly or disobedient—but what I mean is that if the child did not show any natural ability for music it wouldn't be forced to take piano lessons merely because all the other children in the neighborhood were running scales.

"For a purely feminine reason I believe I should like to have a little girl. But a boy would be wonderful, too.

"Oh, I know what people will say," says Lilyan. "They'll think, 'Just another sensational idea for Lilyan Tashman!' They'll think I'm saying this about having a baby just to be quoted in something startling. But they're dead wrong . . ."

Lilyan Tashman and Joan Crawford, ultra-moderns both, tell you

LILYAN AND JOAN?

There's something new in Hollywood! The screen's most sophisticated siren and America's foremost dancing daughter announce that they want babies and mean to have them. But not without first taking thought and planning intelligently for their much-wanted children

"A name? For a girl there are so many pretty ones I have always liked. Patricia—for instance. Patricia Lowe is pretty, don't you think? I like Kay, too—but perhaps that is because I associate it with Kay Francis, a girl I admire very much. I don't believe I would name a daughter Lilyan, after myself. Two Lilyans under one roof lack individuality. Still, if the baby were a boy I don't think I could resist naming him Edmund Lowe, Jr."

Everything considered, and Lilyan being Lilyan, that was sufficiently startling for Hollywood to digest. But two or three days later a widely read columnist printed a story to the effect that Joan Crawford, Hollywood's most modern maiden, felt quite the same way about an addition to her own family—and was planning such a happy event within a year or two at the most.

AS the story was printed—both Joan and Douglas, Jr., had mutually agreed that a baby was the one thing in life that would add to their happiness.

There was also an additional reason hinted at:

Both Joan and Douglas are highly disgusted at the continued circulation of rumors that all is not well in their Brentwood home. The shakiest foundations have given life to the reports.

When Marion Davies returned home from Europe, Joan was not able to accompany her husband to the welcome home festivities because a studio call kept her working late. She suggested that young Doug invite Hope Williams, a mutual friend, to be his dinner guest. Doug and Miss Williams danced several dances together—and the next day the story was all over town that the Fairbanks-Crawford alliance had developed into a triangle.

According to the newspaper columnist it was Douglas' idea that a baby in their home would do much toward dulling the silly rumors of trouble between them.

When we asked Joan to verify this story as to when the addition to the Fairbanks home might be expected, she suddenly developed a reluctance to talk about it.

"If I ever did make such a statement," she hedged, "I hadn't expected that it would be published. And," she added, "you may rest assured that when, and *if*, we do have a baby it will be for the same reason that every normal young couple in the world wants one."

You can draw your own conclusions.

According to stories from Hollywood, it was Doug's idea that a baby in his home would do much toward dulling the silly rumors of trouble between him and Joan. And Joan, so the story goes, readily agreed with him in this theory.

frankly, in the modern manner, their reasons for wanting children

THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET (M-G-M)

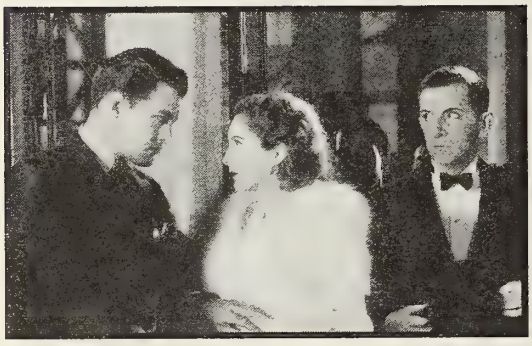
Tense as a bow-string, tragic as dead hope, this adaptation of the stage play, "Lullaby," definitely establishes its star, Helen Hayes, as a cinematic personage. Save for the interpolated fun contributed by Marie Prevost and Cliff Edwards, it's a tragic story.

A story of sacrifice, and just down-right tough breaks, this one shows a heroine abandoned by her lover, and unknown to her child. She struggles on through years of weary heartbreak, finding some small happiness in rescue from the streets by the son, now a famous physician. For his sake she keeps her secret. Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt and Neil Hamilton are in the excellent cast.

THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)

This is no epic of a Chinese Laundry. On the contrary, it's Russian. And not even age has dimmed its exciting story of the branding passport issued to a Ghetto charmer who wishes to visit her imprisoned father in old St. Petersburg. The girl abandons her journey, fearing family discovery of her shame-badge, and later incites the fury of the Czar's commissar by giving true, but unflattering, tales to the press.

Her journalistic sweetheart is threatened, she slays the villain, and both are saved by the timely invasion of Russia by Austria. There are plentiful thrills in this modernized version, in which both Lionel Barrymore and Elissa Landi contribute laudable portrayals.



THE AGE FOR LOVE (United Artists)

Billie Dove! Perhaps the name is familiar, but you'll meet a brand new Billie for the first —and not the last—time in this pictured struggle of two women for a man's love. Here we have the beautiful Billie as a very modern miss who loses her husband to Lois Wilson, an old-fashioned, suburban, clinging vine. But in the end she wins him back.

The ending may not please the good housewives who live in fear of hubby's secretary. But the majority of movie fans will enjoy this entertainment—and adore the new Billie Dove. In addition there are Edward Everett Horton, Mary Duncan and other favorites. Charles Starrett is satisfactory.

COMPROMISED (Warner Brothers)

The good, old American institution of shotgun marriage enters early into the plot of this drama, when Ben Lyon, scion of wealth, is found in the arms of Rose Hobart, village boarding-house drudge. Ben, you see, has been rejected by Juliet Compton, and has turned too frequently toward the cup that cheers. Rooming-house Rose has only been taking care of the young inebriate. But appearances are bad.

Ben's pa, Claude Gillingwater, tries hard to separate the couple and to gain control of their child. And in this he is abetted by the return of Juliet with a Parisian divorce. But by now the last reel is near, and Ben discovers the plot—and finds his true love in Rose.

WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)

Some home-spun hokum has been resurrected to introduce "Seth Parker," rural star of the radio, to movie audiences. And the production is sure of a hearty welcome from radio enthusiasts as well as movie-goers who haven't out-grown Maine melodrama. For the rural types of the rock-bound coast are shown to fine advantage.

The film is a slightly saccharine, utterly wholesome, sobs 'n' chuckles concoction which brings "Liz" and the "Cap'n," "Cephus" and "Ma Parker" to life on the screen. The plot is too moss-grown to relate here. Philips Lord, Bette Davis, Sophia Lord, little Frankie Darro and others are a true delight.

REVIEWS

. . . Read these reviews before you decide to go to the movies tonight

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio)

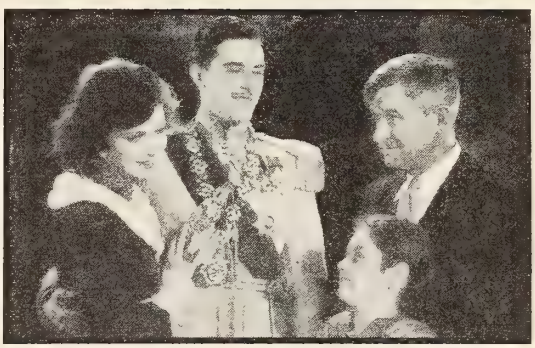
Director Wesley Ruggles brings a whole galaxy of new stars to the screen in this indictment of flaming youth. For one there is Mrs. Ruggles—Arlene Judge who was—and for another there is Eric Linden, ideally chosen as the likeable nit-wit hero of this prep-school tragedy.

A high school crowd of kids composes the actors of the piece. Its leader quits classes when he fails to win an oratorical contest, and subsequently drifts to cheap dance halls, petty pilferings, synthetic gin—all of which pave the path to murder. Ruggles tells a fascinating story of modern youth, unpleasantly truthful and a vital, forceful preachment.

POSSESSED (M-G-M)

You'd never recognize "Possessed" as "The Mirage," the Florence Reed-Allan Dinehart stage success. But, nevertheless, this Clark Gable-Joan Crawford film fable provides thrilling modern romance following a formula which has proven popular. Joan, a factory girl, accepts the protection of Gable, a politically ambitious young lawyer. Later, however, Gable's gubernatorial campaign is threatened by the exposure of his relations with Joan. In a stirring sequence depicting a political meeting, she faces her lover's hecklers with a confession and the promise that from then on he shall belong to the public. But love has its way, and the happy ending points to matrimony.

AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)



Not so mythical, after all, that Will Rogers should be ambassador to a country ruled by a boy king under the regency of the queen mother. And strictly within the realm of reason that Will should teach the kid baseball, the diplomats poker and the villain a lesson. So, beside being as good fun as ever Will gave the screen, the story rings true.

That Rogers eventually puts the deposed monarch back on his throne is merely incidental to the good time the audience has in hearing Will, Tad Alexander, Marguerite Churchill, Greta Nissen, Gustav von Seyffertitz and others evolve plot and counter-plot for possession of a crown.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)

Sophisticated and spiced to a fare-ye-well with pep and paprika, this is not for the kiddies. But for those art lovers who know their way around, there's a lot of laughs, and mebbe a sob or so, in this racy, satiric drama of girls whom gentlemen prefer when their wives go to the country—or they, themselves, come to town.

You pay your money and you take your choice—Lilyan Tashman or Kay Francis. And all the time Lucille Gleason is crying for her wandering daughter back in that little home in the West. But the gold-diggers aren't bad at heart. One reforms to wed Joel McCrea, and the other sends 'Gene Pallette back to his wife.

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)

No use pulling punches in praising this knockout picture. It is real championship entertainment, a double-barrelled bull's-eye for Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Wally is the rum-soaked ex-title-holder who remains "The Champ" to his son, Jackie. When he fights to come back he loses on account of his old enemy, booze.

But when Irene Rich, an ex-wife, tries to separate father and son, the old warrior dons the gloves again despite a whiskey-weakened heart. He suffers a terrible lacing, but in an heroic effort to justify his kid's confidence, wins at the cost of his life. A tear-stained happy ending brings Jackie back to his mother.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD
(First National)

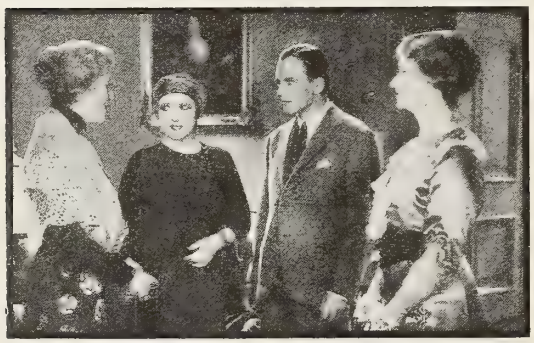
HEAVEN ON EARTH
(Universal)

If you can picture Joe Brown as a college boy, then perhaps you'll like his latest film—taken from a former stage hit, "The Poor Nut." He's a student of botany here, with ambitions to win the big race for dear old Goofus University.

Fair co-eds complicate the situation. And when his inamorata fails to supply the old inspiration, it looks like the hero will be an also-ran. But Hollywood would never let the 'Varsity down, and a happy ending is devised.

They've relied on a "big physical wow" to put this one over. In other words, the Mississippi raises ructions as the chief menace of the film. But somehow it fails to make the crest of the wave despite all efforts of Lew Ayres, Elizabeth Paterson, Harry Beresford and Anita Louise. This seems just a movie mediocrity.

The characters aren't interesting or especially sympathetic, and to make things worse, Miss Paterson steals the picture from Lew.



ONCE A LADY
(Paramount)

SURRENDER
(Fox)

Too much talkie, too little movie, is the fault of this latest Ruth Chatterton throbber of unhappy, misunderstood womanhood, which moves slowly through London drawing rooms, artists' studios and Parisian boulevards, to tell a tale of mother love. But the piece is well-played.

She's a Russian, this time, married into an English family which makes her miserable. Then comes an elopement with a lover; divorce, and a long succession of affairs. In the end, though, she is able to save her daughter.

Probably the finest of director William K. Howard's many pictures, this drama of love and war is as fascinating a film as the season has offered. The fable revolves about the love of three men for the fair Axelle, proud daughter of Prussia. She ceases to love her warrior fiancé, Alexander Kirkland, when an alien enemy prisoner, Warner Baxter, wins her heart. She prevails upon her third lover, Ralph Bellamy, to aid in Baxter's escape from a prison camp. Leila Hyams makes an attractive heroine.

BAD COMPANY
(RKO-Pathé)

FLYING HIGH
(M-G-M)

Another, maybe the last, of the gripping cycle of gang films, this one bows 'em out in a blaze of glory. It's a real motion picture, with Ricardo Cortez topping a capable cast in the heavy rôle. "Ricky" is the gang king who determines to "rub out" his rivals, John Garrick and William V. Mong, in order to acquire Helen Twelvetrees.

The villain's plot almost succeeds, for he kills one enemy and wounds the other. But only to meet death, himself, at Helen's hands. There's a surprise ending.

Lots of fun in this Hollywood relative of the Broadway stage success, and Bert Lahr, himself, in the grotesque characterization which he created in the theatre supplies most of it. The plot doesn't matter greatly. It's all about a dumb aviator, a sensational aeronautical invention, a young sports promoter, and the girl friends of the two. Pat O'Brien and talented little Kathryn Crawford play the straight rôles, while such fine players as Hedda Hopper and Guy Kibbe are in support.

THE ROVING CAMERA

(Above, left) Jimmie "Schnozzle" Durante on his way to put over the daily gags before the camera. (Above, right) Bet you never saw a picture of Warner Baxter in the most informal act of mopping his brow. Don't say you did because we just don't believe you. (Below) "Come on, Loretta," shouts George Stone, "the director is waiting!" And Miss Young steps.

Perfect informal glimpses of some famous Hollywoodians

DIVORCED TWICE BEFORE TWENTY

International

Acme

Fred Waring and Dorothy Lee. According to the author of this article, Dot was deeply in love with the attractive orchestra leader.

Marshall Duffield and Dot. Marshall is one of Dot's many boy-friends with whom she travels around these days. Is it serious?

By WALTER RAMSEY

Dorothy Lee's first marriage lasted a year and a half. Her second lasted only six months. Why? It might look as if the little Lee girl is more or less heartless. But this author thinks otherwise. And we think he's right. See if you agree

GETTING used to Hollywood is a gift! *"The whole thing is of so insane a face, that at first we gasp and then embrace"* . . . to make a poor play on good thought. And yet, after years of reporting the fads and fancies of the great, I find I am still in the gasping stage. Hollywood continues to amaze me.

Most of all Hollywood marriages amaze me. In my quaint, old-fashioned way, I cannot help but wonder about these matrimonial experiences . . . where they lead and what they do to the hearts of the merry principals. The whole thing is sufficiently puzzling when the subject specimen is merely a "well-known couple." But when one is forced to sit by and watch the experiment crumble away from two of one's most intimate friends. . . .

The marriage I particularly refer to is that of Dorothy Lee and Jimmie Fidler. After eight months of marriage (*six* really, the last two found them practically separated) they decided to call it quits and Dorothy sued for divorce. Frankly, I am not at all surprised at the ending of this marriage between two swell people. Great personal friends as they both are, I don't believe they were made to travel the long way together. I never believed it . . . even that warm day last summer when an excited, happy and perspiring young man burst into my office, threw his hat in the air and yelled so that it could be heard two blocks away: "Dorothy's finally said 'Yes'! Isn't it grand?"

Now that it is completely all over, I can't say "I told you so!" . . . because I didn't. Jimmie has twice blamed me for talking him out of marriage . . . so this time I merely held my tongue. After all, if a man who loves his home and his fireside and his books and a good game of cards . . . decides to mate with a little girl who loves the Cocoanut Grove and parties and lots of beaux—and hates bridge and books and firesides . . . . what is there to say but the *obvious?* Which is never believed by either party! As I have said, I am not surprised at the outcome . . . but I *am* deeply curious of its effect upon my two friends.

JIMMIE? Oh, he'll go his way alone for awhile. Right now he's broken-hearted. He still doesn't realize quite what has happened. It will take him some time to get over the memories of that merry, mad little girl who was his wife. But since he is not, strictly, a part of the motion picture business, it is only fair that Jimmie's reactions be left exclusively to Jimmie.

But Dorothy . . . what of Dorothy? She has been called: "The five-foot bundle of pep" . . . "The good-time girl of Hollywood" . . . "The last remaining vestige of the genus, flapper" . . . and truthfully, she is all of these.

She is like a mischievous, play-loving pup. There is

. . . Is Dorothy Lee a marriage-mad sophisticate? Or is she just a little kid who doesn't realize what it's all about?

(Above) With Jimmie Fidler, Dorothy's second husband. Fidler married her, knowing their tastes were widely divergent, but hoping they could make a go of it. It lasted for eight months—two of which they were practically, although not legally, separated.

something juvenile about Dorothy . . . in the games she loves to play . . . in the silly, wise-cracking and pointless conversations she carries on with people of her own age.

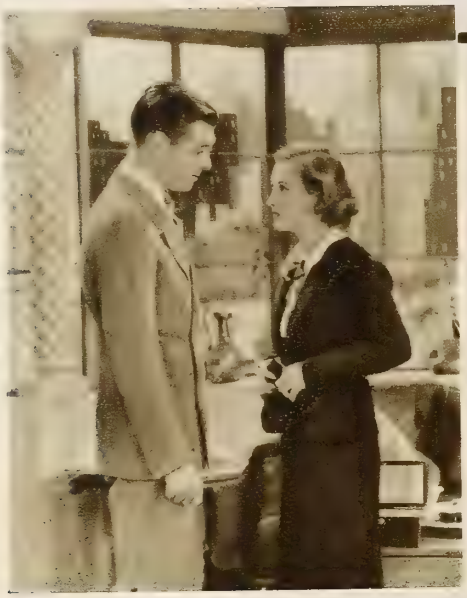
Yet the fact remains that Dorothy as a woman (if it is even possible to think of her as anything quite so mature) *has reached her second divorce before twenty!*

IT makes one pause and wonder about this kid. Where she is going. What she is going to do with her life, and other peoples' lives—and when, at that time when games and pointless conversation and fun become monotonous, *what sort of woman will Dorothy be!*

It is with no intention of a reflection on her deeper feelings that I say that I do not believe that either of her two marriages has consciously affected Dorothy! I have learned, just from watching Hollywood, that when the heart has *really* been touched the outlook is different. And in the three years I have known Dorothy, hers has *not* changed. She is as much a child at twenty (burdened with two divorces) as she was at eighteen!

At that time she was just "signing-off" on her first marriage, an impulsive stage-kids union between Dorothy and the equally young Robert Booth. They had met in San Francisco during a stage engagement. Dorothy's family had been bitterly opposed to the step . . . not so much in that they objected to young Booth as a boy, but they believed Dorothy too young to marry anyone. She had only been graduated from Hollywood High School for a few short months. They married, however, and for a year and a half they made a go of it. Marriage was a novelty and a "gag" to such kids. It was a constant source of surprise to all who (*Continued on page 104*)

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR CLARK GABLE



Wynn points out how Gable came into the originality which shows in his portrayals on the screen. (Left) With Joan Crawford in "Possessed."

By WYNN

Is Clark's success a temporary thing or is it permanent? Why is it he is popular in unpopular parts? Will he be as successful in sympathetic—hero—rôles? What are his chances for duplicating Valentino's tremendous success?

THERE are a lot of things in this life that don't seem to fit in with what we'd expect in the normal course of cause and effect.

For instance, if Clark Gable had popped in on you, say, three years ago, and asked:

"I want to go on the screen and play villains, gangsters and bad men generally. Do you think I could ever be popular and have Greta Garbo say I was her favorite leading man?"

What would you have answered?

You or I or anyone else who used ordinary common sense would probably have been wrong. For he has done just those things.

And the strange thing about it is that he hasn't glorified the gangster. Although some of his lesser rôles have shown him as hero, he hasn't had a sympathetic part in a single picture in which I've seen this peculiarly able actor.

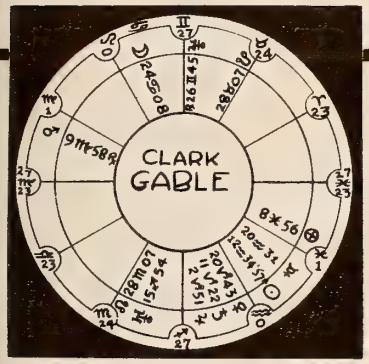
He takes parts that we all instinctively dislike and shines through them with his own personality.

He is a born actor, for his natal Sun position is in the fifth house of his horoscope, and the fifth is the location of, or the source of, most of the influences that attract men and women to a theatrical career. There's a tip for you, if you were born between the approximate hours of 8 and 10 p. m., for that is the time of day, every day in the year, when the Sun is in the fifth house. Of course, there are other influences that can be in the fifth division of the heavenly circle; the Sun is by no means the only one, for many successful screen stars were not born at this time of the evening. If you ever work out your horoscope, study the fifth house carefully if you have aspirations toward success in screen work.

THE most striking thing about this horoscope of Gable is the conjunction of Neptune, the planet of the Movies, with his mid-heaven—similar to the horoscopes of Robert Ames, Joel McCrea, Ronald Colman, Ben Lyon, Charles Farrell and Ralph Graves. This position instantly shows that its owner could do well in connection with the celluloid industry, although we must look elsewhere for the evidence of ability to perform before a camera and mike. In comrade Gable's case, this is seen in the position of the Sun in the fifth. But there is even more to it than that: Mercury, the mental planet, is not only his ruler (because it rules the sign on his Ascendant) but it is also the ruler of his tenth (occupation and position before the public for fame and reputation) and the ruler of the sign (Gemini) in which we see the planet Neptune when he was born. This links his true temperament (external expression and what others see of him) to the work he is now doing.

You who have been reading my comments on the horoscopes of screen celebrities in these pages will recall that I predicted a few years ago a great advance in the movies, a literary advance. Well, we have seen this advance, at least the beginning of it, for we certainly are getting a bigger percentage of well-thought-out and well-directed

. . . The astrologer has plenty to say about the future of this tremendously popular young man



Greta Garbo liked Gable so much as a leading man in "Susan Lenox" that he is going to play in another of her pictures. "Grand Hotel" is the one—from the New York stage play.

film fare. The basis of that prediction was the present (then to be) position of Neptune in Virgo. Now notice how actors, and others who make pictures for our entertainment, who have Neptune and Virgo prominent in their nativities, make this prediction come true.

The planet at the mid-heaven, if there is one in an individual's horoscope, is the most important in his or her life expression. Here we see Neptune, the custodian of film success, so located in Gable's birth chart. But that doesn't yet show him as a big contributor to the better pictures. Where is Virgo, the other element we need to make the recipe complete? How would you like to have what he has at the mid-heaven plus the sign Virgo in the most personal position of the entire horoscope? Well, that's what he has! Virgo on the Ascendant.

THIS makes him analytical, a deep student of not only the parts he portrays, but also of the entire surrounding environment of the whole piece. He probably knows the lines of the other actors and actresses in the casts with him as well as they do. He feels, in all probability, that he must know this in order to be able to give the best interpretations of those he himself speaks. Yes, I think we have here a man with an exceptional viewpoint on his profession. I think he could give a perfect explanation of why he is popular in unpopular parts, for he is a student of not only the old, but of the new, in dramatic presentations. He has ideas. He doesn't do the job in the old way just because that is what has been the custom.

He is a breaker of customs. He is original. He thinks out new ways to put over the biggest possible perfection of his interpretations of his parts. Yet, he has enough of the old (Saturn in his fourth, in its own first and therefore related to his ability to repress and delay his effects, especially in emotional matters) to link him with the traditions of both stage and screen. This may sound strange—he is so young to be a tradition—but I am speaking of the future, when we will all look back at the work he will have done. If he will be careful of himself and take no chances that would endanger his physical well being (I don't particularly care for some of the indications of his position of Mars in the twelfth house) he has a long stretch of mounting success ahead of him. He should go slow, especially in occupational (*Continued on page 96)*

Photograph by William Grimes

IRENE DUNNE'S

. . . Irene Dunne says: "The really smart woman shuns fads in fashion . . . I consider the time and thought given to clothes well spent because they aid in our self-development."

Irene Dunne prefers to add a touch of a light color to a black gown always. In this flatteringly feminine dinner dress she combines dull black crêpe with Alençon lace, appliquéd on soufflé. Where the skirt joins the bodice, the lace is cut out and appliquéd over the black. Incidentally, when reading the article, keep your eyes open for Miss Dunne's new and stimulating idea about all-black.

BREEDING and long, slim elegance. I would say those are the two chief characteristics of Irene Dunne. She's from Kentucky . . . where romance still flourishes and the blue grass is blanched by a kindly moon. Where the air drips with the perfume of honeysuckle and jasmine; where the nights hold more fascination even than the days. Perhaps that's the reason Irene wears evening clothes so magnificently—she's caught some of the glamor of those southern nights and she knows how to make a formal gown bewitching!

Not that Irene doesn't shine in sport togs, you understand. It's simply that, to me, her place is among the lustrous satins, the lovely rich velvets, the arresting brocades. She's that kind of woman.

Max Rée, art supervisor for RKO-Radio Pictures, considers Irene an excellent model for the new silhouette. He says, "She gives a modern verve to picturesque gowns and a delightful feminine air to the trim, tailored frocks. She is

A white ermine evening wrap which—well, after all, what can one say about a white ermine evening wrap? Nothing, except, "Isn't it lovely?" Yes, we know most of us can't afford one for ourselves, but don't you like to look at ermine wraps even if you may never have one? As a matter of fact, in Miss Dunne's case, such a wrap is not an extravagance because it goes with almost all her evening gowns—with the cream Salome velvet she's wearing, with the black point d'esprit (left) and even with the pajamas!

WARDROBE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

. . . With so many winter parties going on, feminine fancy naturally turns to evening gowns. That's one reason why we chose Irene Dunne for our January "Wardrobe"—she wears them so beautifully

A most unusual effect is obtained by Irene's wearing a white velvet jacket, heavily bordered with fox, with her black point d'esprit evening gown. This is the gown which Irene calls her "ingénue frock." The skirt is full and tiered and the bodice has tiny flared sleeves. The evening wrap hanging up on the left is of green and gold velvet collared with fox.

In order that you won't get the idea that Irene Dunne's wardrobe is comprised of evening gowns and wraps only, we present one of her favorite suits: it's made of sheer wool, and the color is chartreuse. The fur trimming is that soft, attractive pelt with the funny name—barunduki, which somehow always reminds us of peppermint-and-molasses striped candy. This suit of Irene's is made in the practical dress-and-coat manner. Note the scalloped satin piping on the dress.

versatile. That is displayed in her ability to wear a variety of styles. Not every one can do so but the woman of today is fortunate in having a very, very wide range to select from. There is no need of looking grotesque in order to be fashionable. When I see a chubby, round face bulging out from under one of those saucy, side-swiping little hats I feel like shouting, 'Who said that ignorance is bliss? Have you no eyes to see yourself?' Fashion eyes are revolving; they turn inward and outward. Outward just long enough to perceive each detail of the latest mode—inward to see how it can be applied to one's self *becomingly*. One must be discerning—very. For example, imagine a tall heavy-set woman going in for this present bulkiness in clothes, especially around the shoulders. She'd resemble nothing so much as an ocean liner sailing into port. But if she abides by the narrow, flat collars and untrimmed yokes, she remains the smart, stately person she was destined to be. The sad thing is that stately women never seem to *want* to be stately."

Very grand, isn't it? This gown Irene bought to go with a bracelet—a sapphire and diamond bracelet given her by her husband. The material is sapphire blue velvet. And just take a look at the complicated back décolletage: a sort of harness effect comes up from the V-cut front of the gown, joins a straight panel at the back of the neck, and considerately covers Miss Dunne's spinal column. Alluring? Yes, but don't any of you very young things try it. It's distinctly sophisticated.

The same sapphire velvet, with the jacket that completes it. That's real chinchilla luxuriously bordering the sleeves. The jacket is lined with blue and silver lamé, which, being a stiffish material, curls up at the edges when the jacket is tightly wrapped. In this view, you can see the front panel of shirring on the skirt, which molds the gown to the figure. The bottom of the skirt, from a point somewhat above the knees in front, is cut circular, and ends in a medium train.

Irene, herself, firmly believes that this business of being well dressed is a serious undertaking. "Your word has more weight, carries more authority, when you are dressed in keeping with your position. I don't mean that it's necessary to spend a great amount on your clothes. In fact, just the opposite holds true. Women who study how to be nicely groomed dress economically. I have a friend with limited means who finds she cannot afford more than one complete costume a season. But she sees to it that it's *complete* from shoes to the appropriate hat. Being a business woman, tailored clothes fit her needs best and she sticks to them! On the other hand, I've done quite a bit of concert work as well as acting, so naturally I have had to pay more attention to formal dresses than those for the street. They've become a sort of hobby of mine. The first things I look for in them are distinctiveness and subtle lines. I don't like gowns that can be defined immediately as "classic"—"Second Empire"—"1860." They're not amusing when you can do that. Dresses are like people; they ought not to be obvious.

WHAT attracted me to that cream salome velvet were its unusual features. There's the décolletage, for instance. It is pointed in front and comes down to the waistline in back in a perfect squared effect. Then the flame-red chenille flowers, instead of being worked right on the velvet, are embroidered over silver cloth—which gives an indefinable sparkle to the skirt when I move. The flowers are the same shade as the one-sided jacket which is also of the Salome velvet. It's collarless (I love collarless clothes; they seem to be better suited to me) and the cuffs are of white fox. (There's a picture of this gown —and the jacket on page 68.) My pumps? They're of flame red moiré. Those ruby shoulder straps and the ruby belt-clasp make jewelry—with the exception of a bracelet or two—superfluous. I'm not particularly fond

(Left) Basket-weave angora fashions this beige street dress. It has a narrow brown piqué collar (which you can't see on account of those beautiful twin sable skins) and the brown piqué binds the pockets and pipes the narrow strip down the center front where all those buttons are, and trims the two-tone belt. The lower front of the skirt is slightly circular. Beige gloves, brown pumps and bag, and a plain brown sailorish hat complete the costume. (Below) If you're contemplating pajamas, you had better have them just as fussy and feminine as those of Irene's, because pajamas are retreating modestly into the boudoir once more.

Gowns by Bess Schlank. All pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Robert W. Coburn, courtesy RKO-Radio.

(Right) We think this is Irene's loveliest dress: cream colored velvet, with flame-red chenille flowers appliquéd on the skirt. (Above) The same dress, with the jacket of flame colored velvet, cuffed with fox. (Below, left to right) Accessories: for the street (except the long white evening gloves); two bags, one of brown suede with carved handle, and a seed pearl evening bag; formal afternoon accessories; formal necklaces and bracelets.

of jewelry anyway. I wear very little of it. If I have a favorite stone it's the emerald because there is something in its warm depth that appeals to me.

SAPPHIRES, too, are exquisite. This diamond and sapphire bracelet was given me by my husband. I bought this sapphire blue velvet evening ensemble chiefly, I'm afraid, for the reason that it went so well with the bracelet! Clothes are funny, aren't they? They actually have the power to transform us. Now in this outfit I always feel like Queen Somebody-or-Other. Perhaps it's due to that sweeping train or the regal quality of this shade of blue in velvet. The shirring in front molds the hip line and the circular flounce gives a comfortable fullness to the skirt. Straps are placed across the back in a unique manner (designers certainly concentrate on backs these days). And here's the short jacket. It's lined with blue and silver lamé that curls up in a roll at the bottom when you wrap it tight. The sleeves are trimmed with chinchilla. (See page 66.)

"It's extraordinary what colors do to a person. On the stage, of course, they're chosen deliberately to play upon the emotions of the audience. Red is exceedingly stimulating. When you see an actress wearing it you feel the character she is portraying is vivid, intense, and usually quite dramatic. I have a bright red suit here in my personal wardrobe which I bought in an off-moment and I save it for the times I need to have confidence in myself. It's almost inspirational.

BLUE is very respectable, very demure. When you're tired or depressed, have you ever tried putting on a fresh blue frock? It'll buoy you up wonderfully. Orange warms one; it makes you feel kindly disposed even toward your enemies! Yellow is gay. Green is sane and wholesome and happy. (*Continued on page 109*)

DO YOU KNOW WHICH IS CORRECT?

A few important etiquette hints—demonstrated by Lois Wilson and John Boles

In the large picture John Boles shows the proper way to sit at table and Lois Wilson is helping herself to vegetables in the correct manner. The maid always stands to the left of the person being served. The small picture shows the incorrect methods. John has his elbows on the table (this is only permitted in a public dining room). The maid is serving from the wrong side, has no silverware to serve with and, furthermore, the whole baked potato could not be gracefully handled by the guest.

Asparagus and artichoke—two difficult things to eat correctly. In the large picture John Boles is eating a leaf of the artichoke with his fingers which is the correct way. Lois is cutting her asparagus and will carry it to her mouth with the fork pointing downward. This is correct in England but not in America. In America the asparagus should be severed by the fork and carried to the mouth with the fork pointing upward. At the right is pictured the wrong way to eat asparagus and artichoke.

Finger bowls are frequently brought into service yet it's surprising how few people really know how they should be used. The correct way is to lightly dip the tips of the fingers into the water as Lois and John are doing in the large picture. The small picture is the incorrect way. Don't try to put your whole hand in the bowl. Incidentally, the finger bowl is usually put onto the table on the dessert plate with a lace doily. The guest places the bowl and the doily on the table. He is then served with dessert.

Pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Ray Jones, courtesy of Universal Pictures

JOHN GILBERT'S BUGABOO

By JACK JAMISON

These chapters from John's past reveal, for the first time, a part of his personality which has been kept secret from the public. This revelation shows clearly why he cannot win back success, unless we—you and I—help him

THERE were four half-starved extra boys living together in a seedy cottage in Culver City to save money. One of them later became a famous director, one became a star, and two disappeared. Three of them were healthy, normal, average American boys. The fourth, the one later to become a star of such magnitude as had almost never been known to the screen, the fourth was—screwy. When the others applied this inelegant but expressive adjective to him, they meant that somewhere in his head he had a screw loose. They were sure of it. Other adjectives which they frequently applied to him were bugs, nuts, batty, loco, sappy, and haywire.

He was their daily laugh. He was their twice-daily laugh. He was the poor sucker they kidded, and told tall tales to, and teased half out of his mind. He was the butt of their none-too-gentle practical jokes. He was the dummy, the feeder, the fall guy, the poor sap.

He was—John Gilbert!

JOHN GILBERT today is fighting to come back. The pictures he is making are not bad, but the public remains lukewarm, while worse actors in worse pictures are successful. They seem to miss something that they once found in John. What is it that has gone out of him? To find out, we must consider a page of his life

(Top of page) As he looked at the time of his first success. He was playing in such pictures as "His Hour" and "He Who Gets Slapped," then. (Center) In the swimming pool of the home which he built when he was the Emperor of Emotions. (Lower) The John Gilbert of today. The twinkle and the swagger have gone. Can he regain them?

. . . A sympathetic, as well as brilliant, answer to the question, "What's happened to Gilbert?" If you long for the old, successful John Gilbert, you will thrill to the fine feeling expressed herein

that has never been allowed to reach print—the time when he was an extra boy.

The three other extras used to pretend to go out at night, and then sneak back and peek through the window at him. To be left alone in the house after dark terrified him. A cheap Sears-Roebuck pistol in his trembling hand, he drew his chair to the center of the room, where burglars and ghosts could scarcely approach unseen, and sat there with every light blazing. Another trick they played on him, once, was to lock the back door and hide the key. Then one boy went outside, unseen by John, and rang the doorbell. Another, answering the door, started back in apparent fright and tried to slam the door shut, while the one outside, in a disguised voice, shouted: "You let me in! I'll shoot that Gilbert's black heart out! He can't fool around my girl that way! Let me in! I'm going to kill him!" John, nearly mad with terror, almost wrenched the locked back door off its hinges. Still another time, the boys told him that they were positive he had a loathsome disease. John did not eat, did not sleep, for a whole month.

These incidents disclose a personality which has been concealed from the public always. You know why. If you had gone to a theater and seen John on the screen as a dashing hero, and known at the same time that he was afraid of the dark, nervous, panicky, fussy about his health, you wouldn't have waited until you got home to laugh at him. Hero? "Huh, if he's a hero then I'm Silly Willie," you would have said. The quickest way to destroy a hero is to laugh at him. And—oh, yes—you would have laughed.

YOU would have laughed unless you, yourself, happen to be the one person in a thousand who can understand and sympathize with such a character; unless you yourself happen always to have been a sensitive person looked down upon and jeered at by others. It would take that. We are not broadminded enough. We laugh at things except when we have suffered them ourselves. Look back to your own school days, for instance. Wasn't there a shy boy who couldn't play baseball, who was awkward at marbles? Probably he wore glasses. You called him Four Eyes, and laughed at him. Ten to one he later became a famous engineer or lawyer or physician —but you laughed at him just the same, when he was a kid, because he was shy and sensitive and different. We're all like that, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. We ought to pity people with such peculiarities, not mock them. It is not John (*Continued on page 100*)

Since his first talkie failure, John has tried several different types of rôles. His latest is cowboy stuff—in "West of Broadway." But can he recapture that swagger? We hope so. You can help him.

LET'S TALK ABOUT

International

Lilyan Tashman and husband Edmund Lowe are having a high old time in dear old London. That policeman is no doubt directing Lil to the smart shops. It's their first vacation in years.

Lillian Bond, another member of the stage who made good before the mike, arrives in New York for a visit. She insists that the monocle is there because she has one weak eye. Oh, well—

Wide World

AT last Clara Bow is getting a chance at good, heavy drama . . . what she's wanted to do ever since she arrived in Hollywood a plump, naïve, red-headed child.

Clara has signed with an independent producer—just like her, when all the large companies were after her—so that she could at last do the type of screen emoting she's always wanted to do. This picture will either make her into one of the most successful dramatic actresses in Hollywood—or place her back into the "It" girl class from which she has been fighting to rise for several years.

Here's wishing Clara success! She's got the makings of a really great actress—and this is her chance to prove it.

AHA! At last we've caught young David Manners out with a girl. Since his divorce several months ago (which hit him pretty hard) David's been wary about the female species.

But he arrived at the Warner Brothers' opening with Rose Hobart. They are both dark-haired and tanned—and make a striking couple, all right!

Visitors to Hollywood include Reginald Denny, Jr. He's the brand new baby son of Reggie, Sr., and wife, "Bubbles."

Congratulations!

JUST who young Neil Miller (Dot Mackaill's fiancé) is, no one seems to be sure. The first news about him was that he was the scion of a wealthy Honolulu family of pineapple growers—a fellow who sang over the radio and in cafés more for a pastime than the pay envelope.

We checked up on it and find he's the son of a local Monrovian family—with a swell coat of tan, a winning personality, lots of ambition and a good singing voice. The wealthy Honolulu connections were a publicity bubble—and Neil is the first to tell you so!

INA CLAIRE may not have been able to make a go of being John Gilbert's wife—but how she knows her camera angles! In her third picture, "Rebound," (and the Claire took quite a bit of its direction unto herself), the way the camera concentrated on Ina's physiognomy was remarkable—even when Bob Williams, a very able young actor, was putting over a swell speech. All you could see of Bob was the back of his neck. It gave him a pain in the same place, he was so burnt up about it.

Ina was up to her old tactics of insisting upon close-ups of herself after every scene in "The Greeks Had a Word For It." Sam Goldwyn heard about it—and he and Claire had a private little encounter in Sam's private

So Dot Mackaill's boy-friend doesn't come from a wealthy family!

HOLLYWOOD

Wide World

Meet Reginald Denny, Jr., everybody. Reginald Denny, Sr., and his wife, "Bubbles," are all thrilled with the new addition to their home. The Denny's haven't decided yet whether Junior will be an actor!

International

Captain Woolf Barnato, Lupe Velez, L. G. S. Payne and John Gilbert as they arrived at Grand Central recently. Yes, siree, them Hollywood folks are a-sayin' that Lupe and John are a-fallin' for each other.

office. An encounter which went something like this:

Ina: "Whose picture do you think this is, anyway?"

Goldwyn: "MINE!"

And that was the well known *that*.

Joan Blondell is suffering from her first serious heart attack. It's young George Barnes who is cameraman on "The Greeks Had a Word For It," in which Joan has a leading rôle. They're just cuh-razy about each other.

CLARK GABLE is like Al Capone—they both need a bodyguard. After a preview the other night at a small theatre, flappers and grandmothers alike shoved and pushed so much to get a peek at What-A-Man Gable—that he had to make a dash for his waiting car. Once in the auto, he locked the door from the inside, and it finally took a couple of tough-looking coppers to get his car out of the mob.

How about wearing a curly red wig and passing for Harpo Marx, Clark? Or short pants and tell the love-sick maidens you're Jackie Cooper?

Another new romance—none other than Johnny Gilbert and your little friend, Lupe Velez. Looks like John is beating the time of Winnie Sheehan, executive at Fox Studios, for whom he worked yeahs and yeahs ago as a Western star. Or maybe Lupe's just going places with tears in her eyes. Incidentally, they came into New York on the same train (see picture above).

An Irishman and a Jewish gentleman are alternating heads of the Hollywood studios of a major producing company. When the Irishman goes East—all the Jewish employees are immediately shifted to important positions on the lot. And, in the same order, when the Joosh gentleman goes East—all the sons of Ireland get promotions.

We hear that some of the writers on the lot are seriously thinking of taking a second name—and alternating the Jewish one with the Irish—as the heads of the studio change. Something like this: Mr. Patrick Murphy (Goldstein).

FUNNY—that after letting Jeanette MacDonald's option lapse not so long ago—Paramount should re-sign her as Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in two new pictures. Jeanette (by the way, she hasn't married the boy-friend, Bob Ritchie . . . yet) went to Fox for a while. But when they titled one of her pictures "She Wears the Pants," the MacDonald ire flamed forth. Then she toured France as prima donna at a high weekly figure, and just recently got back to Hollywood.

Looks like this re-appearance on the Paramount lot might mean a long-term contract there for her.

At a loud and noisy story conference the other day, one fellow from the East who had said not a word during the session, asked in a lusty voice:

"Pardon me, but does my silence annoy anyone?"

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 14 and 90

David Manners has a girl-friend—first time since his divorce!

(Right) At fifteen, just about the time that she first joined the Theatre Guild School. (Below) At twelve years of age. She was studying elocution at the time and truly enjoyed it. The costume was merely to pose in.

. . . The joys and sorrows, triumphs and disappointments, of Sylvia Sidney's girlhood—told with exquisite sympathy and understanding

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

SYLVIA SIDNEY only made one friend at school. And that was Roger, a dog. She had never liked the other children—the teachers. But more than anything else she had hated was the bread and butter which was served. Sylvia had never eaten bread and butter—and refused to do so at school.

So, in order to discipline her, she was told that if she refused to eat the bread and butter it would be placed in front of her until she did eat it—the pieces piling up steadily with the accumulation of each meal.

Finally Sylvia could stand it no longer and, one evening, just at dinner time, she ran away to a little copse with Roger. She wouldn't eat in that dreadful hall again. She wouldn't have all those other girls staring at her and that awful plate of bread and butter set before her.

Roger seemed to feel he had stayed in that little copse quite long enough. He got up and, wagging his tail, beguiling Sylvia to follow, he trotted off toward the house. Around at the kitchen door he began a persistent scratching.

"Come in, come in, you old rapscallion," said the cook, opening the door. "Whatever made a pig like you late for dinner?"

Then, further off in the shadows, she saw Sylvia.

"Sure, and the stubborn one's with him," she said. But Sylvia didn't mind. There was something in her voice that warmed her words.

"Come in, child," she said. "Your dinner was over long ago. Maybe you're not too good to eat with us."

The waitresses and the gardener looked happy sitting at the big oak table under the bright light. Sylvia was

THE TRUE STORY OF SYLVIA SIDNEY

glad to slide into the chair they pulled up for her. And it was with real appetite, now that she was away from the stares of the other children and now that there was no great pile of bread and butter before her, that she ate her dinner.

After that she was to eat all her meals there. She preferred it. And even the dark teacher with the mole seemed to have given up trying to do anything with her. There's little satisfaction to be had talking to a child like Sylvia, a child that stands and listens to you, saying nothing, but showing clearly enough by her eyes how little she thinks of you.

Months passed. On her weekly visits Beatrice Sidney looked in vain for a change in Sylvia. Finally she decided grandmother had been right, that it wasn't possible to transform Sylvia into a happy child interested in dolls and games and giggly secrets. So one day, after Sylvia had been at the school about eight or nine months, she was told to get her belongings together; that the next morning her mother would arrive to take her home.

That afternoon in the copse Sylvia tried to explain to Roger that she would be leaving him. But he evidently didn't understand, for the next day, long after Sylvia and her mother had driven away, he lay at the foot of the steps, one eye open, waiting for her . . . .

IT was a happy night for Sylvia when she slept in her own room again. Perhaps Sylvia, like her mother, would be a designer when she grew up. . . .

"I remember being whipped only once," Sylvia says. "I was rude over the telephone. But that whipping didn't impress me nearly as much as the talks my father and I used to have. He would seem so sad, so serious that I felt whatever it was I had done must have been very wrong indeed. And I would make up my mind not to fly into a rage again, ever. But I would. Something

When Sylvia appeared in "Prunella" she was just sixteen. "Her hair was bound around her head like a shining cap . . . her slim body moved with poignant beauty." The audience loved her.

would happen and I wouldn't care. Until it was over and I found myself closeted with my father again and looking into his grave eyes."

Then a ship arrived from Europe bringing Beatrice Sidney's brother and his large family, among them Albert, aged thirteen. Terrified by the upheaval in Russia after the war, they had, like Beatrice years before, sold all they possessed to get passage money to America.

Sigmund Sidney was one of the first to offer his aid.

"I will take Albert," he told his brother-in-law. "He will come and live with us. He can study dentistry and perhaps profit by the mistakes I've made. It will be as if I had a son."

So Albert came to live with the Sidneys.

To Sylvia he was an interloper. The apartment had to be rearranged to accommodate him. Aware of her father's great interest in this young boy she became resentful and jealous.

"I often wonder now," says Sylvia, "how my mother and father abided the two of us in the same house. I was moody. And Albert was moody. Often for hours and even for days we would glower at each other without speaking. Then suddenly, without any apparent reason, we would talk and laugh and be the best friends in the world."

If anything, the arrival of Sylvia's uncle and his family knitted all the branches of the family closer than ever. Sylvia's grandmother went about with happiness shining in her eyes. Most of the children she never had seen. There were big family dinners at the different houses. There was good Russian food. Blinis—with caviar. For these were prosperous days.

Sylvia turned nine. And a miracle happened. Her mother took her to the Strand Theatre to see Doris Keene in "Romance." Doris Keene with jewels in her hair . . . wearing velvet gowns and ropes of lustrous pearls . . . In the dark theatre Sylvia was breathless. It seemed to her a door had opened into another world.

W. H. HUDSON says, "The sense of the beautiful is God's best gift to the human soul." Sylvia had this gift in abundant measure. It had been thought by the family that she would turn this gift, this flame that burned so steadily within her—whatever you will call it—to designing, like her mother. Now that didn't seem so likely. Sylvia insisted that she was going to be an actress. Not in the dreamy, stage-struck way common to little girls. But with real purpose.

Without a doubt that performance of "Romance" exerted a tremendous influence upon Sylvia's life. Even today the theater to her means wigs and costumes and paste jewels. No rôle played straight ever is as close to Sylvia's heart as a rôle in which she wears a beautiful costume.

She grew and her dream grew. And when Sylvia talked of being an actress, that hard bright patina which she, like so many city children, had acquired, seemed to melt and you caught glimpses of the sensitive quick of her.

Ten years old. She began elocution lessons. She adored them. Nothing thrilled her more than saying beautiful words. And she had hope, if she studied hard

enough, that one day, like her teacher, she would have a voice of velvet.

High school—Sylvia went to Washington Irving—she didn't mind nearly as much as she had minded grade school. Algebra was nightmarish. But to balance the trouble this gave her there was literature. And Sylvia's literature teacher always talked of the characters in the classics they read as if they were real people, friends. Sylvia liked that.

When it became very evident that Sylvia's dream of being an actress had permanence the Sidneys agreed she might leave high school and join the Theatre Guild Dramatic School.

Never had Sylvia been so happy, so content. She came home with the first intimate talk of other girls. She began to like boys, too. Her mother and father were more than rewarded for their understanding.

At first, of course, Sylvia was in the Guild school only on probation. It depended upon the ratings the board of directors gave her for such things as diction, grace, and so on, whether or not she would be allowed to stay.

SYLVIA could imagine nothing beyond the day of the performance when she would be judged and these ratings given. They were to do an old play more or less crudely and with somewhat inadequate costumes and scenery. Rehearsing for it, Sylvia often felt as if deep secret places within her were springing into life.

When the performance was over Sylvia waited for the return of that report card as eagerly and tremblingly as any prisoner in the dock awaits a verdict. It was thrust into her hand by a prosaic office-boy.

For one tense moment Sylvia held it in her hand. Then with a surface calm belied by a throbbing head and a bursting heart she slit the envelope. At the bottom of the card she read the verdict. She was to stay!

"The first thing they did," says Sylvia, "was make my voice over. I talked the way children so often do, way up high. Baby talk, really.

"'We can't allow you to pipe like that,' they told me. 'You must learn to place your voice. You aren't using your own voice at all.'

"It wasn't easy to do the things they said. But I tried harder than I ever had tried before in my life. And gradually I began to get somewhere."

Sylvia worked hard in that school. But it was satisfying work. Nights she fell asleep immediately. This new life seemed to be taming the devil in her mind. For days at a time she had contentment. She showed very little temper. Acting it was as if Sylvia found escape from the torment of her mixed blood, from her dark inheritance.

WITH the end of the year came graduation. By way of exercises "Prunella" was given in a series of matinées at the Little Theatre. To Sylvia's delight she was cast in the title rôle, and given the costumes Marguerite Clark had worn in the same part to keep for her very own after the play's run was over. They are, incidentally, her dearest possessions.

"Winthrop Ames directed 'Prunella,'" Sylvia explains.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Sylvia today stands at the pinnacle of the talkie profession. Yet, somehow one feels that she will never take herself so seriously as to be a bore.

AMAZING PEOPLE— THESE ACTORS

. . . Some of the things they say! And some of the things they do! Well, really—

Lupe Velez is said to have once partially disrobed before a group of newspaper women. It was merely to determine certain origins of her sex appeal, but even so—

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Illustrated by Jack Welch

ONE advantage of being an interviewer is that you are privileged to approach a perfect stranger and ask him questions that his own mother would hesitate to put to him, without fear (at least, without *much* fear) of getting a poke in the nose.

Nevertheless, despite several years of experience in asking such questions, I have never got over being surprised at the answers I receive. The truth of the matter is that, instead of the actor being embarrassed at my questions, he frequently reduces *me* to a state of twittery blushes by the freedom with which he will discuss his most intimate affairs for publication. I have rarely had any trouble persuading an actor to talk about his private life. The difficulty has been to prevent him from telling me *all* with the most disconcerting attention to detail!

Not only that—the things they sometimes *do* in public will, if you are a fairly conservative and sedate person, make you open your eyes very wide indeed and gasp (at least), "Dear me!"

John Gilbert once disclosed an amazing amount of his personal affairs to the author of this article. His secretary, terrified for fear of publication, listened helplessly at the keyhole.

I once went to ask Norma Shearer some questions about love and marriage, anticipating one of those bromidic conversations about mutual tolerance and forbearance—like you read in the "advice" columns of the women's magazines.

But there is nothing bromidic about Norma. She began, in forthright fashion by announcing that she always put on make-up before going to bed. "That terrible, cold light of morning—" she explained. "Very few of us can afford to be seen in it without some embellishment. . . ." She went on from there to reveal her carefully thought out method of making Irving dependent upon her, of seeming to please his every whim—while getting her own way by feminine wiles and artifice. I was filled with admiration. Norma is *good!*

NOW, Mrs. Thalberg no doubt knew exactly what she was doing and just how her husband would react to it. But it looked dangerous to me. I kept thinking that if I were a husband and read somewhere in the public prints so thorough an explanation of the system by which my wife managed me, I should learn a lot of useful things and should never again be so tractable in her hands.

Her remarks would have interested any woman who had to cope with a man. The surprising thing was that she would *tell!*

They want to tell. They not only take it for granted but they enjoy the fact that the whole world is a constantly interested spectator of every detail of their lives.

I lunched one day with Doug and Mary—and a dozen or so other people who drifted into the studio bungalow at meal time. It was rather like the mad tea party in "Alice." We kept moving down at the table to make room for newcomers—until I was almost in Mary's lap. Everyone was eating a different course and how the servants ever kept us straight was beyond me. All very informal and friendly and pleasant.

We heard an involved discussion between Mary and her sister about Jack Pickford—and a conference about the methods of bringing up Mary's small niece. Distinctly family matters. Yet taken up, with casual aplomb, before a director, a dressmaker, a secretary or two, various and sundry friends and a member of the press. (To say nothing of the servants.)

And during lunch Mary reproved Doug, oh, very affectionately and humorously — but unmistakably —for his table manners.

George Webb used to discuss, with guests, the cash value of his wife (Esther Ralston) in dollars and cents, by the week or month. "Give me two more years of Ralston, at this rate, and I'll be on easy street!"

The pair let it be known that they had signed a legal agreement, with witnesses and notary publics and things, to the effect that, at the end of the two years, when Esther should have paid the requisite amount of dividends, she was to be allowed to have a baby!

Such little intimacies are, apparently, subjects for the merest of small talk with casual acquaintances.

JOHN GILBERT'S secretary once put her ear to the keyhole of his dressing room door while he was talking with me and was so appalled at the things he was telling me about himself that she rushed to the publicity department in hysterics and wanted me suppressed at any cost. It happened that it was a mere friendly chat we were having and Jack was aware that I had no intention of publishing anything he was saying. But he was *saying* it—and the poor secretary couldn't know!

Joe E. Brown burst abruptly into song, over scrambled eggs, at the Embassy Club one day. With gestures. And *such* ditties! Well, really!

Then there was the actress who electrified the Montmartre by suddenly crying, dramatically, "God! If I only had a little child!" And Norman Kerry took off his shirt in the Universal restaurant, to show me the lady tattooed upon his chest.

You can see for yourself that lunching with actors is seldom a dull proceeding.

Billy Haines has a *penchant* for standing ladies on their heads in public places. He once seized a young woman press agent by the heels and dangled her in mid-air in the middle of the M-G-M lot, to the admiration of a good many beholders. All the other women within reach beat hasty retreats, fearing it might become a habit with him—a habit to be avoided.

Norma Shearer once disclosed to the writer, with the most disconcerting frankness, many of the little feminine tricks she employs to get her own way with her husband. Oh, nothing really scandalous in that, of course, but, really, wouldn't you be inclined to think—?

(Above) Norman Kerry—like Lupe, partially disrobed for the benefit of a reporter. But he did it in a restaurant. I mean, after all—. And Joe E. Brown's performance (left) while eating scrambled eggs in a public restaurant was sort of extraordinary, to say the least.

John Barrymore explained the whole thing pretty well one time when he said, "Of course, we are all exhibitionists—or we shouldn't be actors. No one expects us to act like anything but lunatics and no one expects us to have the slightest reticence. So we don't!"

Perhaps that is it. They neither demand nor expect the least degree of privacy. One gathers, indeed, that they would feel pretty neglected if they were allowed to have any! It is probably that trait which John calls exhibitionism which leads them to do the startling things they do in public places. A desire for attention at any cost of personal dignity or comfort. . . .

I saw Lupe Velez undress one day to show newspaper women how certain parts of her—er—anatomy—were built up, "to geeve me sex appeal!" I also saw her stand on a chair in a café to shout, "I *lofe* Garee Cooper!"—and then prove it by eating the oysters out of his stew with her fingers!

Nothing reticent or shy about Lupe! [No, indeed. See her explosive story on page 40.—Ed.]

I have seen Ramon Novarro pounding on a table and declaiming in stentorian tones that he did not believe in birth control—despite the efforts of his companions (who were not actors!) to stop him.

Josef von Sternberg, who is not an actor but who acts like one, greeted me, upon the occasion of my first and only interview with him, with the news that he did not like magazine writers and that the magazines for which I wrote were "stupid." Furthermore, he added bitterly, I did not amuse him.

I expressed deep regret for all these things and promised him that next time I should bring my ukulele!

Alice White and Cy Bartlett babbling baby talk in public. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., babbling ditto. Why not? They are in love and all the world is welcome to listen. They are actors!

Joan Bennett says, "Not only does an actor not *want* privacy—but he hasn't any *right* to it! When he chooses the career of acting, he chooses to become a public figure—public property. *He'd better make a good job of it!*"

There speaks a trouper. So long as actors are actors, their lives will continue to be open books—and any place they frequent will be enlivened by astonishing capers.

Actors *are* surprising. That's why they're interesting.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

SALLY EILERS

—who was such an adorable little dumbelle in "Bad Girl." Sally is definitely teamed with Jimmie Dunn now. You'll see them together in "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Sally's taking dancing lessons in preparation for her part in the latter film. She and husband Hoot Gibson live at their ranch and also keep a small Hollywood apartment. Sally designs her own clothes. She can pilot an airplane and Hoot has taught her to rope steers.

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

WARNER BAXTER

—who is the most popular star on the Fox lot. He gets more fan mail than any other Fox player. And just think—he almost gave up the screen to go back to selling automobiles the week before he got the lead in "In Old Arizona." Baxter and his wife have very few friends among the film people. His next picture after "Surrender" will be the "The Widow's Might." He prefers comfortable, mussed-up sport togs to all others.

Photograph by John Miehle

HELEN HAYES

—who brought to the screen some of the best acting we've ever seen in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" (previously titled "Lullaby"). Helen has also completed "Arrowsmith" with Ronald Colman. At present, she's on the New York stage. She has been an actress since the age of six. As a child, however, she wanted to be a nun. Helen is exactly five feet tall.

She likes swimming, bridge and backgammon.

Photograph by Hurrell

LIONEL BARRYMORE

—who acts marvelously, directs artistically, does exquisite etchings and plays the piano like a real musician. Personally, we hope he concentrates on acting. He has completed "The Man I Killed" and is working now in "Mata Hari" with Garbo. He drives a Ford and has an extensive vocabulary of naughty words, like brother John. There'll be an exciting story about Lionel in the February MODERN SCREEN.

THE PRICE OF MOTHERHOOD

. . . Mae Marsh—who is only now making a come-back—tells what it felt like to give up her career at its very height for a home and children

By MURIEL BABCOCK

(Above) Mae and her youngsters: Brewster, Marguerite and Mary, the eldest. Mae gave up stardom for the joy of bringing them up. (Right) As she appeared in "The Birth of a Nation."

WAS it worth it?

Thirteen years ago, Mae Marsh, a great picture star, stepped down voluntarily from the top rung of the ladder, renounced fame and wealth to have a home and children.

Recently Fox studio called her for a mother rôle, a character part in "Over the Hill." It is the first time that Mae has donned the make-up since she flourished as a star.

Has she ever regretted her step? Has she ever regretted the sacrifice, a greater one than most women would ever be called upon to make?

Mae says no. And I believe her. She told me this story to illustrate.

Not long ago, she took Mary, her eldest, a little girl of twelve years, to see "The Birth of A Nation," the great D. W. Griffith film and Mae's finest effort.

"I didn't watch the picture, I watched my daughter," she told me. "When the famous chase began, Mary began to fidget. Pretty soon she said, 'Oh, Mama, he's not really going to get you!' When I jumped over the cliff, she just quivered and said, 'Oh, Mama!'

"We walked out of the theater to meet her father. 'Well, how'd you like the picture?' he questioned.

"Mary was very still for a moment and then she said, 'Daddy, I never knew Mama was so sweet and pretty.'

"And you ask me what price motherhood? It's the most precious thing in the world."

It must be, if Mae is contented with her choice, for

(Left) Mae Marsh, once one of the most important stars on the screen, as she appears today. (Below) In "Over the Hill," which she is appearing in for Fox. This is her first taste of the cameras in a good many years. And, also, her first talkie.

consider what it was she gave up when she left the screen. She was getting $4,000 a week. She was on the threshold of a glorious career. She was the box office star of the day, a fine emotional actress. And $4,000 was a queen's ransom, then.

Yet she gave it up, married a man she loved and went to live on his salary, $125 a week, in a two-story, rented frame house in New Jersey.

DO many mothers pay such a price for their homes and babies? Everyone knows, of course, that children mean sacrifice, pain, renunciation—often risk of life—but I wonder if many of us would do what Mae Marsh did.

Do you remember her in "Polly of the Circus"? In "Intolerance"? She was the wistful Janet Gaynor of her day, just as Bobby Harron was the Charlie Farrell of that period.

It was at the height of her career that she met and fell in love with Louis Lee Arms, a young newspaper man who had been a press agent for her film company. She broke her contract with Goldwyn that she might marry Louis.

The early years of married life found the going pretty hard. Louis didn't make as much money as he hoped. Mae did her own housework. Later, he became successful. He adventured in the Oklahoma oil fields, invested in California real estate. Today, they live in Flintridge, a suburb of Los Angeles, in a big, colonial house. Unpretentious, comfortable, much of it furnished with old pieces handed down in the family. There is a big piano in the living room, daguerreotypes of Grandfather and Grandmother on the mantel.

There are three children: Mary, Brewster Lee (Bobby), four and a half, and Marguerite, the baby. She's only two and a half.

I walked through the house with Mae as we talked. Up the wide stairs to Mary's room. The bed was a little rumpled and lumpy. Mae smoothed it. Mary, she explained, made it herself as one of her household duties for which she is paid an allowance of twenty-five cents a week.

Bobby's allowance is figured on a different scale. He gets a penny for every snail he catches in the garden, but he doesn't do much about earning it until he hears the approaching ice cream man. Marguerite is the actress of the family but as yet is unpaid for her emoting.

CHARMING, lovely children, they give evidence of conservative, careful, thoughtful upbringing. I am inclined to believe they are much finer, much more apt to become interesting and delightful grown-ups than if they had been surrounded by tinsel and glitter.

And Mae. Well, here is her philosophy of her married life, of her hopes, dreams and ambitions, told to me as we sat in the big living room and kept an ever-wary eye on the baby lest she get into trouble.

"People talk about profit and loss, the money I threw away," she said. "Very well. Look at what I have gained.

"Three children. Their happiness. The broadening of myself, a greater appreciation of humans, the joy of loving and giving up. It is beautiful to deny yourself for people you love.

"I have peace, a greater knowledge of the world and of people than I would have known had I stayed in pictures. Perhaps it sounds silly, but you learn about people when you stay home. You are blind when you are out in the world.

A MOTION picture star has so much flattery thrust upon her that she cannot think clearly, cannot evaluate things properly. (*Continued on page 98*)

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

Scoop, scoop, who's got the scoop? We have

Photographs from the Harold Seton Collection

"How can you be so cru-u-uel," the poor harassed gal cries in agonized tones. But William S. (Stony) Hart turns what is known as a deaf ear and mutters between clenched teeth, "Aw, go fry an egg." So, you see, there's nothing for the little dear to do but go fry an egg. It's a scene from an old movie.

"Kiss me, my dear," pleads Emily Ann Wellman. "You are nothing to me any more," Lowell Sherman says in a bored voice (well, he probably said something like that). Lowell in his stage days certainly had a strong resemblance to our movie hero, Norman Foster. From the stage play, "A Guilty Man," produced in 1916.

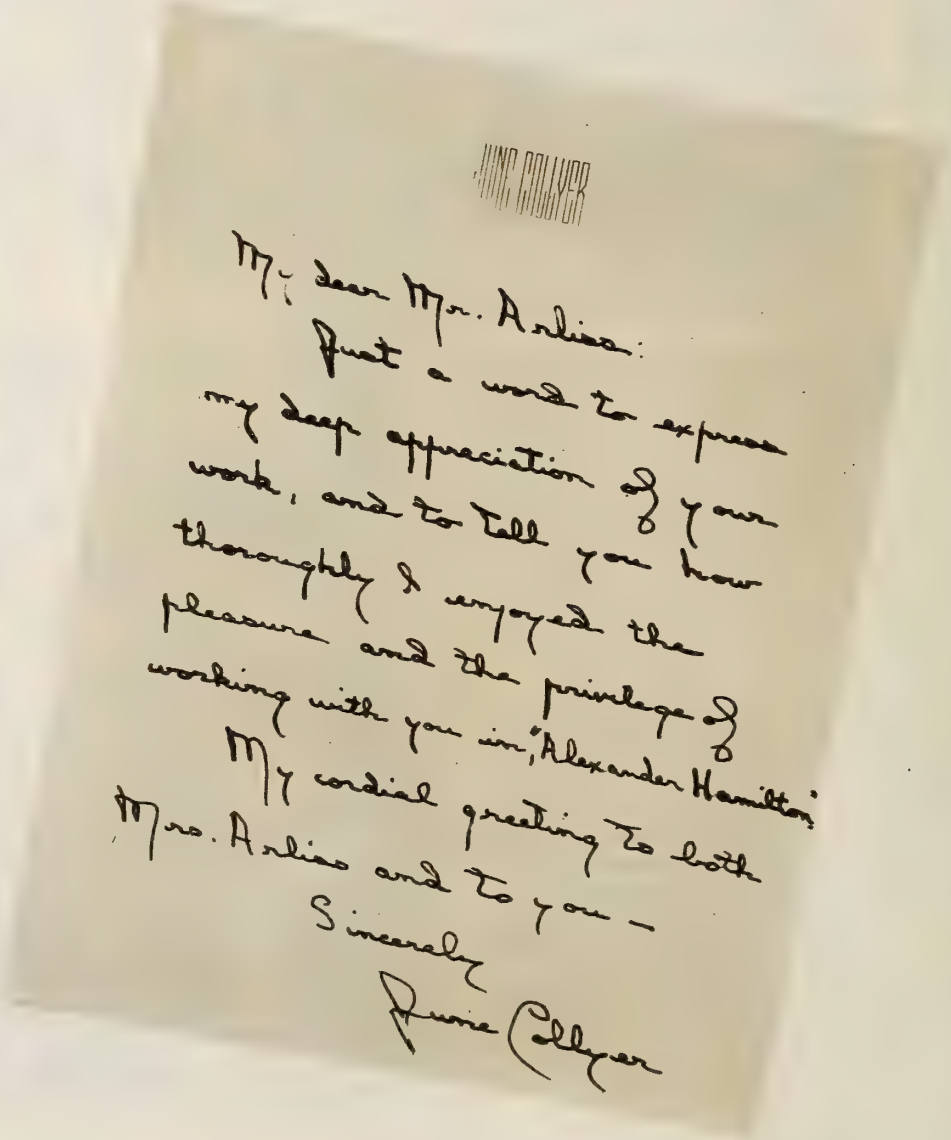
From Thelma Todd to ZaSu Pitts (right, center).

From Dorothy Lee to Bert Wheeler (extreme right).

THE STARS CORRESPOND

From June Collyer
to George Arliss

(Right) June Collyer considered it a great honor to play in "Alexander Hamilton" with George Arliss. June departed from her sweet-young-girl rôles in that picture, you know. She played a sirenish sort of person. It was Mr. Arliss himself who chose her for the part.


JUNE COLLYER

My dear Mr. Arliss:
Just a word to express
my deep appreciation of your
work, and to tell you how
thoroughly I enjoyed the
pleasure and the privilege of
working with you in "Alexander Hamilton."
My cordial greeting to both
Mrs. Arliss and to you —
Sincerely
June Collyer

By popular request, we are presenting another group of those

From Jackie Cooper to Wallace Beery (bottom of page).

Dorothy Lee

Dear Bert.

If you ever desert me again while I am broadcasting, I'll pay your cook to poison in your coffee.

You bum! when I had to sing "My One Ambition is you," [illegible] night I looked all over for you but you had left me flat. You knowl Can't sing without holding your hand.

It's grand up here it big Dear Mother & I came up here early today - I'll be seeing your soon. So long

Always

Dorothy

(Above) Dorothy Lee is probably so used to seeing Bert Wheeler around on the lot when they are playing in the same picture that she thought something was radically wrong when he failed to show up on the night of her broadcast. By the way, don't forget to read about little Dot on page 60.

Thelma Todd

San Francisco.

Dear Pittsy,

Arrived safe and sound after a racing but glorious drive and missed you all the way.

Better change your mind and join me. The weather is exceptional and the shops are presenting their "Winter Fashions".

That should move you if nothing else, and besides the gang won't take "no" for an answer.

So will be seeing you.

Expectingly,

La Todd.

(Above) "Pittsy" is, of course, ZaSu Pitts. Thelma Todd evidently wrote this friendly little note before she became Alison Lloyd—or maybe she won't use that new name of hers in her personal correspondence. Thelma and ZaSu became good friends while co-starring in comedies. We imagine it's that old story about opposites attracting. (Right) Wally is, naturally, that big Beery. Jackie Cooper thinks he's the grandest person in the world. Wouldn't you love to see Wally coaching Jackie's football team?

Dear Wally

I have been looking all over the studio for a football field. We have got to do something about it because we need a good team. This year it is up to us to get busy. How about it

Your friend

Jackie Cooper

fascinating, chatty notes written by the stars to each other

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

(Right) At the Los Angeles opening of Arliss' newest picture, "Alexander Hamilton," there was the biggest crowd ever. The Los Angeles citizenry stepped all over its own feet trying to catch glimpses of and secure autographs from its film favorites.

Wide World Photos

(Left) The younger Fairbanks received a great ovation at the opening. There they are, smiling graciously and obediently, just as the radio announcer bade them. Doug looked very grand in his high hat.

OF course you've heard about the coming separation of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.? Oh yes, the scandal-mongers even went so far as to plan whether or not Joan and Doug would get a Reno divorce or just a regular California one. And when the famous couple denied even the probability of a divorce — nobody would believe them.

Joan lay awake nights trying to figure out how to stop the silly rumors—and finally decided that if she and Doug were to have a child—no one could accuse them of thinking about divorce courts. So in face of the fact that step-mama Mary Pickford and papa Doug Fairbanks, Sr., won't relish being grandma and grandpa—looks like the Fairbanks, Jr's., are planning an addition to the family. (See page 54.)

The funny part of it is that their vehement denials several months ago about expecting an heir brought on the surmises that they must be going to break up matrimonially! Every denial on Joan's and Doug's part only heightened the rumors.

No wonder actors get nutty after a while.

Amid the mumbling and grumbling of Hollywood gossip we hear: That Clark Gable may join the ranks of the divorced very soon!

If that's so, there'll be a lot of gals-about-town going Gable-hunting in a big way.

NEW romance (and one that's surprising Hollywood): Maureen O'Sullivan and Edmund Goulding. They came to Marion Davies' Welcome Home party together.

Joel McCrea squiring Ina Claire to the same party. This isn't new but it's still interesting.

Also, Michael Farmer and Gloria Swanson.

Ditto Connie Bennett and *her* Marquis.

Billie Dove with Charlie Lederer (Marion Davies' young nephew) . . . Bob Kenaston was on a deer-hunting trip and couldn't appear. But he's still the heavy heart throb for Billie.

Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante . . . no new heart interest here.

Howard Hughes brought Dot Jordan—but Constance Cummings seemed to be getting a lot of attention from him.

Larry Tibbett and Hedda Hopper . . . not a romance.

Lily Damita with Sydney Smith, scion of a wealthy Eastern family.

And so many others we can't remember!

Ramon Novarro has the hardest job of a lifetime. He not only has to lose every trace of his Mexican accent for his rôle in "Mata Hari" opposite Garbo—but he must acquire a Russian one.

Greta can go from picture to picture with the same guttural voice and slight Swedish accent . . . and no one seems to mind. But she's the *Garbo!*

(Continued on page 116)

We guess Joan and Doug's plan will fix those gossips!

The Family conference— *about the* "pink" on Mother's tooth brush!

PEOPLE *used* to be able to enjoy "pink tooth brush" in peace and quiet! But not *today!* Dental science has found out too much about it! And if the new generation doesn't warn you about it, your dentist is *certain* to.

Why is "pink tooth brush" so common an ailment in this day and age? "Because," says modern science, "to remain sound, the gums need the stimulation which only coarse foods can give them. But modern foods are *soft* foods —and, lacking exercise, gums tend to become touchy. Eventually, they become so tender that they bleed."

"Pink tooth brush" may cause the teeth to lose their sparkle. It all too often leads to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. And it *sometimes* endangers apparently sound teeth.

The answer? *Daily massage of the gums.* But even more effective, daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then put a little bit more on your brush or fingertip and rub it into your gums. Leave the Ipana there. It contains ziratol, and the ziratol will get results better if left on the gums.

Don't Take Chances

Tooth paste is not costly! Skimping on your tooth paste is decidedly poor economy. For a good dentist and a good dentifrice are the most economical things on earth!

You'll like Ipana, first of all, because it *is* a splendid *tooth* paste. It cleans the teeth *thoroughly* without any possibility of the enamel's becoming marred.

Your teeth begin to look whiter almost at once. And it won't be a month before you'll be able to see a decided improvement in your gums. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and they'll be so firm that you won't be troubled with "pink tooth brush!"

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-12
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

© 1931, B-M Co.

..IPANA *Tooth Paste*

We are both proud and happy that we are able to give you two writers in this issue whose names have never before appeared in any screen magazine. We are referring to

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
and
VINA DELMAR

This is only the beginning. These two writers will appear again in our pages and, from time to time, we shall add new illustrious names for your delight.

Among them will be NINA WILCOX PUTNAM—a brilliant writer if there ever was one. Miss Putnam was working on a story for us when she became the victim of an unfortunate automobile accident. We hope Miss Putnam will recover shortly. And when she does, you may be sure you'll be reading her charming work in MODERN SCREEN.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE—THE ONE DATED FEBRUARY—

there's a delightful story on Joel McCrea. He grew up in Hollywood, you know. And you will read all about his kid days—when the movie stars used to hang around the local drug store. Joel knew them all. He even sold a horse to Jack Holt at that time. It's a story full of human interest and homely humor.

Then there'll be Dareos' prophecies for 1932. No ordinary prophecy, this. This famous seer reveals some amazing things which are due to happen in Hollywood in 1932. And he gives you the names of the people, too. No mere general prophecy but a real, honest-to-goodness look into the future of each star mentioned.

And, of course, there's that story by FAITH BALDWIN on Marie Dressler, the most inspiring woman in Hollywood.

And, we need hardly tell you, there'll be our usual number of human interest stories about the stars. Our regular departments—Beauty, Directories, Modern Hostess, Between You and Me. And some grand new portraits.

We warn you—you'd better watch for that February Issue of ours. It'll be out early in January.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT WITH A COPY OF MODERN SCREEN

Story of Sylvia Sidney

(Continued from page 77)

"And he was tireless. He seemed to pour his own remarkable energy into every member of that cast. Our every entrance, our every exit, our every line and gesture were of the greatest importance to him."

Sylvia was just sixteen when she stood before her first audience. Her hair was bound about her head like a shining cap. Beneath the long robes and lovely velvet cape her slim body moved with poignant beauty.

Unlike so many dreams Sylvia's dream coming true held its magic.

The critics had the kindest things to say of Sylvia. Her audiences at those matinées were as charmed by her, her beauty, and her artistry as infinitely vaster audiences are today when she is shadowed upon the screen.

"PRUNELLA" closed and the company went to Scarboro for a summer in stock. It was learned that "Liliom" was to be included in the repertoire and there was great excitement.

"You'll play Liliom's daughter," everyone told Sylvia. It seemed logical enough that she should. She was the youngest member of the school and after her outstanding success in "Prunella" she certainly merited the part. Even the instructors spoke of it as definitely hers. Sylvia went to sleep and woke up thinking of the character. She knew all the lines.

And this was to mean heartbreak, such heartbreak as you can know only when you are sensitive and proud and barely sixteen. In that company there were the inevitable antagonisms. And Sylvia had not troubled to butter the right people.

When she first learned Linda Watkins had been assigned to play Liliom's daughter, Sylvia went mercifully numb. But later during rehearsals during which she was given scenery to paint—everyone in the company did anything and everything he could—Sylvia used to suffer frightfully. Hearing Linda reading lines she felt belonged to her, it was hard for her not to throw down her brushes and run away.

Then came the evening of the first performance. It seemed to Sylvia that it all couldn't be allowed to happen but it kept right on happening just the same.

An instructor came to fetch Sylvia who was in her room. "Hurry," she said, "you're wanted backstage. You're to curl Miss Watkins' hair!"

Can you see Sylvia, her face pale, her eyes on fire, her hands cold as death, holding the iron, curling Linda's hair? Oh, she knew how to do it all right. She knew how Liliom's daughter ought to look. And when she had finished, Linda was very beautiful.

Through it all Sylvia held her head high. And somehow she managed to control her voice. That was one of the things they had taught her.

"I'm going out," she told a chaperon.

"You'll be in early," the chaperon gave her a too-sweet smile, or so it seemed to Sylvia. "There's a rehearsal in the morning, you know."

"If I'm here in time for the rehearsal," Sylvia said, "that will be all that will be necessary." She was defiant. She knew this attitude might cost her dearly. But she couldn't be still. The curtain was about to go up on "Liliom" and Sylvia didn't care about anything else in all the world.

DOWN a dark lane a young man waited for Sylvia with her dusky hair and her eyes of jade. He had a car.

It was after one when Sylvia got back that night. Whizzing through the dark, the evening air cool against her cheeks, she had been able to relax and to remember there were other rôles in the world besides the rôle of Liliom's daughter.

The chaperon was waiting up for her. There were words. Sylvia wasn't tactful. The temper she had been trying to curb for days couldn't be downed forever.

"You'll pack your things," the chaperon interrupted her at last, "and leave in the morning."

"Very well!" Sylvia hoped she sounded indifferent. She hoped she'd be able to clear out without letting anyone, pupil or teacher, know the disgrace she felt it was to be expelled from the Theatre Guild School.

In the dormitory as she pulled her cases from beneath the bed and began throwing in her things the girls crowded around her.

"But Sylvia," a dozen or more said, "won't it mean you'll never get work in the theatre? Won't this blacklist you? Oh, why don't you apologize. You're good. Surely they'll be glad to reconsider."

But Sylvia only shook her head. "I did nothing wrong," she protested. "And don't worry, I'll get work all right!"

How much more confident her voice than her heart . . . .

Experience is something no one can take from you. Sylvia had profited from her year and more with the Guild school. In her new scrap-book she had reviews of her work in "Prunella." She had her voice enriched with a dramatic timbre. She had her sensitively modelled face with its heritage of suffering. She had her eyes, curiously beautiful, jade with golden brown pupils. And she had her youth. She was not like nine out of every ten girls who stormed the managerial offices. She was someone to remember. A personality to be reckoned with. A newcomer in the theatre who might line her own pockets and the pockets of those associated with her with gold. Seeing her once, managers were inclined to remember her.

Nevertheless, months passed and she

got no engagement. In between times she sometimes played as an extra in the Cosmopolitan studios in Harlem. She played a bit in Lya de Putti's first American-made film, as a matter of fact. But she hated film work. It was only something to occupy her until she could get the work she really wanted, the work for which she lived.

THOSE were most trying days in the Sidney household. Sylvia, without work, was dark and moody and unhappy. Albert, also. Albert had discovered he didn't want to be a dentist, that he wanted to be a bacteriologist. And one day he found the courage to tell his Uncle Sigmund that it was no use his going on.

"It sounds as if I didn't appreciate all you've done for me," he said. "But that isn't true. I've kept track of everything you've spent and that at least I can pay you back one day. Your interest and encouragement make me forever your debtor.

"I don't want any more help," he went on, glad to be saying all of this at last. "I'm taking a job for the summer in an amusement park. I can save a little. I'll manage. Anyway, Uncle Sigmund, I'm so sure I want to be a bacteriologist and not a dentist that it would be foolish to keep on."

So Sigmund Sidney put away his dream of Albert as a famous surgeon dentist and proceeded to help him become the scientist he wanted to be. Even as he and Beatrice were helping Sylvia to find her place in the theatre. Without the work they loved, Sigmund knew there could be no real freedom for either of them.

We know now, of course, how the Sidneys have been rewarded for their understanding and unselfishness. At this writing no name shines more brilliantly on Broadway than that of Sylvia Sidney. And no one in the studios gives richer promise. As for Albert, several months ago Paul DeKruif, the authoritative author of "Microbe Hunters," wrote of him as a young man destined to do great things for humanity.

Every morning early, in a businesslike manner, and looking exceedingly well-groomed, Sylvia started out to look for a job. Every day, waking up, she thought, "maybe today will be the lucky day." Every night, going to sleep, she thought, "maybe tomorrow will be the day."

Sylvia needed her heritage of courage and patience. She looks small and frail and tender but there is an obdurate strength and a stubborn tenacity about her. She's not the quitting kind.

"What of Sylvia?" her mother would ask her father, or *vice versa*. However it was, the answer was always the same, "She is young. Give her time. She'll come through . . ."

The city parks lost the gold of September in the red of October. Then, with November skies turned gray and leaden there was the smell of snow in the air. The amusement park closed. A family dinner was given for Albert before he began his new studies. To show him the clan was proud because he had had the courage to call quits and

Wet Cold AND Dry Heat

WINTER'S EXTREMES..

.. PLAY HAVOC WITH

Delicate Complexions

Yet 5 minutes a day with these marvelous Olive Oil preparations quickly restores roughened skins to soft, velvety beauty.

Bleak winds lashing your face. Snow and rain beating the sensitive tissues. And then, home—to the scorching heat of a hearth fire . . . Of all of the skin's many enemies, these *extremes* of winter life are by far the cruelest.

Outdoor cold cracks the skin—makes it red and rough. Indoor heat parches the tissues—dries out their natural oils . . . What to do about it? There is one effective method of keeping the complexion soft, smooth and lovely at all times — now being used by millions of women.

5 minutes a day for beauty's sake

At night spend *two minutes* removing make-up and dirt with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Then apply a thin veil of the soothing Olive Oil Cream to nourish and tone up your skin while you sleep.

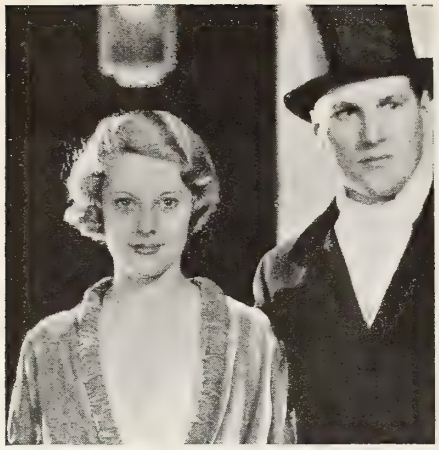
Daytime beauty care requires but *three minutes!* . . . First, enliven your skin with OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Next use OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream — the perfect protective and powder base. Now for make-up! Lipstick or Lip and Cheek Rouge for your lips and a light touch of color to your cheeks. Then dust on your favorite shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder. On an oily skin use the *Lightex* blend. Dry Rouge, if you prefer it, should be applied *after* the powder.

For years, dermatologists have recognized the beneficial effects of Olive Oil—its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won millions of women because of its olive oil base. Now, by special patented process, this same important ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

So inexpensive too!

No excessive outlay necessary! You can purchase generous introductory packages for as low as 10c and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores. If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, *send 4c in stamps for generous trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two Face Powders.* Crystal Laboratories, 134 Willis Avenue, New York.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS



NATURALNESS
YOUR PRIZE POSSESSION

RETAIN your own naturalness and charm by using a lipstick that accentuates your own youthful inherited coloring. Phantom Red Lipstick is transparent and blends with any type of complexion. Bring back that vitality, that soft texture, that shade of health to your lips. Creamy smooth, waterproof and lasting, Phantom Red is remarkably soothing for chapped lips. This identical color principle is also obtainable in Phantom Red Rouge, which will emphasize your own natural charm.

For color balance use Phantom Red Cosmetics. Lipstick $1.00, Junior Size 50c. Rouge Compact 75c. All Purpose Cream 50c and $1.00. Phantom Red Natural Skin-tone Face Powder 75c. Sold at the leading Toilet Goods Counters everywhere. Purse sizes may be secured at all chain stores.

Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Phantom Red
LIPSTICK

NEW! "INVISIBLE STITCH" Sewing Thread

Black, white and all seasonable colors

2 SPOOLS FOR 5c

For sewing all dainty fabrics, use the new fine finished

Byssine

—Looks like silk
—Washes better than silk
—Strong as silk
—Won't cut fabric

Introductory Offer now being featured by all popular priced stores

Dexter-Collingbourne, Dept. 4145-B, Elgin, Ill.

DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"

start all over again. All the cousins talked of the future and what they were going to do. The world, without a doubt, was to be set on fire.

BUT in a way that dinner was sad. It was their first intimation that the grandmother was failing. She seemed lost in her own thoughts. And when she did talk it was of her youth in Russia. Without her, they knew they would be at loose ends. She was the corner-stone of the family in America. A matriarch, but she always had ruled with the sceptre of tolerance and patience and understanding.

Shortly after this dinner Sylvia was given a part in "The Challenge of Youth." She was like an exile allowed at last to return to her own land.

The play opened in Washington. With hands that trembled as if she were a bride Sylvia packed her bags. She stood on tip-toe for her mother's good-by kiss, for her father's, for Albert's. Sylvia and Albert had many misunderstandings but, growing older, they became closer.

"We'll be in New York in a few weeks," she said. "I'll be seeing all of you then. Good-by. Good-by."

Only for the theatre would she leave them. But for the theatre she left them gladly.

Once again in a dressing-room Sylvia waited for the call-boy. The glaring lights over her mirror were all on. There must be no flaw in her make-up. Her costumes were ready for quick changes. There had been an excited survey of the house through the peep-hole. Telegrams were stuck in the frame of her glass. There were flowers from a dozen or more boy friends.

There was a knock at the door. "Curtain in five minutes. Ready, please!"

SYLVIA gave a happy little sigh. She was back in the theatre and all was right with the world.

She gave her nose the final pat with the huge puff. She smoothed down her young hair. She went into the wings. A bell sounded. The curtain was up. Outside in the darkness there was a final rustle of programs. Then the audience settled themselves expectantly.

"The Challenge of Youth" was on.

First nights rarely see the best performances. There is so much excitement. Stage-fright even. There is a tension back-stage no matter how seasoned the cast may be.

On the second night Sylvia determined to give her performance everything she had, to shade it with subtlety. She had stayed awake half the night planning how she would do this and that, alter a gesture, lower her voice a trifle here, raise it slightly there, do many trifling things the sum of which she hoped would give her characterization rare interest and color.

Once again the call-boy knocked. Once again there was the final pat with the powder-puff, the smoothing down of her hair. Once again Sylvia stood in the wings.

The curtain went up. Sylvia went on. Only, really, there wasn't any such person as Sylvia Sidney. She had become the girl in the play. With little gestures and little inflections Sylvia began to weave her spell. With a young impulsiveness she ran back-stage where she was supposed to look through a window. But as she neared that window it disappeared. Everything went black. Sylvia felt herself falling . . . down . . . down . . .

There was a horrible pause on the stage. There was a gasp from the audience. Sylvia, who had hoped to give such a beautiful performance that evening, lay in a little crumpled heap in the center of the stage.

"Curtain!" The stage manager's words whirred together and cut the air like a sharp knife. *"Sidney has fainted. Curtain!"*

(To be concluded)

Could You Have Done the Same?

(Continued from page 46)

Margaret was two years older and at the giddy, boy-crazy age. Kathryn regarded her with a tomboy's contempt. Mr. Moran left the entire raising of the two girls to their stepmother. And the second Mrs. Moran, although an upright, decent soul, was completely lacking in motherly understanding. She was particularly unsuited to teaching her adolescent stepdaughter tactfully about matters of sex. She felt that the subject was somehow unclean and not to be discussed. She told Kathryn nothing. And Kathryn, with a growing youngster's shyness about such topics, never asked.

IT is hard to believe in this day and age that a girl could be as innocent at fifteen as Kathryn Moran was. When one of her sister's beaux, a lad of twenty-two, fell violently in love with her, she was flattered but bewildered. And when he asked her to marry him she regarded it all as a lark. Her stepmother's attitude, when consulted, puzzled her completely. For Mrs. Moran, with the unhealthy suspiciousness of the puritan, assumed that something was "wrong" and not only assented to the marriage but insisted that it take place immediately.

There began, then, for Kathryn a married life which had not the remotest chance for working out. Not in love with the boy, she was shocked and repelled when she found herself thus suddenly forced into relations of which she had been totally ignorant. In his youth and lack of wisdom, he made his love obnoxious to her and destroyed any

chance of a happy adjustment. Besides that, there was too little money. Kathryn found that she was expected to run a house on twenty-five dollars a week and attend high school at the same time.

During the spare moments she had, she eked out a few extra dollars a week singing in church choirs and at clubs, so that she could continue her beloved voice lessons and buy a few much needed clothes. But it wasn't possible—any of it. Her jealous young husband tormented her to death. There were scenes and harrowing all-night quarrels. Poor, happy-go-lucky Irish kid—only fifteen and saddled with the worries and problems of maturity. She grew desperate and harassed.

Then, suddenly, a thing happened which, ironically, made everything else of no importance. There was an automobile accident and it looked for a time as if the shattered, broken little Kathryn might never walk again. For two months she lay flat on her back and when at length she began slowly to recover, her impatient, hot-headed young husband again made her life wretched.

AS soon as she was able, Kathryn left him. She left him hating and mistrusting men. It was to be a long time before a man should break down the barriers built by that childhood marriage.

There followed two years during which Kathryn struggled bravely against illness, financial difficulties and family dissension to build a career. Unable for a long time to dance, she managed to get jobs singing in movie prologues and musical comedies. Everything seemed against her. There was the time she fell desperately ill of a throat infection and an emergency operation had to be performed to save her life. The expense incurred and the necessity for borrowing money made the proud Morans feel resentful and their attitude hurt the sick girl deeply. There were the nightmare weeks, when, still ill, she did gruelling one-night stands in stock in order to pay off those debts bit by bit—so much a week.

Always generous with money, affection and trust, never stopping to question, there were inevitably many times during the ensuing years when the impulsive Irish youngster was hopelessly imposed upon. She gave money to anyone who asked it of her. Affection, too. But of falling in love she was still skeptical.

At last, after many months, she scored a tremendous hit in the singing-dancing lead in "Hit The Deck." Los Angeles went wild over the gay, pert little Irish girl. Moving picture producers began to ask who Kathryn Crawford was and before long she found herself signed to a five-year contract at Universal.

It looked as if Kathryn had life whipped at last. She had before her a promising career in pictures. She was well and strong again. She was making a good salary and was in a position to pay off the last of her debts. It seemed impossible that fate could deal her any further blows. And she was only eighteen.

But Kathryn's tragic experiences were

LET'S TALK TRUTH!

Women out of sorts often need

Sal Hepatica

☆ The Greeks reverenced the body as a temple. A temple must, above all, be clean. So naturally, among the Greek ideals of beauty for the body, was the ideal of cleanliness. ☆

Bodies, today as then, must be clean. And they must be clean internally as well as externally. For only then comes the full radiance of natural beauty. Only then the full joy of health, and powers of mind.

Neglect of this internal care keeps many women "out of sorts." Not well—yet not ill—they fail to discover what their difficulty is.

They need to practice intestinal cleanliness with the simple aid of a saline, with Sal Hepatica. Promptly, indeed, Sal Hepatica flushes poisons and wastes from the system.

Sal Hepatica *Sal Hepatica never has the tendency to make its takers stout.*

To drink salines for health's and beauty's sake, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica provides you with equivalent saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other digestive ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean one whole week. See how much better you feel, how much younger you look!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-12
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

© 1931, B. M.-Co.

She was a Cuban singer .. he an American Marine

Their love was beautiful and real. But the war came and exploded dreams of happiness together. In France the grim fates arranged his unwilling union with another girl.

But years later, a respectable American business man, he heard again the beautiful melody which sent his thoughts—and later himself—back to Cuba and Nenita, that first idyllic love.

He cut the tie which bound him to his wife, but could he mend the one which would bring back his lost Nenita?

Lawrence Tibbett achieves another success as the marine in this interesting story, and Lupe Velez plays the fascinating Nenita. The complete story—and eight other stories of the latest and best talkies—appear in the January issue of

Screen Romances

On Sale At All Newsstands—Now!

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16 x 20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **98c**

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send **Free** a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake St., Dept. A-1312, Chicago, Ill.

just beginning. She was to face in the ensuing four years heartache and anguish beside which all that had gone before paled into insignificance. For with her entrance into motion pictures there began the love affair which was to wreck her career, her standing in Hollywood and, worst of all, her faith in herself.

THE romance of Kathryn Crawford and Wesley Ruggles is one of Hollywood's saddest tales. But few people understand its tragedy—for few know, as you now know, the background of Kathryn's unhappy marriage and the desperate struggle which preceded it. When Kathryn Crawford fell in love at last it was complete surrender. All bitterness, all mistrust was swept aside. Wesley Ruggles, twenty years her senior, became to her the universe and all that the universe contained. Her only thought was to please him and make him happy. Her only hope was that some day she might be his wife. With Ruggles it was different. He loved Kathryn—but in the manner of a man who has loved before and will love again. He was older, he had been married—and for him the words "forever and ever" were outgrown symbols of adolescence.

When, at the end of two years, their love went on the rocks the world crashed utterly for Kathryn. Her career at Universal, begun so prominently, had been thrown to the winds for a man who was through with her. Ruggles had encouraged her to be somewhat of a studio Bolshevik. Then, too, there was that chapter which cannot be told—misfortunes which, as I have said, descended on Kathryn through no fault of her own. Suffice it to say that a short time before the break with Ruggles, Universal let her go and she found herself jobless. Her friends had been Ruggles' friends and when the split came there was not a soul to turn to. And as if that were not enough she found herself in serious financial difficulties. She had allowed someone who should have been trustworthy to take complete charge of her money matters and when finally she came to check up she found that, instead of a clean slate and a bank balance, she had more debts than ever. Where her salary had gone during those two years she will never know—it had just melted out of sight.

SO there was Kathryn, not yet twenty-one, friendless, penniless, jobless, with tragedy behind her, and before her only the ashes of a love affair to which she had given herself utterly for two years. She could have borne everything else as she had in the past—but a future without the man who *was* the future to her was inconceivable. Remember that she was very young, she had been badly buffetted and Wesley Ruggles had seemed to her the one real, true, stable thing in a merciless and unreliable world. Not surprising, then, that she went to pieces, utterly.

The next year and a half were a nightmare to Kathryn Crawford. They came very close to robbing her of every bit of confidence in herself. And it was not until she sat in that projection room at M-G-M that she came to grips with herself. There must be in man something that transcends mortality; that divine spark of which so much has been written cannot be all fancy. For surely there came to Kathryn's aid in that dark, despairing moment something more than Irish spunk. Something which enabled her, battered and broken in spirit as she was, to make one final, valiant effort.

Remember this story when you see gay, spirited, Irish Kathryn Crawford dancing and singing in "Flying High." Remember that you are seeing a girl who has suffered in twenty-two years more than comes to most of us in a lifetime. While you are enjoying watching her, remember how Kathryn Crawford came to be in that picture. And pay tribute to the indomitable human spirit as embodied in one brave, fighting little Irisher!

What the Future Holds

(*Continued from page 63*)

risks, including those of possible damage to his personal reputation and relations with superiors, from January 24 to February 12, from May 23 to June 8, and from September 28 to October 25, 1932, for these are all risky times for him, as well as for those born in his decan (from January 31 to February 9).

I COULD not advise Clark Gable to risk any of his financial strength during the first half of 1932, for he will be under vibrations at that period which would make his judgment inaccurate in anything having to do with the proper investment of money, the choosing of partners, and also in anything of a legal nature. Thereafter, however, if he will get the approval of his wife on whatever appeals to him, there is strong probability that they together could go into something which would turn up a neat profit in the end.

Yes, he is a money maker, as are most of those born with Jupiter in the sign Capricorn (including those who entered the world between January 19, 1901, and February 6, 1902), for this is the second house-sign of Jupiter, the planet of expansion. And the presence of Saturn in conjunction with Jupiter, in the same sign and its own first house-sign shows that he knows how to hold on to money.

Speaking of planets in their first house-signs, all of which add to the color of a person's temperament, look at

Tintex Brings Color Gaiety To Home and Wardrobe!

● Almost Instantly It Gives Bright Colors To Faded Fabrics!

Try Tintex today on *any* washable fabric in your home or wardrobe!

Easily and instantly it will restore all the original color-charm or, if you like, it will give new and *different* colors to curtains, frocks, underthings, table-runners, stockings or bed-spreads!

Any fabric that can be washed can be transformed by Tintex in a twinkling!

Suppose you try it today? The Tintex Color Card at all Drug Stores and Notion Counters offers 35 fascinating colors from which to choose. And it's so *easy*, so *quick*, so *perfect in results!*

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

his Moon up there in his tenth (mid-heaven) in its own sign Cancer. That is the real key to his popularity and his ability to know what the people want. For the Moon is the planet of the multitude, the majority. He instinctively has his soul in tune with the people who sit out in front watching his shadow portray even the part of a hard racketeer. He can assume the character they want him to feel. Personally, I don't know very many tough gangsters intimately, but I'd like to have them all like Clark Gable. And that's the point. Probably a real tough isn't at all like Gable's characterization of such a person, but he has the touch of sensitivity through that position of his Moon at birth that makes him know what we expect. What could explain his popularity in those parts better? Especially when we realize that its location in this horoscope is the occupational tenth house!

MARRIAGE? He has previously been married. Two trips to the altar. Double sign on his seventh cusp, the sensitive point in regard to one's partnerships, both of business and in the domestic circle. Pisces is the one referred to, and it is the sign ruled by Neptune, up there at the top of the chart. His first wife was connected with the same line of work and I have no doubt his present better half is of much value in his development before the public. I have read that he thinks a wife is not a part of a man's career, but I don't think he means it. Not with this horoscope. The ruler of the seventh at the mid-heaven shows that he needs her in his success, perhaps more than he knows.

According to his horoscope, Clark Gable is the type of man who, in order to keep interested in a woman, must find one who can at all times satisfy his mental development. And who must, therefore, constantly change in her outlook exactly as much as he changes. Clark is a rather complicated sort of person and, as you can see, it must be difficult for a woman to hold his interest.

He and his present wife are very happy. But in order to remain so, Mrs. Gable must keep on the alert to keep up to Clark's mental changes which are bound to take place with his success. This does not mean he is going high-hat. Not at all. But such terrific success is bound to change a person's outlook on life—it's inevitable. And, if she is to remain his wife, Mrs. Gable must be able to mentally stimulate the new Clark Gable—a man at whose feet the world is bowing just at present.

Not an easy task for any woman. But let us wish Mrs. Gable luck.

One of the greatest developers of Clark's character is travel. He has evidently done a great deal of it, but not enough. He would never be a purposeless roamer—everything would be tied up with something important in his character, to come out later in a portrayal that would be of entertainment or other value to his audience. It would be a wise producer who would pay him to see the world, for he would bring it

Replace Dark, Dreary Colors With Bright, Light Colors

● Tintex Color Remover Helps Give Light Colors To Dark Fabrics

It is so easy to change dark colors to charming light colors with the help of Tintex Color Remover!

Any washable fabric may be transformed from an unfashionable dark color to a modish light shade.

First use Tintex Color Remover to take out the dark color.

After that you can re-tint or re-dye the fabric with Tintex to suit yourself—either light or dark! There are 35 Tintex Colors from which to choose—from pale pastels to dark gem colors.

Just ask for Tintex Color Remover and your choice of Tintex Colors at any Drug Store or Notion Counter . . . and the rest is *easy!*

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

"I Know Your Secret!"

"THE reason you have so much pep—such good color—that sparkle in your eyes—animation and attractiveness—is all because you took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a vegetable tonic and builder that makes for redder blood."

A woman to be attractive must have coursing thru her arteries rich, red blood. Many women and men, too, have thin, pale blood; they're weak, tire easily, discourage quickly. Such folks need

Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y. Answer question blank wrapped around medicine and receive free medical advice.

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel

5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write

10¢ Buys 100

Dept. ENGEL MFG. CO.
63A, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

LADIES GENUINE, PERFECTLY CUT, generous size, Blue White Diamond; set in latest 14K White Gold Mounting. Regular $15 to $20 ring. Our wholesale price only $6.99. $3 with your order, balance $3.99 C. O. D. enclose cord showing finger size. Written money back guarantee. A wonderful bargain, backed by years of honest dealings.
NATIONAL IMPORT CO. 904 RJ CARRY BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

AVOID that "SANDPAPER" FEELING!

If cold weather tends to make your face and hands rough as sandpaper, Nivea* Creme will make them smooth as silk. Nivea, the only creme in the world containing Eucerite*, goes deep and works deep, prevents and heals chapping and windburn. Try it also as a night cream or powder base—no after-greasiness.

*Trade Marks, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10c TUBE (Purse Size)

all back to the box office for them and himself in the end.

NO, I cannot see him as playing his present type of hard-hearted individuals much longer. But at the same time I cannot imagine anything sweet and softly romantic coming from the native of this horoscope in a professional way. He always should, and probably will, continue to play very marked characters with a great deal of repression, but they will be more varied and many of them, I hope, will be sympathetic, for he could do big things in such rôles.

So far, we have seen him mostly in stories where the main part was that of a woman, and there is evidence in this horoscope that he should do this as much as possible. If, however, he was born fifteen minutes after nine o'clock in the evening, he could be starred as the male hero and would go over to a great success with the fans. This is a large if, and his producers would do well to make sure of his exact moment of birth, for the point is a delicate one.

The dominating note in his character is a mental one, although he is intense in his emotions. He has literary capacity, not only shown by the Mercury-ruled signs on both Ascendant and mid-heaven, but by the fact that Mercury is in the sign Aquarius, its ninth house-sign. The ninth indicates the capacity for grasping philosophy and the intangibles of the higher mind. No, folks, Clark Gable is not all on the surface. He is a most intricate person. It will take years and years to see all the various angles that he is able to present. I know of only one or two others who could be compared with him in this respect among the other actors who are now on the screen.

He should never become a type, and I don't think he will.

My underground information reporting system advises that there is chatter up and down Hollywood Boulevard, as well as in some of the less important places of the world, to the effect that Clark has it in his power to establish himself somewhat in the nature of a second Valentino. At the back of all this there is, I suppose, the hope that he can capture the hearts of sufficient among his audiences to make a pleasant jingle in the coffers of the producers. Theatre owners, you know, never object to paying the repair bills for fixing the doors the public has pushed down trying to get in to see a popular hero.

Well, astrologically speaking, a comparison of the horoscopes of these two excellent men doesn't reveal the same causes of popularity. Valentino's was almost purely an emotional appeal, such artistic ability as he possessed was shown by his Ascendant in Pisces. Friend Gable has the opposite sign rising (at the Ascendant); and Virgo makes a strong and clear-cut mental appeal, stimulating the logic and literary appreciations of his audience. Gable doesn't make us *feel* as did Valentino. Valentino didn't make us wake up and stir our minds as can Gable.

Always the actor who could make audiences feel without thinking has been the most powerful.

It would be an error, according to the way I look at it, to try to make Clark Gable into the type of character Valentino has made so famous. Comrade Gable may become just as popular and bring just as many fans to his support as did the immortal Rudolph, but it won't be by the same means. I say this because the mental appeal is going to mark more and more the success or failure of pictures in the future. In other words, strange as it may seem, an attempt to imitate Valentino's popularity in this case would defeat its own purpose.

Price of Motherhood

(Continued from page 86)

She doesn't want to think of anything besides herself. I didn't realize, when I was a star, how foolish and useless I was, but I know now. I had no real admirers, just a lot of johnnies hanging around. People who worshipped me because of the money I earned.

"I was a self-centered, selfish little brat. I believed what people told me. I thought I had to be temperamental. I remember once my personal maid forgot to sew a flower on my bedroom mule. I flew into a rage and tossed it out the window. How awful, how laughable! I have since learned to be considerate of people because I want my children to be.

"I don't care particularly about leaving money to them. If they have been brought up in good companionship, to know books and the good things of life, if they know how to wage a good fight for the things they want, I shall be content. If, in my old age, I can feel that I have taught them some appreciation of life, if I can still be interesting and companionable to my husband, I shall be content. What more can a woman want?

"I love my home. I love to get dinner and put it on the table, have my husband enjoy it. I love it when Bobby asks me to make a certain kind of cookie he likes. I adore it when Mary says, 'Oh, I wish Belle (the cook) could cook like Mama!'

"I am not a gypsy. I don't want to travel. My greatest thrills come to me in the pleasure of my children's pleasure, in their love for me and my love for them. It's wonderful to have them."

Was it worth it to give up a mere career and money bags for what Mae Marsh has? Well, what do you think?

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 10)

the children at home to mind the baby or something.

THE LAST FLIGHT (First National)—Richard Barthelmess, David Manners, Helen Chandler, Johnny Mack Brown and Elliot Nugent in the story of Nikki and the war-torn aviators. Somehow or other the film doesn't quite accomplish what it sets out to do but, even so, you'll get plenty of amusement out of it. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (First National)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good—quite all right for the young things.**

THE LOVE STORM (British International)—An English melodrama with just about everything in it. It's all highly exciting and swift moving. The all-English cast does very well. **Good—children may like it.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore forsakes the screen lover once again for the Chaney-esque sort of thing he did in "Svengali." This time he is an insane ballet master. If you like him in this type of rôle you won't be disappointed. Marian Marsh is very good in the leading feminine part. **Very good—children may like parts of it.**

THE MAD PARADE (Liberty)—This film is all about what the women did in the war. A sort of feminine "Journey's End." But, unfortunately, not nearly as good as that famous epic. **Poor.**

THE MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery in a highly sophisticated story in which a bailiff's man, posted in a house, helps out the lady of the house and becomes the butler temporarily. What happens after that is amusing indeed. **Excellent if you like sophisticated stuff—but you'd better send the children to see a Western.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss in a highly sentimental story of a captain of industry who retires from ill-health and then finds out that his only cure is more work. David Manners does well in the romantic male lead and Arliss is excellent as the captain of industry. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE MIRACLE WOMAN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a girl who becomes an evangelist for the money it brings in. David Manners as a blind boy does as well as can be expected with this sort of difficult rôle. Stanwyck is not as good as she has been before. **Fair.**

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—The four Marx Brothers in another of their amazing extravaganzas of humor. Groucho and Harpo grab most of the honors in this one. Don't fail to see the final scene in the barn. It's a riot. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

MONTANA KID (First Division)—A more or less average Western with not quite as much riding in evidence as usual. **Fair for Western fans.**

MURDER BY THE CLOCK (Paramount)—Lilyan Tashman in an unusual sort of mystery story. It is gripping enough to hold your interest from the start to the finish. **Very good—children will be thrilled by it.**

MY SIN (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead as a woman whose past keeps rising up and threatening her future. You know, one of those things. **Fair (if you're a Bankhead fan).**

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE (Universal)—Clarence Darrow explains this illustrated lecture on evolution. It's not as dull as it sounds. **Very good of its kind.**

THE NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)—This one is all about Vienna. Nancy Carroll has the leading rôle.—but even that doesn't help much. **Poor—children won't like it.**

NIGHT NURSE (Warner)—A story which is so full of wild goings-on that it gets sort of tiresome. Barbara Stanwyck does her best but it's tough going. Clark Gable is in it. **Fair—not for children.**

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF WALLINGFORD (M-G-M)—William Haines and Jimmie Durante, of night club fame, make this film very amusing and well worth seeing—if you like comedy stuff. **Very good—possible for kids.**

ONCE A LADY (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 58. **Fair—children would be bored.**

PAGAN LADY (Columbia)—This story is about the son of an evangelist who is lured from the straight and narrow by a wicked vamp. **Fair—not for children.**

PALMY DAYS (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor's second talkie. All about a musical comedy bakery and what happens when Eddie becomes efficiency expert of it. The chorus girls are the prettiest seen in years. **Very good—children will eat it up.**

PARDON US (M-G-M)—Laurel and Hardy's first feature length comedy. Most of it concerns their efforts to get out of jail. **Good—okay for the kids.**

PENROD AND SAM (Warner)—This is not quite as good as some of the other kid pictures but it's pretty nearly so. **Excellent—for kids of all ages.**

PERSONAL MAID (Paramount)—The maid who falls in love with her employer's son. Nancy Carroll is cute but the picture is inclined to be slow. **Fair.**

POSSESSED (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—but take the children to something else that day.**

REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)—Ina Claire in a sophisticated story of a woman who gets her man on the rebound and what happens because of it. **Excellent sophisticated movie—but children will be bored by it.**

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (Fox)—This famous story has become somewhat old-fashioned by now. But George O'Brien manages to make it interesting. **Good—children will like it.**

THE ROAD TO RENO (Paramount)—Lilyan Tashman and Buddy Rogers in a story of what happens to a family when divorce enters into it. **Good—but keep the young ones at home that day.**

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Warner)—A wife-stealer fashioned in sympathetic style by William Powell. Doris Kenyon makes a good comeback. **Very good—but children won't think much of it.**

THE RUNAROUND (Columbia)—Nothing very startling in this except casting Mary Brian as a chorus girl. **Fair—not for children.**

SIDE SHOW (Warner)—Winnie Lightner as a circus performer who is both funny and emotional. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton in a delightfully cuckoo comedy. **Very good—very suitable for children.**

SILENCE (Paramount)—This is an old-fashioned sort of story but the competent work of Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon and Marjorie Rambeau make it seem real. **Good—children won't like it much.**

THE SINS OF MADELON CLAUDET (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

SKIPPY (Paramount)—Break your neck to see it. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

SMART MONEY (First National)—Edward G. Robinson as a small town gambler who makes out very well until he hits the big town. James Cagney is in it, too. **Very good—but not for children.**

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT (Paramount)—The latest movie effort of Chevalier. It's directed by Lubitsch and Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert are also in it. **Very good—but children won't like it much.**

SOB SISTER (Fox)—Newspaper yarn with James Dunn and Linda Watkins. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro as an Indian prince who falls in love with a Western girl. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE SPIDER (Fox)—Mystery story which concerns a murder which takes place in a theater. Edmund Lowe does well as the leading character. **Very good—children will like its thrills.**

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)—Lew Ayres in a football story which manages to be different from the usual run of this sort of thing. **Very good—quite suitable for children.**

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford, Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter and others in the DeMille talkie version of the famous old-time melodrama. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

THE STAR WITNESS (First National)—The story of a family who are witnesses to a gang murder and how they are terrorized by the gangsters. **Excellent—okay for children.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—Gripping story of life in a New York tenement. Very realistically portrayed. **Excellent—but not good talkie fare for children.**

SURRENDER (Fox)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good—parts of it will interest the youngsters.**

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Greta Garbo in a story of a boy who misjudged the girl he loved. The story is weak but Gable and Garbo are grand. **Excellent—but the children will be bored by it.**

TRANSATLANTIC (Fox)—Edmund Lowe as a crook with a heart of gold whose machinations on a liner make the story. **Very good—suitable for children.**

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS (Paramount)—A thrilling story of high life in New York with all its trappings. Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey. **Very good—kids will like some of it.**

THE UNHOLY GARDEN (United Artists)—Ronald Colman as a master crook who outwits a bunch of other crooks—because he loves the daughter of the man the crooks are planning to rob. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

WATERLOO BRIDGE (Universal)—The gripping drama of a girl gone wrong who falls in love with a decent boy who doesn't suspect her real past. It's very sympathetically told. Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke do very well. **Excellent—but not for the little ones.**

WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed on page 56. **Good—and take the kids.**

WICKED (Fox)—Elissa Landi in a somewhat oversentimentalized love story. **Poor.**

THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)—Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—children may like parts of it.**

Have you tried the *new* non-smarting tear-proof Maybelline?

A delightful experience awaits you. The *new* Maybelline is so easy to apply—it goes on so evenly—it adds so much beauty, brilliance and expression to the eyes. *Instantly*, it will make your lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof.

● Also—the *new* Maybelline contains beneficial oils that keep the lashes soft and that tend to stimulate their growth and luxuriance. Enthusiastically approved by millions. Try it. Entirely harmless. Black or Brown, 75c at all Toilet Goods Counters.

Purse size, 10c, at all leading Ten Cent Stores or upon receipt of dime and coupon below

Maybelline
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Clip —FOR PURSE SIZE

MAYBELLINE CO.,
5914-A Ridge Ave., Chicago.

10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... *State* .....

How Society Women and Stage Beauties Banish

FAT

THE SAFE WAY

Once you start to take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast your fight on fat is WON!

Herein are the facts why Kruschen is different from and superior to other reducing treatments:

Kruschen is more than just a mere laxative salt—it's an ideal blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which not only eliminate poisons and waste accumulations but which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—which brings a marvelous degree of robust health, chic slenderness and physical attractiveness. Many women hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Bessie Evans of Jamestown, N.Y. writes: "I lost 14 lbs. before starting the second bottle of Kruschen—I am not only delighted with the big loss of fat but I feel so much stronger and healthier. I heartily recommend Kruschen to all overweight women."

Start TO-DAY to look and feel years younger. An 85c bottle of Kruschen lasts 4 weeks and is sold by leading druggists thruout the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that does it"

DOCTORS WARN MOTHERS

to avoid cheap powders for their babies!

Not all baby powders are equally effective in combatting Urea Irritation, prickly heat and chafing. Some do more harm than good. Z.B.T. is a mildly medicated compound talc, endorsed by leading physicians, nurses and hospitals everywhere for its soothing and healing qualities.

Reject Substitutes!

Use Z. B.T. to keep Baby's skin clear and healthy. At all drug, department and chain stores, in three sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.

FREE TRIAL CAN!

Send 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address Z. B. T. Products Co., Dept. T, Bronx, N. Y.

Z.B.T. BABY TALCUM

FINE FOR BABY'S BODY FINE FOR EVERYBODY!

John Gilbert's Bugaboo

(Continued from page 71)

Gilbert's fault that he was born a sensitive child, and lived in an early environment which rooted deeply in him fears of the dark and such things.

If you will forgive this poring over the past, there is one more incident which throws light on John. When he came to Hollywood and became an extra, living for months and months on little more than hope, he was continually falling in love. Impetuous and flighty, when he was not in love with one extra girl, he was in love with another. For the biggest crush of all, he saved his meagre earnings and bought a car—one of the old Saxons, so low that part of you dragged on the asphalt as you drove along the street, if you remember—in order to be able to take her home from the studio. The girl is nameless here, but John thought she was the big love of his life. Did the man who was later to be worshipped by a million women sweep the little extra girl off her feet with his wonderful new gasoline chariot? He did not. She turned him down cold. And—she laughed at him! . . . This is the point to remember, that for years and years, when he was an unknown in Hollywood, John Gilbert was despised and frustrated and kidded and laughed at.

SUCCESS came. Everyone knows about that. Almost never was there such a rush of popularity as greeted Gilbert when he started suddenly to climb. The Emperor of Emotions! What did success do to him? Around the studio he behaved like a crazy man. He had temperament with a vengeance. He flared into sudden rages. He was hysterical. He raged and shrieked when things went wrong. No one could get along with him, unless he was happy. You remember his fight with Jim Tully, for printing some of these things about him? No one could understand what was wrong with him. They said he was crazy, or faking a temperament. What *was* wrong with him? Any psychiatrist will recognize the symptoms. Give a beggar a million dollars, and he goes wild. That was it. John Gilbert, scorned by everyone from roommates to extra girls, was overnight a success. The recognition, the justification, were simply too much for him to stand. He had money, he had fame, he had power. The most desired of all women—Greta Garbo—was seen everywhere with him. He was the Emperor of Emotions. People could no longer laugh at him. He could get them fired if they did. Thousands of fans wrote him letters, women begging him to marry them, to write them a letter, even to send him a photo autographed in his name by a secretary. Where he had been the lowest of the low, now he was the highest of the high. Being what he was, John could not take it casually. He swaggered. He swaggered on Hollywood Boulevard, and he swaggered on the screen. He swaggered at home.

Can you blame him?

His popularity doubled again. *It was that swagger which the public liked.* Here was a brave man who took what he wanted, who was devil-may-care with the ladies and with life, who saw what hurdles lay in his path and laughed at them, who above all things was sure of himself! We all feel admiration for people who are sure of themselves. Older fans will recall that, in the days when Otis Skinner was a matinée idol, the chief reason why audiences adored him was his swagger, so much like Gilbert's. Confidence! Self-confidence! John had it, all right. What the public never knew was that this was the first time in his life he *had* ever had it. It made a new man of him—the man the entire nation admired.

WHAT happened then, everyone knows. The talkies came. The mike played tricks with John's voice. He said "I love you," and audiences from Shanghai to Le Havre laughed. If they had been angry, if they had been disgusted, if they had been bored—anything but laughter! The irony of it! The pitiableness and sheer tough luck of it! All his life John had been laughed at. Success brought him freedom from it for the first time. Anything else he could have stood; but laughter knocked all the support out from under him, took everything he had gained, and thrust him right back where he had started. One laugh—and he lost confidence in himself, got his inferiority complex back again, and no longer was able to muster the little swagger, the cocky twinkle in his eye, which captivated his fans. It was this swagger which went out of him. Laughter did it. That he could not bear.

Anything but laughter!

John, at the time, was a married man. It is quite possible that, had his wife been the right woman, she could have prevented the crashing destruction of his character which followed. She had only to sympathize with him, and tell him that she believed in him. What did she do, instead? Tough luck was piled on tough luck. Of all the things she might have done, she picked the one thing which made the ruin instantaneously complete. She laughed at him! That finished Jack.

How completely it finished him was determined by his personality. The Emperor of Emotions, they called him, and there was a good deal of truth in the title. John is a shell inside which moil the cross-currents of red-hot streams of the lava of emotion. He is all emotion; there is little else to him. He has no inheritance of conservatism, no counterbalance of common sense to check him. No amount of experience has been able to teach him caution, or reserve. As a gypsy might say, he is all heart line and no head line. His feelings rule him. When he smashed,

he smashed into a million pieces. The thing dynamite is best known for is that it blows up.

THE warm glow of confidence and cocksureness which seemed to come out from the screen, when John was at the height of his success, was that which comes from a man with limitless faith in himself. The incredible part of it—and these things are very delicate, and very hard to comprehend—was that it was not his own faith in himself, but ours. We had faith in him, and he felt it; and it was from that borrowed reservoir of strength that he drew his power. Remember the charming, jaunty chap who swaggered through "Twelve Miles Out?" Or the gallant, alert gentleman of "Flesh And The Devil?" That was the John Gilbert who was sure of himself because he sensed that you and I were sure of him. That was the John, in short, which you and I manufactured, with our own hands, by lending faith to a man who never in his life had had faith in himself before! He was our creation, as surely as Hamlet is Shakespeare's! We made him, with our admiration and confidence and love. We broke him, with laughter. And that we took away, with one sweep, the happiness and success we had given this man Gilbert, is one of the saddest things ever to happen in the cruel town of Hollywood.

Neither John nor the studio will like our telling all this here. John will think we are maliciously disclosing his weaknesses. If only he would realize it, such weaknesses are nothing to be ashamed of. Everyone has them. No one can help what he was born. The real truth is, he has had a terribly heavy dose of the hardest luck in the world. He received a foul. John thinks the public is still laughing at him. He would be surprised if he knew how many people are sorry for him, and think he got a dirty deal, and wish him all the luck in the world.

John can come back. What we want from him is the old self-sureness, the little swaggering walk, the twinkling-eyed wink at life. To give that to us once more, all John needs to do is build up a little confidence, a little faith, in himself!

There are only two people in the world who are able to give him back that faith.

You, and I.

There's No Such Thing as Luck

(Continued from page 51)

ingly impossible. Finding it, too, more often than not. She did in this particular instance. It was wearing her mother's hat and shoes and aping some of her mother's older ways that she acquired a semblance of the necessary additional years and was signed to play opposite Harold Lloyd.

AND that wasn't the only crisis in her life when Bebe needed her courage. For, about a year before her old Paramount contract expired, Bebe was cast in some of the worst pictures ever produced. Perhaps you remember them. Even those who loved Bebe most frankly agreed she was through; that no one could survive such unmitigated twaddle. Through, at twenty odd, with practically all of her adult life before her! Not Bebe!

"The only trouble," I remember her saying at this time, "is that the public think the star is to blame when a picture is bad. And if they've gone to the movies because you were billed they can't help but feel you have let them down."

Of course, when her contract was up the executives of the company told her, oh, so politely, that they weren't renewing. And Bebe smiled at them just as politely, packed her things, and walked off the lot that had been her home for years. It must not have been easy. Her future, after all, was uncertain. But Bebe never showed what an ordeal she found all this, never admitted to a living soul that it had been difficult, until it was long over.

So much for Bebe's courage. Now for her foresight. Her perseverance, too. During that pride-searing, discouraging year, Bebe had kept her eyes focussed on the future. It was this, undoubtedly, that kept her professional life from becoming insupportable.

Bebe had been studying singing. Hours every night, no matter how exhausting the day in the studios, she had practised. Scales. And more scales. She had learned how to breathe, how to command a fuller, richer tone. Gradually she had overcome all the tenacious little habits accumulated through all the years when she hadn't been concerned about her voice.

Bebe, you see, anticipated the talkies. And, what is even more surprising, she foresaw the demand for musical productions which so quickly followed. Undoubtedly it was by being one lap ahead of almost everybody else at this stage of the game that Bebe made possible her comeback. As a star Bebe was reborn.

It hasn't been luck that has put Bebe where she is. And it isn't luck that keeps her there.

THE last time I saw Bebe, she was in New York for a radio appearance. We had breakfast together in her suite high above Fifth Avenue, a suite that cost her in the neighborhood of fifty dollars a day.

Bebe was glamorous in a coffee colored lace negligée, caught at her slim waist with a cluster of tea roses. Her hair, with the fascinating widow's peak, was like a golden cap. She didn't look

Identically

THE SAME AGE

—but WHAT a difference!

Hands need *not* age rapidly. You can prove this to yourself—within a week, by using Italian Balm. This famous skin softener is *guaranteed* to banish the blemishes of housework, office work and weather *quicker* . . . than anything you have ever used before. Invention of a world-famous skin specialist, Italian Balm is *scientifically* correct. Sixteen separate ingredients go into it — many of them imported for the reason that no such soothing, softening agents are made in this country. Remember this — when you use Italian Balm, you are using winter-loving Canada's largest selling skin protector. 10c, 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. Or send the coupon for free Vanity size.

Campana's

ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

FREE—Vanity Size Bottle on Request

CAMPANA CORPORATION, 2493 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois. • Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name_____

Street_____

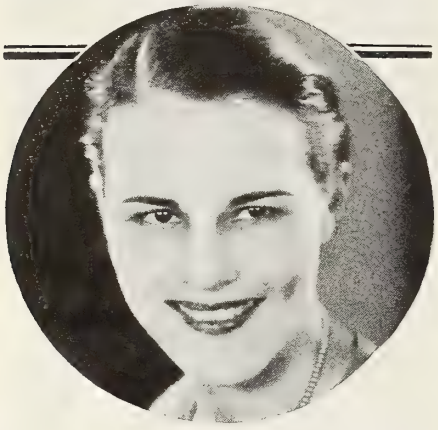
City_____ State_____

If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 36-48 Caledonia Road, Toronto.

Tune in Saturday Nights—"First Nighter" broadcast, N.B.C. coast-to-coast . . . 9:30 E.T.; 8:30 C.T.; 7:30 M.T.; 6:30 P.T.

You'll appreciate the convenience... economy and high quality of

KAPAK SANITARY NAPKINS



There is an S.S.Kresge store right in your neighborhood that sells Kapak Sanitary Napkins in packages to meet every requirement, whether it be for home use, week ends, travel or emergencies. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the finest sanitary conditions of high quality materials. Deodorant, highly absorbent, easily disposable, with close-fitting oval-shaped ends, Kapak Sanitary Napkins are the most convenient and economical sanitary protection you can buy.

Package of 1 doz. Kapak Sanitary Napkins, 20c
Package of 6 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 10c
Package of 8 Junior size Kapak Sanitary Napkins 10c
Package of 3 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 5c

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

"HERE'S THE PIN WE WANT" ...Says most EVERYONE...

OUR 36TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL
THIS NEW PIN, SILVER PLATE 35c
EA. OR $3.50 DOZ. STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 50c EA. OR $5.00 DOZ. 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY 3 OR 4 LETTERS AND YEAR.
FREE—1932 CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS SCHOOL, CLASS, CLUB, SOCIETY PINS, RINGS, MEDALS, ETC.
BUY FROM THE CLASS PIN PIONEERS
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 82 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.
#5194

Let WYNN Help Plan Your Future

What are you going to do to make 1932 the best year you ever had?
You have read Wynn's advice to movie stars. Let him advise you, too, as to finances, matrimony, occupation, travel, dangerous periods, business and other important affairs. These estimates will guide you to more success, happiness and prosperity. Get yours now.
Four page Sketch of 1931-1932, only **25c**
19-page Estimate of 1931-1932 for $2.00
23-page Estimate (till end of 1936) $5.00

FREE With each of these services I am sending FREE Wynn's 10,000 word Reply to Critics of Astrology, as published in my monthly magazine. No strings attached to this offer—you will receive it gratis with the 25c estimate, if that is what you order. Mention your birth date and year when remitting.
WYNN Box 435 Fishkill, N. Y.

at all like a young woman thirty years of age who has fought her way to wealth and fame, who has faced defeat to turn it into triumph, who has insisted upon her rights with movie magnates and made them like it. This last fact being witnessed by the profusion of lilies and yellow roses sent by Adolph Zukor.

I MENTIONED her husband. "Ben," said Bebe, lingering over the beloved name, "is an army pilot. Which means he is very good. I'm only a student pilot to date. Which means I'm the lowest form of flying life."

Two women alone we talked of men and clothes, babies and love. The men and love part gave Bebe an excuse to talk about Ben. To her, obviously, he is both.

"Thank fortune," she said, "I didn't marry too young. After all, at twenty—how can you choose. At that age you simply can't be the person you're going to be. Neither can the man. Unless you're prodigies.

"Why, I used to be a totally different person every few months. I could feel myself changing. What I was depended upon the book I was reading, the last play I had seen, the actress who was my ideal at that particular moment.

"It takes these unformulated years for us to find ourselves.

"As a rule," Bebe went on, "I don't believe in giving advice. People must find things out for themselves. They can't profit by the experience of others. More's the pity . . .

"But I do advise girls to wait until they've reached an age of discernment before marrying. Or perhaps it would be better to say I advise them not to marry until they have survived their first crush, their first heavy crush, so to speak. When that is over you at least know that it is possible to make a remarkable recovery from passionate attachments. And remembering such an unbelievable recovery you're more likely to subject the next crush that comes along to the acid test of time and thought and common sense."

THEN the talk went back to Ben again.

"When Ben and I sit and read of an evening or even while we're going over household accounts together," Bebe continued, "there's a song inside of me, a quiet sort of little song. And how bored I would have been at the very thought of bills and a budget once upon a time.

"I can't tell you how happy I am that I didn't marry at twenty, or even at twenty-five.

"Even with Ben I waited, you know. As much as we adored each other we both wanted to be sure . . ."

The affairs of the heart as well as to other things Bebe brings her courage and her vision.

Girls like Bebe, to my mind, have the best life insurance in the world. It isn't that kind of insurance written on impressive looking paper. It is a life insurance, that is, literally, what those two words suggest, a life insurance from which they themselves benefit. Namely, a diversity of interests. Any loss would, of course, make Bebe poorer. One or two losses might leave her desolate for a time. But no loss would leave her hopelessly stranded. She has so many interests. The baby now. Ben. Her family. Her screen work. Her singing. Real estate. Charities. Aviation. And undoubtedly many more that I don't know about.

There are those who think Bebe got where she is today and that she stays there because she is lucky. According to my Funk and Wagnall's luck is "That which happens by chance, fortune or lot."

There is, I repeat, no such thing as luck. Except for those rare instances where someone wins a sweepstake or lottery. And except for those even rarer instances where someone, like little Barbara Lyon, is born to a mother as wise and modern and gallant as Bebe Daniels has always been!

Is Your Voice Right?

(Continued from page 53)

took on the same characteristics that she had *mentally* adapted.

With each pupil with whom Kayzer works, he has a different method. With Dolores Del Rio, his treatment was entirely different from the one he gave Billie Dove.

"Miss Del Rio," he said, "was far too serious. She was morbid, aloof and alone. Not only was this noticeable in her voice, but in her every action. The way she crossed a room or walked along the street. It was evident then, that a medium must be found—a sort of balance—which would bring gaiety and lightness instead of aloofness and morbidity—to the surface."

When she came to his home for a lesson he would become a clown—literally. He never allowed her to become serious or aloof. For hours he would sit and chat with her, discussing a gay and amusing book, amusing comedy or a humorous incident that he saw occur on the street. It was not long before Dolores began to lose her morbidity. She began to follow Kayzer's example of vivaciousness. "The moment she really forgot her frigidity, her distant air, it began to show in her voice," Kayzer commented. "Her voice began to loosen up, to change in register. Instead of being low-pitched, darkly somber, it became resonant, musical, sparkling. The thing that she needed most was 'cheering up.' And

so it is with anyone. It is rare indeed when a person, who is afflicted with chronic melancholia, has a voice which people like instantly."

Marguerite Churchill is another example of a person who is too aloof. So much so, in fact, that she was rapidly earning for herself the sobriquet of "snooty." And then she went to Kayzer for instruction. Today Miss Churchill is gay and charming. Instead of "snooty" the film colony has dubbed her "regular."

"How did he do it?" I asked.

"He told me," she laughed, "that I would have to 'undergo a complete rebirth at twenty-two.' That I would have to change, not only my voice, but everything about me. He even made me change my dresses. He told me that as long as I continued to wear dark and somber clothing, that my voice and actions would be the same. As proof he asked me to wear a gay, pastel colored frock, with hat and shoes to match, and then see if I noticed any difference. Before I knew it I was enjoying myself without wondering what people were thinking, something I was not able to do before. I laughed at the idea that a person might have a 'personality to match one's gown,' but I'm not laughing now! I'm confident that the same idea will work with any girl the same as it did with me."

KAYZER'S answer to my query about Jean Harlow was unexpected.

"Jean Harlow is destined to become one of the finest actresses on the screen. In fact, I believe she would have been before this, had she had an opportunity to prove her dramatic talent in a rôle suited to her. She has, to my mind, as much, or more real talent than any person whom it has been my pleasure to meet in Hollywood."

Jean, herself, is fully as effusive in her admiration of Kayzer.

"Do you think he has helped you?" I inquired.

She looked at me in amazement. "*Helped me!*" she replied. "He's made me over completely. I'm just now beginning to learn how little I knew about acting—about the voice—about everything.

"Did he tell you," she asked, "that he almost refused to give me lessons. That I had to beg him, almost on bended knee, before he would even consent to an interview."

"Why?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Because he had me classified, before he met me, just as everyone else seems to have me classified—as a 'tough baby,' a gangster's 'moll.' He thought I wasn't sincere, that I wanted voice instructions merely as a fad, because everyone else was doing it. Finally, after several weeks, I succeeded in making an appointment with him. And today he is the finest friend and the severest teacher that I have ever had.

"He taught me how to enter a room, how to acknowledge an introduction, how to express myself in walking across a room. He even made me change my style of dresses, and above all, he is helping me to remove the stigma that appearing in so many rôles as a 'tough' has caused."

"But what about your voice—what has he done to help that?"

"It's really amazing to me," she smiled, "but my voice seems to have changed without my knowing it. Once in a while he made me read lines but usually he just talked to me."

That is another example of Kayzer's "indirect methods." "To state a fault and then try and correct it, is on the same principle as a mother's telling her child not to touch a hot stove. Jean didn't have to have her voice made over. She already had the voice—she merely lacked someone to teach her how to use it without her being aware that she was being taught."

THE voice, according to Kayzer, does not have to be musically beautiful to be effective. To illustrate the point he uses a cheap piano. An ordinary player could get only ordinary music out of that piano. No matter how hard one tried the result would be the same—it would still be music from a cheap piano. But let an artist, an accomplished musician, play the same instrument and the music that results is something entirely different. The tone becomes sweeter, more alive, vibrant, beautiful. Henry Irving is comparable to that same piano. Irving's voice is not beautiful. On the contrary, it is ugly. But it is his genius for *expressing thought* with his voice, and just as the real artist who plays the cheap piano was able to make beautiful music, so does Irving's voice became a thing of beauty when he speaks. That is true, not only of Irving, but of everyone.

"What about exercises?" I asked.

"Mechanics are important, yes, but secondary to one's mental attitude," he replied. "Mechanics can do no good unless one is in the proper frame of mind to receive them. Of course, in speaking, as in singing, one must know where to breathe, where to pause, or the voice becomes pinched, strangled, squeaky. I should say that exercise has one value above all others—it strengthens the muscles of the walls of the chest and in doing so gives power to the lungs and, in turn, to the voice."

AT the time Anita Louise, beautiful fourteen-year-old child actress, went to Kayzer for instructions her chest was undeveloped, thin. "Not long ago," he smiled, "Anita's mother told me that she had been forced to let Anita's dresses out over the chest and take them in at the back—a very good example of what exercise can do."

Ann Harding, whose beauty of voice and charming personality are known the world over, was Kayzer's pupil at the time she made her Broadway début, and she admits that it was his teachings that helped her to succeed. Fredric March is another. Charlotte Greenwood, Helen Twelvetrees, Frances Beranger, Thomas Meighan—all are people whom Kayzer has introduced to themselves—to whom he has given a hand in their struggle for success.

Thousands of women are buying Sensation Hair Nets regularly... to keep their hair tidy and beautiful all day, to keep their waves in place at night, to act as a sanitary safeguard in homes and offices.

Sensation Hair Nets offer the double advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap shape. Natural shades.

Buy a half dozen Sensation Hair Nets today at your neighborhood Kresge store.

6 for 25c, Sold exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

10 Cents

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

At Kresge's

Old Money and Stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME

1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS

Dept. 456 FORT WORTH, TEXAS

{Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.}

Do you Believe in Fortune Telling?

FORTUNE TELLING is unnecessary.

NEED you know about your FUTURE?

NEED you know about your PAST?

NEED you know about MONEY, HEALTH, FRIENDS, ENEMIES, LOVE, and other PROBLEMS?

LET ME PREDICT that you may abstain from Fortune Telling after you have learned about yourself through the solar group STARASCOPE.

THE BEST method to break away from useless worries, build up important links in life; and visualize certain tendencies in yourself, is to know who you are and why.

DO NOT BE AFRAID of self-revelations. The group STARASCOPE psychology is singularly encouraging.

GET WHAT YOU WANT
AVOID mistakes,
PLAN for better times,
ENJOY profitable contacts
ATTAIN real happiness,
DISCARD FORTUNE TELLING

Kathrina Elliott Simon,
Section A-64,
Box 222, Times Square Sta.,
New York, N. Y.

STARASCOPE

Please send me a group STARASCOPE as opposed to FORTUNE TELLING, for my solar birth period. All correspondence ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL. Enclosed find 10 cents

I was Born In Month of_____ Date in the Month_____

NAME_____

FULL ADDRESS_____

SONG WRITERS

NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval.

Write Today—M. M. Newcomer Associates
1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

REMOVE FAT *This SURE WAY*

From Any Part You Wish Reduced. A New And Safe Way. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary.
Guaranteed to Satisfy

Thin-O-Creme

a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means. THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a cream-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears. THIN-O-CREME sinks deep into the skin and acts as an agent in the removal of fatty matter without any inconvenience.

Limited Special Offer! THIN-O-CREME large jar, at specially reduced price of $1.95

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

THIN-O-CREME CO., Dept. K-4
395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send postpaid in plain wrapper, large jar of THIN-O-CREME with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

Name_____

Address_____

Divorced Twice Before Twenty

(Continued from page 61)

met them . . . and, one suspects, to Dorothy and Bob as well.

Trouble flew in the window the early part of their second year of marriage. Booth found himself out of work and his child bride was offered a job in a New York show. They cried and lamented the parting, but it was finally decided that Dorothy should go. They were never back together as man and wife after that. Booth came to New York later in an attempt to find work . . . but he was unsuccessful.

IN speaking of Booth today, Dorothy says: "He was sweet about everything. We are still good friends. I hope we always shall be."

But if Booth was having difficulty in securing work in New York, such was not the case with the "peppy Miss Lee." Dorothy's youth and charm had won her one stage engagement after another. To the laughter-loving girl, who is frank to admit that she has sought only "fun" from life, the crashing of her first marriage was merely a "youthful mistake." Something that never should have happened in the first place . . . they both knew it . . . why not be *gay* about it? New friends, new places and new events rose to claim Dorothy's childish attention . . . and shortly, a new love!

If Dorothy has ever been deeply in love, I believe the man in the case is Fred Waring, leader of the famous Waring's Pennsylvanians orchestra. The man who sponsored her real introduction to New York as a specialty artist with his band. It was Waring who put Dorothy onto the ropes . . . who taught her all the little stage tricks that made her such a fascinating little charm vendor to jaded New Yorkers. Soon after their professional affiliation, Waring divorced his wife and it was generally understood that Fred and Dorothy would be married. They had set the date to follow the run of their show in Los Angeles.

But Los Angeles meant home to Dorothy . . . and home meant a raft of high school kids she had known . . . all of whom looked on Dot's newly-acquired celebrity with awe. It also meant going places and doing things . . . meeting new people and forming new friendships. And at the height of the fun, Dorothy was offered a motion picture contract. A new toy to play with . . . a new game to unravel.

JIMMIE FIDLER met Dorothy just after the completion of her first picture, "Rio Rita," right in the midst of the most exciting period of her young life. Fred Waring was still very much in the picture . . . so were her new contract and her gay young friends. She fairly bubbled with the thousand and one things that were happening to her. Dot lives on excitement, and at that time there was plenty of it. Waring was in love with her and intensely jealous of her new suitor, Jimmie Fidler. Jimmie, equally in love and constantly begging her to decide between them.

I don't think she ever meant to hurt either one of the two men. I think that she was too young to realize that she was *bound* to.

Waring stood moodily by as Fidler dined and courted the girl supposed to be his fiancée. In time, the orchestra leader's pride revolted. He told a very surprised and wide-eyed little girl: "I'm through . . . it's all over between us."

Little girls of nineteen, little girls who have been just fooling all the time . . . do not beg for love. There was another man who wanted to marry her . . . a man who realized that she wanted laughter and gaiety from life.

BEFORE Dorothy said "Yes" to Jimmie, they made a pact:

Dorothy was to keep her friends. Dorothy was to go out—where and with whom she pleased. Theirs was to be a strictly modern marriage . . . complete freedom for both. That might have been all right between two people who really *wanted* freedom. Dorothy *did!* Fidler *didn't*, but he had an idea that Dorothy would change her mind!

Except in isolated cases, their friends were not the same. I have been in their home when it seemed that two radically different groups with widely-divergent purposes had been suddenly and surprisingly thrown together under one roof. Dorothy would call: "Come on gang, let's go. . . ." to anywhere . . . anywhere where there was laughter and music and *fun*. At first the young husband went . . . yawningly, tired and bored with the antics of the "kids." Toward the last he didn't.

The climax came one Sunday. There were bitter words: "You won't go!" "I will!" "If you go you needn't come back!" She never came back.

And so the funny little kid is fancy-free again, swinging her small slender body about night clubs. Of a Sunday, her cute, belted figure plays a prominent part in the beach activities of a young crowd.

There are rumors that her romance with Fred Waring has been patched up . . . that eventually they will be married. A *third* marriage—at *twenty*.

It might be true that her careless antics with mens' hearts haven't hurt anyone so much. Maybe those who have been nearest to her will be able to forget. But there are a few questions, just as an old friend, that I would like to ask Dorothy:

Where are you going, Dot? What other men are to be caught in the mad whirlpool of your laughter? Has it never occurred to you that marriage is not a game . . . like the other games that you so like to play? And, much more important, where will all this leave you when laughter has grown shabby and excitement won't do . . . for they both have a way of fading, even for little laughter girls like you!

$100 a YEAR for LIFE!

Give This House a Name

ANY SIMPLE NAME MAY WIN

This is a new style, true American type home that is meeting with great popularity. We are desirous of obtaining a suitable name for it for use in connection with a building program. We will pay you $100.00 A YEAR FOR LIFE if you suggest the most suitable name. There are no strings tied to this offer. Sending us a name for this house does not obligate you in any way. Nothing to buy or sell. We merely want a suitable name and are willing to pay $100.00 A YEAR FOR LIFE for the best name sent us. Think of it, $100.00 this year and each and every year for the balance of your natural life. A steady, guaranteed cash income. Surely, you can think of an appropriate name for such a beautiful house. Do not use more than two words. Any word or words may be used or any combination of words such as "Parklawn", "Cozynook", "Hearthome" or names like "Sunshine Inn", "Rest Haven", etc. No matter how simple your suggestion is send it in at once. Any name may win. Possibly the most suitable name has already flashed into your mind. If it has—send it in at once and $100.00 cash this year and each and every year for the rest of your life is yours FREE.

NOTHING ELSE REQUIRED—RUSH NAME TODAY

Positively nothing else is required of you to win $100.00 cash now and $100.00 cash each and every year for life—just suggest the most suitable name—that's all. This offer is open to every one excepting members of this firm, its employees and relatives. Each participant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out. Contest closes January 30th, 1932. Should two or more persons submit equally suitable names for this house the full amount of the prize offered will be paid to each one so tying. And the $100.00 cash for promptness also will be paid to each winner providing suggestion is mailed within three (3) days after this announcement is read.

CALIFORNIA LADY GETS $100 A YEAR FOR LIFE

We just recently paid Mrs. Allia Francis, Route 6, Box 439, Bakersfield, California, $100.00 and put her on our books to receive $100.00 EACH AND EVERY YEAR FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE for sending us the most suitable name for a house. You may be the next. You risk nothing. It costs you nothing. Just think how nice it would be to receive $100.00 each year for the rest of your life. Maybe you have the most suitable name right on the tip of your tongue this minute. Don't delay sending it in.

$100 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

We want a suitable name for this house real quickly and will pay the winner an extra $100.00 just for PROMPTNESS providing suggestion is sent within three (3) days after this announcement is read. Rush your suggestion TODAY—QUICK. The very name you have in mind may bring you a permanent cash income of $100.00 A YEAR FOR LIFE and $100.00 extra besides for PROMPTNESS in sending it in.

ANY NAME MAY WIN

Rush your suggestion TODAY regardless of what it is. Any easy, simple name may win. $100.00 each and every year for life and $100.00 cash for PROMPTNESS may be yours if you hurry. A postal card will do. Just say, "I suggest..... as a name for your beautiful house."

LEE MORGAN, MGR. · BOX 2721, BATAVIA, ILLINOIS

Landford PETROLIN

Keeps Your Hands Soft and White

"Before a friend told me about PETROLIN, my hands were always rough, sore, chapped and red. Now, thanks to her suggestion, before I wash the dishes, or the windows or mop the floor, or do any other form of rough housework, I rub PETROLIN all over my hands. It is soft and soothing and forms a protective coat that protects the cuticle against strong soaps or scouring powders . . . and it keeps my hands white and lovely."

AT 5c and 10c STORES

25c to $1.00 stores, many grocery stores and notion departments also have Petrolin. If your dealer does not have it, he can get it quickly. Ask for it by name—PETROLIN.

THE GEO. H. NOWLAND CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

Lovely Hands ..... the Inexpensive Way

How to Obtain

A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance

My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 307, Binghamton, N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

AUTOMATIC CIGARETTE MAKER

ROLL YOUR OWN

SAVE MONEY—Makes better cigarettes quickly at one fourth the price. Use your favorite brand of tobacco. Neat, useful, handy, simple. Pocket size, weighs only ½ ounce. Made of metal, nickel plated. PRICE 25c., 3 for 65c

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 132, RACINE, WIS.

250 MAGIC TRICKS 10c

with cards, coins, handkerchief, egg, ring, glass, etc. Simplified and illustrated so that a child can perform them. To introduce catalog of tricks, puzzles, novelties, all for 10c Postpaid.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 408, Racine, Wis.

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

PHOTO Enlargements

Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.

ONLY 49¢ EACH

Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 50c with order and we will pay postage.

BEAUTIFULLY Carved Frame FREE! To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 472 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

If You Met George Arliss

(Continued from page 33)

that to my knowledge, I was not. We spoke of talking to audiences, especially audiences of women, as my trip had been made for that purpose. It was, Mr. Arliss murmured, dangerous to indulge in humor if you didn't know your audience. He told me an amusing anecdote out of his own many experiences. He'd been persuaded, he said, by Blanche Bates, many years ago, to make a speech before the Twelfth Night Club. Figuratively tearing his hair, he wondered what on earth he should say to an audience composed exclusively of very chic and charming women, most of them professional. It then occurred to him to be humorous. Americans, he thought, were a nation of humorists. He himself had been brought up on the humor of one Mark Twain. With this in mind, he prepared a paper on women's dress, full of solemn advice about how to remove spots, how to remake your frocks, and so on. He found it amusing; and delivered it; and was horrified to discover that the ladies in the audience were taking him quite seriously and even Miss Bates' lonely and frantic laughter could not give them their cue. He was regarded by pair after pair of lovely eyes, and regarded severely. By what right, they appeared to be asking, did this Englishman venture to come over here and tell American women how and why to dress? The speech was a complete failure. "Know your audience," said Mr. Arliss, "and your country."

I MIGHT have told him that most women take most men seriously, which may be one reason why his attempt at lightness and humor failed. Why women assume this attitude of expectant worship before a man speaker and wait anxiously for words of wisdom to drop from his lips I do not know. But it is so. Of women, of course, they expect very little!

The talk turned on a sense of humor. I made a sweeping statement to the effect that a sense of humor was probably a sense of values. Mr. Arliss did not agree with me. He is not a yes man. Neither is he so lazy mentally that he would rather agree with me than not, merely to save himself an effort. No, he disagreed with me, quite gently. He asked me, and the very wise, rather remote eyes twinkled a little, "Just what do you mean by a sense of humor?"

A tall order. I found myself floundering in phrases. He made up my mind for me. I didn't, he said, mean a sense of values; I meant a sense of proportion; and a sense of proportion and a sense of humor were not the same thing at all. He thought a sense of humor very nice; it is pleasant to have a person respond, he said, when one attempts to be humorous; but he did not think a sense of humor especially valuable!

We spoke later of "Old English" and I remarked that Galsworthy had drawn the character *fat*, so to speak, and Mr. Arliss had played it *thin*. I was, I told him, glad of that. He smiled, a very little.

"An actor," he said, "has only his personality. The actor must, I think, when considering his part, consider how he can absorb it into, wrap it around, that personality." He conveyed in a slight gesture that he wasn't fat, and that he didn't intend to be. And I told him, with absolutely sincerity, that he had realized the part of Old English perfectly for everyone, and even for those who had read the book and had pictured that delightful and wise old *gourmet* as large and gross and bubbling with flesh.

He didn't, however, need to armor himself with pillows. He was playing the spirit of Old English and not the fleshly envelope. He could convey physical greed for food and drink, a greed which included, however, the understanding of the finer points of eating and drinking without building his own slim physical person into something which would simulate mountains of flesh.

I REMEMBERED, as I sat there talking to him, how terrified I had been of him in the "Green Goddess," but it was a terror which had its own drawing power, a sort of fatal fascination, to quote the dime novels. He had, with the addition of a jewel or two and a turban, conveyed a sardonic, fatalistic, immeasurably subtle character whose very flame burned cold and whose appearance of sophisticated evil drew me, at least, far more strongly than a hundred righteous heroes. It was in a sense a flamboyant part, although (or perhaps because) it was so restrained. And he had most perfectly portrayed it. He was the same man who had characterized for us the somehow tragic, very lovable, childishly greedy, mumbling, sagacious Old English; the same man who gave us the unforgettable Disraeli; the polished person of Alexander Hamilton, as well as the character of that delightful, entirely American, Retired Business Man in "The Millionaire." He plays all his parts without, I should say, much recourse to make-up; he plays the living spirit of them, quietly, and with an intellectual honesty which makes him, at least in my opinion, unique among the present stars of screen and stage.

It is very hard for me, as a rule, to fancy an actor being anything save an actor—that is, professionally speaking. But it was easy for me, talking to him, to see Mr. Arliss in a number of rôles which would not be stage rôles at all but life rôles; which would not demand acting but living. I could see him as a lawyer, an English barrister, as a judge in wig and gown at the English bar, and I could see him as a physician—and what confidence he would inspire in any of those professions. I could see him also as, what for want of a

better term, we call a financier. I could see him as a publisher, an editor or as a gentleman of leisure against an ancient and honorable background. I suppose it all sums up to the fact that I can see him, perfectly at home, in any profession which a gentleman might decide to make his own.

I cannot say this of any other screen star.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Arliss does not consider a sense of humor important he has his own, a very charming brand. I fancy it has sustained him many times, not as say, a piece of pastry might temporarily sustain a shipwrecked mariner but as a rather dry but nourishing biscuit might tide the optimistic sailor over a bad time.

I would have liked, very much, to ask Mr. Arliss something about his wife. I have seen her, of course. I knew that her maiden name was Florence Montgomery and that he met her in the first flush of his success, while playing in London with Mrs. Pat Campbell. I knew that he noticed her first because she had "nice arms" and that he proposed to her in a doorway when they were caught together in a sudden rainstorm. I knew how much of the credit for his success he gives her, and how much he relies upon her judgments and decisions. But I would have liked so much to know more. In these days of battle, murder and sudden divorces, in these days of temporary marriage, of fever and strain, of much mouthing about marriage as an institution, of professional people rushing into print to tell us why their marriages have or haven't failed, it would have meant something very real and vital to learn from his own lips something of a happy marriage from a man who must be an authority on happy marriages.

But I didn't ask him. If I had, he wouldn't have told me. If he had told me, he would have stepped out of character—his own character, the character of a wise and courteous man, an impersonally friendly person, and an intellectual artist who is and remains a gentleman.

And gentlemen never tell!

Mystery Romance Solved

(Continued from page 42)

bracelets and parties to staying quiet at home with Gary. It was a good story, wasn't it?"

THE bitter voice softened a little. "I wouldn't have cared if he had jus' stopped loving me. If he had married someone else and been happy. *He hasn't stopped loving me.* He feels the way I am feeling now, poor baby. He has asked me to make it up again. But he is so weak, poor darling baby, and I am strong. When I am wrong I am wrong and I say I am wrong and that's that. When I am right, I am right and there is no one who can change me. I didn't do anything wrong to Gary. He believed what his mother said about me. He didn't stop loving me, *he stopped trusting me and that's what broke us up.*

"I didn't want his money. I have money of my own. I hate to see his family get it all away from him. The dude ranch he bought for them; for his brother Arthur. It is not even in his name—in Gary's name.

"When he say, 'Baby, do you mind if I go to Europe for a trip?' I say, 'Of course not, darling. You go to Europe, baby, and have a good time for yourself. You do just what you want to do, play and go to parties and everything you want.' You think I wanted him so far away from me? No, no, I did not. But I want him to be happy. When he is happy, I am happy, too. And you know what his mother said? She said to him, 'Yes, son, she wants you to go to Europe so she can step out and have fun while you are away—'

"No, it is not pride with me. I could not go back to that. It would only start all over again, the same way, the same thing. He believes the things his mother told him. And perhaps he does not want me any more. I don't know that.

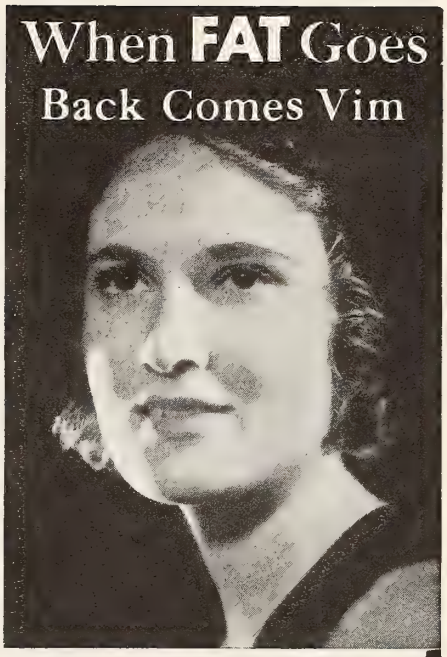
"Poor baby, poor darling—there will never be another man like Gary for me. I love him. I will go on loving him all my life. But what of that . . . ?

Now that I've lost you—please understand—
I live forever—at your—command—"

She sang those two poignant lines again. Such tears in a voice as I have never listened to.

Lupe jumped down from the desk. The sombre spell broke. She flung back her head and laughed and to the two of us who listened that laughter was terrible. "I am bad," she shouted, "I am bad and I'm glad I'm bad—I eat worms and snakes and toads—I'm bad and I'm glad I'm bad—"

You just finished reading Faith Baldwin's fascinating portrait of George Arliss at the top of this page. In our next issue Miss Baldwin, one of America's most popular authors of today, writes delightfully about that queen of troupers and comedy—Marie Dressler. Be sure you don't miss it.



The World Way

The right way for treating obesity is now employed by doctors the world over. It is based on a new discovery—a gland cause.

Modern science finds that a great cause of excess fat lies in a scanty gland secretion. Then food which should be turned to energy simply piles up fat. Thus people grow both fat and lazy through the same gland cause.

Doctors everywhere now feed that lacking factor. They know that abnormal exercise and diet can never bring fat down, and vim back, while that lack exists.

Marmola prescription tablets do what modern doctors do. They feed a like gland, taken from food animals. A famous medical laboratory prepares it to fit the average case.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others the results, and the use has spread. Excess fat has been disappearing fast in those years, as everybody knows. It will go faster when more people recognize this right way to reduce.

Go try Marmola. A book in the box gives the formula, and tells why it does what it does. Cease the methods which have failed you. Combat the cause. Do what multitudes are doing with results you see. Go start today.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce
$1 at all Drug Stores

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable as they appear in "Possessed," Joan's latest starring vehicle. It's adapted from the successful stage play, "The Mirage," which ran in New York several seasons ago. The talkie's quite different from the play, however. Joan and Clark will thrill you when you see it. See review of it on page 57.

Irene Dunne's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 68)

My preference is yellow-green or chartreuse. Turquoise rests me—that's why I have a negligée of it embroidered in silver. Pink . . . well, no. Pink and orchid are taboo as far as I'm concerned. For no reason that I can explain they irritate me. Of all the colors, I'm most at home in brown—lovely golden brown especially. I have a satin evening dress of that hue. It's a very simple model . . . with a draped neckline, a wide girdle swathing the hips, and a long flowing skirt. I wear with it long gold kid gloves, gold slippers and occasionally a corsage of orchids flecked with 'yellow-gold.'

I LOVE brown sports clothes, too. They're practical and you can easily liven them up with a bit of yellow or topaz in your scarf or accessories. I often go to the studio and to shop in a beige basket-weave dress that has a little embroidered piqué collar of dark brown. (See page 67.) A row of dark brown buttons trim the long sleeves and run down the front of the dress from the collar to the hem. The bound pockets (I adore pockets!) are outlined with brown and the belt combines the beige and brown. My hat is also brown and the pumps match. Yes, I'd rather wear pumps than any other type of shoe although there are oxfords a-plenty on my shoe shelf. You see, I have a high instep that gives me trouble if I wear slippers with straps.

"Black is everybody's standby I imagine, but when I see a great deal of it I think of what the dog says of the blackbird in 'Chanticler.' 'To wear black is too easy a way of having taste; one should have the courage of colors on his wings!' It pays to have courage in clothes. I know a girl who has real Titian hair, the orange-yellow kind, and for years she thought her best color was black. True, it's exceedingly becoming, but one night someone prevailed upon her to wear a gown of apricot satin. She was a sensation! She looked absolutely stunning and after that black took second place in her wardrobe.

"One needs to be a trifle adventuresome in dress. Another girl of my acquaintance considered it necessary to appear in nothing but subdued colors. She was tall and angular and she believed dark shades made her seem taller. Maybe they did . . . but they also made her less interesting. Finally, she woke up and began affecting rather dashing clothes. They made her willowy where before she had been merely thin.

PERSONALLY, I wear black only in combination with a light color. Even this *point d'esprit* dress has a yoke foundation of pale chiffon that relieves the monotony of solid black. I call it my 'ingenue' dress because it has a full, tiered skirt and tiny flared sleeves. A white velvet coat goes with it that's fitted, and bordered all the way around with white fox. (There's a picture of Irene wearing that dress and wrap on page 66.)

"Black with cream lace has been in favor since the year one, I think. There are so many chic ways you can use the two together. I've never had a dinner frock I liked quite so much as this dull black crêpe. You see, it has a yoke and bolero of Alençon lace laid over soufflé. The lace is cut out and appliquéd on the skirt where they join and the circular flounce of the skirt is headed by appliquéd flowers of the black crêpe. (See page 64.)

"Oh yes, formal pajamas. They've made a place for themselves in every wardrobe, haven't they? I saw Ruth Chatterton at the Philharmonic concert last night in a perfectly stunning pair. They were of a lustrous fuchsia satin and she looked exquisite in them. Mine are also of satin—in a 'dirty' pink shade that can't make up its mind whether it'll turn to rose or to gray (that's why I enjoy it; I never would have bought it if it had been a definite pink.) The bifurcated skirt is so full it resembles a real skirt. The pajamas are absolutely plain, the trousers being set on the upper part in points. It's the coat that goes in for elaborate detail. It is of chiffon, heavily beaded in silver and crystal beads, and the bottom is pointed, carrying out the effect of the long sleeves and the trousers.

"These new suits that consist of a dress and short coat are a decided improvement in my estimation. They have so many more possibilities than the usual skirt, shirtwaist and coat. For example, this sheer wool ensemble serves for a thousand purposes. I can wear it to a bridge luncheon where I'd hesitate to wear an ordinary suit and yet it's tailored enough to use for travelling and in the mornings. I suppose I'm partial to it because its chartreuse in color. The dress is very simple; the one outstanding feature of it is the satin yoke in the same shade. It has a square neck edged with satin scallops and the small sleeves are trimmed similarly. The coat has a stand-up collar and a border of barunduki fur. (See page 65.) The hat and bag are of the same material as the suit. I generally buy my accessories to a costume at the time I buy the costume; it's so much more satisfactory.

SHOPPING is a pet bugaboo of mine, anyway. Queer, isn't it, when I'm so interested in clothes? I thoroughly detest trotting around from one store to another in search of something to wear, so this is what I do: a new season comes and I haul out my last year's wardrobe. Some of the things may be passable and I have a clever little steamstress who can do wonders with left-overs. She takes a piece of fur from a coat and adds it to a sport frock, drops a hem here, and puts a

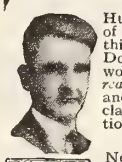
(Continued on page 111)

The Ideal Gift

New CORONA Model No. 3 at NEW LOW PRICES

SPECIAL at $39.90 or on Easy Terms Only 10¢ a Day

Yours for Only $1.00 DOWN



Hurry! Hurry! Only a very limited number of these *Brand New* Coronas available at this *Special Low Price* and *Easy Terms*. Don't wait. Here's your chance to get a wonderful nationally advertised Corona at a *real bargain*. Has up-to-date improvements and carries our regular New Machine ironclad guarantee. Remember this exceptional offer good only while supply lasts.

Sent on 10-Day Trial

Never before has the Corona been offered on such liberal terms. Don't hesitate one minute. Accept our generous 10-day trial offer and see for yourself. Compare its neat, perfect work; its beautiful, shiny finish; its smooth, quiet action and strong, sturdy compact design. The ideal typewriter for students, teachers, business and professional men.

Fully Guaranteed

Act At Once—only $1. brings this shiny new Corona for full 10-days' trial—Write all the personal and business letters you want. If you decide to keep it send only $3. a month until the special low price of $42.90 (term price) is paid.

FREE Carrying Case

Beautiful Leatheroid carrying case with nickel trimming is included Free with each Corona while limited quantity lasts. If you have ever wanted a wonderful portable—here's your chance. Don't wait until it's too late. Send the coupon NOW.

Limited Offer

At this Bargain Price and unheard of easy terms—10c a day—these wonderful New Coronas will go in a hurry. Remember the Corona comes to you fully complete—book of instructions and all—nothing extra to buy. Send at once!

International Typewriter Exchange (Corona Division) Dept. C-129. 231 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

Send the Corona F. O. B. Chicago for 10-days' trial at the special low price offered. I enclose $1.00 deposit with the understanding that if I am not perfectly satisfied I may return it Express Collect and get my deposit back. If I decide to keep it, I will send $3.00 a month until I have paid $42.90 (term price) in full.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Has New Hair

Hair Health For You?

Mary H. Little has luxuriant hair now. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was as bare as the back of my hand." **When Mrs. Little's hair began to fall,** she tried to stop it but it continued to come out until she had lost all, she says. Her only hope seemed to be in having a wig.

Luckily she learned about KOTALKO, and used it. Watching in her mirror she saw hairs developing. Apparently the roots were alive. Faithfully she applied KOTALKO, and the hair continued to grow. It became **long, strong and silklike.**

Men also report new hair growth. Many testimonials from men and women whose health and hair roots combined to give the desired hair growth after using **Kotalko.**

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not stimulate them into growing hair by using Kotalko, the right sort of invigorant? **Sold by druggists everywhere.**

Free Box **To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for hair and scalp invigoration,** use coupon or write for Proof Box.

Kotal Co., F-3, Station O, New York

Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....

Full Address.....

.....

Sound News Operator: "There's nothin' I like better'n a good noisy news event, Frank."

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 9)

Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Confessions of a Co-ed," "Caught," Sondra Finchley in "An American Tragedy" and Ann Trumbull in "Rich Man's Folly," Paramount.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Lita Andrews in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Title rôles in "Ramona" and "Evangeline," United Artists. Star of "The Dove," RKO-Radio.

DELROY, IRENE; married to William Austin; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends," and "Men of the Sky," Warners.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured rôle in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Tom in "Stepping Out," M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Blue Angel," Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Stellar rôle in "Dishonored," and "Shanghai Express," all for Paramount.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," title rôle in "Young Donovan's Kid" and star of "The Public Defender," and "Secret Service," all for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Women of All Nations," and Fleurette in "Cure for the Blues," both for Fox. Now in vaudeville.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob Gilder in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford. Avery in "Five and Ten," M-G-M. Male lead in "Waterloo Bridge" and son in "Heart and Hand," Universal. Now appearing in "Nikki," on the New York stage.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at Caddo-United Artists studio. Contract star, Caddo Productions. Now starring in "The Age for Love" and aviatrix in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Mrs. Jones in "Lightning," Fox. Mother in "Caught," Paramount. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Marie in "Reducing," stellar rôle in "Politics," and "Emma," all for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Male leads in "Bad Girl," "Sob Sisters," "Over the Hill," and "The Heir to the Hoorah," Fox.

DUNN, JOSEPHINE; separated from Clyde E. Greathouse; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Marion in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Feminine lead in "Air Police," Sono-Art.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to non-professional; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio, and "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Mary in "Consolation Marriage," and title rôle in "Marcheta," RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Schnozzle in "The New Wallingford" and O. O. Martin in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer," and title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," star of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," all for Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôle in "Scarface," United Artists, and "Sky Devils," Caddo.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Cosy in "The Prodigal," Bert Scranton in "Dance, Fools, Dance," comedy lead in "Stepping Out," Mike in "Laughing Sinners" and comedy lead in "Hell Divers," all for M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Skyline," "Quick Millions," "Thoroughbreds," "Bad Girl," "Hell to Pay," and "The Devil's Lottery," all for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Ole Olsen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Dude Ranch" and "The Magnificent Lie," all for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India," co-ed in "Boarding School," featured rôles in "Sporting Blood" and "Guilty Hands," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Heartbreak," Fox. Polaire in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Aritsts. Feminine lead in "Skyscraper," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Joe Massarra in "Little Caesar," First National. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," Larry in "I Like Your Nerve," and Chick in "Union Depot," First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists. Contract star. Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon," and himself in "Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks," United Artists.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Mal Andrews in "Body and Soul," co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and "Delicious," and stellar rôle in "Heartbreak," all for Fox.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Comedy rôles in "Gun Smoke," Paramount; "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Aunt Polly in "Broadminded," First National; Maggie Tiffany in "Newly Rich," Paramount; Elvira in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Indiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Douglas Thayer in "No Limit," and male lead in "Up Pops the Devil," Paramount; Doggie Hymer in "The Up and Up," Universal; Alf in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Strictly Dishonorable," and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Marilyn Sterling in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Star of "Nice Women," Universal.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Transgression," RKO-Radio. Starred in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Twenty-Four Hours," Paramount. Margery in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Gambler in "A Free Soul," and male lead in "Laughing Sinners," and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," all M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Co-starred in "Possessed," M-G-M. Nick in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," and "Mata Hari," all for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Daddy Long Legs," and "Angel Face," co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and star of "Delicious," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "Spurs," for Universal, and "Wild Horses," and "Gay Buckaroos," Allied.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Odgen, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate," "The Phantom of Paris," and "West of Broadway," all for M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Comedy lead in "The Big Gamble," "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé. Cool Kelly in "It's a Wise Child," and Eddie in "A Free Soul," M-G-M. Sleepy Jones in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Laugh and Grow Rich," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "The Homicide Squad," and second lead in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow," Mike in "Shipmates," M-G-M.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôle in "Dirigible," Columbia and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-starred in "The Great Lover," M-G-M and in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.

GRANT, LAWRENCE; married to non-professional; born in Bournemouth, Eng. Write him at James Cruz studio. Free lance player. Gen. Stafford in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Equery in "Newly Rich," and Sir Basil in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured rôle in "Dude Ranch," "Skippy," and Daisy Tait in "Newly Rich," all for Paramount.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Just a Gigolo," and "The New Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Male lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia. Male leads in "Mother's Millions," Universal, "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Sporting Chance," Peerless.

HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Miami, Fla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Minor rôle in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National. Feminine lead in "Society Lane," Warners. Factory secretary in "Her Majesty, Love," First National.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob in "This Modern Age," M-G-M. Male leads in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and "The Great Lover," M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "East Lynne," Fox, and "Devotion," RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," all for Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at 1353 Clubview Dr., West Los Angeles, Calif. Caddo contract player. Title rôle in "Goldie," Fox, and featured rôles in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Caddo-United Artists, "Blonde Baby," and "The Gilded Cage," Columbia.

HAYAKAWA, SESSUE; married; born in Japan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Returned to American screen after long absence as Ah Kee in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. French girl in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M. Leora in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Herr Schnabel in "Daybreak," and Herman in "The Phantom of Paris," M-G-M. Rudolph Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox. Featured rôle in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Chances," and Stella in "We Three," First National. Linda Randolph in "East of Borneo," and co-starred in "Back Street," Universal. Feminine lead in "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount.

(Continued on page 112)

Irene Dunne's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 109)

lace yoke in there and behold! my outfits are like new. Then I make a note of what I require and I go to Bess Schlank's here or to one of those shops just off Fifth Avenue if I'm in New York. A half day suffices for me to purchase a new wardrobe and all its appurtenances, for I know exactly what I want."

Repairing clothes and caring for them is really as important a matter as selecting them. Some women look smart in a new costume only for the first few times they wear it. After that they lack a fastidious appearance. They'll tell you, "Why, I liked this outfit when I bought it but look at it now!" Quite as though it was the outfit's fault that it hadn't been hung properly and that the fasteners, which become loose on the best of garments, hadn't been sewn on.

Here are a few suggestions from Irene Dunne on how to keep clothes in shape:

If white garments are put in a bag that has been blued well, they will not become yellow.

Evening gowns of frail material, like chiffon or lace, should be laid in tissue paper in long boxes or drawers.

Knitted garments ought to be laid out flat in their original shape and never hung.

When a velvet gown becomes creased or worn-looking steam will bring the nap up quickly. The easiest way to do it is to hang the gown over a bathtub, turn on the hot water—the hotter the better—and shut the door and windows so that no steam escapes. In half an hour open the door and let the room gradually cool off. When the nap of the velvet is dry, brush it with a soft brush both ways, but at the last brushing run with the nap.

THIS being the beginning of a bright new year, I asked the Hollywood stylists to give us their fashion forecasts for 1932. The following are their predictions.

Gilbert Adrian, M-G-M: "Although the romantic feeling in clothes will continue throughout the coming year, the truly smart and clever woman will avoid such obvious fashions as bustles, which will be very much in vogue, and ostrich feathers because of their commonplaceness.

"There'll be a divided trend within the next few months. One set will follow blindly the romantic and commercialized styles while the other grows more and more individualistic. The latter set will adapt the period feeling to their own personalities and tastes. Their dresses will have sharp, clean-cut lines; they will be sophisticated and debonair.

"Pajamas will continue to be in vogue for house wear and informal occasions although they lost the great popularity they deserved because, like the late lamented Empress Eugénie hats, they were worn so carelessly and unbecomingly that they ceased to be stylish."

Gwen Wakeling, RKO-Pathé: "The 1932 fashions will be better looking and not so 'country-dressmakerish' as those of 1931. We'll have very slender, molded lines, for the anatomical styles of today are here to stay for awhile. There will be fewer exaggerations in dress—no derby hats, for instance—but the waist-lines will be more nipped.

"Lacey woolens and wool crêpes will be very much in evidence this spring and we're going to have a renaissance of blue—dark blue particularly—and gray. We won't see so many prints and those that do put in an appearance will be more subdued."

Max Rée, RKO-Radio Pictures: "The new season inaugurates what might be termed the 'athletic era' in dress because the silhouette resembles that of a well-trained athlete; it has broad shoulders that at present are generously furred, a narrow waist, and long, slender lines. Just as the French-Colonial Exposition in Paris had a decided influence on style last summer, so the 1932 Olympic Games will affect it this year. There will be a feeling of movement, of suppleness in the new fashions."

Earl Luick, Warner Bros.-First National: "The day of the new period modes has just begun and American women must learn to wear them properly. It's the tall girl's turn—the short miss had hers in the '20s. The new fashions demand a graceful posture, a more dignified carriage and something a little undefinable . . . perhaps we might call it poise and the entering into the spirit of the costume.

"Evening gowns will remain at their present length for the next two or three years and street clothes will stay where they are. Hats will have wide brims. By next summer they'll probably be enormous."

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

For the first time in our lives my husband and I are going south for a month this winter. We've lived in a small Kansas town for the better part of fifteen years, taking only occasional trips to Kansas City and to Chicago, so I think we deserve a vacation! Now the big problem that faces me is—*what shall I take with me?* Is it possible for a woman of forty-five who weighs 156 pounds and is 5 feet 4 inches tall to look smart? And if so, how?

Please, please help me, Miss Lane.

Sincerely,

MARY M.

DEAR MRS. M.:

Of course it's possible for you to look smart—very smart! Let's first take up the subject of a travelling suit

(Continued on page 115)

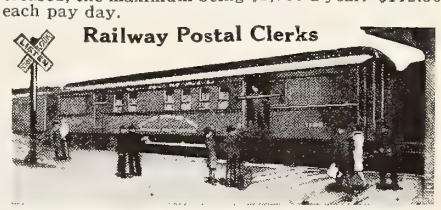
U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS
PICK YOUR JOB

Men—Women 18 to 50

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

$1,900 TO $2,700 A YEAR

Railway Postal Clerks get $1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. $79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year. $112.50 each pay day.



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. Many early examinations are expected.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increase $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary $1,260 to $2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and—filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET $1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2,100 to $2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. K-317, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

- ☐ Railway Postal Clerk ($1,900-$2,700)
- ☐ Post Office Clerk ($1,700-$2,300)
- ☐ City Mail Carrier ($1,700-$2,100)
- ☐ Rural Mail Carrier ($2,100-$3,400)
- ☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk ($1,260-$2,500)
- ☐ Inspectors of Customs ($2,100-$3,300)
- ☐ Prohibition Agent ($2,300-$2,800)

Name_____

Address_____

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

A real, honest-to-goodness snap-shot picture of Helen Twelvetrees taken during a recent roughing-it vacation which she spent in the mountains. The chap in the background is a guide.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount stud.o. Contract player. Male lead in "Confessions of a Co-ed," Clyde Griffiths in "An American Tragedy," and co-starred in "This Is New York," and "The Man I Killed," all for Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," and "A Dangerous Affair," all for Columbia.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from non-professional; born in Holidaysburg, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Prodigal," M-G-M and "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Bensinger in "The Front Page," and comedy lead in "The Age For Love," Caddo-United Artists. Comedian in "Smart Woman," RKO-Radio.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Dwight Winship in "A Free Soul," Dan in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and Berry in "Five and Ten," M-G-M. Male lead in "Devotion," RKO-Pathé.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôles in "The Great Air Robbery," and "Unwanted," Columbia.

HURST, PAUL; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Bartender in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Doctor in "The Public Defender," RKO-Radio. Butler in "Bad Company," RKO-Pathé.

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from actress-wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Star of "The Menace," and "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery," First National. Whitlock in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Stellar rôles in "St. Johnson," and "Heart and Hand," Universal.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Phantom of Paris," and Connie in "Men Call It Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The New Wallingford," M-G-M.

JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. The kid brother in "Doorway to Hell," and Bill Emery in "Father's Son." Star of "Penrod and Sam," First National.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in Petrograd, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Big Boy," Warner Bros. Now on the stage.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nancy in "Min and Bill." Feminine leads in "Young Sinners," Fox, "Shipmates," and "A Tailor-Made Man," all M-G-M. Lead in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kans. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and "Sidewalks of New York," all for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Billie in "Welcome Danger," for Harold Lloyd. Younger sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Feminine lead in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathé.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "The Bargain," First National. Featured rôle in "The Menace," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Phillipa in "The Road to Singapore," Warner Bros. Mother in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal.

KERR, GEOFFREY; married to June Walker; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Mr. Kerr is a well known stage actor who made his talkie debut in "The Runaround," with Mary Brian, for RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Once a Lady," Paramount.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. John Gibson in "Young Sinners," featured rôle in "The Black Camel," heavy in "Hell to Pay," and "Over the Hill," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Bargain," Barbara Allen in "The Millionaire," and Irene in "Side Show," "W" Warner Bros.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to London barrister; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Lila in "Always Goodbye." Star of "Body and Soul," and co-starred in "Wicked," and "The Yellow Ticket," Fox.

LANE, LOLA; married to Lew Ayres; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Contract player. Flirt in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Feminine lead in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Men Are Like That," Columbia, and "The Sea Ghost," Peerless.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspoliai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Henri in "Bachelor Apartment." Star of "The Gay Diplomat," and "The Marquis," RKO-Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Starred in "Laugh and Grow Rich," featured in "Full of Notions," and the divorcée in "Six Weeks in Reno," RKO-Radio. Alice Cook in "Too Many Cooks." Betty in "Assorted Nuts," RKO-Radio. Julia in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Anna in "Paid," M-G-M. Mabel in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and young wife in "Pagan Lady," Columbia.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Now in Tahiti after long illness.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Side Show." Title rôle in "Big Hearted Bertha," and Flossie in "She Means Business," all Warner Brothers.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; married to Paul Whiteman; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Smart Money," First National. Berthine Waller in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer star. Stellar rôle in "Welcome Danger," "Speedy," "Feet First." Soon to star in "The Gate-Crasher."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Up Pops the Devil," "I Take This Woman," and "Wayward," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Rosie in "Everything's Rosie," and featured rôle in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Towhead in "Heaven and Earth," Universal. Helen Weston in "The Woman Between," and star of "Other People's Business," RKO-Radio.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Good News," M-G-M, and "The Conspiracy," RKO-Radio. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal. Featured rôle in "Morals for Women," Tiffany.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," title rôle in "The Spider," Monty Greer in "Transatlantic."

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Kay Graham in "Transatlantic," Fox. Evie in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Feminine lead in "Skyline," Fox. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Joyce in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Dracula," Universal, Tarneverro in "The Black Camel," Fox. Stellar rôle in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Heavy in "City Streets," male lead in "Women Love Once," star of "The Vice Squad" and stellar rôle in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount. Male lead in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal.

LYNN, SHARON; unmarried; born in Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Too Many Cooks." RKO-Radio.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Indiscreet." United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Male lead in "Night Nurse," and "Her Majesty, Love," First National and "Bought!" Warner Brothers.

MACDONALD, JEANNETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; divorced from Lothar Mendes; born in Hull, England. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reckless Hour," "As Good As New," and "Safe in Hell," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID; separated from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Bill Merrick in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Shep Lambert in "The Last Flight." First National. Male lead in "The Miracle Woman." Columbia. Jim in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Male lead in "The Night Angel," Paramount. Starred in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Dick Grady in "My Sin," Paramount.

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Trilby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Mad Genius," also with John Barrymore. Jenny Townsend in "Five Star Final." First National. Renée in "The Road to Singapore." Warner Brothers. Stellar rôle in "Under Eighteen," Warner Brothers.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. He returned to the screen after a long absence, in "Young Sinners." Featured rôle in "Skyline" for Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Walter Burns in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Tony in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Captain Rogers in "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "East Lynne," Landlady in "Always Goodbye," Fox. Mother in "Man in Possession," M-G-M. Boardinghouse keeper in "Merely Mary Ann," Fox. Featured rôle in "Are These Our Children," RKO-Radio.

MERKEL, UNA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Margaret Rogers in "Six Cylinder Love" and featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Wicked," and "Daddy Long Legs," Fox.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Florie in "A Gentleman's Fate," and circus owner in "Susan Lenox," both for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Title rôles in "Sally," "Sunny," and "Her Majesty, Love," First National.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ship-

(Continued on page 114)

DANCER ON WAY TO STARDOM • • WANTS A NEW NAME!

We will pay . . . $500.00 Cash Just for a Girl's Name

★ (NEWS ITEM)
On the very threshold of international fame and fortune, Jeanne Williams wants a new "Stage Name." Young—graceful—talented; her beautiful body is vibrant with the magnetic glow of youthful personality. Critics say that she is at the door of stardom. . . . Now, because her name is similar to that of another star of Broadway, she wants a NEW name by which she will be featured and which she hopes to carry to fame.

COSTS NOTHING TO WIN
Nothing to Buy Nothing to Sell No Entrance Fees
No "Number Paths" or "Guessing" to win This Cash Prize
JUST SUGGEST A GIRL'S NAME

WHAT an amazing opportunity! You may win this big cash prize in only a moment's time. Simply send us a name for this graceful young dancer—*nothing more to do.* Sounds easy? It *is* easy! The first name that comes to your mind this minute may be the very one to win $500.00 cash. It does not have to be a "fancy" name—just some simple name that is easy to say and easy to remember—a name that will look well in blazing electric lights in front of the nation's finest theatres. Think of a name—send it TODAY—Win $500.00 Cash.

NO WAY YOU CAN LOSE

Simply suggest the winning name—that is all you have to do to get the $500.00. We are giving the prize to advertise our marvelous Foot Balm that is even now used by many professional dancers. A famous name is a great help in advertising. The new name chosen for this rising young dancer will also be used as the name for our Foot-Balm—her fame will bring us big advertising. . . . That is why we are so generous in giving the cash prize. It is your opportunity of a life-time. Maybe your own name, or the name of a friend may be the very name we want. Nothing for you to lose—a *fortune* for you to win.

JUST SENDING A NAME QUALIFIES YOU FOR OPPORTUNITY TO

Win $3,000.00

OR BUICK 8 SEDAN AND $1,500.00 CASH

IN this sensational advertising campaign we are giving away over FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS just to advertise and promote our business. This money is entirely *separate and in addition* to the prize for the Dancer's Name. Over 60 huge cash prizes—3 fine automobiles. Think of it! You may win *over $3,000.00 cash or a new Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $1,500.00 Cash besides!* What a magnificent fortune! Some one is going to get it—why not you? You have just as good an opportunity to win as anyone. All you have to do to qualify for this amazing opportunity is to suggest a name for the Dancer. Do it now—it may mean a *fortune* for you.

$1,000.00 Cash Certificate

Will Be Sent You at Once—Be Prompt

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are PROMPT and win first prize. So don't delay! Send your name suggestion *promptly*—nothing more to do now or ever toward getting the Name Prize and to qualify for the opportunity to win the other huge prizes. *You can't lose anything*—EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH—so send a name today.

Hundreds Have Won

Viola Lauder, Oregon, was destitute—her home burned down. She suggested a name for our toilet soap and won a big cash prize of $500.00! Hollenbach, Pa., won $675.00; Thompson won $625.00. Lutz received $500.00. Hundreds of others made happy by big prizes and rewards. Now, we are going to distribute *bigger prizes than before.*

Anyone May Win

Some yet unknown person who sends us a name is going to win $3,000.00 cash; many others are going to be made happy with scores of prizes as high as $750.00. Age, experience or physical condition makes no difference in winning. Three fine cars will be given to people submitting names. Send a name for the Dancing Girl today.

SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize. No "puzzles," "number paths", "lucky numbers" or "guessing" contest to win over $3,000.00 cash. The only thing to do now is send a name for the dancer. The first name you think of may win the prize. But, remember the EXTRA $1,000.00 for promptness. Act at once! *I will send you a $1,000.00 Cash Certificate as soon as your name is received*—I will tell you just how you stand in the distribution of over $5,000.00 in cash prizes and fine new automobiles.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

Contest open to all except employees of our company. Only one name may be submitted—sending more than one name will cause all names sent by you to be thrown out. Suggest a first and last name for the dancer. Contest closing date given in my first letter to you. In case of duplicate winning names, duplicate prizes will be given. Every person submitting a name qualifies for opportunity to win $3,000.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and $1,500.00 in cash. Use the coupon or write a letter to submit name and receive all details.

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.
906 Sycamore Street Dept. 604-A Cincinnati, Ohio

Winning Name Coupon

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.,
906 Sycamore St., Dept. 604-A, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Name I suggest for the Dancer is:.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Rush me the $1,000.00 Cash Certificate for Promptness and tell me how I stand for Winning $3,000.00 cash.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason recently had a wedding anniversary party. In front: Sam Hardy, Hoot Gibson, Jimmie Gleason, and two friends. Among those standing you will find: Marian Nixon, Anthony Bushell, William Bakewell, Mary Brian, Russell Gleason, Don Dillaway and Thelma Todd. Yes, that's Mrs. Gleason kneeling behind Hoot.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 112)

mates," "Man in Possession" and co-starred with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKEY; child actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured boy rôles in "The Squawman," M-G-M. "Aloha," Tiffany. "Seed," Universal, and "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio. Ned Leeds in "The Star Witness," First National, and child rôles in "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.

MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Heath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Male lead in "The Squealer," Columbia. Reporter in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Schofield in "Penrod and Sam," First National. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MOORE, OWEN; married to Kathryn Perry; born in County Heath, Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Fingers O'Dell in "Outside the Law." Universal. Featured rôle in "Hush Money," Fox.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Judy Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox. Featured rôles in "The Spider," Fox, "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and "Men in Her Life," Columbia.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Maid in "It's a Wise Child," Polly in "Politics," and Aunt Maggie in "Guilty Hands," all for M-G-M.

MORENO, ANTONIO; married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Synthetic Sin" and "The Bargain," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," M-G-M. Anna Cornwall in "High Stakes," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Crystal in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Male lead in "The Bat Whispers" and "Corsair," both United Artists. Male lead in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Reaching for the Moon." United Artists. Male lead in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Lover Come Back," Columbia.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," Fox. Tony Muni in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists.

MUNSON, ONA; divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Going Wild," "The Hot Heiress, "Broadminded," and Kitty Carmody in "Five Star Final," all First National.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," both for Universal. Co-starred in "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now starring in series of two-reelers for Universal.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Harry Craig in "Born to Love," and Neville in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé. Male lead in "Girls About Town," Paramount.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Annabelle's Affairs," "Women of All Nations" and "Not Quite a Gentleman," male lead in "Wicked," and star of "Disorderly Conduct," all for Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Universal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National. Male lead in "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Will Darsey in "Son of India," M-G-M.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Poland. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé, her first American picture in two years.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Greta in "Women of All Nations," Sigrid Carline in "Transatlantic," and vamp in "Ambassador Bill," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty. Babe Ellis in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé, and "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-star of "Private Scandal," Headline Pictures.

NOLAN, MARY; married to Wallace Macreary; born near Louisville, Kentucky. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Fay Turner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

NORTON, BARRY; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." Featured rôle in "Dishonored," and male lead in "The Comedian," both for Paramount.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Daybreak," and "Son of India," M-G-M. Co-starred with Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," M-G-M.

NOVELLO, IVOR; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bennett Cloud in "Once a Lady," Paramount.

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Shipmates," M-G-M. Eagan in "Night Nurse," Jackie Leeds in "The Star Witness," and Wally Pierce in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National.

NUGENT, ELLIOTT; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Last Flight," First National. Featured rôle in "Virtuous Husbands," Universal.

NUGENT, J. C.; widower; born in Niles, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Schofield in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Mr. Olwell in "Virtuous Husbands," Universal.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount. Featured rôle in "Touchdown," Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and leading rôle in "The Black Camel," Fox. Heavy in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Fu Manchu in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "The Seas Beneath," "Trailin'," and "Hell to Pay," all for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Male lead in "Personal Maid," Paramount. Steven in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "Flying High," M-G-M.

O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Jane in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Title rôle in "The Brat," Fox.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skyline," Fox, and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "A Gentleman's Fate," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Sidewalks of New York," and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Sophie in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

PAGE, PAUL; married to Edith Allis; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Palmy Days," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists. Eddie in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôle in "Pleasure," Tec-Art.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Judd in "Dude Ranch," and villain in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Comedy lead in "Twenty-Four Hours," and featured rôle in "Girls About Town," Paramount.

PITTS, ZASU; separated from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kas. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Thelma Todd in "Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Comedy rôle in "The Guardsman," M-G-M. Nora in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Coquette." Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title rôle in "Kiki," all for United Artists.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Hero of "Man of the World," and "Ladies' Man," for Paramount. Stellar rôles in "The Road to Singapore," and "Divorce Detective," Warner Bros.

PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Margy in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Vamp in "Reckless Living," Universal.

PURCELL, IRENE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Rachel in "Just a Gigolo," and Mrs. Wetherby in "The Man in Possession."

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Co-starred in "The Lady Killer," stellar rôle in "Eddie Cuts In," and auto camp owner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; divorced from Willard Mack; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Diane in "This Modern Age," and featured rôle in "Son of India," all for M-G-M. Molly in "Silence," Paramount. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

REVIER, DOROTHY; married to Harry Revier; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Shelah Fane in "The Black Camel," Fox. Featured rôle in "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.

RICH, IRENE; married to David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Celia in "Strangers May "Kiss," Jenny in "Five and Ten," and society matron in "The Champ," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Barber-gambler in "Smart Money," leading rôle in "Five Star Final," Chinese importer in "Hon. Mr. Wong," all for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kans. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "The Lawyer's Secret." Co-starred in "The Road to Reno," and featured rôle in "Wayward," all for Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kans. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Eddie Cuts In," and feminine lead in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Young As You Feel," "Business and Pleasure," and "Ambassador Bill," all for Fox.

(Continued on page 116)

Irene Dunne's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 111)

that can do for shopping and street wear as well. A blue-gray woolen would be most attractive. The dress might have a vestee and cuffs of silver crêpe or satin and the short jacket could have a diagonal opening and be trimmed with silver buttons. Your detachable choker could be of gray astrakhan or caracul. You'll probably want to put the choker in your suitcase when you start out on your trip and wear a long heavy coat of dark blue with a shawl collar and deep cuffs of fur. It would be nice to complete your outfit with dark blue and gray reptile skin oxfords, a blue and gray purse and a gray hat.

Then you'll want a simple gray crêpe dress with a gilet of lace, and a sapphire brooch or beads would be stunning with it. Do have at least one all-white outfit with you and occasionally supplement it with a black and white scarf or a green and black one. You'll want at least two crêpe de Chine frocks for afternoon. One might be ashes-of-roses and have a felt hat dyed to match it and wear a string of carved white wooden beads. The other could be of blue. For dinner-wear, a black or silver or dark green silk lace gown would be charming. Or if you want something more striking, a printed lamé with a touch of velvet at the neck is excellent.

DEAR MISS LANE:

January is always a dreary month for me and my office work seems to be heavier at that time. I thought this year I'd brighten it up with a brand new costume. May I have some suggestions from you?

Being 5 feet 2 inches in height is something of a handicap. My weight is 108 pounds. I have brick red hair and freckles even in the winter time.

With many thanks,

SANDRA.

DEAR SANDRA:

Why not make the new costume a curly black woolen suit with a coat that has front buttons up to a striped jersey scarf? The stripes might be black and dark green or that orange-rust color that would blend in with your hair. Wear a narrow patent leather belt with it and black suede gauntlets.

Write to Miss Lane about your wardrobe problems. She is in constant touch with the experts of the Hollywood studios. Through her you can gain invaluable information about clothes—everything from the latest Hollywood and Paris fads to practical, sensible advice about your own personal wardrobe needs. Address Miss Virginia T. Lane, in care of MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

"ARE MY TEETH AS WHITE AS NATURE INTENDED?"

Ask Yourself that Question!

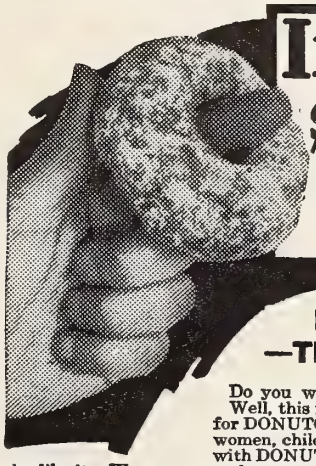
WHY HAVE *thousands* changed to Prophylactic? The answer is simple—they made the 3-day Prophylactic test! They proved to themselves that Prophylactic Tooth Paste or Powder (use either, according to your preference) actually made their teeth *far whiter, more lustrous* than any dentifrice they ever used. They saw discoloring film and ugly stains quickly and safely removed. They saw their teeth as Nature intended them to be.

If you have not made the Prophylactic test, do so at once. You will be proud of the *new beauty* of your teeth! Paste or powder in large 35c sizes at drug or department stores — and in 10c guest sizes at 5c and 10c stores. Or from Prophylactic Products Corp., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

PROPHYLACTIC

TOOTH PASTE or POWDER

To keep your breath above reproach, use Prophylactic Mouth Wash, the marvelous new antiseptic and deodorant. 25c and 10c sizes.



Imagine Making $15 a Day out of Doughnuts!

Here's Your Chance to Do It NOW! —Thanks to This Amazing New Discovery

Do you want to make $15 a day full time—$2 to $4 an hour in spare time? Well, this is your chance. Just help me take care of orders in your territory for DONUTO and cash in on the huge national appetite for doughnuts. Men, women, children—*everybody* likes doughnuts. And now they're so easy to make with DONUTO. DONUTO is a new and unique product. Absolutely nothing else like it. Women everywhere are wild about DONUTO. And no wonder. It makes delicious, crisp, light, fluffy doughnuts and crullers in a jiffy. Simply add water and fry. DONUTO contains flour, eggs, milk, sugar, shortening, baking powder, and flavoring—all scientifically blended in highly concentrated form. No muss. No trouble. No failures. Always ready for instant use.

HANSON MADE $75 A WEEK IN SPARE TIME

Hundreds of men and women are earning amazing profits with DONUTO and my other fast-selling specialties. No capital, training, or experience needed. Simply follow a few easy instructions and take care of the orders. No hunting for customers. Every housewife is a prospect for this permanent, year-round money-maker.

H. C. Hanson, N. D., *made as high as $75 a week in spare time.* He is only one of hundreds. Look. Mrs. Bertha Hodges, N. Y., reports profits of $18 to $20 a day. Van Allen, Ill., made $125 in a single week. Mrs. Pearl Kelley, W. Va., $26.23 in one day. Victor Baumann, Fla., $83 the first 5 days. Katherine Lowe, Ky., $4 to $6 an hour in spare time. Of course some make more than others, but these earnings of a few of my Representatives show the wonderful possibilities.

No Capital or Experience Needed

None of my Representatives had a bit of experience—but look at their earnings! And right now I'll give you a proposition *even better* than the one I gave them. No matter who you are or where you live, it's a chance to make big profits. Every housewife is a prospect. Just call and handle the orders. People *must* order from you *because I don't sell through stores.* Thus I protect you from store competition.

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address on the coupon. I'll show you how to get started making $10, $15, or $20 a day. But act quick—before somebody else gets in ahead of you. Get the cream of the profits. Clinch the big, permanent, repeat business. You don't risk a penny in getting the facts. Send coupon TODAY SURE!

MAIL THIS NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., Zanol Products Co., 30 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tell me about your wonderful new proposition that offers a chance to make $15 a day full time or $2 an hour spare time.

Name_____

Address _____

© Z. P. Co. (Print or Write Plainly)

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 114)

ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail," "The Seas Beneath," and "Young Sinners," all for Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Star of "Charlie's Aunt," Christie-Columbia. "The Girl Habit," Paramount. Comedian in "The Dover Road," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "The Beloved Bachelor," and "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Utah Kid," Tiffany. Lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia, and "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

SHANNON, PEGGY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Wanda Kelly in "The Secret Call," dual rôle in "Silence," Lee Millet in "Working Girl," and featured rôles in "Murder by the Clock," "The Road to Reno," and "Touchdown," Paramount.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starring rôles in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul," and "Private Lives," M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; married to Helene Costello; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Stellar rôle in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland," "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood," for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now making two-reelers for Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "City Streets," opposite Gary Cooper. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy," "Shop Girl," and "Blind Mice," Paramount. Rose in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Safe in Hell," First National. Stellar rôles in "The Miracle Woman," and "Forbidden," Columbia.

STARR, FRANCES; divorced from Haskell Coffin; born in Albany, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Mrs. Leeds in "The Star Witness," and Mrs. Townsend in "Five Star Final," both First National.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Always Goodbye," Fox. Costaud in "The Phantom of Paris," M-G-M. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal, and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M.

STUART, NICK; married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "Joy Street," Fox, and "Grandma's Girl," and "Television," Mack Sennett. Juvenile lead in "Sundown Trail," RKO-Pathé.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Sam in "Gambling Daughters," comedy lead in "Reckless Living," and co-starred in "Pudge," Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; divorced from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Trespasser," "What a Widow!" "Indiscreet," "Tonight or Never," all for United Artists.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Laura Endicott in "Murder by the Clock," gay divorcée in "The Road to Reno," and Marie Bailey in "Girls About Town," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "The Unholy Garden," and mother in "Street Scene," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; separated from Grace Mackay Smith; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song," Lieutenant in "New Moon," Farady in "The Southerner," and stellar rôle in "The Cuban Love Song," all for M-G-M.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth," "Seed," and starring rôle in "Boulevard," all for Universal. Diana in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

TODD, THELMA (her name has been changed to Alison Loyd); unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with ZaSu Pitts in "The Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Feminine lead in "Corsair," United Artists.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Twenty-Four Hours," and "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Star of "Graft," Universal. Male lead in "Once a Lady," and featured rôle in "The Heart Is Young," Paramount.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bill Jackson in "Fighting Caravans," Paramount. Featured rôles in "Shipmates," and "Sporting Blood," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Douray in "Six Cylinder Love," and Bill in "Goldie," Fox. Male lead in "Ground Hogs," and "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

TWLVEETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Starred in "A Woman of Experience," "Bad Company," "The Second Shot," and "Breach of Promise," all for RKO-Pathé.

VALLI, VIRGINIA; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Isle of Lost Ships." Starred in "Guilty," Columbia, and "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man." Featured rôle in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros. Robert Fyfe in "The Black Camel," Fox. Featured rôle in "Men In Her Life," Columbia.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

WALTERS, POLLY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Molly in "Expensive Women," and Peggy in "Larceny Lane," Warner Bros.

WARNER, H. B.; married to a non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Raymond in "Expensive Women," First National. Major Schmidt in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé. Townsend in "Five Star Final," First National. Featured rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured part in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox. Bob Denton in "Men Are Like That," and Clint Turner in "Duty Bound," Columbia.

WHEELER, BERT; married to Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," "Full of Notions," and "Peach O' Reno," all for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôles in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow From Chicago," both for First National. Starred in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany.

WHITE, MARJORIE; Married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Sadie in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and Pee-Wee in "Women of All Nations," Fox. Penelope in "Broad-minded," First National.

WILLIAM, WARREN; unmarried; born in Aitken, Minnesota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Mr. William is a well known stage actor who made his talkie debut opposite Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women," for Warner Bros. "The Honor of the Family," Warners. Featured rôles in "Captain's Wife" and "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Once a Gentleman," Cruze-Tiffany, and "Temptation," Columbia. Peggy Carter in "Seed." Star of "As Before, Better Than Before," both for Universal. Second lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists.

WITHERS, GRANT; separated from Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade," Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages," Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Returns to American screen after two-year absence in England as Ling Moy in "Daughter of the Dragon," and featured rôle in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in Florida. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Vice Squad," and in "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Too Many Cooks." Starred in "Everything's Rosy," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Full of Notions," "Caught Plastered," and "Peach O' Reno," RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Feminine lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "The Unholy Garden," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now playing on the New York stage in "Nikki."

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. She returned to the films in her first talkie, "Kept Husbands," an RKO-Radio production. Star of "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany.

YOUNG, LORETTA; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Claire McIntyre in "Big Business Girl," First National. Dot Drew in "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery," and Madge in "Merry Wives of Reno," First National. Feminine lead in "I Like Your Nerve," First National. Sob sister in "The Gilded Cage," Columbia. Society girl in "Taxi, Please," Warner Bros.

More About Hollywood

(Continued from page 90)

IF only that Casanovian young millionaire producer, Howard Hughes by name, would settle down to a nice steady romance—or get married or something—half of our worries as columnists would be over. Just now he seems to be overdoing the "Safety In Numbers" gag, and the other week-end he entertained on his yacht not only Dorothy Jordan but Barbara Kent and Mary Brian and the blond Mary Carlyle as well.

In comparison, your old friend Don Juan must have been pretty tame.

THE opening of the stage play, "Camille," brought out a host of screen stars, probably because of the local interest in Gilbert Roland. The young Mexican had not a trace of an accent before the footlights—losing it in only two weeks of hard study. Gilbert himself was so elated over the fact that, following the first performance he shouted wildly to friends that gathered about in his dressing room: "Yu canno' taal mee frum an Ennglishmeen . . . no?" He was so excited that his accent was, for the moment, worse than ever.

Everyone in the first-night audience seemed to feel that Roland was playing direct to Norma Talmadge, who sat, beautifully gowned in white velvet, in a front-row seat. Norma and Gilbert played together in the silent picture version of the story. Remember?

Black combined with white or pale pastel shades predominated in the stars' gowns. Carole Lombard wore pale peach lace with a black wrap. She looked lovely—and very happy, too.

Connie Bennett brought back thirty-five original Paris creations when she returned to Hollywood from Paris—twenty for her next picture—and the rest for her own wardrobe.

Wonder if a wedding dress was included? Connie simply couldn't *marry the Marquis de la Falaise in anything but a chic Paris gown.*

GARY COOPER has been out of the limelight more or less since the Lupe Velez affair washed up. When he's not getting himself rumored in love with Talluluh Bankhead, he just works. And when he isn't working, he's studying voice or taking solitary drives in his long blue and yellow phaeton.

Just recently he bought a 5000-acre tract of land in Coachella Valley which will be used for agricultural purposes.

Stars' Dogs

(Continued from page 37)

home at Beverly Hills, Sandy gave the new abode the once-over and then trotted back to the deserted house and took up his post on its front porch, as permanent guard. It was difficult to coax him to transfer his allegiance to the new abode.

Not only did Sandy teach himself to cross a street in traffic, but he taught two other dogs the same trick. He thinks things out for himself, does Sandy; in true collie fashion. His nose is beginning to silver and the infinitely pathetic "old dog" look comes into his eyes now and then. But he is still good for several years to come.

LET'S get back to braces, shan't we? Here is a brace of Doberman Pinschers. Beauties, both of them; and owned by different stars.

One of them is Mugsey, who deserves a more high-sounding name. He is the inseparable pal of Richard Barthelmess. The other is Ramon Novarro's Lux. Novarro chanced to see Lux, as a shambling puppy, outside a Michigan kennel yard, during a motor trip. He bought the pup on sight. By luck or judgment he bought one of the finest and cleverest Dobermans in this entire country. By luck or judgment—more likely by judgment—he has shaped him into a glorious comrade.

That big and show-type chow belongs to Marie Dressler. She bought him in Italy, seven years ago, as a fluffy six-month pup that looked like a baby bear. Miss Dressler named him Ming—I wonder how many people have named their chows Ming, with the belief that they alone had thought of the name—and he goes everywhere with her.

When she can't take him along, she has relays of friends who vie with one another for the honor of harboring and entertaining Ming during his mistress' absences. But once, when Miss Dressler was away from him for three months, Ming pined and stopped eating. Only his mistress' return kept him from dying of heartbreak.

HELLO, here's another police dog! He is Nestor. Strictly speaking, he belongs no longer in this Hollywood dogshow of ours. He began life as George O'Brien's pal. George had to go away for weeks at a time on studio and location work. So he gave Nestor to the warden of San Quentin prison. There Nestor chose a new master: one of the convicts. When the convict was freed, he wrote to O'Brien, telling of his chumship with Nestor, and asking leave to buy the dog that had lightened his prison life. George had the great dog sent to the ex-convict as a gift. The two live happily together in their new-found liberty.

Let's stop for a moment at the bench of this queer little dog. The blood of fifty champions courses through her veins. But, unluckily, each of the fifty champions belonged to a different breed. Her name is Traffic. She belongs to Lew

"Don't spoil the party"

someone called when I sat down at the Piano

—a moment later they got the surprise of their lives!

"IT'LL seem like old times to have Dan with us again." "You'd better lock the piano!" came the laughing rejoinder.

How well I knew what they were talking about. At the last party I had attended I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing.

Before long, however, I turned around and—*the room was empty!*

Burning with shame, I determined to turn the tables. Tonight my moment had come.

Turning to Bill, I said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned. . . ."

For a moment no one spoke. Then someone called: "For heaven's sake, *don't spoil the party!*"

I Fool My Friends

That was my cue. Instead of replying I sat down at the piano and struck the first bars of "Sundown." And how!

The guests gasped with amazement. When I finished there was loud applause.

Bill demanded: "*How did you do it?*"

"I just took advantage of a new way to learn music! There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay, and I studied only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. Almost before I knew it, I could play *anything*—ballads, rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz!"

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano, Violin, Guitar, Saxophone, Organ, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, *or any other instrument*

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this easy 'at home' method that has taught over 600,000 people. So simple you don't have to know the slightest thing about music. Progress amazingly rapid because every step is clear and easy to understand. Cost averages just a few cents a day.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our illustrated Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. If you really want to learn to play—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Sign the coupon below. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1441 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1441 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course.

Have you Instrument?

Name

Address

City State

"Use My Mirror for the Evening—

I'M THROUGH WITH MAKE-UP TILL TOMORROW"

"—But, my dear, I *do* mean it!—Can't believe it? Well, I couldn't myself till I found this make-up secret of Old Spain." . . . Beuté is new to America, but word of such a sensation flashes quickly between women who know smart make-up. . . . Here is a make-up that is practically *permanent* for the day. A highly superior lip-stick that just *won't* rub off—and a new youth-bringing *hand made* rouge by a master cosmetician. Try it—you will be amazed.

THE FAMOUS BEUTE LIP-STICK · · · ROUGE now 25¢

Sold at Cosmetic Counters of KRESGE and KRESS stores

FORM DEVELOPED in 30 Days

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands.

Yes, in just thirty short days you can increase your feminine charm and mould your contours to the firm, youthful shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions willwork wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

FILL OUT YOUR FORM this New Easy Way

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how undeveloped your figure may be, you owe it to yourself to try this wonderful method. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my figure fill out until now it is shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

FREE My valuable new Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form and how to fill out the figure to graceful, feminine curves.

Mail Coupon with only $1.00 and I will mail you large container of Miracle Cream, with complete instructions for developing shapely feminine form, together with FREE BOOK, all in plain wrapper. Offer limited. Send at once.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-1
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-1
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me large container of Miracle Cream with instructions and Free Book in plain wrapper.

Name

Address

Town State

Rupture No Longer Spoils My Fun

"Now that I am rid of my rupture and do not wear a truss, I enjoy dancing again. Many strenuous activities are pleasures, because I am not handicapped in any way. My work is no longer a task—I enjoy it. No one would ever believe I was crippled by rupture."

This is the way people write us after ridding themselves of rupture by using STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS.

Stacks of sworn endorsements report success—without delay from work.

Plapao-Pads cling to the body without straps, buckles or springs. Easy to apply—economical and comfortable.

Convince yourself by actually testing Plapao at our expense. Send coupon today.

Test of Factor "PLAPAO"

FREE! ACT SPEEDILY

—MAIL COUPON BELOW TO-DAY—

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.,
800 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me FREE Trial Plapao and 48-page book on Rupture. No charge for this now or later.

Name .....

Address .....

DISTRIBUTORS, AGENTS SELLS LIKE WILD-FIRE

$380 monthly selling 10 improved patented Carter Window Washers daily. Cleans, dries, polishes. Good Housekeeping approval. Restricted territory. Write today. Carter Products Corp., 1032 Front Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address

Artificial Ear Drum.

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

Beautiful Complexion In 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, white heads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days.* My method is so different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You're not obligated. *Send no money.* Get the facts.

DOROTHY RAY 646 N. Michigan Blvd. Dept. 3812, Chicago

Astrology

What do the Stars Predict for 1932?

How will your personal affairs turn out? Would you like to know? Our special 12-page Astrological Reading gives predictions, month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1932 based on your sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, raises in salary, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthday with $1.00 for reading.

Franklin Pub. Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. 1551 Chicago

6 FUSES in ONE PLUG

AGENTS AND DISTRIBUTORS EARN $500 TO $1000 A MONTH

New improved patented 6-in-1 Fuse Plug. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories. "A turn to the right brings back the light." Safe, economical dependable. Exclusive territory to distributors. Write for proposition. Send 25 cents for sample and working instructions.

6-in 1 Fuse Co., 801 W. Madison St., Dept. 146, Chicago, Ill.

Cody. A story goes with Traffic and with her name. Here it is:

One night, as Cody was on his way home, he saw a forlorn female dog trotting across the street. At the same instant a big motor car whizzed around the corner; hitting the canine waif and knocking her screaming and writhing into the gutter. The car sped on, unheeding. Cody picked up the hurt dog tenderly and carried her home. There he tended her many injuries and nursed her back to health.

Because of the adventure that had befallen her in the street he named her Traffic. When she was well enough to move around, she adopted her rescuer as the One Man. Since then she has been his worshipping shadow. One day, as he ordered her back from dashing across a crowded street, a friend asked him what he was shouting about.

"I'm just directing Traffic," replied Cody.

THERE is a dog whose photograph can't be taken, now, because he has drifted out of picturedom. He was Bud, the bull-terrier (brindled) house-pet of Cecil DeMille. Bud had a morbid craving for just one form of diet: asparagus-butts. He would sit beside my chair, when I chanced to dine with Cecil and his family, and would fairly thrill with eagerness as the asparagus was brought in. Be the butts ever so tough and stringy, Bud used to snatch them from my hand wolfishly and swallow them, unchewed, as fast as I could feed him!

I was an easy mark, and Bud knew it. But other guests were less generous with their asparagus butts. Bud took to reminding them of their stinginess—with bites, which carried a punch. Wherefore DeMille reluctantly parted with him. It was a case of losing his best-liked guests or of losing Bud. So Bud went. Toward me, Bud was friendly to an extreme. But, as I have said, that was because I fed him lavishly on the ends of the asparagus that were too hard for human chewing. He fell victim to the asparagus habit. May he be buried beneath an asparagus bed!

This bulldog, in the next bench—Russell Gleason's Puffin' Bill—has the proud reputation of being "the ugliest dog in Hollywood." James and Lucille Gleason gave him to their son, Russell, for a Christmas present. As a bush-league dog-expert, I deny his ugliness. True, his face has a bashed-in expression. But so has John Bull's.

Note the mighty depth of chest and the satin-smooth skin and the wide brain-space. Call that ugly? NO! I'd rather have Puffin' Bill at my side in a fight than many a more smugly classical looking ally. Besides, Russell Gleason gets more fun out of photographing him, over and over again, than if the bulldog were less striking in aspect. I am strong for Bill.

A BIT of a yarn goes with that plump wire-hair fox-terrier, Catherine the Great, and her two pudgy puppies, snuggling happily against Helen Twelvetrees. Three of Miss Twelvetrees' dogs roamed out among the hills, one day, not long ago. There they found a young coyote. Half leading the wild thing and half dragging it, they brought it home. Miss Twelvetrees adopted it.

Jealous at the importance her canine fellows had gained by this exploit, Catherine the Great went them one better by having these two puppies which are her mistress's newest favorites. Their names are Nip and Tuck.

Coming back to the brace classes: the pretty girl on that bench is Constance Bennett. She vows that the two dogs she holds—black Peter and white Pan are both of them Scottish terriers. If so charming a girl did not make the claim and if I wasn't afraid she might set the two dogs on me, I should say that Peter is unquestionably a high-quality Scottie; but that Pan is most indubitably a Highland terrier. However, she owns them both and she should know best. So let's avert an argument by passing quickly to the next bench and the next entrant.

Here is another very genuine Scottie. Bunkie is his name. The giant who holds him in his lap is Ernest Torrence, another celebrity whom long ago I tried to interest exclusively in collies—in the prehistoric days when he played, with Thurston Hall and Wilda Bennett, in Victor Herbert's "The Only Girl." Bunkie is twelve years old, and Torrence raised him from earliest puppyhood. They are thus lifelong companions—as far as Bunkie is concerned.

Bela Lugosi, of "Dracula" fame, hails the judge with another brace of Doberman Pinschers. Grand dogs, these two, Duke and Greta. They live up to the boast that "the Doberman has a human brain."

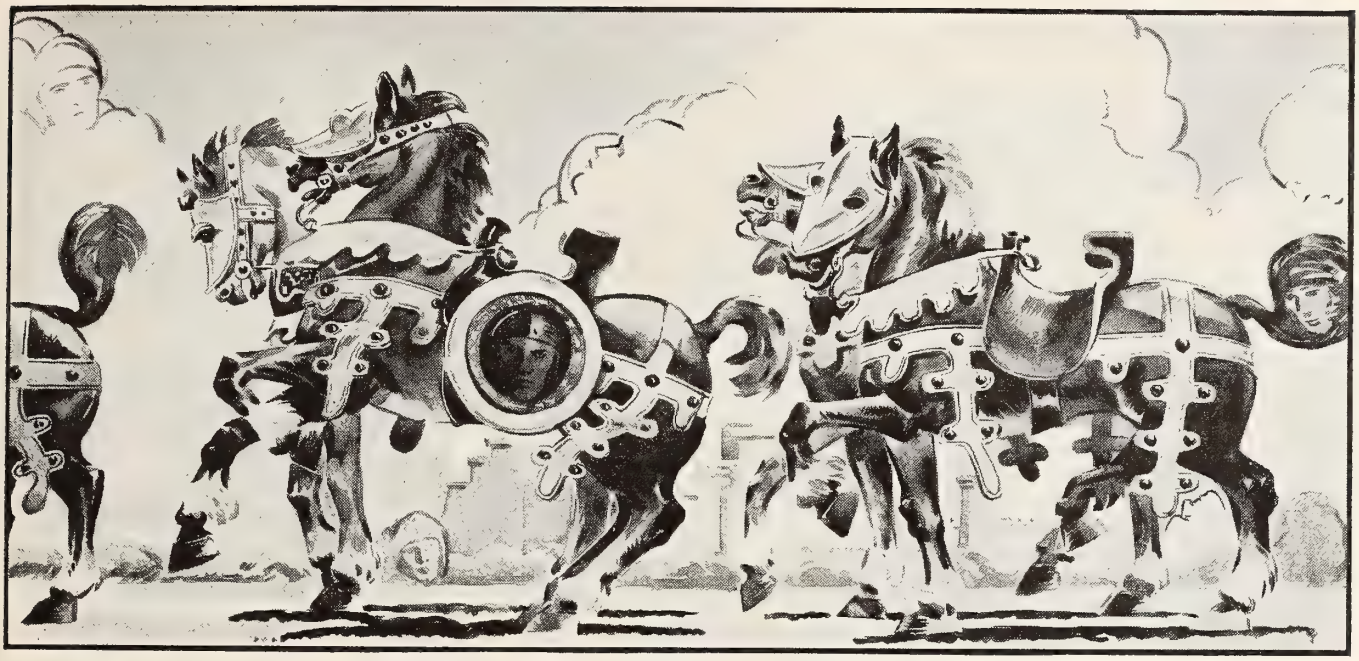
Their ancestry is long. Their pedigrees read like a Hungarian wine list. But best of all they love their master and they work brilliantly and obediently at his slightest word. Duke, by the way, is Greta's sire. He it was that taught her by example to snatch up her collar and leash and rush to her master, at Lugosi's careless question, "Want to go for a walk?"

GENEVIEVE TOBIN'S Sealyham comrade originally was named Robert Bruce. But he is known to her and to his intimates as Sealy. He is a friendly little chap, and fond of all the world, except Scottish terriers. He has an anti-Scottie complex. At sight or scent of a Scottie, no matter how far away, Sealy goes berserk—not to say haywire.

More than once he has gone to the hospital with wounds acquired in mortal combat with a Scottish terrier. Miss Tobin expressed her one consolation as to these wounds, when she said, "Anyhow, the Scottie is always worse cut up than Sealy is."

We could spend hours strolling through this Hollywood dogshow I have been staging for you. Perhaps some other day we'll take a second trip through it.

But today's jaunt has told us, past question, that Hollywood is a paradise for dogs. Also that Hollywood's dogs are mighty lucky in their owners. The term, " a dog's life," takes on a new and happy meaning here.



Win $2,500 or Buick 8 Sedan and $1,000 Cash

Can You Find the King's Men?

The King's Horses stood in the Court Yard of the great Castle. But where are the King's Men? **Can you find them?** The faces of the King's Men are shown in odd places about the picture. Some are upside down, others look sideways, some look straight at you. **Mark on the picture as many faces as you can find and mail to me at once.** Sharp eyes will find them. Can you?

We are giving $7,500 in more than 100 prizes in a sensational new plan to advertise our business. Also **thousands of dollars in cash rewards.** In a former campaign, Mr. Dennis Beemer, Utica, Mich, won $4,740. Miss Helen Schick won $2,565. Many others won big prizes. In our new campaign someone wins latest model Buick Sedan delivered by nearest dealer and $1,000 cash (or $2,500 total if all cash is preferred)—why not you?

$1,000 Extra Just for Promptness

We want this advertising campaign started at once. Therefore, $1,000 extra cash will be given the first prize winner for being prompt. Send your answer today—take no chance of losing the $1,000 extra promptness prize.

Mail Coupon Today

The money to pay all prizes is already in a big Chicago Bank waiting for the winners. If you answer now, and take an active part, **you are sure to get a cash reward.** You may win a new Buick 8 Sedan delivered by your own dealer and $1,000 cash (or $2,500 if you prefer all cash). Duplicate prizes given if there are final ties. You are under no obligation if you answer. **It doesn't require a penny of your money to win.** No matter where you live in the U. S., if you want to win a big prize send your answer today and you will qualify for the opportunity. Someone will win! **Find the King's Men.**

Indiana Farmer Wins $3,500

C. H. Essig, a farmer, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your $3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it! Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win."

Mr. Essig on his Farm

Woman Gets $2,565

Helen Schick, 308 Ambard St., Belleview Penna., writes: "Thank you very much for the $2,565.00 prize check. It surely makes a person feel good to receive a check like this."

Housewife Won $4,705

Mrs. Kate Needham of Portland, Ore., wrote: "Oh! I thank you so much for the $4,705 I won. It must be a wonderful feeling to know that you have made anyone as happy as I am. I will never forget your Company."

M. D. Reidman of Eveleth, Minn., won $2,560. Miss Serene Burbach, of Wisc., won $1,125.00.

Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns.

Send No Money Just Mail This Coupon NOW

Remember—you will absolutely receive $1,000.00 CASH if you are prompt and win first prize. So, send your answer at once. Make sure to qualify for this $1,000.00 extra—win a total of $2,500.00 if you desire all cash. Tear out the coupon and fill in your name and address now before you forget, or write me a letter.

The main thing is—send in your solution today. You can share in this advertising cash distribution. Hurry! and take no chance of losing the extra reward of $1,000.00 for promptness if you win first prize. Act now! You don't need to send a penny of your money to win! Just find the faces in the picture above and mail with coupon at once for particulars.

ALAN DALE, Mgr.
427 W. Randolph St. Dept. 889
CHICAGO, ILL.

Clip and Mail Today

ALAN DALE, Mgr.,
427 W. Randolph St., Dept. 889
Chicago, Ill.

I have marked the faces in the $2,500.00 prize picture. I am anxious to win a prize. Please advise me how I stand.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 12)

"What do you like best to eat late at night, after you have been partying?" we continued.

"I love broiled lobster," he said, and then continued, a shade wistfully, "but usually I have something lighter. Toasted devilled cheese sandwiches are great. And of course I have a pet way of making scrambled eggs—every man should be able to cook *something*, it seems to me—and scrambled eggs 'à la Lew Ayres' are my specialty."

"Don't you like lobster any way *but* broiled?" we pursued relentlessly.

"There is a way of serving it called, I think, Lobster Supreme," Lew answered. "The lobster meat is cut up in a sherry sauce and served on toast."

"But how about sweets?" we asked.

"I have two pet desserts—one is Chocolate Icebox Cake, and the other is Banbury Tarts."

"And how about candy?"

"Sometimes I like it a lot—and lots of it. And especially at Christmas time. I'm particularly fond of a home made fudge, called "Divinity." It's all full of nuts and smooth as silk. And I'm crazy about stuffed dates."

WE can give only a few of the recipes here—but we have had a new set of Star Recipes printed up for Lew Ayres, and they are yours for the asking. Just mail in the coupon on page 12 and you will receive them all done up in a little folder and ready to be added to your collection of Star Recipes. You will notice that these recipes are now *free!* Not even a return envelope is necessary!

Now here are the recipes for which we have space:

Toasted Devilled Cheese Sandwiches

½ pound store cheese, grated
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon ketchup
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
melted butter
bread

Grate cheese, add seasonings. Mix well and spread between slices of bread. Butter the outside of sandwiches, using very soft butter or melted butter. Toast in electric sandwich toaster or fry on griddle or frying pan over medium heat on range.

Divinity Fudge

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup water
1 cup white corn syrup
2 egg whites
1 cup chopped nut meats, *or*
1 cup mixed candied fruits
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Boil sugar, syrup and water until it forms a long fine thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Then pour this mixture over stiffly beaten egg whites, *very, very* slowly. Beat as you pour. Add vanilla and nuts and continue beating until the mixture commences to lose its shiny appearance. Then pour quickly into large buttered pan and put in cool place to harden. Cut into squares.

Assorted Stuffed Dates

Wipe the dates with a damp cloth. Pit them, if they are not the already pitted variety. Stuff with a mixture of cream cheese and finely chopped nuts (walnuts, peanuts, almonds, pecans or cachew nuts are all good). Or fill dates with marshmallow halves, or peanut butter moistened with as much cream as peanut butter will absorb without becoming too soft to handle. Or fill with a simple fondant made by boiling 1 cup sugar with 1/3 cup water and a few drops of vinegar until it reaches the soft ball stage (238°). Remove from fire and beat until fondant is thick and creamy and stuff dates.

OF course, like Lew Ayres you will probably want to do lovely Christmasy things to your home for the holidays. Strings of electric lights are highly decorative, and by adding a new string or two each year, carefully saving your equipment from Christmas to Christmas, to produce it proudly at the proper time, you will soon find that you have quite a collection of ornaments and decorations for a very small yearly outlay. This also applies to your glass tree ornaments.

It is also a growing custom, and a charming one, to leave your living room shades up at night so that the curtains can frame whatever decorations you use in the window and the whole neighborhood can share with you the beauty and cheer of your tree. Incidentally, have you ever tried using only one, or a combination of two colors in your tree decorations? One of the most beautiful we have ever seen was all in silver. Another was in siliver and gold.

Wax candles should, of course, never be used on a tree. They are far and away too dangerous. Use, instead, strings of electric lights—remembering to keep on hand a few extra bulbs because in many strings, when one lamp fails, the whole string goes out. Wax candles, however, are so suggestive of Christmas that you will want to have them on the mantel or table to add an appropriate note. Candles and candle holders, as well as a complete line of Christmas lights and ornaments, can be obtained at very low prices at the Kress and Kresge stores.

Next month The Modern Hostess will tell you about cookies. We have secured our information first hand from three of the world's most famous youngsters. Watch for the article, but meanwhile don't fail to send for the Lew Ayres Star Recipes—they're free!

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 13)

she went on a trip to Australia with some English friends. The dry air, scorching sun and parching dust which make up Australia's climate soon had the English women's skins looking like leather. Madame Rubinstein's skin remained soft and smooth. For in her trunk was a large jar of home-made face cream which her family had used for generations. The English girls in Madame Rubinstein's party began to beg her to let them borrow a little, every now and then. Good-naturedly, Madame Rubinstein told them to help themselves—until the supply of cream ran perilously low! But she sent home for more, and her companions asked to get some for them, too, and soon Madame Rubinstein was ordering the cream in such wholesale lots that she decided she'd open a little shop in Melbourne. And that was how Helena Rubinstein, Inc., was started.

"Many people think," said Madame Rubinstein to me, "that my products are expensive. True, I have rare and expensive creams and tonics for those women who can afford them—for professional women, and for society women whose many duties make it imperative that they always look lovely. But for the young girl such things are not necessary. For the young girl and the average woman, I have an efficient selection of preparations which I will guarantee will obtain perfect results—for the approximate cost of three dollars and twenty-five cents every eight week! There's economy for you!"

THAT'S a few cents over forty cents a week, according to my arithmetic. And Madame Rubinstein did not mean, mind you, preparations that just do the usual cleansing and softening. No—she meant preparations which will cure the ordinary facial ills to which many skins fall heir: over-dryness, acne, blackheads and (in older women) wrinkles and relaxed muscles.

Here are three preparations each for four different types of skin: for the good, average skin, pasteurized face cream, beautifying skin food, and skin-toning lotion. For the too-dry skin that is troubled with acne—pasteurized

(Continued on page 122)

Ex-Bachelor

(Continued from page 31)

jaunt to the Riviera. I was absolutely surrounded by play-boys and play-girls of the play world. Everyone about me seemed to be having a most glorious time . . . yet I was, if possible, even more lonely than I had been at home.

"Money! An assured income is one of the greatest blessings in life. I know now that I could never be really happy again without a reasonable amount of money. But in spite of our wildest dreams . . . there are only certain things that money can buy. An automobile . . . a home . . . an apartment, if preferred . . . food . . . luxury . . . entertainment of a certain sort . . . a few *real* friends and maybe a greater number of suspicious ones. These things money can give, but it can't give one half the thrill that comes through sharing it with someone else!

"Women! Yes, now we have come to a *subject!*

"Women—the lovely ladies—are supposed to be the joy of bachelordom. Not *one* woman—but many women! Beautiful women . . . when one is in the mood for beautiful women. Gay ones, clever ones, cynical, sophisticated, ingenuous . . . in short, women of every type for every mood fit into this supposed-to-be-delightful picture of modern bachelorhood.

"I'm not posing as any connoisseur of women. Frankly, I don't know a thing in the world about them! The more I meet . . . the less I know. But I'm not going to be fool enough to say that I wasn't interested in women during those years of freedom. What I *am* about to say may sound strange to those with preconceived ideas on this fascinating subject, but it is the truth . . . at least, it was in my case.

THE bachelor does *not* meet the great variety of women with whom he is generally presumed to come in contact. He meets a great *number* of women, perhaps, but, all in all, of surprisingly the same type. That type is, shall we say, the feminine counterpart of the bachelor. Usually she is a divorcée or a bachelor-girl. She has had experiences and interests in her own life. Nine times out of ten she is not looking for anything more serious than a passing flirtation—a passably entertaining dinner companion . . . or, at the most, a casual affair that involves no obligation on either side. She plays the man's game in the man's way. Her type is for the most part, the cocktail and champagne experience of a man's life. But without intending to get moralistic about it, somewhere deep down in every man's heart there is a strong desire for a woman who *needs* him, and him *alone!* Call it male vanity, if you like, but it has come down through the ages and something tells me it is here to stay for quite some time.

"I don't give a hang how much sophistication a man has (or even how much has been wished on him), there is one girl in the world who can set his heart to thumping like a sledge hammer.

"Carole was that girl for me!

"The day I met Carole I had the same feeling as a sixteen-year-old boy on his first date. I was embarrassed and fidgety. I worried over whether or not I was making a good impression on her. It just happened that immediately after our introduction, which took place at the studio, we were left alone to talk over the picture we were about to do together. But we didn't talk about the picture. We talked about men and women and things that happen to them and ourselves. Suddenly, in the midst of this talk with the most beautiful girl I have ever known, a thought came to me: 'Some day I am going to ask this girl to marry me!'

AFTER that, I think I asked Carole to marry me on the average of every half hour. At first she was a bit dubious . . . so many professional marriages fail to work out . . . I had experienced one failure in matrimony previously . . . Carole was just starting out on a career that was tremendously important to her. All I can say is that, thank the Lord, in time I won her over to my way of thinking!

"As for the rest of the story . . . well, we are married. Just that. We haven't made any promises to ourselves about what we will or will not do. We have none of those new-fangled ideas about having separate sets of friends, or going out without each other. There isn't really any *system* for marriage . . . it is something that must be worked out in individual cases. One can't put down any rule for it.

"Speaking broadly, I hope that my experience in life—yes, and even my experience in pictures—will be of some assistance to Carole. But after all, Carole's career is her own. The really important things are for her to solve. She will be happier and wiser by making those decisions for herself. It is right that she should be.

"A great deal has been written and said about the difference in our ages. It's a lot of nonsense! We are in love with each other . . . what, then, does a few years difference make so long as Carole likes to do the same things I do . . . and I enjoy doing the things Carole loves to do? Companionship and congeniality—not age—are the important things in any marriage.

"There is one little word of advice I might be able to give to any and all couples getting married: Begin your wonderful adventure in marriage with a honeymoon!"

"Why?" I asked him. "Because it gives two people a fresh slant on life . . . or because it starts the long voyage with a bit of color and lack of daily routine?"

"No," grinned Bill. "Nothing so fancy. It's just so darn much *fun!*"

"WHY was there no etiquette book for real girls? Girls who worked in offices? Girls who went on 'dates,' instead of having 'social engagements?' June Norton used to wonder. . . "

THAT'S the interesting beginning of the most unusual book of etiquette ever published—

Etiquette and Charm

NEVER again need you read a dull, dry collection of do's and don'ts. You'll find the proper answers to all your questions of what is, and what isn't done, in this absorbing story of an honest-to-goodness girl's life. It gives you in interesting fashion a perfect knowledge of the proper etiquette from girlhood to marriage. You can get your copy now—

At Any Newsstand - 10c

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 120)

cream, medicated acne cream, and special pore paste. For the spotty, discolored skin that is also acne-troubled—a preparation called beauty grains, pasteurized *bleaching* cream, and liquidine (which overcomes blackheads, excess oil and shiny noses). And for wrinkles and relaxed muscles—contour jelly (a fascinating, clean-smelling product) special pasteurized cream and skin-toning lotion.

If you could only afford one beauty preparation, I should advise you to invest in the pasteurized cream. It's quite different from any cream you have ever used. As a matter of fact, it doesn't even *look* like ordinary cold cream. It has just about the consistency of—well, of marshmallow whip! One *dips* one's fingers into it instead of scooping it up. A little bit goes a long way. It would be a bright idea, if your skin is sort of dumpy looking, to spend fifteen minutes every morning massaging this cream into your face. A lot of it will be absorbed and, when you remove the residue with tissues, you will find that you have a perfect powder base. However, if you give yourself this treatment before going to bed, I'd advise the use of a skin tonic afterwards.

I receive more questions about blackheads than almost anything else, and the beauty grains are excellent for this complaint. You *wash* the face with them, and their enlivening use removes dead tissue, and gradually rubs away the impurities. The use of a pore paste in conjunction with this preparation is sensible—to close up the pores from which the impurities have gone.

I REALLY hate to leave the important subject of the skin, but I *would* like to pass along a few little hints which I have gleaned from Madame Rubinstein about the care of the hair. Briefly, her recommendations about shampoos are as follows: wash excessively oily hair twice a week; wash moderately oily hair once a week; wash dry hair once every two or three weeks; and wash normal hair every ten days. Oil treatments are recommended for dry hair and normal hair. The dry scalp should, in addition, have a scalp food applied to it. Oily hair needs a tonic twice a week. Massage and regular brushings are essential for all types of hair. Brush up and out, never down. Tossing the hair about—forward, over the head, and from side to side—is beneficial. Gentle pulling of the hair is also excellent—take small strands, all over the head, and give them gentle tugs.

Never apply soap in cake form to the hair. Make a jelly, by shaving a cake of good soap and melting it. If you are one of those people who "just can't get the soap out of your hair" hunt up an herbal shampoo and use that instead. Soap, left in the hair, looks just like dandruff and is almost as harmful. Cleanse your brushes often—dip them in a bowl of bran after using once. If you are troubled with dandruff, wash the brush after each using.

And here's one final hint for you fortunate people with dark hair and good features who can wear your locks parted in the middle and pulled severely down into a knot: rub your hair with a piece of silk or velvet if you want your hair to have that glossy, jet-black look.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, Modern Screen Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 11)

The grand lady is May Robson, Anne. She's a well known stage actress

I have just returned from seeing a splendid portrayal of a character named Harriet Breen in "Mother's Millions." Can you tell me who the grand lady is who thrilled the entire audience with her splendid performance?

Anne Berine,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

We guess you don't like Garbo, James—is that it? Well, there have to be exceptions to rules

I think Miss Garbo is the most useless star in the movie heaven. If her private life is anything like the way she acts, it would give me the creeps to have to be around her caterpillar, slow-motion movements and hear her voice . . . I have gone to most of her pictures just to see the one playing opposite her and I must say she sure can spoil a good picture . . . You may publish this with the rest of the Garbo fan mail.

James Sigler,
Luray, Virginia.

Yes, Kent Douglass is playing on the New York stage in "Nikki"—but he'll return to Hollywood, maybe

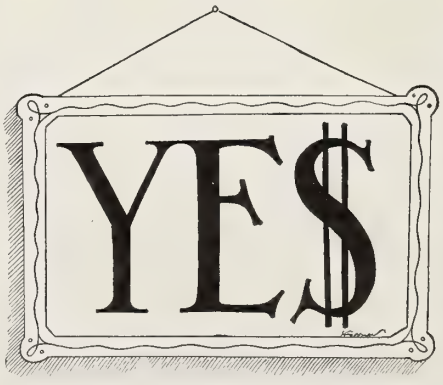
Is this rumor true we hear about Kent Douglass going back to the stage? I was astonished to read this in my daily newspaper. He couldn't leave the screen at this critical moment—this is the turning point in his career. He was marvelous in "Paid" and in "Five and Ten."

Patsy Miller,
Fort Worth, Texas.

"Expensive blondes and cave-men" will please note!

We want good acting in the talkies! More of Leslie Howard, whose smallest gesture speaks volumes, of George Arliss, Sylvia Sidney, James Dunn, Beryl Mercer, Karen Morley of the lovely voice, and Barbara Stanwyck. No more expensive blondes or cave-men unless they can *act!*

Many Fans in
Montreal, Canada.



The assistant director's success motto

You're quite right, Nancy—sorreh!

I was very much disappointed in what you said about Leslie Howard in your Directory of Players. I believe he is an Englishman, he is married, he has two children, and he isn't in "The Brat."

Nancy Dettling,
New York City, N. Y.

ONCE AGAIN—

Let us remind you that, if your letter isn't printed above, it isn't because we didn't like the letter and weren't glad to hear from you. We can't possibly print all the letters—not even all the best letters. But you may be sure that we read all of them with great interest. And we're glad to send you a personal answer to any questions if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. By the way, perhaps we didn't make ourselves clear about sending an envelope for a reply, because many readers have been sending them when no reply was actually needed. It's only necessary to send a stamped envelope when you want a personal reply to questions. One more thing—don't feel that you *must* say nice things about the magazine. Just "between you and me" we like our letters—like Clark Gable—to be not-too-sweet.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, at Dunellen N. J.

EXTRA! **M-G-M NEWS** EXTRA!

THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"

He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world—but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever . . . a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!

WALLACE JACKIE

BEERY · COOPER

The CHAMP

with **Irene RICH — Roscoe ATES**

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Story by Frances Marion *Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins*

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Picture*

"That bully old slogan hits me just right—

. . . no bamboozlin' about that!"

SURE! When a word fits, you know it! "Satisfy" just *fits* CHESTERFIELD. A smoker picks up a package, and he likes its neat appearance—no heavy inks or odors from ink. *That* satisfies him.

Then he examines a Chesterfield. It is well-filled; it is neat in appearance; the paper is pure white. And that satisfies him.

He lights up. At the very first puff he likes the flavor and the rich aroma. He decides that it *tastes better*—neither raw nor over-sweet; just pleasing and satisfying . . . Then he learns it is milder. That's another way of saying that there is nothing irritating about it . . . And again he's *satisfied!*

Satisfy—they've *got* to satisfy! The right tobaccos, the CHESTERFIELD kind, cured and aged, blended and cross-blended, to a *taste* that's right. Everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is the best that money can buy and that science knows about. CHESTERFIELDS do a *complete* job of it. *They Satisfy!*

©1931, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

IA WILCOX PUTNAM • FAITH BALDWIN • ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

FEBRUARY

32

Joan Crawford

HE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S 400

ARDOM'S SOCIAL SEASON OPENS—THRILLING INTIMATE PICTURES

THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME, men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

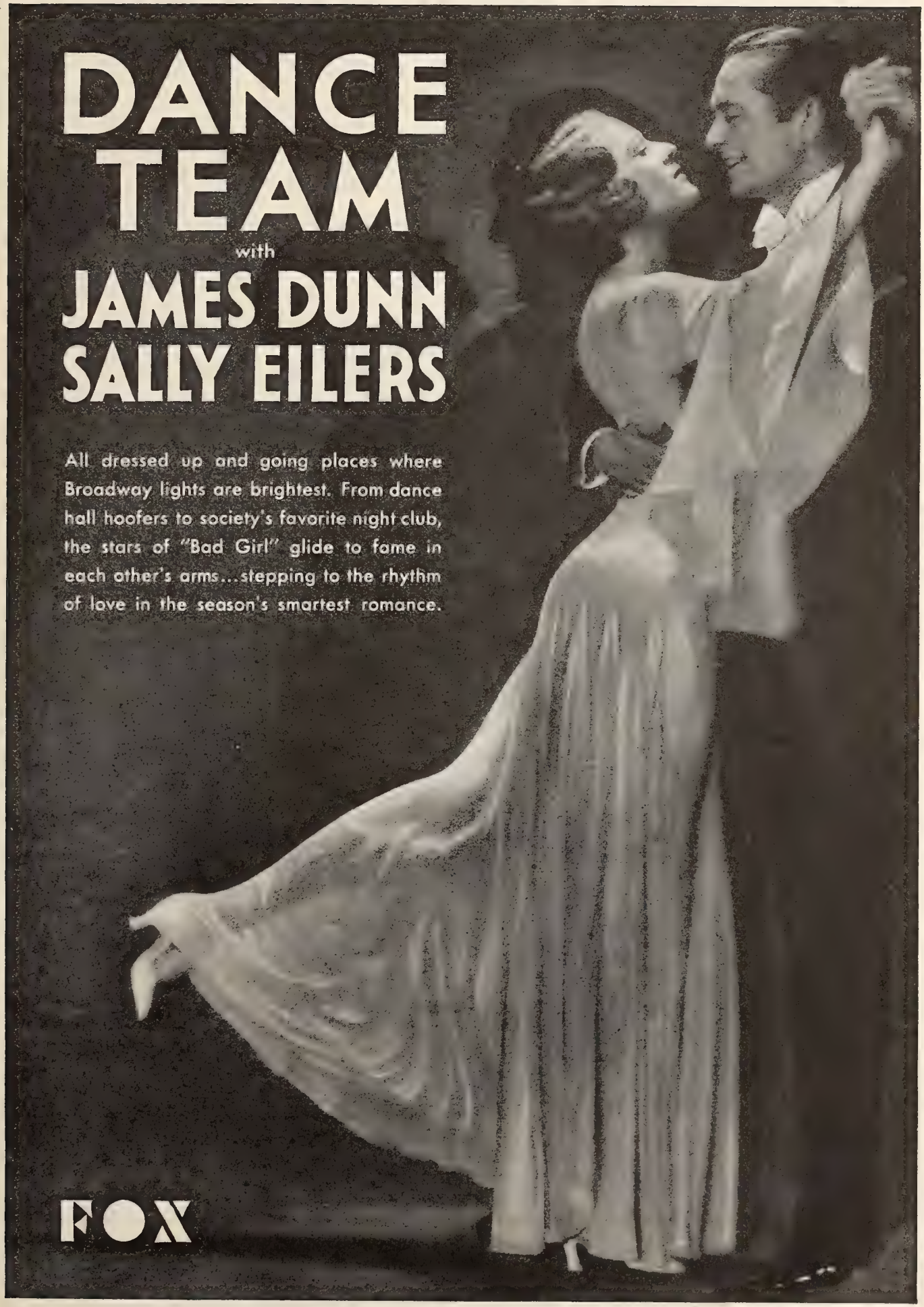
For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.

Greta GARBO IN MATA HARI Ramon NOVARRO

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
and
LEWIS STONE

Directed by
George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE


DANCE TEAM
with
JAMES DUNN
SALLY EILERS
All dressed up and going places where Broadway lights are brightest. From dance hall hoofers to society's favorite night club, the stars of "Bad Girl" glide to fame in each other's arms...stepping to the rhythm of love in the season's smartest romance.
FOX

©CLB 139825

JAN -5 1932

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

The Inside Story of Hollywood's 400 — *Nina Wilcox Putnam* — 27
A who's who of Hollywood society—in story and pictures

Up the Hollywood Years with Joel McCrea — *Walter Ramsey* — 36
Joel grew up with the stars—read about those boyhood days

Warning! Danger Ahead, Hollywood! — *Harry Lang* — 40
Dareos' amazing prophecies for the movie town and players during 1932

To Tell the Truth— — *Jane Drew* — 44
Joan Crawford discusses her rumored divorce with amazing honesty

One Day to Live — *Jack Jamison* — 48
If you only had twenty-four hours of life left—what would you do?

Roddyjock (Fiction) (Illustrated by Morgan Dennis) — *Albert Payson Terhune* — 50
A charming story of a man and girl who weren't speaking—and a Scottie

Fadeout — *Curtis Mitchell* — 53
Robert Williams was the victim of a capricious fate

The Most Inspiring Woman in Hollywood — *Faith Baldwin* — 54
There is only one thing of which Marie Dressler is afraid

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe — *Virginia T. Lane* — 60
Marion's new clothes detailed for your delight—in story and picture

Let Me Be a Human Being (Illustrated by Jack Welch) — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 64
Gloria Swanson's plea for real happiness

Garbo Steps Out—Dietrich Goes into Seclusion — *Carter Bruce* — 70
Greta and Marlene change places—for very different reasons

Stepchild of the Royal Family — *Walter Ramsey* — 74
Why Lionel has never had his share of Barrymore fame—until now

Long Distance Marriage — *Harriet Parsons* — 76
No wonder movie marriages frequently break up

Bing Crosby's Debt to Love — *Hester Robison* — 83
Why Bing's wife gave up her career for his sake

The True Story of Sylvia Sidney — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 85
Sylvia's amazing path to final triumph

Are You Manners-Conscious? — *Harriet Parsons* — 88
David Manners is a young man well worth your interest

Friends Again — 18
The low-down on that Howard Hughes-Billie Dove reconciliation

DEPARTMENTS

Modern Screen Directory: Players — 6
Pictures — 10
All you want to know about the stars, players and pictures

Beauty Advice — *Mary Biddle* — 8
The movie players' newest beauty secrets

The Modern Hostess — 12
The all-important subject of the cookie

Between You and Me — 13
Is your letter among those printed this month?

All Joking Aside — *Jack Welch* — 43
Some more of those unbelievable facts about movie people

Modern Screen Reviews — 56
The films you will want to see—and those you'll want to avoid

They Do Say— — 14, 72, 92
Chit-chat and delicious gossip hot off the Hollywood griddle

And also: Unposed Portraits, 22-25; Hollywood's Social Season Opens, 28-31; Malibu Tournament, 32-33; Party at the Embassy, 34; The Academy Dinner, 35; The Roving Camera, 59; Meet Mrs. Clark Gable, 67; The Screen Loves of Clark Gable, 68; Gallery of Honor, 79-82; Scoops of the Month, 90; At the Tennis Club, 130.

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* **Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative***

Published monthly and copyrighted 1931 by Syndicate Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. H. Meyer, President; M. Delacorte, Secretary and Treasurer. Vol 3, No 3, February, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Price in Canada is the same as in U. S. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

Sealed Lips and Broken Hearts

He couldn't guess why she refused him. She couldn't tell him why. One more romance ended—by the fault that has wrecked so many!

Heartbreaking to refuse him—but no girl can excuse "B. O."

NOTHING can kill romance quicker than for one or the other to be careless about the all-important matter of "B.O."—*body odor.*

Don't take chances. Don't think *you* can never be guilty. Man or woman—young or old—no one is safe. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily, even on the coldest winter day.

The unforgivable fault

You never know when this odor may be noticeable to others. Unless you take some precaution, you're almost certain to offend *someone—sometime!* And it may cost you friends—your sweetheart—business success!

Play safe. Adopt Lifebuoy as your toilet soap—end all "B.O." worries. For Lifebuoy does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant, purifying lather penetrates deeply into pores—removes germs and all odor.

Wonderful for the complexion

This same bland, refreshing, deep-cleansing lather that keeps pores so fresh and clean, keeps complexions radiantly clear and healthy. Work this gentle, searching lather well into the skin. It loosens pore-embedded dirt—wakens dull skins to fresh glowing loveliness. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you why Lifebuoy is such a fine complexion soap—*it purifies!* Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

New!
LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream
This extra-moist lather soaks stiffest beards soft—breaks all records for quicker, smoother, easier shaves. *At your druggist's*

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
stops body odor

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Barry in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Campus hero in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Racing driver in "Blue Blazes," Universal. Male lead in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio. Gob in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé. Geoffrey in "High Pressure," Warners.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write to her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Twenty-Four Hours," "The Road to Reno," "The Dover Road," and "Husbands' Holiday," Paramount.

AMES, ROBERT; born in Hartford, Conn; died in New York City on November 27, 1931. His last rôles were that of leading man opposite Ina Claire in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé, and Joe Warren in "Rich Man's Folly," Paramount.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," and lead in "The Secret Call." Stellar rôle in "No One Man," romantic lead in "Touchdown," and co-starred in "Sky Brides," all for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. Studio. Contract star. James Alden in "The Millionaire," title rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," both for Warners. Tentative title of next picture, "The Man Who Played God," Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," and "Reckless Living," both Universal. German naval officer in "Suicide Fleet," and romantic lead in "The "Second Shot," RKO-Pathé.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to Melba Lloyd; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for Paramount release. Star of "The Crossing," Arthur Independent.

ARTHUR, JEAN; married (annulled) to Julian Anckер; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Cavalier of the Streets," for Paramount. Ingenue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount.. Feminine lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklin Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "White Shoulders," "Smart Woman" and "Sour Grapes," for RKO-Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guinea. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Archie in "Chances," First National. Jellicott in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. The Kid in "The Iron Man," and leads in "Up For Murder," "Heaven on Earth," "The Spirit of Notre Dame," and "Gallows," all for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Carney in "Paid," Tommy in "Reducing," Rodney in "Dance, Fools, Dance," Otto in "Daybreak," and Tommy Osgood in "Guilty Hands," all for M-G-M. Karl in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé. College boy in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Baroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Millionaire in "Rich Man's Folly" and star of "Through the Window," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Tarnished Lady," dual rôle in "My Sin," and star of "The Cheat."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick." Title rôle in "Svengali," Russian ballet master in "The Mad Genius," all for Warner Bros.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; Born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Attorney in "A Free Soul," and the father in "Five and Ten," both for M-G-M. Lawyer in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Male lead in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. Father in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Star of "The Man I Killed," Paramount.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol," El Puma in "The Lash," Breckenridge Lee in "The Finger Points," Cary Lockwood in "The Last Flight," and star of "Alias the Doctor," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Jervis Pendleton in "Daddy Long Legs," and stellar rôles in "The 'Cisco Kid," "Surrender," and "The Widow's Might," Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free-lance player. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Detective in "Homicide Squad," Universal. Capt. Swope in "Then Hell Broke Loose," Columbia. Baggott in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono-Paramount.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Bill in "Min and Bill," gangster in "The Secret Six," aviator in "Hell Divers," and title rôle in "The Champ," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Young Buffalo Bill in "Battling With Buffalo Bill," Universal.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to Marquis de la Coudray; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Valerie in "The Common Law," and Doris Kendall in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Stephanie in "Bought!" Warner Bros. Star of "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox, Jr.; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Hush Money," and "She Wanted a Millionaire," Fox. Now in New York.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Star of "East of Borneo," Universal. Racketeer in "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Football coach in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal. Male lead in "Men in Her Life," and racketeer in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Sue Leeds in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Mary in "Then Hell Broke Loose,"

(*Continued on page 96*)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

William Haines	January 1	Frank Albertson	February 2
Kenneth Thompson	January 7	Russell Gleason	February 6
Chester Conklin	January 11	Ben Lyon	February 6
Warner Richmond	January 11	Ramon Novarro	February 6
Kay Francis	January 13	Eddie Nugent	February 7
Bebe Daniels	January 14	Ronald Colman	February 9
David Torrence	January 17	William Collier, Jr.	February 12
Oliver Hardy	January 18	Mary Brian	February 17
Ralph Graves	January 23	Lew Cody	February 22
Joyce Compton	January 27	Joan Bennett	February 27

Introducing the First Star of 1932

MARIAN MARSH
in "UNDER EIGHTEEN"

"I see the first star . . . The first star sees me . . . she's under eighteen . . . amazingly lovely . . . a creature of fire and emotion . . . blonde . . . petite . . . talented . . . This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final"... *You* made Marian Marsh a star . . . Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love . . . Superb drama! Superbly acted!" » » » » »

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyon and Maude Fulton . . .
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought"

WARREN WILLIAM
REGIS TOOMEY
ANITA PAGE
NORMAN FOSTER
JOYCE COMPTON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

TANGEE

Do men admire natural color?

JUST ASK ONE!

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural! . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that *natural color* which is *so much in vogue today . . . so admired by men!* For TANGEE is based on a marvelous color principle . . . entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on color after you apply it . . . and blends perfectly with your own *natural, individual* coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

Tangee Gives You Natural Color

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Its *solidified cream base* soothes, softens and protects! *Permanent,* TANGEE *stays on* all day. No constant making up! *Economical,* it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. $1.

NEW! *Tangee* THEATRICAL, *a special dark shade of* TANGEE LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE COMPACT *for professional and evening use.*

NOTE: *When you buy, be sure you see the name* TANGEE *on the package. There is only one* TANGEE! *Beware of substitutes, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for!*

To Match Tangee Lipstick!

SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

★ Containing miniature Lipstick, Powder, two Rouges, and "The Art of Make-up"

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. K2
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name_____

Address_____

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

Look to the stars for your beauty—the stars you see on the screen. Miss Biddle tells you how to learn invaluable beauty secrets from them

HOW many of you have ever tried to copy some favorite movie star? Come, now, be honest. Haven't you, perhaps, tried to fix your hair like Greta Garbo? Or, maybe, to acquire that trick of Joan Crawford's of looking up, from under straight, direct brows, out of those enormous eyes of hers—with the head lowered just a trifle? How many girls do you suppose copied Clara Bow in her heydey—hair wild and woolly, figure belted just a trifle too tight, skirts hitched up more than a trifle too short?

And while I'm asking all these questions, I might just as well break down and confess that I, myself, once tried to copy the coiffure Gloria Swanson wore in "Male and Female." Remember? The long hair was swathed elegantly across the brow in the manner of a headache bandage, and there was a much-puffed effect on the top of the head. It looked lovely—exotically lovely—on Gloria. But—for goodness sakes!—it was a hairdress which would require the expert technique of an artist. (It was, I believe, Hatty, the famous colored hairdresser of the old Paramount studio, who did all Gloria's coiffures—and she *was* an artist if ever there was one.)

However, that is an extreme case. What I started out to say was this: I think it is a splendid thing—and a very smart thing—for you to endeavor to copy details in the dress and get-up of some adored movie personality. All I ask is that you choose a model whose type is similar to your own. The danger is that every type of girl—slim, plump, short or tall—will adopt the hairdress, manner and make-up of, say, Greta Garbo! (Surely she is the most copied woman in the world.)

Suppose, for example, that the only claim to beauty which you possess is straight, regular features. No pretty hair or gorgeous skin or glamorous eyes. Just a nice nose and a well modelled chin and a prettily contoured face. You are very fortunate. I suggest that you take for your model Miss Norma Shearer. Observe that Norma never clutters up her appearance with detail. Her hair is usually brushed clean away from her face. She has a lovely hair line—true. But did you know that you can improve your own hair line by gentle brushing of the hair, back and up, from the temples and the forehead? Norma's make-up is never an obvious thing—either on the screen or in real life. She accents her eyes, yes—but with well-blended eye-shadow rather than too-heavy mascara.

NOW, on the other hand, suppose you are a girl without particularly good features. Look at Ruth Chatterton. She admits that hers are not beautiful. But who is ever conscious of her irregular nose and rather too heavy chin? All you are conscious of is a warm, gracious charm—tasteful attire—a beautiful voice. Yes—I know—you can't buy charm in a jar and apply it to your face at night. But you can learn to be charming. You can watch Miss Chatterton on the screen and note the graceful motions of her hands, the animated, *interested* look of her eyes. You will note, too, if you're wise, that her coiffure is always of the simplest (unless she is playing a character rôle).

Let's talk about lips for a moment. It's frequently very easy, you know, to make an attractive mouth out of one that isn't naturally quite beautiful. The trick is not to attempt to make your mouth into something it isn't but to soften its least attractive aspects by the judicious application of lipstick. Look at Joan Crawford's mouth the next time you see her in a picture. Joan is rouging her lips in a rather different and, to my mind, a much more attractive manner. She has a very strong mouth. It expresses character. Joan has decided to *let* it express character—not to try and make it pretty-pretty. Take a tip, girls with wide mouths.

We can all learn a great deal from Gloria Swanson's coiffures. Gloria is a very small person with a tiny, well-shaped head. She has quite a mop of hair. But you never see it bulging out in line-destroying bumps. I remember one smart trick she used in "Indiscreet," when she wanted her coiffure to be close to the head in back and at the sides, but loosely arranged in the front. Her back hair was braided and arranged, very flat, across the nape of the neck, and then looped up as far as the ears on each side, where it was pinned securely. The braids did away with the possibility of any loose ends escaping. Then, of course, you all must remember Gloria's "hat coiffure" which she used in "What a Widow!" Gloria let her hair down before putting on the hat; arranged the front hair as she wanted

(*Continued on page 105*)

Now

quickly, easily, in your own home

A Complete "Beauty Parlor" Shampoo and Wave Set for 10¢

WHY pay a dollar or more for a professional wave set, when it's so simple and easy to get the same results yourself, for a fraction of the cost?

With this new Sta-Bac Combination Beauty Set (shown above in actual size), you can, in a few minutes, create a soft, lustrous wave which has all the smartness and finished look of a "beauty shoppe" wave set—and lasts just as long!

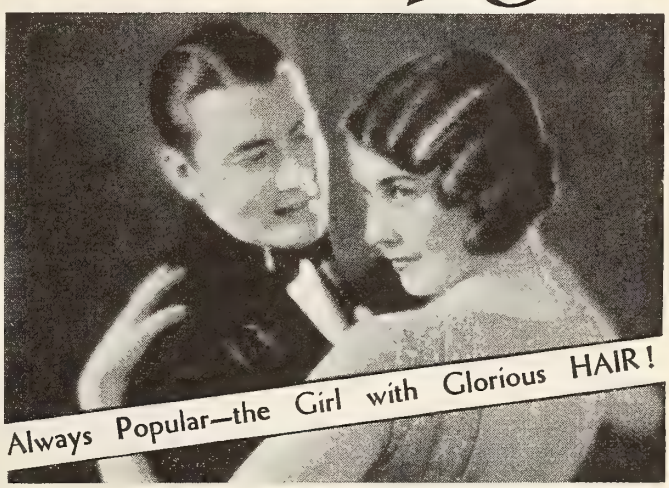
Thousands of girls, all over the United States, already wave their own hair with our famous Sta-Bac Curl Set. (Over 3 million bottles sold last year.)

The attractive Combination Set is for the purpose of introducing to these present users—and thousands of new ones—two other Sta-Bac beauty aids—Sta-Bac Shampoo and Sta-Bac Brilliantine. The generous Combination Set, as well as large size bottles of the individual Sta-Bac preparations, may be had for 10c each at S. S. Kresge stores.

Sta-Bac Curl Set is the perfect waving fluid for either finger waves or water waves. It produces a soft, lovely, lasting wave which is irresistible. It positively will not injure nor discolor the hair or scalp, and leaves none of those objectionable white flakes.

Sta-Bac Cocoanut Oil Shampoo thoroughly and quickly cleanses your hair and scalp. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy, and does not make it brittle.

Sta-Bac Brilliantine gives to your permanent or finger wave a beautiful sheen and lustre. Just spray a small quantity over the hair; you will be delighted with the results. Delicately perfumed.



Whether you are an old friend or a brand new user, you'll be delighted with this new Sta-Bac Combination Beauty Set. Clear and complete directions for use with each set. Get one today, at S. S. Kresge stores.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

Try These Vi-Jon Beauty Aids—in large 10c Sizes

Vi-Jon Creams — Cold, Vanishing, Lemon Bleaching.
Vi-Jon Lotions — Almond, Rose, Lemon.
Vi-Jon Talc . . . Vi-Jon Theatrical Cleansing Cold Cream.

STA-BAC PREPARATIONS

The Secret of Lovely Lustrous Hair

Let your eyes speak the full measure of their beauty

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF THE *New* NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF *Maybelline*

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

Best of all—the NEW Maybelline is absolutely harmless, and it's actually good for the lashes; keeps them soft and pliable. You'll be amazed at the magic of the NEW Maybelline—Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

The NEW *Maybelline* EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 cent stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Clip —FOR PURSE SIZE

MAYBELLINE CO.,
5914-B Ridge Ave., Chicago.

10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... *State*.....

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . Brief and pithy reviews of all the pictures playing around the country at the present time

AGE FOR LOVE (Caddo-United Artists)—Billie Dove's come-back picture. You'll be surprised—and delighted—at the new Billie. It's a story of a husband, wife and stenographer. **Fair—but it would bore children.**

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner)—George Arliss in his impersonation of the famous historical character. Mr. Arliss' performance overcomes a weak story. June Collyer and Doris Kenyon are the ladies concerned. **Good—children will not be particularly interested although they ought to be.**

AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)—Will Rogers getting mixed up with one of those mythical countries. **Very good—very fine for the youngsters.**

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—Theodore Dreiser's famous novel in talkie form with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and others. In this screen version it becomes a pretty strong but depressing court-room story. **Very good—but better leave the tots at home.**

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio)—Wesley Ruggles'—who directed "Cimarron"—idea of the present younger generation. **Very good—and the young people can learn a lesson from it.**

THE ARIZONA TERROR (Tiffany)—A Western with Ken Maynard—and also some pretty good humor. **Very good for Western fans—great for the kiddies.**

ARROWSMITH (United Artists)—Reviewed on page 57. Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. **Excellent—children will be bored by it, however.**

BAD COMPANY (RKO-Pathé)—Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in a gang picture. There's an ending which will surprise you. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

BAD GIRL (Fox)—Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn in Vina Delmar's best-selling story. Full of wonderfully thrilling human interest stuff. **Excellent—but children may be bored by it.**

THE BELOVED BACHELOR (Paramount)—Paul Lukas as a guardian and Dorothy Jordan as the little orphan who falls for him. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are good but the real honors of the show go to Charles Ruggles for his grand comedy. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

BRANDED (Columbia)—Typical Western stuff with Buck Jones in the leading rôle. **Very good if you are a Western fan—splendid for children.**

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers as an American business man who goes to Europe in an endeavor to corner the market on steel for razor blades. Will is quite up to his usual good form. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

THE 'CISCO KID (Fox)—Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe in a sequel to "The Arizona Kid." The feminine interest is supplied nicely by Conchita Montenegro. **Very good—children will love it.**

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in a story of an ex-prize fighter and his son. There are some wonderfully gripping scenes. **Excellent—fine for the kids.**

COMPROMISED (Warner)—Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart in a story about a boarding-house drudge and the rich man's son whom she helps—and gets herself into a misunderstood situation by so doing. **Good—but it would bore the young ones.**

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE (RKO-Radio)—Two fellows and two girls—and one of the fellows marries the one of the girls he doesn't love, in a moment of pique. From then on the plot thickens. **Good—but children won't care for it.**

CORSAIR (United Artists)—Chester Morris as the football hero who becomes a bootlegger, pirate and hi-jacker. If you like action pictures you'd better not miss this. **Good—children will like it, if you don't mind their seeing gang stuff.**

CUBAN LOVE SONG (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 56. Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez. **Excellent—children will like Jimmie Durante's and Ernest Torrence's comedy and Tibbett's singing.**

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox) Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in the famous old story of the little orphan who falls in love with her guardian. **Excellent—little girls will adore it.**

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR (Columbia))—Pretty much hokum with Ralph Graves and Jack Holt. Nevertheless, there's plenty of excitement and some good laughs. **Good—children will like it.**

DELICIOUS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—children will like it, especially little girls.**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—Fredric March. Reviewed on page 58. **Very good but a bit too gruesome for the youngsters.**

DEVOTION (RKO-Radio)—Ann Harding and Leslie Howard in a simple little comedy about a beautiful English girl who makes herself homely in order to be near the man she loves. Ann Harding does her best but it must be admitted that the acting honors go to Leslie Howard. **Very good—but children may be bored.**

THE DOVE (RKO-Radio)—Dolores Del Rio. Reviewed on page 56. **Fair—children may like parts of it.**

EXPENSIVE WOMAN (Warner)—Dolores Costello's return to pictures. All about a wealthy girl who falls in love with three men consecutively—with the inevitable trouble stirred up. Anthony Bushell, Joe Donohue and Warren William are the three men involved. **Good—not for children.**

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF (Warner)—Edna May Oliver as the trouper with the heart of gold. All the old hokum is in this one—plus the advantage of Technicolor. In spite of the very weak story, Edna does well. **Fair—children should like it.**

FIVE STAR FINAL (Warner)—Thrilling exposé of the modern tabloid newspaper method of obtaining news and building circulation. Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh and others do well. **Excellent—but don't take the kids.**

FLYING HIGH (M-G-M)—Kathryn Crawford and Bert Lahr in a musical of the new type. It's a relief after the long succession of non-musical stuff. **Very good—and the children will enjoy it.**

FRANKENSTEIN (Universal)—Weird stuff. Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent—but it's likely to give the kiddies bad dreams.**

FRIENDS AND LOVERS (RKO-Radio)—Adolphe Menjou, Lily Damita, Eric Von Stroheim and Frederick Kerr in a story that isn't much. **Poor.**

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—Another spy story with Ivan Lebedeff, Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin. There are enough complications for three stories. **Fair—children may like it.**

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)—Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman as a couple of very high class gold-diggers. Plenty of sophisticated stuff and some good laughs here. **Very good—but not for the chillren.**

GOOD SPORT (Fox)—Reviewed on page 58. **Fair—not for children.**

THE GREAT PIE MYSTERY (Educational)—Kidding the mystery stories. A short comedy. **Good—grand for the children.**

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—two famous stage figures—in a delightful trifle about an actor who isn't sure of his wife's fidelity and who disguises himself as a Russian Cossack and makes love to her. **Excellent—but it will bore children.**

GUILTY HANDS (M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore in a thrilling murder story—the treatment of which is different from the usual run of this sort of thing. Kay Francis is good in the leading feminine rôle. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

HEARTBREAK (Fox)—A story of aviation during the war. Charlie Farrell, Hardie Albright and Madge Evans. Farrell's not as good as he has been in other pictures. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

HEAVEN ON EARTH (Universal)—Lew Ayres and Anita Louise in something or other about the Mississippi. **Poor.**

HER MAJESTY, LOVE (First National)—Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—and the children will enjoy it.**

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD (Universal)—Gangster stuff with Leo Carillo. As the beer baron his work is memorable. **Good—okay for kids if you don't mind their seeing gangster stories.**

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY (Warner)—Warren William and Bebe Daniels in a tale of duelling days. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (First National)—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a story which reminds one of the sort of athletic thing Doug Fairbanks, Sr., is famous for. **Good—grand for children.**

HE
tried to "get" the
REPORTER
why?

"X Marks the Spot"

Wanted for murder—hunted and hounded by the police—and yet he turned on the man who tried to help him cheat the electric chair! "X Marks The Spot" is one of the most exciting newspaper dramas of the decade.

Featuring

LEW CODY
SALLY BLANE WALLACE FORD
FRED KOHLER MARY NOLAN

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

KARAMAZOV (Tobis)—The famous Russian novel, "The Brothers Karamazov," in talkie form. It's done in German with Fritz Kortner in the leading rôle. **Excellent, if you understand German—but not for the children who do.**

LARCENY LANE (Warner)—James Cagney as a gangster. Joan Blondell is the girl he loves—but she marries a good man. And then—**Good—not for children.**

THE LAST FLIGHT (First National)—The story of "Nikki and her War Birds" in a talkie form with Helen Chandler, Richard Barthelmess, David Manners, Johnny Mack Brown and Elliot Nugent. The story doesn't quite come up to what it set out to be but, nevertheless, it's—**Very good—but children will be bored.**

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (Warner)—Joe E. Brown as a college boy who can't amount to very much unless he is being championed by the girl. The usual misunderstanding with Joe finally coming through with colors flying. **Good—quite all right for the young ones.**

THE LOVE STORM (British International)—English melodrama that has pretty nearly everything in the way of excitement. The all-English cast is pretty good. **Good—children may like it.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore as an insane ballet instructor. Something of the sort of thing he did in "Svengali." It seems that John Barrymore the romantic lover is no longer with us. Marian Marsh is good in the leading feminine rôle. **Very good—children may like parts of it.**

THE MAD PARADE (Liberty)—The part the women played at the front in the Great War. **Poor.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss as a captain of industry who retires because of ill-health, only to discover that work is his best cure after all. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE MIRACLE WOMAN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a girl who becomes an evangelist. There are some exciting moments but Barbara is not nearly as good as she has been in other pictures. **Fair.**

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers are here again in another of their delightfully insane stories. Most of the honors go to Groucho and Harpo. **Excellent—couldn't be better for the children.**

MORALS FOR WOMEN (Tiffany)—Bessie Love and Conway Tearle in a story of a stenographer who is more to her employer than she should be—and how she rights herself with the world. **Fair.**

MY SIN (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead in one of those things about a woman whose past keeps confronting her at every possible moment. **Fair (if you're a Bankhead fan.) Not for children.**

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGORD (M-G-M)—William Haines in the immortal Wallingford rôle and Jimmie Durante as Schnozzle. Plenty of amusing comedy in this. **Very good—amusing for kids, but not edifying.**

ONCE A LADY (Paramount)—Ruth Chatterton as the Russian lady who marries into an English family, regrets it and then runs away and has a lot of affairs in Paris. The main plot is her attempt to make her daughter avoid the mistakes she herself made. **Fair—children would be bored.**

OVER THE HILL (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn, Sally Eilers and Mae Marsh in the talkie version of the famous silent. **Excellent—okay for children.**

PALMY DAYS (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor and the most beautiful chorus ever seen on the screen in a typical Cantor opus which is full of laughs and good fun. Charlotte Greenwood aids and abets Eddie. **Very good—children will eat it up.**

PEACH O' RENO (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—and it will amuse the tots.**

PENROD AND SAM (Warner)—Fine kid stuff with Leon Janney and others doing excellent work. **Excellent—for kids of all ages.**

THE PHANTOM OF PARIS (M-G-M)—John Gilbert again. John has done something or other to his voice but this picture certainly does not restore him to his former popularity. **Fair.**

POSSESSED (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a story about a girl who makes good in the way she planned—at the same time finding love. Be sure and wait for the ending. **Very good—but take the children to see something else.**

PRIVATE LIVES (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent—but much too advanced for the young people.**

RECKLESS LIVING (Universal)—Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke. Reviewed on page 58. **Fair—children wouldn't like it much.**

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Warner)—William Powell in a story about a heart-breaker who finds permanent happiness finally with another man's wife. **Good—but children won't like it.**

THE RULING VOICE (First National)—More gangster stuff—a little differently treated, though—with Walter Huston, Loretta Young, Doris Kenyon, David Manners and Dudley Digges. **Fair.**

SECRET SERVICE (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—and splendid for the children.**

(*Continued on page 111*)

HE
tried to shield the
SLAYER
why?

"X Marks the Spot"

A fiendish killer at large—a chance to win fame by exposing him! Why did the star reporter protect the slayer? Why didn't he turn him over to the police? "X Marks The Spot" is sensational—different—compelling.

Directed by Erle C. Kenton
Produced by Sam Bischoff

"KEEP YOUR EYES ON TIFFANY PICTURES"

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

THE MODERN HOSTESS

. . . Cookies, this month. Try these recipes—then try to keep the kids, and the menfolk, too, away from the cooky jar!

Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green, and Bobby Coogan sampling the cookies which the Modern Hostess thoughtfully took along to the Paramount studios. The favorite cookies of these famous young people are in this month's recipes.

HOW long since you've made cookies? Uh, huh! Just as we thought! We have been around gathering statistics on the cooky situation and been forced to the conclusion that the old-fashioned home-made cooky is, unless we do something about it quickly, like the silent movies—on the road to complete extinction. Now we feel that the cooky jar is a truly great American institution—and we are for upholding it—not alone in theory but in practice. We want a cooky jar in every home—a cooky jar full of crisp, wholesome home-made cookies—the kind that the children and the grown-ups alike both adore.

Now, of course, we know that cookies are supposed to be the exclusive delight of the youngsters, and out of respect for this entirely unfounded myth we decided to turn to the famous children of the talkies to find out just where the cooky stands with children nowadays.

Thoughtfully arming ourselves with a large batch of our own favorite cookies, we set out for the Paramount studios, with the intention of seeing at first hand how the truly famous child feels about cookies. The first youngster we found was little Robert Coogan, Sooky himself. Now, if you ask this boy about his latest press notices or his newest rôle you will find him as disinterested in your conversation as though you were speaking in Chinese. But at the magic word "cookies" there came a gleam of interest into those big brown eyes, and Bobby showed a marked willingness to get conversational. Especially when we showed him what our cooky jar contained. And before you could bite a hole in a chocolate cooky, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl had joined us and were eager to discuss their preferences and to give information between bites.

We would like to remind you once again that the Modern Hostess Star Recipes are now available absolutely free of charge. Simply mail in the coupon at the lower left-hand corner of the page, with your name and address printed plainly on it in pencil. Send no stamps nor money. Incidentally, we still have left a few of the recipes from previous issues. We are glad to let you have these free of charge, too, as long as they last

SO you like cookies," we very obviously stated.

"Yeah!" they replied, as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

"What particular kinds?" we persisted.

"All kinds," they retorted.

"But you don't understand," we said. "Do you like home-made cookies or. . . . "

"Home-made," Jackie interrupted and the others backed him up.

"What kind of home-made cookies do you like best?" we continued.

"Raisin," said Mitzi.

"Cocoanut," said Jackie.

"Ginger," said Bobby.

And then we discussed some of their other favorites, during the course of which discussion chocolate and date and oatmeal and molasses and (*Continued on page 112*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for February—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name .....
(Print in pencil.)

Address .....

.....

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

. . . On this page you may have your own say-so about the talkies and the stars. Write your real, honest opinions to MODERN SCREEN'S editor

Dear Friends:

I know that Dareos' Hollywood prophecy for 1932 on page 40 of this issue will stir your imagination.

And every new moment in film history seems to present some unexpected development, some new personality to look forward to, some fascinating picture, some amazing happenings in the life of one of your favorites. Mingled with the interesting and happy developments, you will always find tragic or disappointing ones.

Here are examples of both sorts chosen at random: Charles Rogers will make no more pictures when his present scheduled films are completed. Nancy Carroll and Claudette Colbert, it is rumored, are making their last pictures for Paramount. If it is true, will another company bid for their services? Robert Williams, after a brief burst of glory, is dead. Despite Dareos' more optimistic prophecy, the Garbo-retirement rumor is stronger than ever. Gloria Swanson is to be a mother again. Maurice Chevalier, whose throat trouble caused by war wounds made him fear he could make no more pictures, has conquered his ailment for the present at least and is being teamed again with charming Jeanette MacDonald. Lionel Barrymore has become a bigger box-office bet than his hitherto more successful brother, John. And they should be magnificent together in "Arsène Lupin." John will then make pictures for Radio. Then there is that rumored cast for "Grand Hotel": Garbo, Gable, Crawford, and Gilbert. And finally, there is a potential cinema comet of whom you've not yet heard. It is a gentleman named Charles Laughton who recently gave the finest individual performance on the New York stage in "Payment Deferred."

Yes, something new every moment. And it is MODERN SCREEN'S boast that it brings you the latest news first. But you must remember that, because of the ever-changing structure of Hollywood, because of the time it takes a magazine to go to press, something you have read in your daily newspaper may have happened too late to reach our pages. But, despite these unavoidable discrepancies, MODERN SCREEN always tries to be first and, if you'll pardon a boast, succeeds.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Some impressions from a British fan. Your letter was too lengthy to do real justice to, Mr. Millward, but we enjoyed every bit of it immensely

Without a doubt there is considerably more action in American films than there is in British films. But, overdone, it is apt to spoil a good film. In the fighting scenes, the "one against many" type, it *is* overdone . . . Clara Bow—she is exceedingly fascinating and alluring. But, please, cannot someone tell her to speak more plainly? . . . (The dresses worn in the films are) beyond reproach and many times alone worth a visit to the cinema. And this from a mere man! . . . And your film stars seem to abound with a superabundance of energy. What is the explanation of this? All the stuff we read about the wickedness of Hollywood must be just bosh. No person could live wrongly and maintain such a degree of physical fitness . . . Your humor is rather varied. I hate slap-dash comedy. I find more humor portrayed in the long films than in the short ones. Charles Ruggles is a master . . . America is full of interest but the film producers don't seem to think so. Considering the size of the country and the amount of American films shown in England, we know and see very little of America itself . . . And for goodness' sake, cannot someone inform Hollywood that all Englishmen do not wear eye-glasses and say "What ho"? The impression seems to be that the population of England is divided between "What ho's" and "Blimeys." . . . The unity of actors and actresses in pictures shows what sports you Americans can be. If there is a great deal of professional jealousy in Hollywood, it never asserts itself in films.

A. Millward,
Manchester, England

No insult was intended, Edna May—merely a fair statement of two much-discussed marriages

I have always been a constant reader of Modern Screen, but no longer. The reason? There was an article in October's issue which simply made my blood boil. One of your writers stated that there was "world-wide resentment" when Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli married. Where do you get that "world-wide" stuff from? Because you and a few others failed in weaving a romance between Charlie and his co-star, Janet Gaynor, you say the whole world is disappointed. How dared you throw such an insult at Mr. Farrell and Miss Valli? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Edna May Lybarger,
Newark, New Jersey

Did you like the cover on our December issue, Virginia?

I want to say how much I enjoyed Clark Gable and Greta Garbo together in "Susan Lenox." Let's have them together in many more pictures. Certain stars seem to play together perfectly. A few of these pairs are Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor; Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan; and Lew Ayres and Joan Bennett.

Virginia Theobald,
Savannah, Georgia

A few of the million or so Gable letters

I was impressed by your inquiry in the November issue concerning Clark Gable. He's a tremendously intriguing character any way you take him. Whether it's that his personality has various types of expression or whether it's the parts he's been given—the fact remains that he's good both as a hero and as a villain. Pauline Schouw,
Tacoma, Washington

(*Continued on page 113*)

Gloria has been very secretive of late. Perhaps she has good reason to be—see page 64. At any rate, neither she nor Michael Farmer would make any statement as the S. S. President McKinley set sail from Los Angeles harbor for Paris.

. . . Here is definite substantiation that Gloria is going to have a baby. The statement was not made by Gloria herself nor by Michael Farmer. It comes, however, from a very authoritative person

GLORIA SWANSON and her twice-married husmand, Michael Farmer are expecting a child . . . to be born in France . . . soon . . . !"

The above words were not uttered by either of the famous parents-to-be . . . they were surprisingly quiet about the subject. In fact, as they locked themselves in their stateroom in Los Angeles harbor on the liner *President McKinley,* they refused to have *anything* to say about *any* subject!

The startling statement came from the ship's doctor, after Gloria and Michael had been aboard about an hour. His discovery was not based upon such a short acquaintance, however. Gloria and her husband had boarded the liner at San Francisco a day and a half before. During the time that the boat was en route from the bay city to Los Angeles, the official medical man aboard had plenty of opportunity to make observations. And his further statement was:

". . . I believe that their child will be born next spring in France . . . I say France, for I know that to be their first destination. . . ."

And with this in mind, we can now understand why Gloria and her international playboy were so difficult to locate for even a short interview. Ever since they arrived from the East a few weeks ago, tongues have been wagging. And when they failed to put in a public appearance many rumors were started. Last month MODERN SCREEN gave you exclusive news of their probable marriage in the East. This has since been made a public fact. We also told you that they would be married again after Gloria's divorce from the Marquis became final. This is also a matter of fact now.

NOW we have the exclusive story on the future heir of that marriage. As we go to press, the rest of Hollywood is guessing . . . we have the word of a reputable medical man who has had the famous star under his professional care for two days!

Gloria's refusal to talk to reporters was thought to be another item of interest since she had made a statement in San Francisco to the effect that she would see the press in Los Angeles upon her arrival and answer any and all questions. This was taken at its face value and the northern papers awaited her story from southern representatives.

In spite of her promise, Gloria hurried past the reporters at the dock and reached her cabin in the least possible time. Once safely inside, she proceeded to lock herself in securely. Michael Farmer made a short statement—with the door locked—to the effect that his wife had nothing whatever to say.

It was after this refusal, that your representative looked up the medical attendant aboard the *President McKinley* for his version of the facts. His short but startling statement is printed here exclusively for the readers of MODERN SCREEN.

Gloria Swanson and Michael, her fourth husband, were secretly married at the home of Dudley Field Malone in Elmsford, New York, on the sixteenth of last August. This marriage was not legal in California for the reason that Gloria's divorce from the Marquis had not yet become "final." Hence, five minutes after the last decree was entered, Gloria married Farmer again at Yuma, Arizona on Monday, November 9.

No action was taken against the couple for their former secret marriage before the final divorce had been entered. The second marriage, performed for the purpose of complying with the laws of California, has been recognized as a move to perfect the prior marriage.

Gloria has always said she wanted another baby. But—at this rather critical point in her career—will motherhood alter the attitude of her fans? To us she will always be glamorous, charming, seductive Gloria. A clever actress—a beautiful woman. Somehow, we think her fans will always feel the same. Good luck, Gloria—and Michael!

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

CONSTANCE BENNETT and the Marquis de la Coudraye are married at last!

The marriage left a great number of questions in the minds of the film colony. Only a few months ago, the Marquis had given out a statement of the reason for his divorce from Gloria in which he had said that ". . . there is altogether too much publicity . . . never any privacy or quiet home life . . . the public eye and the never-ending spotlight is what robbed us of our happiness." What is Connie, Hank, a shy little violet? It looks to us as though it was a leap from the frying pan into the fire . . . as far as privacy goes.

At any rate, two slender bands of platinum in a double-wedding-ring ceremony on November 22, made Constance Bennett and Henri le Bailly de la Falaise de la Coudraye man and wife. . . .

The ceremony took place at the home of George Fitzmaurice, film director, and Justice Lewis R. Works of the Appellate Court read the simple service.

In a beautifully decorated alcove of the Fitzmaurice drawing room, the bride was given away by her father, Richard Bennett. Standing beside Connie and acting as maid of honor was Eileen Percy, former actress who is now a newspaper writer. Joan Bennett, sister of the bride, also acted as attendant. The duties of best man were performed by the French consul in Los Angeles, Henri de Didot.

As the wedding march began, Connie entered the room from the far side, escorted by her father. She appeared radiantly happy and very lovely, in a Mainboucher model of star-sapphire blue, with hat to match. Around her neck she wore a stunning rope of pearls. In her arms she carried orchids and lily-of-the-valley.

Justice Works read the ceremony beneath a bower of white chrysanthemums and lily-of-the-valley, before a small group of very intimate friends: Barbara Bennett Downey, sister of the bride; Neil McCarthey, Connie's attorney; Gene Markey; Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice and Marion Davies.

After the wedding vows had been taken, quite a number of other friends of the couple were received at a reception. Many of those who arrived for this latter event were unable to get to the house for about an hour on account of the hundreds of fans who had gathered for a glimpse of the famous couple following the marriage.

A belated honeymoon is planned for the early spring. Connie is just finishing a picture . . . after which she will do one more before an opportunity presents itself for an extended tour of Europe.

There were rumors in some parts of Hollywood following the ceremony to the effect that Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer will still be in Paris when Connie and the Marquis arrive there next spring. Guesses were flying thick and fast as to the probable outcome of their meeting abroad. Also, most of Hollywood was surprised to learn that Richard Bennett, famous stage actor and father of the Constance, had given away his daughter in marriage. This action was wondered at for the reason that Connie was supposed to be at odds with her parent because she divulged certain facts to an interviewer in New York.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Rex Bell and Clara Bow are married! Although Rex denies it, two men insist they witnessed the marriage in Las Vegas, Nevada. After the secret ceremony Clara and Rex went back to Bell's ranch.

Clark Gable will play the lead opposite Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus."

Jimmie Dunn is romancing with June Knight, a dancer, since his break with Molly O'Day.

Paramount will re-make "The Miracle Man" as a talkie with Tyrone Powers in the rôle of Lon Chaney.

Norma Shearer passed her American citizenship examination. She was a Canadian, you know.

William S. Hart will play the rôle of Patrick Henry in the Washington Centennial Pageant next June.

Barbara Stanwyck's going to do "So Big" for First National. Colleen Moore did it in the silent films.

Gloria Swanson has finally completed "Queen Kelly" at a cost of $800,000. It's quite risqué. Will probably be released abroad.

Edmund Lowe has been signed for the lead opposite Elissa Landi in "Disillusion" for Fox, after same company's having recently failed to renew his contract.

Lya de Putti died on November 26. She swallowed a chicken bone and blood-poisoning resulted.

Robert Ames was found dead under mysterious circumstances in the Delmonico Hotel, New York City. He had come East to play in "Her Confession" with Claudette Colbert.

Gilbert Roland will play a leading rôle in "Her Cardboard Lover," starring Buster Keaton.

IF Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes really get a divorce in the near future, as we hear they are planning to do, it will mark the end of one of the most hectic marital relations Hollywood has ever known. Two or three years ago, Ruth and Ralph were separated for several months, and everyone thought they would take their troubles into the divorce court then. At that time Ruth was finding it hard sledding in pictures — and Ralph was going top speed. Then Fate changed the order of things, and Ruth became one of the leading stars —while Ralph was relegated to lesser parts. However, instead of getting a divorce, they quietly made up their difficulties and everything seemed harmonious once more.

Of late, Ralph has been living the life of a gentleman, thoroughly engrossed in his polo, his hunting and so on. And Ruth has been almost frantic completing her contract with Paramount, under circumstances that weren't entirely congenial—so that she could transfer to stardom at Warner Brothers. As we write this, she is at Lake Arrowhead, helping Warners select her first starring part for them.

RAYMOND HATTON dropped out to the M-G-M café the other day for a bite of lunch and a fond hello for the old gang. Everyone was sure glad to see him. Raymond was once a greater star than Wallace Beery—then they were co-starred in comedies—and then

Extra! Extra! All about the wedding of Connie and the Marquis!

The sad death of Robert Ames on November 27 was a great shock. He had come to New York to make a talkie for Paramount.

The wedding party at the nuptials of Connie Bennett and the Marquis. Standing: Neil McCarthey (Connie's attorney), Henri de Didot, Judge Lewis R. Works, George Fitzmaurice, and Gene Markey. Seated: Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Marion Davies, Eileen Percy, Connie, sisters Joan and Barbara.

came practical oblivion for both of them. For some unaccountable reason Raymond Hatton has never been able to recover from that temporary set-back and now that his old friend Wally is on top of the heap it must be a tough memory for Ray. He told us that he is almost ready to sign for a picture with a small independent company. Who knows . . . ?

Eddie Lowe arrived in New York from Europe on a hurry-up call from Hollywood . . . and was immediately put on the spot by a gang of reporters. It seems that reports have been drifting back from London and Paris to the effect that Eddie and Lilyan were breaking the home ties for good. Eddie, however, put the boys right with the news that "everything is quiet on the eastern front—and Lil and I are on the same terms as before!" Spiking another rumor!

THE rumors persist that Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are about ready for the divorce courts. Sue is in New York at this writing and is said to be having a marvelous time seeing old friends and dashing about generally. While his wife is thus engaged, Nick is holding down the home fort. We are still in hopes that these two old-time friends will be able to avoid this last resort so often utilized by Hollywood couples. They are swell people!

Lola Lane, on the other hand, says that her marriage to Lew Ayres was the means of stopping all the quarrels they had been having during their long engagement. A new reason for marrying, yes?

CHARLIE FARRELL almost suffered a break-down from over-work in his latest picture, "Delicious." Directly after the final shot, he and wife Virginia Valli hopped into the Farrell yacht and started full steam ahead for southern waters. The last we heard of them, they were off the coast of Mexico. Let's hope that the short rest and ocean air will help Charlie avert the break-down.

Janet Gaynor, by the way, who co-starred with Charlie in "Delicious," is vacationing in the East.

THE show must go on" is just as true a saying in Hollywood as it is in New York. When young Robert Williams died, the Connie Bennett picture in which Williams was playing the lead was well into production. What was to be done? Fully a dozen young actors were tested for the part opposite the blond Connie in "Lady With A Past." Finally it was decided that one of her former leading men, Ben Lyon, would be excellent. So the show is now going on with Ben playing the part written for Robert Williams. And, after spending two days on the set watching Connie and Ben, we can warn you that it will be a swell picture!

A little nine-year-old girl in Hollywood got a break recently that every little girl in the country will envy her for. She came out to the M-G-M studio to interview Jackie Cooper. While waiting for Jackie, she had lunch with Roscoe Ates—and we never heard anyone laugh quite so heartily as that little girl at Ates' stuttering. After that, she spent an hour with Jackie and finally had her picture taken with the youthful star. Quite a big day, what?

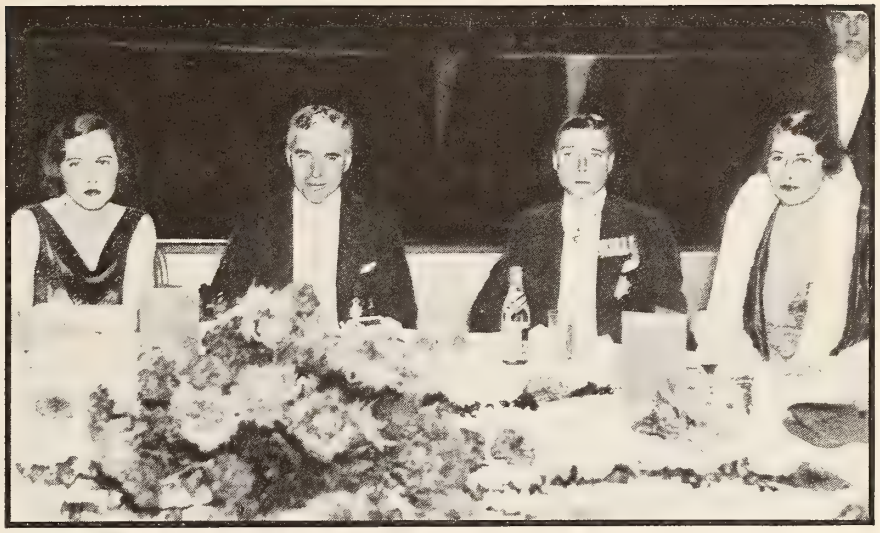
FOR quite some time now, Connie Bennett and sister Joan have gone to great lengths to show the world that they are the best of friends. There used to be a lot of stories to the effect that the two girls were not so fond of one another.

Now the stories are about to start over again—just when they had everybody convinced of their mutual friendship. When Connie was married this week, Eileen Percy (a former actress who is now a newspaper writer) acted as maid of honor! Now we will all probably see a lot of news stories to the effect that "Connie and Joan have had another falling out." And when we do, you will have to be the judge . . . the girls have us fooled, too!

There are those who seem to think that Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., are going to New York together for the express purpose of being seen with each other sufficiently to quiet the rumors of impending divorce. If you will read Joan's statement on page 44 of this issue, which

Are the marriages of Ruth Chatterton and Sue Carol tottering?

Tom Mix, stricken with appendicitis on the eve of his come-back, has so far been spared. The Western star put up a tough fight.



International

Lady Milbanke, Charlie Chaplin, the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland. Rumor has it that Wales rather resented being placed next to Chaplin (see below). Which might account for his decidedly pained expression. Chaplin, however, seemed perfectly at ease. The occasion was a hospital benefit.

was given exclusively to MODERN SCREEN, *we think you will have your own ideas on this rumor!*

HOW would you like to see Maurice Chevalier and William S. Hart co-starred in a musical Western? Sounds almost fantastic, doesn't it?—but that is just what's being talked over at Paramount. Maurice and Bill are quite good friends and are both anxious to do the picture. It certainly ought to bring the shekels pouring into the box offices!

A YOUNG American playwright was assigned to work with the German Ernst Lubitsch on the preparation of "The Man I Killed." The first day at the studio, Lubitsch got into an argument with another writer, also a German, and for hours their German accents were flying fast and heavy. The playwright couldn't get a word in edgewise.

When he went home that night, his wife asked, "Well, how did you like working with the great Lubitsch?"

"Ach! It vas vunderful . . . vunderful!" he automatically answered. And that's what is called the Lubitsch influence.

Jimmie Dunn admits that the romance with Molly O'Day is all washed up. No hard feelings, though—they parted friends. We're inclined to think Jimmie isn't ready to be serious about any girl just yet. He's always said he wanted to have at least $100,000 stored away in the bank before asking any girl to share his heart and home.

ONE trade paper printed that Clara Bow and Rex Bell had split up, and that Clara's new favorite is Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. The red-head and young Bell have been going together for about a year and we all thought they would be married by this time.

Maybe this is just a lovers' quarrel. Hope so. Clara and Rex are two swell people, and have stood together through all of the ugly publicity that she has had over the past months. They certainly were in love when we saw them last . . . and our guess is that they still are.

IT looks pretty much as if the Prince of Wales was snubbing Charlie Chaplin at the ice carnival for benefit of a London Hospital. Charlie sat next to Wales. On Charlie's right was Lady Milbanke. On the Prince's left was the Duchess of Sutherland. (See picture above.) It is said that the Prince was annoyed at being placed next to Chaplin and that he spent most of the evening talking to the Duchess on his left. So Charlie, not to be put out, spent most of the evening talking to Lady Milbanke.

Of course, the Prince's preoccupied manner may have been caused by his memories of the Countess Rosemary Ednam. She was killed in an airplane accident the summer before last and is commemorated by the hospital ward for which the benefit was held.

In the picture above one can't help noticing the Prince's pained expression. Chaplin, on the other hand, appears not at all embarrassed by Wales' supposed snubbing. Anyway it was a triumph for Charlie to sit next to Wales. Remember, Chaplin is the son of poor London parents.

Big doings at the Harold Lloyd extensive hillside estate. Littlte Harold Lloyd, Jr., can say "Da Da"—and has two teeth. Papa and Mama Lloyd are tha-rilled!

ROMANCING along:

Young Karen Morley has been going places with Paul Bern, M-G-M executive. Mr. Bern is quite a favorite with the ladies in Hollywood.

Billy Bakewell and Helen Mack . . . two youngsters quite a-dither about each other.

Oh, ho! Mae Clarke and John McCormick back together again? They're lunching and dining with each other several times a week. Mae and John were formerly engaged just after Colleen Moore got her divorce.

Eddie Quillan and Irish Maureen O'Sullivan have been that way ever since they did a picture together.

Dot Mackaill and Neil Miller still romancing—even if they are husband and wife.

Ditto Bill Powell and the blond Carole Lombard.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 72 AND 92

What's this about the Prince of Wales snubbing Charlie Chaplin?

FRIENDS AGAIN

Their recent reunion adds a chapter to the fascinating Hughes-Dove romance

BILLIE DOVE and Howard Hughes are friends again—and the story behind this renewed friendship that started as a glamorous romance and ended in a six-months' quarrel, provides a real human interest angle to a love story that has so intrigued Hollywood!

In the beginning it was a romance that held all the attributes of popular fiction. The Beautiful Girl. The Rich Young Man.

They were very much in love, these two, although they never deigned to admit it or make a public holiday of the fact. You see, the heroine was too recently separated from her husband to want her name romantically tied to that of another man. Billie had met Hughes while she was still married to Irvin Willat. Her separation came so soon after this meeting, that the whisper brigade was worked overtime with tales of a probable triangle. But it is a story that was never proved and which is still doubted by many people. Billie and her director husband had been on the brink of separation *years* before the millionaire from Texas came into the picture. It is fairer . . . and no doubt truer . . . to believe that he had less to do with their final parting than their own radically opposed temperaments!

It was after the granting of the interlocutory decree that Billie and Howard began to be seen constantly together. There was no doubting the deep affection which the tall, rangy, boy-producer manifested toward Hollywood's great Beauty. He believed in her as an *actress,* as well. He believed that if she were given the right opportunity she could be as great a star as she had been a clothes-horse. With this in mind, he purchased her contract from First National Studio at a very large figure. Considering the fact that First National was having little if any success with Billie's pictures, this purchase price of many thousands of dollars politely amused Hollywood . . . where it was looked upon as a "love is blind" gesture.

Only a few months to go until the final decree . . . *when suddenly Billie and the Rich Young Man quarreled!*

THAT wasn't in the cards! That wasn't what people had expected. At first, it was taken as a temporary breach. There were stories that Billie had objected to Howard's airplane activities. There were also stories on the other side to the effect that Hughes did not want to risk his star and sweetheart in an air accident. They were both crazy about aviation . . . it is believed that they quarreled about it.

The quarrel came at a very embarrassing moment. Billie was just going into production in her first talking picture under the Caddo banner . . . a company owned and controlled by Hughes. The story had been selected . . . the cast assembled . . . and the producer and his star were not on the best of terms!

"They'll get over it," the wise ones remarked.

But as time went on, the picture went into production and the same strained relations continued. The gossips began to ferret for a deeper cause for the rift. Here are the stories . . . what's your choice?

That Billie had showed too-marked a preference for the dancing society of Lew Ayres at a party given at the home of Marion Davies—and that Hughes had objected!

That Hughes had purchased a beautiful gown for Jean Harlow to be used for personal appearances on tour . . . and that Billie had objected.

That Hughes was beginning to find Lillian Bond, the youthful and pretty English girl, very attractive.

That Hughes was rushing pretty little Dorothy Jordan right out of the arms of Don Dillaway.

Frances Dee's name came in about here because she is said to have helped the young millionaire receive his guests on a yachting trip to Santa Barbara. There was also another story that Hughes business advisors objected to his marriage to the beautiful star and that after a time, their advice finally "got to" Hughes.

For six months they were on the "outs." "The Age For Love" staggered along through production. Billie attended the preview, but Hughes was conspicuously absent. Also, the picture-wise were quick to notice that Billie was not the star of the picture . . . really only the featured lead.

In view of all this, you can imagine the surprise of the reporter who happened into the Grove one night only to find a secluded table occupied by Billie and Howard.

Two nights later, there was a Mayfair dance—and who should arrive but Billie Dove escorted by Hughes. The next night the Daryll Zanucks entertained and there they were again . . . and together!

And here's the big kick of their making-up again:

Billie Dove and Howard Hughes have become friends again at a time when Hughes is reported to be comparatively "broke"!

If this is true it may mean that the former millionaire *catch* will develop into a hard-working producer of hoped-for box-office successes! It may mean the end of many dreams of ambitious young ladies in Hollywood.

But Billie, the girl who was originally supposed by the gossips to be interested in the Howard Hughes millions *alone* . . . has proved to be a friend again!

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

Mary Astor has just finished playing opposite that ace of male stars, Richard Dix. "Lost Squadrons" is the name of the picture they are appearing in together. Mary is healthier right now than she has ever been. She plays handball every morning at seven o'clock with her doctor husband. That helps keep her fit. She also indulges quite a lot in horseback riding—her husband usually accompanies her on these jaunts. A daily canter in the saddle does its bit, too, toward keeping the young lady in the best of trim. Mary and her husband have a new home in the charming Toluca Lake section.

Photograph by Hal Phyle

"While Paris Sleeps" is the interesting title of Victor McLaglen's newest picture. They do say it gives Mac a chance to do some excellent acting. He has a five acre estate at Flintridge which takes up most of his leisure time, as he does the landscaping himself—cultivates roses and breeds thoroughbred dogs and pigeons. His son and daughter help him. Folks say Mac's much the same off-screen as he is on—and just as likable.

Photograph by Irving Lippman

Loretta Young is playing the rôle of a Chinese girl in "The Honorable Mr. Wong," opposite Edward G. Robinson. Loretta is rumored to be romancing with Ricardo Cortez. When "Mr. Wong" is completed Miss Young will spend a little vacation in New York with her mother. The main object of the vacation will be to see all the new shows and make some considerable additions to the wardrobe. Loretta is a very gay young person these days.

Photograph by Earl Crowley

Richard Arlen is now in New York working on "Wayward," the film in which Nancy Carroll is playing opposite him. Jobyna Ralston, Dick's wife, accompanied him on the trip and will stay as long as he does. It's the first time Arlen has been in the big city in seven years. On his way here he visited his parents and old friends in his home town, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Photograph by Ray Jones

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Lew Ayres' latest film is "The Impatient Maiden." This was the picture which it was once rumored Clara Bow was going to play in. Lew and Lola Lane have stopped squabbling since they became man and wife. They live in Lew's modest apartment atop one of Hollywood's hills. The young husband's favorite costume is old flannels, tennis shoes and a sweat shirt.

Photograph by Irving Lippman

Joan Blondell finished "Union Depot" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. She is now busily at work on "The Roar of the Crowd." She plays opposite James Cagney in that one. Joan will wed Cameraman George Barnes, according to reliable reports, when Mr. Barnes' divorce from his present wife becomes final. Joan's wedding is to be at the Little Church Around the Corner.

MODERN SCREEN'S

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Helen Twelvetrees has been spending her time recently making "Second Shot." She and her husband, Frank Woody, expect to spend the holidays with Helen's folks in Brooklyn. Yes, we said Brooklyn. She was born there, you know. Little Miss Twelvetress has recently blossomed out as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women. She has a beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

Mary Pickford has always been one of Hollywood's social leaders. Her royal parties are famous. Mary is far from through on the screen. She is definitely looking for a suitable story for a new picture. It is said she is going to play a little-girl rôle again. She has been thinking seriously of accepting a job as a syndicated columnist. Her brother Jack's illness has been worrying her lately. But now that he's better again she is happy.

Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer, and Marie Dressler play an important part in Hollywood society

THE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S 400

. . . What is the status of the stars in Hollywood society? Here, for the first time, is a really clear view of the film city's social lights and structure—in their exact importance

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Who are the members of Hollywood's genuine 400? Who are it's social leaders? And the accepted guests? What is Norma Talmadge's status in Hollywood society? And Bebe Daniels'? And Norma Shearer's? All these questions—and many others, too—are answered in this revealing article by a famous author

HOLLYWOOD has gone snobbish. Once the little village nestling at the foot of the hills outside Los Angeles was a village in very truth: a spot where everyone knew everyone else and cliques were non-existent. Now it has a Four Hundred as distinct as that of Palm Beach and far more clearly defined than that of New York.

Ten years ago there was only one group in Hollywood which made any pretense of living and behaving in accordance with the accepted standards of that elusive thing, Society with a capital S. This tiny nucleus consisted of Mary Pickford and her husband, the forceful, immaculately groomed Douglas Fairbanks; Charlie Chaplin, and Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes. They dined each other in rotation at each other's houses, and in rotation, entertained any visiting celebrities worthy of the name. They lived in quiet luxury and they knew the technique of social contacts; while practically all the rest of Hollywood acted as if a ticket to the great motion picture center gave them the same license to cut up which would be implied by a ticket to Gay Paree!

Some few others, like Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Laura La Plante and Conrad Nagel, were too busy carving out the sound foundation for a career to play at all. But the vast majority of picture people were content to spend their free time at Vernon, a famous pleasure resort on the outskirts of town; to eat in noisy cafeterias, to call each other by first names on an hour's acquaintance, and to behave in general very much like naughty high school students on a holiday.

NOW everything is changed. The cafeteria has vanished, its place being taken by the deluxe Brown Derby on Vine Street, where, in a vast domed room, quiet groups of important people gather after working hours for coffee and a final conference; or the exclusive Embassy Club on Hollywood Boulevard, where no one but members are admitted during luncheon, and where the stars and important executives can eat in peace and quiet the (*Continued on page 108*)

400

HOLLYWOOD'S SOCIAL

Pictures on these pages obtained through the co-operation of Wide World Photos.

(Left) A general view of the Mayfair on the night of the party which opened the club's new season. In the crowd see if you can find Connie Bennett, the Marquis, Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons, Frank Albertson, Reginald Denny and others. (Lower, left) Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels arriving. Nina Wilcox Putnam mentions Bebe in the story on page 27. (Lower, right) Pola Negri arriving.

On these and the following pages are fascinatingly intimate

SEASON OPENS

You can imagine the thrill the crowd got as they stood outside the Mayfair Club and watched the stars going in. What pushing and shoving and neck-craning! Here, with these wonderfully intimate pictures, you get the same effect without the trouble of having to be there. (Above) Marie Dressler. (Right) Bob Montgomery. (Below) Lionel Barrymore and his wife.

shots of the opening party at the exclusive Mayfair Club

400

The large picture at the top of the page will give you a thrill—for it shows none other than the perfect screen lovers, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, dancing at the Mayfair opening. Janet was with her husband and Charlie was with his wife—but Janet and Charlie had a few dances together. (Immediately above) Kay Francis and Lothar Mendez. (Right) Richard Dix and his new wife arriving. This picture was taken in the lobby of the Hotel Biltmore—of which the Mayfair room, where the party was held, is a part.

What a night it was! Every movie celebrity you could

(Pictures at top of page, left) Lily Damita and Sidney Smith, her fiancé. Behind them, to the right, you can distinguish Dick Barthelmess and his wife. (Right) Harold Lloyd dancing with May McAvoy. Bill Powell can be seen behind Miss McAvoy. Below that, Fatty Arbuckle (alias Mr. Goodrich), June MacCloy, with Arline Judge and Skeet Gallagher in background. Below that, Connie Bennett making up. (Large picture to the left) Howard Hughes and Billie Dove. It was at this party that they made friends again after their recent quarrel. Yes, maybe they'll marry, after all.

Pictures on these pages all Wide World photos

possibly imagine was there. What fun and furore!

Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

MALIBU TOURNAMENT

Herbert Brenon, famous director, gave a tennis tournament at his place at Malibu Beach. Many of the famous were there. (Above) Russell Gleason, Mary Brian, Bob Montgomery, Jim Gleason, Buster Keaton, Lew Cody, Joan Marsh, Mrs. Gleason and Leo Carillo. (Below) A corner of the court and the grandstand. Brenon is on the court and you can see Ben Lyon standing by the wire netting.

Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

(Above) Leo Carillo, Nils Asther, a non-professional, Vivian Duncan, Gilbert Roland, Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, Dick Barthelmess, Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons, Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Herbert Brenon and Warner Baxter (both kneeling). (Right) Brenon, Ben Lyon, Clive Brook, Dolores Del Rio and Bebe Daniels. (Below, left) Richard Barthelmess, Mrs. Barthelmess and Herbert Brenon on the ocean side of Brenon's Malibu cottage. (Right) Brenon and Dolores Del Rio handing the prize to the winners, Gilbert Roland and a non-professional. Everyone had heaps of fun.

Wide World

Wide World

Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

PARTY AT THE EMBASSY

(Right) Helen Twelvetrees and husband Frank Woody at the entrance to the Embassy Club. (Below) The party was in honor of the singing début of Neil Miller, Dot Mackaill's husband. There he is with Dot. (Below, right) General view with Dorothy in the foreground. Pictures at bottom of page: (Left) Lady June Inverclyde and Evelyn Brent. (Right) Helen Chandler and her husband, Cyril Hume. He's a famous novelist, you know.

Wide World

The ACADEMY DINNER

At the dinner of the Motion Picture Academy which was given when the annual awards were presented. (Left) Marie Dressler, Vice-President Curtis, Lionel Barrymore and Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Marie and Lionel received awards for their work in "Min and Bill" and "A Free Soul" respectively, you know. (Below) A general view, and (left) Dressler and Barrymore with their awards, (right) George Arliss presenting the award to Barrymore.

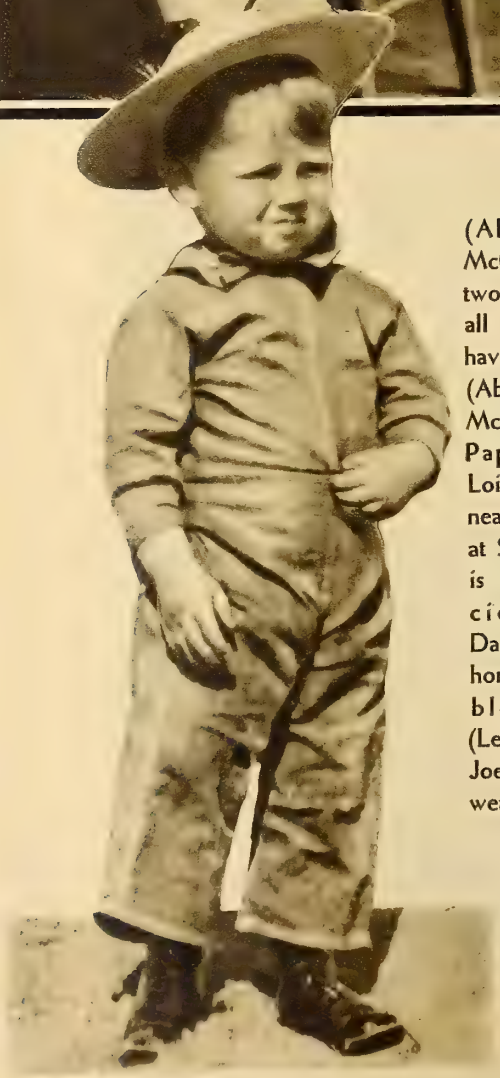
Wide World

Acme

Wide World

Wide World

UP THE HOLLYWOOD



(Above, left) Joel McCrea at the age of two, no less. Wouldn't all the young things have adored him then? (Above, right) Mrs. McCrea, John, Joel, Papa McCrea and Lois. They are sitting near the pleasure pier at Santa Monica which is now famous. Incidentally, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon's home is about half a block away—now (Left) A close-up of Joel in the outfit he's wearing on the beach. Cute, isn't it?

. . . Joel spent a grand childhood—right in the film city. He grew up with the famous town and knew all the famous stars when

By WALTER RAMSEY

THERE are letters coming to Hollywood in mail vans; letters which indicate that Joel McCrea has got feminine audiences a-twitter. These letters and certain carefully tabulated box-office returns are responsible for the news that Joel McCrea is going to star for his company after one of the shortest leading-man apprenticeships known to Hollywood.

This sort of thing can do one of two things to a young man like Joel. It can spoil him into a terrific case of "actoritis" like a certain other young screen idol. Or it can mean the climax in the career of one of the most likable kids who ever grew up with Hollywood since it was an orange grove. Our bet is that Joel keeps his feet—and, more important, his head.

IT is only this unsettling fame racket of Hollywood that is new to Joel. As for the town itself, he has known it since Hollywood was acres

YEARS WITH JOEL McCREA

There was nothing that kid Joel liked better than spending a day in the woods chasing birds and climbing trees. (Above, left) John, Mrs. McCrea and Joel on just such an outing. (Above, right) Joel with his father, Thomas P. McCrea. That strange looking thing behind them is an early automobile. And in those days it was considered a neat job.

of vacant fields, and Hollywood Boulevard was an orange grove. Until the ladies, and fan mail, started happening to Joel, Hollywood was merely to him what Kalamazoo is to me, and Forth Worth, Texas, might be to you—just the old home town. It is true that the home town industry was the movies, and not automobiles or parlor furniture. It is true that the kids Joel played with were the son of Douglas Fairbanks, the daughter of Cecil DeMille; that the customers along his newspaper route were Lois Weber, Mabel Normand, Jack Holt, Sessue Hayakawa and Geraldine Farrar; that the man who lived in the big house on the hill and often gave him nickels to spend was Cecil DeMille, the great director. But home towns are home towns, newspaper routes are newspaper routes, neighbors are neighbors, and life went on in Joel's early years very much as it goes on in Podunk.

As a boy, Joel played with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Michael Cudahy and Cecilia DeMille. He was newspaper boy for Mabel Normand, Jack Holt, Sessue Hayakawa and Geraldine Farrar. Joel thought all parties "sissy" and spent his time trapping in the Hollywood hills. He worked as a teamster in the first paving of Hollywood Boulevard

He was born in South Pasadena, November 5, 1905, but when Joel was five years old his family, consisting of both parents, a brother, John, three years older than himself, and a sister, Lois, three years older than John, moved to Hollywood. Mrs. McCrea felt that South Pasadena was growing up too fast, too many automobiles cluttering up the street, too many speeding bicyclists. The calm streets of the adjoining suburb, Hollywood, with its orange groves and general country atmosphere, seemed a far more suitable place to "bring up" three growing children!

The McCrea clan settled in a large, rambling house in the hills of Miller's canyon, now known as Laurel canyon, where many famous stars have their homes. Joel loved the house—and he was crazy about the hills that rose above the canyon. So often did Joel attempt to climb the hill back of his home, that by the time he was nine, a very neat little footpath led from his back door to the top of the rim. "Climbing the mountain" was about the only occupation that interested Joel for several years. He had flatly refused to attend kindergarten because at kindergarten one had to cut out paper dolls and make paper baskets and things, and that was "sissy" for a boy of five,

Joel McCrea is one of the Hollywood young men whose mere appearance makes the feminine hearts flutter. But when he was a kid he flatly refused to attend parties where girls were present. It was "sissy," you know. (Right) Even now, Joel gets embarrassed by the attention of the ladies, sometimes.

WHEN he was seven his family finally browbeat him into enrolling at Monte Vista Grammar School, but they were also cutting out paper dolls at Monte Vista, so Joel was moved, by request, to the Gardner Junction Grade School in West Hollywood.

Joel was not a particularly good student—for an amazing reason. He grew sentimentally attached to a room and a teacher and was known to weep bitterly when "promoted" out of the old familiar surroundings. Years later when M-G-M let him out of a contract he had the same feeling. He had grown used to the Metro lot and when he left he was homesick for it.

The overwhelming fear of his childhood was that someone—some "other kid"—might think him a "sissy." To counteract this impression, which certainly did not exist, he would engage in battle at the slightest drop of the hat, and while he had a natural inclination to be obedient in the classroom he invariably went out of his way to be unruly, because it was the tougher, more masculine thing to do. Joel's "sporting blood" earned him considerable respect on the school grounds but did nothing toward improving his report cards.

It disturbed him considerably that he liked a little girl named Leila Laird, who sat in front of him. He struggled manfully against this weakness. He showed his regard for her by being as grouchy and ugly as possible whenever in her presence. But Leila was wise to him.

EVERY afternoon after school she would go home and sit down on her front porch. Joel, who had a small red bicycle, would ride past and do stunts without passing a word with her. If he fell, and that was often, he would get up, nonchalantly brush himself off and pedal away. This was his first love—though in its entire duration he exchanged no more than two civil words with the lady. At home, however, he talked continually of Leila. It was "Leila this" and "Leila that." "Is Leila your girl?" his mother once innocently inquired. Joel nearly choked himself to death registering scorn.

"Naw," he barked, "I hate her!"

Because he was afraid that by some unguarded act he might betray his real feeling for Leila, or even Helen Williams, another juvenile blonde who had caught his eye, he flatly refused to attend parties, or to permit one to be given for him—even on his birthday. This deplorable business of "liking girls" was something he was going to have to thrash out all by himself.

When Joel was nine he formed a close friendship with a French-Canadian boy, Louis Corbett. The eleven-year-old Louis was a "man's man" if there ever was one. He was an amateur trapper of wild animals, and as he did most of his trapping in the hills back of Joel's home, that young man immediately joined up with him as chief assistant aide. Every morning during vacation Joel and Louis would fare forth in their trappers' outfits to trap . . . well, coyotes and skunks . . . if folks must know.

(Above) Hollywood Boulevard as it is today. Believe it or not, our friend Joel helped work on the first paving of that famous thoroughfare! (Right) A portion of the Boulevard as it was when Joel first met it. (Lower, right) With Louis Corbett, his pal, at the spot which is now the end of Hollywood Boulevard. (Below) When the present Boulevard was first taking form. As a teamster Joel helped cart the dirt away from the excavations—in one of which he is so nonchalantly reclining.

Louis had an enviable record—he had trapped nine real wild cats! Above all things did Joel want to trap a wild cat and bring it home alive.

After days, weeks and months of arduous trapping—that ambition was finally realized. The happy huntsmen returned to the McCrea backyard and tied their snarling, insane prize to an orange tree. Mrs. McCrea, who was practically frightened out of her wits, called the boys indoors and told them they would have to dispose of the animal immediately. After a whispered consultation, Joel and Louis decided to sell the beast to a zoo. They called every zoo in town, including the famous Selig Zoo and the studio zoo at the Universal Studio—but apparently none of them wanted an A No. 1 wild cat. The boys flatly refused to shoot it because it was tied and, by now, exhausted. They compromised by taking snapshots of the delightful animal and then carrying it back to the hills where it was set free.

Joel earned his first money (*Continued on page 120*)

WARNING!—DANGER

Dareos has a surprising prophecy to make for Ina Claire. It concerns an affair of her heart. And what he says about David Manners will please that young man immensely.

The planets show an amazing future for Pola Negri. Quite a surprise to those of you who thought she was through. No such propitious signs for John Gilbert, unfortunately.

...In this unusual interview, Dareos, famous Hollywood prophet and seer, makes startling predictions for the cinema town in general and the cinema players in particular

By HARRY LANG

DAREOS—the Hollywood seer—is a little, fast-spoken, beady-eyed individual who for years has held his position as the foremost among the several soothsayers whose warnings, predictions and prophecies have played an undeniably large part in the doings of the film colony. To Dareos go so many of the stars that, if he were ever to tell even one-tenth of the secrets that have been confided to him by some of the prettiest lips you see on the screen, it would shake Hollywood like a California earthquake!

And, to tell the absolute truth, Dareos uses much of his actual knowledge on which to base his predictions and advice; his intimate knowledge of cinemaland's secrets, plus his knowledge of the planets' influences, give him the answer to many a question that disturbs certain cinema celebrities.

DAREOS has built his reputation well—for he has forecast many of the happenings in movieland; happenings at large, and happenings to individuals. And, for the reason that so many of these prophecies have come uncannily true, the stars and executives still look to Dareos for advice and guidance.

And so, when Dareos was asked to forecast 1932 for you fans, his prognostications are well worth noting.

According to Dareos, the fans will not much longer have the pleasure of viewing Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor as a team. (Above) As they appeared together in "Seventh Heaven."

AHEAD, HOLLYWOOD!

Garbo is going to leave Hollywood—according to the famous Hollywood prophet. But not for good. Fredric March will be the envy of the rest of the Hollywood players.

Ah, ha! A surprise in store for the followers of Lupe Velez' heart affairs. In fact, two surprises! And a surprise for the followers of Gary Cooper's heart affairs, too!

William Powell and Carole Lombard will remain together during 1932, but after that, Dareos warns them, they must beware to safeguard their happiness. They'll travel a lot during the year.

SOME OF THE PREDICTIONS FOR 1932—

Four divorces of big stars.

An attempt to kidnap the child of a famous blond player.

Serious domestic strife in the households of four famous film couples—in none of which these signs of unrest are noticeable now.

The death of a famous star in the midyear.

One of the greatest scandals that has ever happened in Hollywood will break in the summer.

Garbo will leave Hollywood for six months.

George Bancroft may be in a very serious airplane accident.

Hollywood itself will, no doubt, read this with interest. Here are Dareos' predictions:

One of the biggest scandals that has ever happened in Hollywood will occur about the middle of the year.

It will involve two of the biggest names in the star ranks—a man and a woman. It will revolve around a big, wild party.

And there is a possibility that the murder of a prominent screen star will result!

At any rate, according to the planets, the affair will entangle many of the most prominent names in Hollywood, and the scandal thereof will last for many a day.

There is the likelihood of a fire, which may be disastrous, in one of the larger studios during the middle part of the year.

No change in the present line-up of producing companies, and little change in the line-up of stars and players. Continued and increasing financial prosperity for movies as the year advances; little work for newcomers—the stage, instead, will make some inroads on the ranks of prominent screen players.

AND now for individuals!

Clark Gable: The year's indications, professionally, are again felicitous for Gable. He can go ahead to tre-

If the prophecy for Joan Bennett comes true—and we sincerely hope it doesn't—poor Joan will be sorely tried.

Nancy Carroll had better watch her step, says Dareos. If she doesn't—well, things happen quickly in Hollywood.

George Bancroft will be in danger of a serious accident during 1932. It will happen while traveling in a very modern type of conveyance.

Those planets say that Clara Bow is through with headlines for good—and that she'll return to the screen, married!

mendous things, yet at the end, the summary will show the year to have been very unsettled, and although his position will be better professionally, many strange things will have happened to his career.

He will encounter a great deal of trouble, arising from jealousy, and involving several women. Yet the planets indicate no disruption in his home life, despite the jealousies which hover about him. He will have to watch his step, for his path will be strewn with dangers. The stars indicate that in the future (although not in 1932) another heart affair will play a great part in his life.

Greta Garbo: Despite all rumors of her retirement from the screen in 1932, the planets say that her acting career will continue, and continue successfully.

However, she will go on a journey, and will remain away from Hollywood for at least six months. The only thing that will prevent this (for Dareos admits that the dicta of the stars may at times be thwarted by earthly machinations) will be a tremendously increased salary which Garbo will accept to remain here when her contract expires in the spring.

Toward the fall of the year, the likely indications are that Garbo will turn at least temporarily from the screen and find success on the legitimate stage, either in the United States or abroad.

The planets portend absolutely no romance in Garbo's life during 1932. However, Garbo will face the possibility of a scandal, not as a result of any actions of hers, but because of scandal-mongers' activities, some time during the year.

"Incidentally," says Dareos, "Gable and Garbo should be a great success as a team. Their various astrological signs show that they can achieve great success as a pair—professionally, that is."

John Gilbert: The stars hold no promise for John Gilbert in 1932. And even beyond that, there is only the indication that his professional career is virtually at an end—according to the planets. He may make a few more pictures but none of them will be great enough to reestablish him.

Fredric March: March, according to his planetary prospects, looms as one of the biggest star bets of the year. The favorable indications continue for at least seven or eight years.

The spring of 1932 will bring him one great success; and the fall offers the prospect of another.

His domestic life will be very happy, with no disturbances of any consequence at all.

During midsummer, there is the danger of a serious aviation accident hovering over him. Naturally, by keeping out of airplanes, he can avoid this menace.

Ina Claire: Professionally, 1932 will bring her continued success.

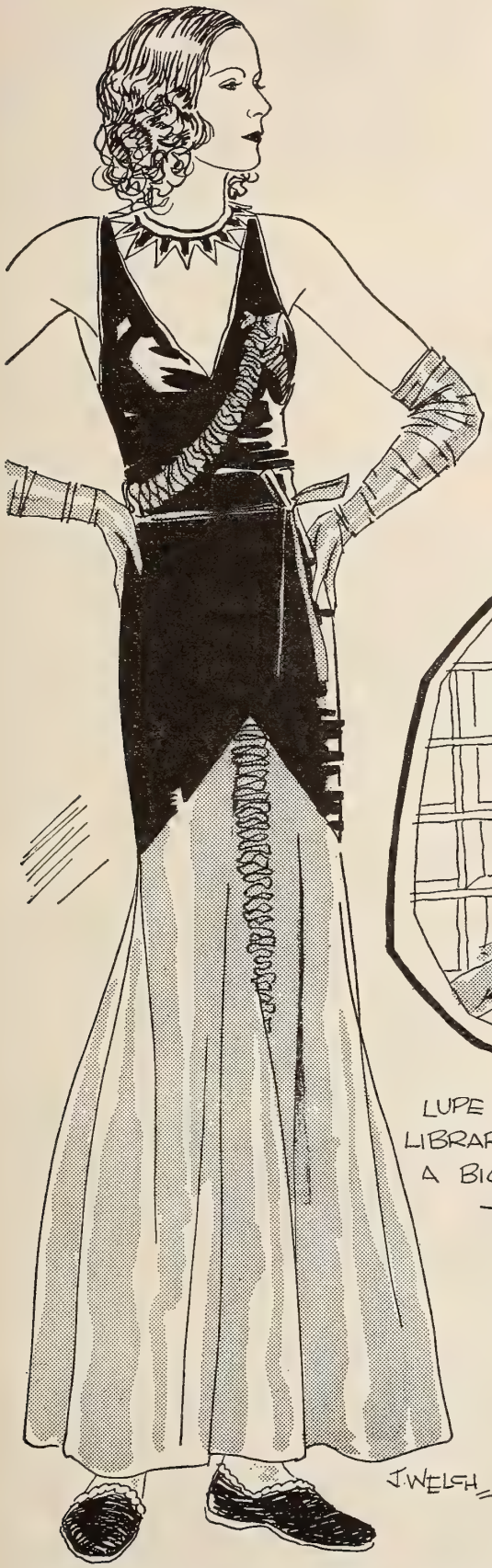
In affairs of the heart, she will find she has entered a year of romance. Before 1932 is over, Ina Claire will have become betrothed to a man, now a stranger to her. He will not be in the motion picture or stage ranks. In 1933, she will marry him, and will find happiness.

•

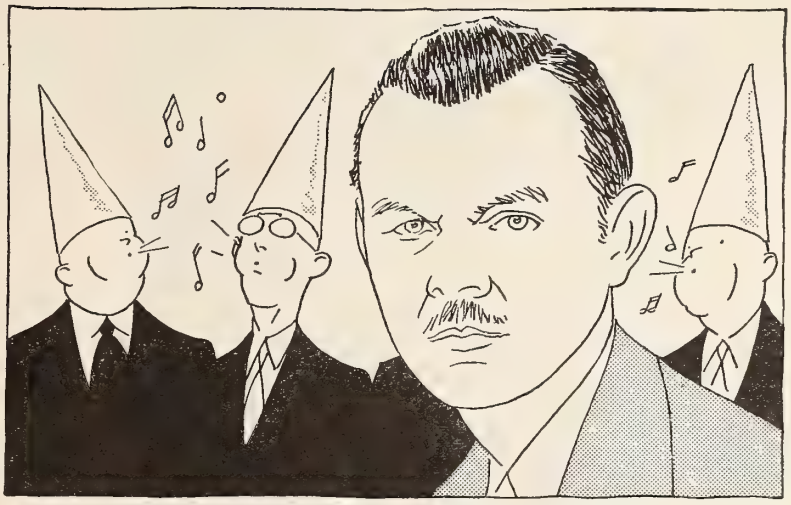
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and Joan Crawford: I have to deal with these jointly, as well as individually, for their fates are so interwoven as to be, in many instances, inseparable.

Joan's tremendous power over Doug, her charm and her masterful mind, have been (*Continued on page 106*)

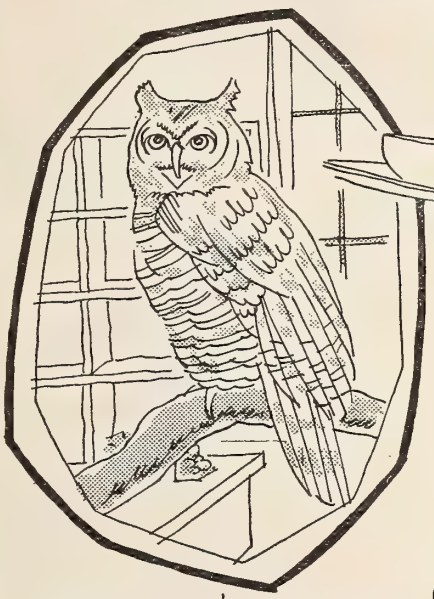
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



WHEN HER FEET AREN'T INCLUDED IN THE CAMERA'S SCOPE FOR A SCENE GARBO USUALLY ACTS IN OLD CARPET SLIPPERS.



LAWRENCE TIBBETT CAN'T WHISTLE. (PROFESSOR SHAW PLEASE NOTE.)



LUPE VELEZ' SPACIOUS LIBRARY CONTAINS ONLY A BIG STUFFED OWL — NO BOOKS

JOAN CRAWFORD WORKED HER WAY THROUGH SCHOOL BY WAITING ON TABLE.

WALLACE BEERY WAS A DITCH DIGGER JUST BEFORE COMING TO HOLLYWOOD AND PICTURES

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH—

. . . In love with another man? Divorcing Doug, Jr.? Joan answers the gossip-mongers frankly

International

Joan and Douglas (above) arriving in New York on their recent trip. Joan's remarks on the subject of "those rumors" are delightfully intelligent.

By JANE DREW

"I'm not going to make any foolish statement and say that nothing will ever come between us. I'm not a fortune teller." " . . . I refuse to say: 'I will never divorce Douglas.' It might happen before this story is read . . . probably it will never happen." These are some of the interesting statements Joan makes. And her sincerity is splendid

IF all the hints, innuendos, whispers and even *printed* gossip stories of "trouble" existing between Joan Crawford and her young husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were spoken through a megaphone into one of Hollywood's favorite canyons they would give back an echo that could spell but one possible result—divorce!

Rumors . . . hundreds of them . . . sharp . . . biting . . . cruel . . . many of them frankly malicious, are striking at these two young people who were, until six months ago, acknowledged the most sincere love-birds of Hollywood. Where the gossip started . . . or how it gained such a deal of momentum in such short time . . . is unknown. But the point is that "they" are talking. "They" are saying (with the usual inconsistencies of all gossips):

That Doug, Jr., is "chiseling" with (a) an extra girl with whom he was seen motoring in broad daylight on Wilshire Boulevard, the most crowded thoroughfare in Hollywood; (b) Rose Hobart, his leading lady in "Chances" and with whom he was once seen lunching; (c) a lady, vaguely designated as "married," whom Doug scandalously called on the telephone one morning and invited to play tennis; (x y z) any other three women you care to mention.

Joan, according to "them," is even busier cheating! She is "madly . . . crazily . . . frantically in love with a leading man" (whisper: C—k G-b-e) and "so madly does she care for the gentleman that their love scenes in their latest picture are printed on asbestos!" Or, if you don't care

Photograph by Hurrell

"Really," says Joan, "I don't see how it is physically possible for two people to be as unfaithful as Douglas and I are accused of being." (Right) Joan with Clark Gable in one of the famous love scenes from "Possessed."

for that, do you prefer the story of Joan's hot and heavy romance with a Fairbanks' house guest? *Which* house guest? Oh, either one of the boys who have visited them within the last six months. Another rumor concerning Joan is so obviously malicious and untrue that it shall not be mentioned here. But Joan had heard it—yes, she has heard them *all!* All of the things both she and Douglas are supposed to be doing without one another's knowledge, she has heard.

And her answer is a laugh. She isn't mad. She isn't sulking or feeling abused. She isn't up-in-arms. She is merely gloriously amused!

But she realizes her fans are eager to know the truth. So she frankly explained to them, through me, just the exact state of affairs under which she and Doug are attempting to live and be happy at the present moment.

"Really," she chuckles, "I don't see how it is physically *possible* for two people to be as unfaithful as Douglas and I are accused of being. Frankly, after eight or ten hours spent at the studio—plus time for interviews and photographic sittings—dress fittings—managing my home and visiting my mother occasionally, I wouldn't have the necessary *vitality* left with which to be so amorous!

BUT seriously, the real situation between Douglas and myself is this: Believe me when I tell you that all this talk hasn't caused a bit of misunderstanding between us. We are just as happy as we ever were. We actually laugh and kid about our so-called *'love lives.'* Even in the first days of our marriage, I don't think Douglas and I had as deep an understanding as we have now.

"I'm *not* going to make any foolish statement and say that nothing shall ever come between us! I'm not a fortune teller nor a mind reader. I don't know what the years hold for us. I hope ours shall be a lasting and permanent happiness . . . but if something should ever occur to part us, *you may be sure that it will have a much more definite foundation than a handful of silly rumors!*

"Just this morning I strolled down to the set where Garbo and Novarro were working. Ramon was just between scenes and when he saw me standing there alone, he rushed up to say 'hello.' As a matter of fact, he threw his arms around me and kissed me. I'm certainly glad it *was* Ramon Novarro . . . he hasn't been billed from one end of the country to the other as a *great lover.* I'm not in love with Ramon . . . I really like him a great deal and we are the best of friends.

"But, while you will never read or hear any rumors concerning a romance between Ramon and myself, I *am* supposed to be madly in love with a certain *other* actor in Hollywood! I have been told that I am. I have been informed that our love scenes in a new picture are the 'give away.' We are supposed to be inspired. I'll admit that I was inspired during the making of that picture. I lived, b r e a t h e d and dreamed that picture from the start to the finish. I *wanted* the love scenes to be real! And I can sincerely say that I felt every single love scene from the bottom of my heart! But really, the love and romance in the picture was not one whit more *inspired* or *real* than the most casual scene of putting on a hat or entering a room! I certainly hope I put as much sincerity into the dramatic crying scenes!

"Honestly, that is the real truth about my muchly-hinted romance. Before the camera we were in love. Now that the picture is over we are merely good friends!

"As for the other two men with whom my name has been linked in gossip—what more can I say than they were our guests . . . and I was their hostess? It just so happened that Douglas had to work one or two nights during each of the visits. What was I supposed to do under the circumstances? I might have sent our guest down to the corner drug store for his dinner . . . had the servants bring my dinner up on a tray and locked myself in my bedroom until my husband got home. Instead, I thought it would be perfectly safe to have our dinner served in the dining room . . . even though we had to run the risk of the compromising situation of *'dining alone'!* Oh, isn't it all *too* silly . . . too absurd?"

"I am not so optimistic as to believe that these are the very *last* rumors that will ever be circulated about Douglas and myself. No, there will be plenty more . . . But if you know in advance that we will, in the future (just as in the past), go out with others if we choose—and if I tell you now that there *is* a possibility of divorce for Douglas and me—then you may be able to discount much!

"I haven't meant to infer that there is a single existing reason or thought of divorce now . . . but I can't foresee the future. For that reason I refuse to say: *'I will never divorce Douglas.'* It might happen before this story is read . . . probably it will *never* happen!"

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Surprise! Surprise! Who is it? Betty Blythe? Barbara La Marr? We'll give you fifteen guesses and even then we'll wager you'll be wrong. As a matter of fact it's Anita Page—the new Anita Page—as she appears in "Under Eighteen," the Warner picture. When Anita was lent to Warners for that picture, they decided they'd dress the Page girl all up different and give her some sex appeal. Think they've succeeded?

ONE DAY TO LIVE

By JACK JAMISON

Ramon Novarro's answer is typical of a charming gentleman who would face the end with quiet dignity.

Joan Crawford would meet the finish in an original—and extremely daring way. Just like her.

IT began at a party the other evening out here in Hollywood. A group of us were sitting around talking about a young fellow—we'll call him Charles, which was not his name—who that afternoon had died. Charles had been an ordinary, quiet, well-liked young chap. Nothing dramatic or sensational had touched his life, ever. And then suddenly, for no apparent reason, he had commenced a career of wild spending, drinking, gambling, women, and all the rest of it. He had done mad things. As we sat around the fireplace, talking, we wondered what on earth had happened to Charles to set him running wild.

"I know what happened to him," someone said, quietly. "A couple of months ago he wasn't feeling well. He went to a doctor. The doctor told him he had just a little while to live. I don't know what was wrong with him—heart, maybe, or cancer. Anyway, knowing he was only here for a short while longer, Charles did what he did."

There was silence. And then we fell to wondering, aloud, what *we* would do if a doctor should tell us we had only a few weeks on earth—or, say, a single day! We agreed that there would be no surer way to learn a person's innermost philosophy, what he truly is, than by watching him under such conditions. What better way to learn the truth, and the real truth, about the stars' most hidden selves, for example?

. . . What would you do if you had just twenty-four hours to live? Answered honestly, it's a revelation of your real character and beliefs. And, herein, some leading players do answer with absolute sincerity and fearlessness. See what they're really like—from their answers

AND so I went to some of the stars and asked them that grimmest of questions. I was curious to know what they would say. And the answers I got from them are a revelation.

Dick Barthelmess was striding briskly along a path at the studio, on his way to the set. When I stopped him, and asked suddenly, "Dick, what would you do if you had only one day to live?" his face changed instantly. At first he thought I was joking. Then, when he saw I was in earnest, he became grave.

"One day to live!" he murmured, his eyes deep and brooding. He sighed. It's rather a shock, that question! "I know what I'd do. I'd spend the day on the yacht, or on some sort of a boat, with my family—far away from everyone else. And I think—yes, I'd want a good book to read. A really good book. And, one thing more. This will surprise you, but I mean what I say. I'd want lots of good Pilsener beer to drink!"

There stands the reply of a man who has lived a wide, large life, and who has gained from its living a true philosophic calm.

You will never know Dick better than you know him now, after hearing this about him. Contrast what he said with the answer of Charlie Butterworth, that grand comedian!

Charlie made his answer in precisely three words:

"I'd get drunk!"

"Cowardice," some people will say. But one isn't so sure. Charlie lives to laugh. You can't laugh at death. And so—he'd drink himself into a stupor, in which state he would have exactly no emotions at all.

When I asked Sylvia Sidney the intriguing question she answered without a moment's hesitation:

"I wouldn't make a single change in my schedule. Not a single one. I'd go on just as I am. Let's see—twenty-four hours." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "Nine p. m. That means I'll die at nine o'clock tomorrow evening. All right, I'll tell you just what I'll do. Tomorrow morning I'll get up at my usual time. I'll come to the studio in my usual way. I'll go to work on the set just as always. I'll work hard, and give everything I have to every scene we make. At twelve o'clock, when we knock off for an hour, I'll go to lunch with my friends in the company. When we finish work in the evening, I'll go home and have dinner with my mother."

Here speaks true happiness. What she is doing is so satisfying to Sylvia that she asks nothing better on

Barthelmess' last day on earth would include a sail on a boat, a good book and some beer.

Perhaps Sylvia Sidney's projected last day is the most unusual of them all—unusual because so usual.

Clark Gable! His answer tells just what he is—a good fellow with a definite trace of loneliness.

her last day in life! Only to go on! How many of us are so well fitted to our place in life that we would ask nothing better, no change away from it, on our final day under the sun?

THERE'S only one thing I'd be particularly careful about," she added. "The evening. Almost every evening, you know, a lot of friends come to my house. Well, on my last night, I'd just want to make sure that none of them would forget to come. With nine o'clock to be the last hour I'd ever hear strike, I wouldn't have much time to talk with them, would I? But maybe I'd ask them all to have an early dinner and come right over after, or maybe come over for dinner. And then—and then, we'd just sit around the way we always do, and talk as we always do. I'd want my last few minutes to be spent among clever, amusing people." She closed her lovely eyes for a moment, and then opened them again, with her sweetest smile. "Yes—that's all I'd ask for!"

Think of the different ways there would be of spending the last day—if you had to give up life tomorrow. And then see if any of your imaginings coincide with what the stars would do if they had to pass on tomorrow. Amazing, the different manner in which various players would spend those twenty-four hours! Some quietly, some riotously, some daringly—all interestingly. Which way do you most approve of? Which way would you yourself choose?

Next—Clark Gable. Clark's answer ought to be interesting because he always swears so furiously that there is nothing unusual about him, that he is the normalest of the normal. Whether this is true or untrue ought to show up in his answer, and it does.

"What would I do if I had only one day to live? Shucks, I dunno. So many things can change a man's ideas. What I might do one week or one month, I might not do at all the next. Who knows what he would do under certain circumstances, until he is actually faced with those circumstances?

"I think that, first of all, I would straighten out all my personal affairs. Almost everyone would do that, I imagine. There are always things which we put off until another day, which we could be forced to do if we knew that we only had a few hours of life remaining. Uh-huh; I think I'd probably phone a lot of guys I know, for one last talk, and some good women friends. And I'd sit down and write a lot of letters that I owe to relatives and friends, too. When I was gone, they'd at least have the letter to remember me by, until they lost it or chucked it away.

"And then, I'd get into my car and take a long drive. I'd drive up and down streets that have memories for me—you know, buildings and streets where things have happened to me. Then I'd ride along the ocean. I'd sit for a long time by the ocean—I've always been nuts about it—and think. I wouldn't think about anything special, I'd just think. I wouldn't want many people around me, and I wouldn't want anyone to know I was going to kick off. A lot of sympathy and bawling and hand-shaking would give me a pain in the neck. The rest of the time I'd spend with my family, alone."

A lonely disillusioned chap, Clark. As an amateur psychologist, I'd be almost willing to bet, after studying that reply, that in Clark's life somewhere there is a bitter secret, a terrible unhappiness, which he is keeping from everyone. What it is we shall probably never know, but it's there—

WHOM to ask next? But of course you can guess! We *couldn't* let Joan Crawford dodge a question like this. For one thing only, there has been a lot of talk lately about whether Joan is a dancing daughter or a doting wife. One rumor had it that she was turning those big eyes on none other than Mr. Gable, mentioned above. Another said that she was as mad as ever about Doug, and that the chit-chat about a separation was hooey sponsored by the publicity office in order to stir up interest in more modern maiden and flaming youth pictures for her. Both sides win, her answer to the question would seem to indicate.

I put it to her bluntly enough, I'm afraid. "What would you do if you had one (*Continued on page 110*)

RODDY JOCK

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

THEY rounded the Hollywood Boulevard corner from opposite directions; and all but collided. For the fraction of a second they stared at each other in embarrassed surprise. Very awkward—after pretending so many days that they were trying to avoid one another—being, oh, so indifferent.

Ruth Tearle blushed and stepped far to one side in skirting the man. Barry Clay flushed, too, and raised his hat with elaborate formality. Both made as though to pass stiffly on their respective ways.

Down the boulevard clattered a rattletrap truck, full of swarthy men and women and children and dirty bundles. As it passed Ruth and Clay, the rueful black face of a Scottish terrier appeared over the truck's low tailboard.

At sight of the man and the girl, the Scottie was galvanized into new life. With a joyous yelp which was lost in the clatter of the truck, he launched himself over the tailboard, leaping into space and in their general direction.

The dog smote the roadway with a force which sent him rolling over and over. At the same moment a fast-driven car whizzed down upon him from the direction of Laurel Canyon.

Barry Clay went into action. In his best football style he flung himself forward, seemingly to suicide. Without slackening his terrific speed he scooped up the scrambling little dog as he ran. The fast car's mudguard grazed the man's side as it flashed by.

Ruth Tearle cried aloud in stark horror. Then the dust settled. Recrossing the road toward her came Clay, the retrieved Scottie tucked footballwise under one arm.

To mask his own wrenched nerves and his normal masculine shame at a melodramatic act, he grinned cheerfully at the frightened girl, mumbling:

"When a man rescues a dog, I suppose it's news."

"It was gorgeous of you to save Roddy from—from

A man and a girl in the midst of a lovers' quarrel is difficult,

Instead of going to either Ruth or Barry, the Scottie scampered over to a small boy who happened to be passing. Barry was mortified at his dog's disloyalty to him. Ruth was mortified at her dog's disloyalty to her. What to do in this situation?

Illustrated by Morgan Dennis

such a hideous death," faltered the girl, still shaken and white, "but it—it was an insane thing to do! It—"

"It was insane, all right," he assented, the grin now less forced. "Only, his name's not Roddy. It's Jock. I lost him that night last month when the gypsies made their clean-up of all the dogs around here that were worth stealing and that were friendly enough to let themselves be kidnapped. I had only had Jock a week, and it was silly of me to leave him out on the porch while I was at dinner. Chief Boyle told me nineteen dogs—five of them Scotties—were stolen that same night. He says it's an old gypsy trick to grab good dogs and then sell them in another town. I suppose they got fond of this little fellow and decided to keep him. But wasn't it clever of him to recognize me so quickly and make that wild jump? Why, he—"

"It was clever of Roddy to recognize *me* so quickly and make that wild jump," Ruth said emphatically. "I'm sorry if you risked death to save a dog you thought was yours. But Roddy belongs to me. It was a natural

but when each claims a certain stray Scottie—the barking begins!

As the truck passed, the rueful black face of a Scottish terrior appeared over the truck's low tailboard. At the sight of Barry and Ruth the dog suddenly became galvanized into life . . .

mistake. The poor little chap looks so fearfully mussed up and unkempt. But I knew him, the instant I—"

"The dog evidently has quicker and better powers of recognition than you have," interposed Clay, with icy sarcasm. "That is why he jumped out of the truck when he saw me. That is why he's so squirmingly happy to be back with me again. Jock and I got to be grand pals, even in the short week we knew each other."

"I'm afraid I'm not interested in your palship with a dog named Jock," said Ruth freezingly. "And your mistake is natural. Just as I said. You had your dog only a week; and you were at the studio most of that time. I had Roddy, here, for ten days, all day and every day. I'd know him anywhere. I told Chief Boyle I'd give him fifty dollars if the police could find him among the gypsies for me. I can't very well offer you the cash reward. So you'll have to be content with my thanks."

"I'd be more than content with your thanks, if the dog happened to be yours. But he isn't. And— Please don't yank him that way," as Ruth's gloved hands clasped the wriggling Scottie. "You'll hurt him."

"He *wants* to come to me. Don't you, Roddy, dear? Please let go of him, Mr. Clay. This is ridiculous. Please—" The Scottie adopted a perplexed look.

"Hold on!" suggested Barry Clay, crossing to a vacant lot, while Ruth followed angrily. "We'll try the old infallible test. I'll put him down on the grass midway between us. Then we'll both call him. The one he runs over to is his master."

"His mistress," coldly corrected Ruth. "All right. Set him down. He always came at my call, from the very first day I had him—*Roddy!*" she finished, as the Scottie was placed on the ground.

"Jock!" Clay called in the same moment.

The Scottie's stumpy tail (*Continued on page 122*)

FADEOUT

. . . Robert Williams struggled hard for screen success. At last he got it. Then, just at that moment—fate snuffed out his life mercilessly!

By CURTIS MITCHELL

WHY does the life of which we dream and for which we slave turn so often to emptiness? I ask that in behalf of the thousands who were Robert Williams' newly acquired fans for I have just come from watching the staccato vitality of his performance in the film called "Platinum Blond"—and today Robert Williams is . . .

But wait. This is the story of a young man barely across the threshold of life who deserted Broadway to break his lances on the windmills of Hollywood. It is a story of toil and failure and finally success. And then it brings us to a square white room in a Hollywood hospital.

That macabre building has seen the healing of many a film favorite. Now it holds Bob Williams, sick unto death. Appendicitis. Doctors are with him, fighting destiny with all the ingenuity of science. Two friends wait in a roadster at the curb, their faces white with suspense.

Suddenly, over the tumult of street sounds there seemed to come a hush. And through the stillness came a frightful sound, a woman's anguished sob.

The men glanced at each other. The hospital door swings ajar and through it treads Bob Montgomery, Bob Williams' pal. He reaches the curb.

"It's all over," he mumbles.

Above, a white hand reaches up in Robert Williams' room and pulls a green window shade until it touches the bottom sill. Now the window looks like the eye-socket of a sun-bleached skull.

Robert Williams and Jean Harlow in "Platinum Blond." It was in this film that real cinematic recognition came to him—too late. For now Robert Williams is dead.

ROBERT WILLIAMS had entered that hospital under protest. Stricken while filming "Lady with a Past" with Constance Bennett, he had fought against calling a doctor. At the hospital, with his body packed in ice, he didn't want an operation. "I'll be all right," he insisted, because he had a terrible aversion to the idea of an operation.

Doctors knew he was wrong and they told him. But Bob refused to listen. He had never been ill, never indisposed. Surely such drastic measures couldn't be absolutely necessary . . .

Eventually, the operation was performed—but the appendix had ruptured. Peritonitis developed and a second operation became necessary. Then Bob Williams rallied enough to look up at Bob Montgomery and say, "I'm all right, pal. I'll get well now."

But he didn't get well. Doctors exerted every effort. In vain! Fate, the ruthless jade, imposed the ultimate penalty.

Penalty for what? The whole world wonders. Bob's friends and loved ones, beaten down with grief and bewilderment, wonder. (*Continued on page 116*)

THE MOST INSPIRING WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Norma Shearer was asked to present Marie Dressler with the Motion Picture Academy Award for the best acting of the year done by a woman—for Marie's portrayal in "Min and Bill." Remember, Norma won the award in 1930?

With Jean Hersholt in a scene from Marie's latest production, "Emma." It was this characterization which Miss Dressler acted out in a restaurant for Faith Baldwin, the author of this story. Marie is wonderful in it.

By FAITH BALDWIN

WITHOUT question, Marie Dressler is the most inspiring woman in Hollywood. There is no one else who has won so much, lost so much and won again—and, through it all, managed to keep a level head. And, even now, when her fame and success is far greater than she ever imagined it would be, she remains unchanged—a talented woman who is wise enough to be constantly prepared for what the morrow may bring, regardless of whether it be favorable or unfavorable.

I have noticed that the majority of articles written about Marie Dressler stress—and to my mind entirely too much—her age and her "come-back." It is not just, to my way of thinking, for I have always felt that a performance, whether on stage or screen, on canvas or between the covers of a book, should be judged wholly upon its own merits and not because the performer is sixteen or sixty. I even feel this way about infant prodigies. When one is hailed as the poet of a generation because she or he is ten or twelve or two it exasperates me to madness. Either the poem is good or it isn't. If you are going to say, "Here is a piece of work done by a four-year-old child," that is another matter. But for heaven's sake, don't say, "This is a great poem *because* a four-year-old child wrote it."

It is not fair to Marie Dressler to say that her screen performances are magnificent, and her reading of character superb, *because* she has passed the usual screen age for success and because she wins no beauty contests. Her performances are memorable because she is a very great artist. She has been a great artist for a long time. Stardom is not new to a woman who played on Broadway for thirteen years without ever leaving that street of heartbreak and glamor. She has had, along with the rest of us, her ups and downs, her fortunes and misfortunes. And I wish very much that her work might be judged on its own merits rather than because she is not a young woman. For there is really no earthly reason why an actress with thirty years' experience or more shouldn't be exactly thirty years or more better than an overnight star with but a

Photograph by William Grimes

. . . "Courage is, I think, one of her outstanding qualities. An ability to laugh it off, if life's joke is on her; an ability to weep for others . . ."

From the Harold Seton collection

(Left) Caught on the M-G-M lot. (Above) With Joe Weber in "Twaddle Twaddle," which was produced at Weber and Fields in 1905. This was in the days when Marie was first tasting success.

a few bedazzled years to her stage or screen credit.

It seems to me that there are many more valuable lessons to be learned from Marie Dressler's life, and the way in which she meets life than from any of the usual commonplace success stories. I imagine she would laugh heartily at the idea of herself as a real philosopher and a teacher. But she is, nevertheless. She has something to teach us all.

I LUNCHED with her the other day. We were a party of four, in an extremely high-hat dining room. We were, if I dare say so, a very nice party. First and foremost there was Miss Dressler, in a gown which became her beautifully and a hat that was really a hat and not a sublimated pancake; second, there was Miss Dressler's friend and traveling companion, whom I accused of being a sophisticated gypsy; third, there was a very delightful young man, and fourth, there was myself, all eyes and ears.

Here are some of the things I learned.

Marie Dressler is ageless. Ageless in her heart, and in her understanding and her grasp of essential things. As the years advance, the body, of course, feels the burden. At, say, fifty-nine, one cannot (*Continued on page 116*)

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)

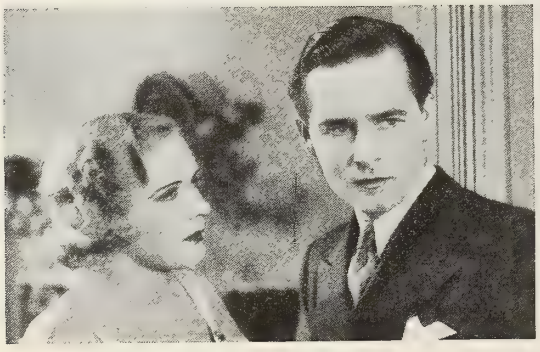
Not since the days of her earlier triumphs has Gloria Swanson given us so fine a film. As the temperamental prima donna in search of love, and yet afraid of it, the glorious one is truly superb. The picture itself is loaded with laughs, and holds plenty of romance.

Gloria is tempted almost to the point of surrender by the dashing Melvyn Douglas who pretends to be a gigolo. But at the crucial moment she hesitates, and he proclaims that it's "tonight or never" for their romance. There's a happy ending in which the hero turns out to be a perfectly nice young man. It's Mr. Douglas' film début, and an auspicious one.

DELICIOUS (Fox)

The sure-shot Cinderella theme, mightily glorified by Gershwin melody, brings back the unbeatable love-team of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. And the couple is ably aided by El Brendel, Manya Roberti, Virginia Cherrill and others.

The plot doesn't count as much as the music, but if you must know, Janet is a little orphan Annie immigrant, who eludes officials and slips into the Land o' the Free in a polo pony's stall. Don't be too surprised when you learn that the polo player is Charlie. Before their honeymoon, however, there are many complications which threaten to break Janet's heart. But you know all will end well.



HER MAJESTY, LOVE (First National)

It is to laugh! So if you feel like hilarity, visit those mirth-provokers, W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling, and giggle all your troubles away. Beside these Four Horsemen of Ha-Ha, the gracious, graceful Marilyn Miller is among those present. And with the help of Ben Lyon, provides the picture's beauty and love interest.

It doesn't seem a difficult task for Ben and Marilyn to romance convincingly. Wonder how often they think of the days when they were sweethearts off-screen instead of on? Well, anyway, the story doesn't matter much here. There are songs, dances and witty sayings sufficient to provide several evening's entertainment.

THE DOVE (RKO-Radio)

Not even the lavish production can save this one from being an outmoded piece weighted, as the saying goes, with everything but the kitchen sink. The individual performances of Dolores Del Rio, Leo Carillo, Norman Foster and the others are good. But the whole thing is a bit too melodramatic and theatrically unreal for comfort.

In case you've forgotten the old play, the romance concerns a dance hall girl, her gambler boy-friend, and a strutting villain who is the "bes' dam' caballero in all Méjico." The boy faces all sorts of death in protecting his lady-love before the happy ending arrives. There's plenty of action and lots of shootin'. But nothing new.

THE CUBAN LOVE SONG (M-G-M)

Just as your eyes are going dewey over the moonlit, flower-scented romance of Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez, along come Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante and Ernest Torrence to transform your tears into hilarious laughter. Beside the sighs and giggles there are gorgeous songs.

As one of three Marine Musketeers, the singing star wins a little peanut-vendor under Southern palms, only to lose her when his troop is ordered to the wars. He marries another, but hearing the girl's haunting song in a café, leaves everything to search for the lost love. He finds her—she is married and the mother of many children, one of which is named for him.

REVIEWS

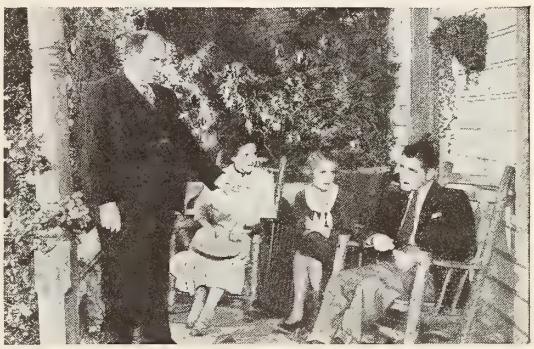
It's often a problem what movie to see. But not if you read these reviews

PRIVATE LIVES (M-G-M)

One of the smartest, most amusing pictures ever produced on the Camera Coast gives Norma Shearer the best vehicle of her career. As the charming, amorous spit-fire of Noel Coward's scintillating play, she shines as a truly brilliant star. And there are also Robert Montgomery, Reginald Denny, Una Merkel and Jean Hersholt for good measure.

Norma and Bob, you see, are veteran matrimonial battlers who meet again when each is on a honeymoon with a new spouse. There are passages at arms (and that goes both ways) which end with the couple eloping and the discarded partners finding solace in one another. The film is excellent—hilarious in every episode.

ARROWSMITH (United Artists)



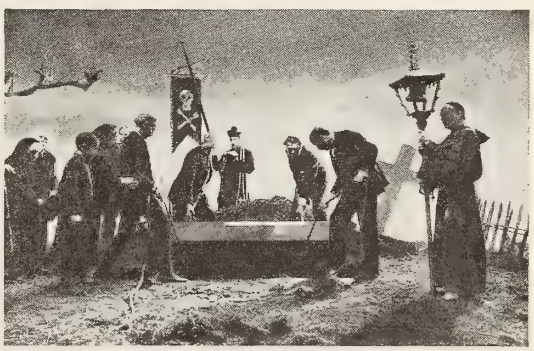
Technically exquisite, and enriched by fine characterizations from Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes, Richard Bennett, and A. E. Anson, there's still some doubt that this adaptation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about physicians and scientific research may be classed as entertaining movie fare. It's all pretty much of a psychological study, spiked with pointed satirical pokes at methods employed by some members of the medical profession. Decidedly, it is a cinematic achievement of the highest class. But it will be most appreciated by select audiences rather than the rank and file of amusement seekers. Colman is excellent as the young country doctor who becomes a famous physician.

SECRET SERVICE (RKO-Radio)

In this famous Civil War melodrama, stalwart Richard Dix rides to love and glory in the form-fitting regalia of both North and South. For Richard is a dashing Union officer sent through the Confederate lines as a spy. There's plenty of action, suspense and romance to delight you all.

Dix, wounded, is nursed to health by a belle of the Old South. What more natural than that he should fall in love with Shirley Grey? And she with him. But Dix is a soldier first and between love and duty his choice is obvious. Rebel rifles almost finish him. But he's spared to fight another day and to marry Shirley. It's a well done melodrama.

FRANKENSTEIN (Universal)



You'll keep whistling in the dark after you've seen this hair-raising horror-drama about the man who manufactured a monster! It's guaranteed to chill your spinal column and to hold you powerless in its hypnotic spell, for the strange literary classic has been wrought into a film thriller that is grotesque, weird, eerie, terrible.

The maniac, Colin Clive, creates a man-like creature devoid of a soul. The thing breaks from its master's control and wrecks ghastly havoc on the lives of the picture's people. Even Mae Clarke, the heroine, succumbs to its terrors, despite the efforts of John Boles and Edward Van Sloan. Boris Karloff, as the monster, is magnificent.

UNDER EIGHTEEN (Warner Bros.)

One of our latest Hollywood Cinderellas becomingly wears the glass slipper of stardom when little Marian Marsh, John Barrymore's "discovery," makes her stellar début in this exciting romance of young love, its trials, tribulations and triumphs. And the film itself, with Marian and Regis Toomey as central figures, is far above average.

The story has slight originality, but director Archie Mayo has woven new color into the old triangle tapestry of love, separation, and reunion. Little Miss Marsh is as charming an actress as she can be and Warren William and Norman Foster contribute to the entertainment, while Maude Eburne and Emma Dunn win honors.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)

GOOD SPORT (Fox)

If you recall John Barrymore in this dual rôle, you'll have an idea of the thrills and horrors awaiting you in the present version. Fredric March is the drug-tormented hero of the weird tale about the physician with a split personality. Such distinguished players as Miriam Hopkins, Rose Hobart, and Holmes Herbert are in the cast, but it's March's picture all the way. It's pretty nightmarish stuff, although there's no denying that it carries a big kick.

The rather distasteful theme of naughty ladies and their protectors brings Linda Watkins to the screen as this film's heroine, and introduces John Boles as a man who will marry only when—and if—he must. Hedda Hopper heads a feminine contingent composed of a half-dozen charmers, and Allan Dinehart is a two-timing husband. It's not very clever, and it is pretty repetitious. But there are some moments which help. It tries to be naughty but succeeds only in being not nice. The players are adequate.

PEACH O' RENO (RKO-Radio)

WEST OF BROADWAY (M-G-M)

This is about the best of the Bert Wheeler-Dorothy Lee-Robert Woolsey vehicles. If you are one of many who are rendered hysterically hilarious by the trinity you'll agree that the film is really uproarious. It's fast-moving farce of the slap-stick variety, and features the comics as Reno divorce shysters who do business at bargain rates. Plenty of fun is poked at the marital mill and Reno's wide-open aspects. Zelma O'Neal, Sam Hardy, Joe Cawthorne and other reliable comedians aid in the fun.

John Gilbert isn't helped much by his presentation here as a drunken wastrel home from the wars. The plot consists of the hackneyed fable about the man with a few months left to live who plans to squander them in wild revelry. Of course, the result is the breaking off of old alliances and the discovery of a new love in a sullied dove. Lois Moran plays the misunderstood street girl, while Madge Evans is the jilted fiancée. El Brendel contributes the funny business. Gilbert does as well as possible.

RECKLESS LIVING (Universal)

WORKING GIRLS (Paramount)

A race track yarn should have plenty of speed, but this one is left at the post. Ricky Cortez is a bookie who connives to get Norman Foster out of the way so he may wed Mae Clarke. Norman and Mae run a speakie which is a blind for Ricky's villainies. The boy seems in the villain's power when he loses money on a race. But it's all straightened out, Cortez gets another jail sentence, and the young love interest ends in a clinch. Poor Ricardo! Lately he's always going to the hoosegow on the screen.

Dorothy Hall, of Broadway's theatre, makes her début in this entertaining romance in which she is adored by Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers. The film is an adaptation of the stage play, "Blind Mice," and tells the adventures of girls alone in a Big City who dwell in one of the many semi-charitable girls' clubs. Hectic love affairs form the backbone of the piece, with comedy, provided by Stew Erwin, and drama about evenly balanced. It is of interest that Miss Hall once lived at the Three Arts Club.

THE ROVING CAMERA

. . . Some more of those marvelously informal snapshots picked up by our almost-human camera—both in Hollywood and elsewhere

(Right) Douglas Fairbanks at Luxor on the famous Egyptian Nile. You know, of course, that Doug's picturization of his round-the-world tour is said to be great. (Below, left to right) Charles Starrett crossing Hollywood Boulevard. Reginald Denny waiting for somebody outside the M-G-M commissary. Ruth Chatterton and Richard Wallace, director, on the grounds of the Paramount studios.

MARION DAVIES' PARIS WARDROBE

By

VIRGINIA T. LANE

All Marion's evening gowns have accompanying jackets. This jacket, which is worn with the gown at the right, is black velvet, made in tight-waisted fashion, and quite simply. White fox borders the bracelet length sleeves.

MARION DAVIES is infectiously gay. At a tea not long ago someone called her "the sunny side of Hollywood." An apt term. There is no gloomy corner when Marion's around. It's not an obvious cheer that she spreads but a warm, glowing one that does something way down inside of you. And how does this golden-haired, merry-eyed lady dress? Usually in soft pastels, my dear—and in a most charming manner.

She returned from Paris with ten trunks full of clothes. Not a press agent's statement, by the way, but a customs officer's report. And such clothes! Fragile, slinky gowns, pert little street frocks, trim suits with squared tops, hostess pajamas that are something to dream about.

"Oh, I had a perfect shopping orgy," chuckled Marion. Lelong, the designer of this black velvet evening gown, called it "Prelude." It's a slender, form-fitting model, designed as only a French costumer could design it. Clever cutting makes it hug the hips closely and flare in graceful fullness from the knees. The shoulder straps are braided—of self-material. The belt, also, is self-material. (A favorite Paris way with belts these days, by the way.) The only trimming is the huge white velvet flower set right plunk in the center of the front. Notice how little jewelry Marion wears—that simple pearl necklace is her favorite. And a single bracelet—that's all.

This gown was designed by Redfern. It has a name, too—"Charmante." Very appropriate, don't you think? Marion calls it her "glitter dress." It's made of silver cloth. Rather severely plain, as befits such stunning material, it relies upon the ruffled peplum and the three flowers in the front to relieve its severity. The lower skirt, intricately seamed, has a stand-out fullness which swirls beautifully when Marion walks. Look at the small picture (right) of this dress with its jacket and note how the peplum falls in line with the jacket and seems to be part of it. Petite people please note that peplums have a heightening effect.

. . . Marion loves shopping—she goes in for a perfect orgy of it twice a year—usually in Paris. You'll adore her vivacious descriptions of her new clothes—and her surprisingly practical hints, too

Departing slightly from our usual procedure in this department, we are presenting for your inspection the gorgeous clothes Marion Davies brought back from her last trip to Paris. Miss Lane has written a fascinating article about the ten trunksful of lovely things Marion purchased abroad

(Left) The silver cloth jacket to be worn with Marion's "glitter dress." It is bordered, collared and cuffed with mink. Note that the "Gay-Ninetyish" jackets remain in favor—short, nipping the waist closely and very rich in fur trimming, like this one.

"I adore to shop, anyway. I'd do it every day if I had the time. Since I haven't, I collect a new wardrobe twice a year *and* have my old things made over. That's a big item in any woman's wardrobe—clever, made-over dresses. Your new frock is some designer's idea; your re-fashioned frock is your own, and nine times out of ten you can make it more satisfactory than the original. Take old fur trimming, for instance. It's an easy matter to have it renovated so that it looks brand new and then think of the thousand things you can do with it! A smart choker, a collar and capelet, fascinating cuffs—why, there are any number of uses for the fur on last winter's coat . . . or the winter-before-last's! All it needs is a spark of imagination and a thread and needle. Personally, I get quite as big a thrill out of a garment that defies detection of

(Left, below) A Lelong street frock, called "Star Dust"—navy blue crêpe, studded with silvery nail heads. Notice how all the detail is applied above the hipline: the short peplum, the cute little bows tagging sleeves and shoulder, and the off-center neckline. (Left, above) In our opinion, the most beautiful dress in Marion's collection: cream Venetian lace, over a molded satin slip. Fullness in the skirt, a slight train, and a crystal and emerald belt—that's all. Augustabernard, the designer, calls it "Nuit Venétienne." (Above, left) The two jackets—one a bolero, and the other fox trimmed and lined with emerald-green satin—to go with Marion's lace dress. (Above, right) A Lucien Lelong sport coat of grey wool, with a clever yoke and raglan sleeve effect. Collar and cuffs are of beaver.

being a leftover as I do out of a newer-than-new model."

THAT'S the artist speaking. If Miss Davies were not an actress I imagine she would be a highly successful rival of Madame Chanel, Agnès, and the other famous couturières. She loves to explore in clothes, to achieve new lines, new effects. Changing the style of a dress is a hobby of hers rather than a bore, the way it is with most of us.

But to get to the contents of these trunks. Ah me, now I know why they can speak of a "poem of a dress," a "symphony in color." There is, for instance, an evening gown fashioned of cream lace that's so exquisite it might have been used for a royal wedding veil. It is worn, of course, over a molded satin slip and falls to the floor in a lovely unbroken line. The skirt has smartly placed fullness at the bottom that terminates in a little swishing train. These new sculptured formal dresses always remind me of Venus rising out of the sea—they're so form-fitting above and billowy below. You simply have to wear a smooth foundation garment underneath, like the corset-and-brassière-in-one, otherwise the top of your garter belt or corset will make a disconcerting ridge at your waistline. The only trimming of this lace gown is a crystal and emerald belt and Miss Davies wears a bracelet and ring to match it. This gown has two jackets. A short-sleeved bolero of the lace, and another lace jacket lined with the same shade of green satin as the stones in the belt. The latter has wide cuffs of blue fox fur. (Look at the top of this page for pictures of the gown and jackets.)

(Above, left) An afternoon coat from Lelong, called, fittingly enough, "Ritz." It's a dull, dead black woolen material, with a fichu collar and interesting cuffs of ermine. The little brimmed hat is from Rose Descat. (Above, right) A Lenieff dinner frock of black chiffon. A pink net gilet very finely tucked, is seen through the cape-like bodice. A soft bow is caught at the center front with a diamond brooch. (Right, above) A brown and white velvet ensemble. Marion loves brown and white. The jacket has four brown velvet buttons and deeply notched revers of brown caracul. The skirt is quite plain. (Right, below) Polka dots, unevenly scattered on black crêpe, return in this cute little street frock. The cut is simple, leaving the polka dots to capture the interest—and the white tied bands at elbow and neck.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of Miss Davies' wardrobe is its versatility. A dress for every mood. Imagine this, for example: a dance frock of navy blue in a material that resembles nothing so much as patent leather. It's as tailored as a man's suit. It even has a tailored collar on both the dress and the diminutive bolero jacket. What with her blond hair and creamy skin, Mademoiselle Marion creates a sensation when she marches into a ballroom in that attire!

NEXT comes the "glitter gown" of silver cloth that catches every direct and stray ray of light. It's almost severe in its simplicity. Three flowers of the material, and a fluted peplum soften its appearance. A sweeping hem-line swirls about Marion pleasantly as she walks. The wrap that accompanies it is bordered, collared and cuffed with mink. (See page 61.)

In contrast to these dresses is a "misty moon" creation —delicate and shimmering as a young girl's first love. It's of white chiffon (if you want to be romantically beautiful and mysterious wear white chiffon). Liquid lines has this gown . . . they melt and flow into the figure. Half-moons of rhinestones are scattered up and down the dress and they harmonize with the silver brocade wrap that goes with it.

Then there's a Grecian gown of white angel skin satin. Nothing can be so flattering as this type of dress—if it's worn correctly with the shoulders back where they belong and the body slanting forward. Miss Davies wears it superbly. Her frock has a belt *(Continued on page 94)*

LET ME BE A HUMAN BEING

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

. . . That is Gloria Swanson's plea. Gloria craves the sort of happiness which you and I have—but which fame denies her. Can she achieve it—ever?

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ONCE again Gloria Swanson has reached out for love.

Once again Gloria Swanson has staked her claim to happiness!

But why, I can hear thousands ask, were Gloria and Michael Farmer so secretive about their marriage? Why did they wait until the other members of the Dudley Field Malone house-party had gone off on some pleasure expedition before driving to the mayor's house, where they awakened him, and arranged for him to perform the ceremony? Why did Gloria marry before her California decree became final? And why, oh why, did Gloria and Michael Farmer do everything to create the impression that they weren't married; might never marry, in fact?

The answer to all this is simple. Very simple.

Gloria has reason to fear having anything known regarding her activities, no matter how logical, matter-of-fact, or natural these activities may seem to her. For, since she has been a great and famous star, Gloria has not been permitted to be a human being. Everything she does—no matter how small—has been newspaper copy. And often enough her motives have been deliberately misconstrued in order to make more sensational reading.

Gloria may have had some fantastic notion that she could keep this latest marriage secret for always, or, at any rate, for a long time. She is an incurable romanticist and optimist. Certainly she realized the longer the miracle of secrecy could be maintained the greater chances

After a gay night in Montmartre they went down to Les Halles to see the French farmers bring in their produce. Gloria and the Marquis were two happy human beings, then. But the world wouldn't let them remain human beings. Will the same fate befall Gloria's new love?

she and Michael Farmer had for happiness. But, as you know, less than three months after their secret wedding at Elmsford, N. Y., on August 16, every detail was emblazoned across the front pages of newspapers everywhere.

Let us consider Gloria's past so that we may see how, as a wife, an actress, a friend, and a mother, her happiness has been either partially or entirely destroyed because of the spotlight in which she is forced to live. It will, I think, help us to understand Gloria better.

Gloria, the Wife

IT was May in Paris when Gloria Swanson met the Marquis de la Coudraye. The chestnut trees along the Bois were in bloom. Was there ever a more perfect place and time for a meeting? He taught Gloria how to play. He, after all, had been born to leisure. And her career had left her little time for anything but work.

The Marquis knew that little place just a short motor's trip from Paris where you eat your breakfast high up in an old tree. He knew the rarest vintages and the sparkling wines with the most subtle bouquets. He knew the chef famed for sole Marguéry.

Together he and a wide-eyed Gloria stood before the works of the moderns in the Luxembourg. After a gay night in Montmartre they went down to Les Halles to see the farmers bring in their produce, to watch the farmers' wives arrange the bunches of red radishes, the

crisp, pale green lettuce, the cauliflowers like stiff bridal bouquets, and hang the stalls with dewy lilacs. Then, in the little soup bar, sitting on high stools with the farmers and their wives, they had onion soup in thick earthenware bowls, toast and cheese encrusted on the top of it.

Through his intimate little stories he brought to life sights that otherwise wouldn't have been one half so wonderful. He led Gloria gently to the Arc de Triomphe and showed her the simple little tomb in which the unknown soldier sleeps, above which a flame may flicker but never goes out, and where there is engraven in the stone, *"Un soldat a meurt pour sa patrie."* A soldier died for his country.

For the first time in too many years Gloria wasn't just a celebrity on parade. She was a woman. And she learned that in all the world there is nothing better than to be a woman walking with love.

After such days, is it odd that both of them would lie awake remembering? Gloria remembering over and over how boyish his laugh, how marvelous his zest for life, how wonderful his knowledge of many things, little things and big things. And the Marquis remembering over and over how lovely gray slate eyes can be, how tiny were Gloria's hands and feet, the throaty timbre of her voice and the wonderful way she followed him as if he were a prince and she a slave.

And so they were married. To each other they weren't a famous movie star and a Marquis. They were a man and a woman, belonging to each other, facing the future hand in hand.

On a de luxe liner they set sail for her land. Five days later in New York bay a welcoming committee came out on a tug to meet them. Motion picture officials, dignitaries, reporters. . . .

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer tried to keep their marriage a secret—because Gloria knows that publicity is fatal to love and understanding. She was right! The moment the event became known, ugly rumors started flying about.

Now it was Gloria's turn to take Hank by the hand that she might show him the way. He listened to her as she made the reporters and the photographers, the officials and dignitaries, at home. He watched her graciously avoid a question she felt it better to leave unanswered, a pose she felt undignified and unbecoming. And he was proud. Proud of his love for her. Proud of her love for him. But not for long . . .

Given a little more time, their belief and trust in each other might have been cemented against gossip and rumor, they might have come to accept the depth and sincerity of their affection for each other without question, they might have been very happy.

THE HEADLINES AT THIS TIME SAID GLORIA SWANSON HAD ACHIEVED A COUP D'ETAT IN HER FEUD WITH THE TITLED POLA NEGRI —THAT GLORIA HAD BROUGHT HOME A MARQUIS!

Gloria, the Actress

AFTER weeks of intense work and long hours the picture was finished. The company was dismissed. The leading man went off for a few days' trout fishing in the cool mountains. The director hurried to New York by plane. The thousands and thousands of feet of film were handed to the cutter. For the cutter is the magician who brings forth a finished product from chaos.

Telegrams came from all over the country to hurry with the cutting because exhibitors were impatient for the picture to be released.

Gloria Swanson, who was the star-producer of the picture, looked worried. Often people spoke to her twice before she heard them. Her eyes were a dark, troubled blue. She knew, you see, how important it was that this be a good picture. She couldn't afford to have it otherwise. New personalities were constantly coming to the screen. Many thousands of dollars were being spent to glorify lesser stars. And she wasn't at all sure that the backbone of the new picture, the story itself, was all that it should be. She had been dubious about it from the very beginning but the executives of her company had urged her to go ahead with it. She felt there were some episodes that were not convincing. To her clear thinking mind, at any rate, as she had viewed the rushes, there had been two or three places that had seemed illogical. And if the picture wasn't cut to cover these weak spots she felt the entire production would suffer and that her own characterization would not be properly motivated.

Gloria was tired from months of production, from sessions with the author and dialogue expert, from conferences with the film salesmen who had visited the studio during a convention, from long, tedious fittings at her dressmakers. Not to mention her work before the mike and camera. And the little room where the film was cut was suffocatingly warm, especially at noonday when the California sun acquires an almost malignant intensity. Nevertheless, Gloria went into that cutting room herself. She felt she must do everything in her power to see that the picture was as good as it could be. To do anything less would be to let down the public that would patronize that picture because of her name.

From early morning until late at night the silvery lengths of film slipped through her small firm hands. For Gloria knew her business from the ground up. She has, after all, been in pictures since the early days when players sometimes were obliged to pinch-hit in many capacities. The little tricks of the cutters' trade were taught her by several different experts.

She looked very tiny sitting up on that high stool. And sometimes as she threaded the film through the projector to verify her memory of *(Continued on page 119)*

Wide World

MEET MRS. CLARK GABLE

Yes, here she is, girls! The wife of the new Valentino, the new heartbreaker, the new what-a-man. Mrs. Gable is the former Mrs. Franklin Langham, of New York City. She and Clark were remarried at Santa Anna on June 19, following their original marriage in the East a year ago. This is his real love—on the following pages you will see him with his screen loves.

THE SCREEN LOVES OF CLARK GABLE

. . . Clark's screen love-making really made him a star. On these pages, follow his meteoric career

Starting immediately to the left and reading up and around the two pages clockwise: With Helen Twelvetrees in "The Painted Desert," one of his first films. With Anita Page in "The Easiest Way." With Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance" and "Laughing Sinners." With Madge Evans in "Sporting Blood." His famous rôle opposite La Garbo in "Susan Lenox." With Dorothy Jordan in "Hell Divers." Although completed some time ago, this film has not been released at this time. As the gangster who fascinated Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." The large picture on the left of the opposite page is from "Possessed." Gable and Joan Crawford are wonderful in it.

GARBO STEPS OUT—

By CARTER BRUCE

Garbo is being seen places in Hollywood these days! And dressed in the height of fashion, too. Concurrently comes the news that when her present contract expires in the spring, she's going back to Sweden forever. Can it be that the idea of going home has brought her out of her famous shell?

IT is something of a local joke that Greta Garbo is beginning to give every evidence of wearying of her years as a secluded hermit and is "stepping out," just as Marlene Dietrich goes into seclusion.

For the last year there have been a host of rumors to the effect that Garbo is growing tired of living up to the rôle of a "myth" . . . that she is growing impatient with the real loneliness the "lonely legend" has built up.

There have even been whispers that Garbo would be glad to talk to the press. Yet, neither Garbo nor her studio knows how to go about unraveling the tangle of her mystery. She has been silent so long and gained such a reputation for wisdom that it would be almost impossible to live up to it.

However, Greta at present is going about the business of emerging on a small, but promising scale.

In the first place she has given up her hedge-hidden house near the sad, sea waves of Santa Monica.

And the natives along the beach are protesting that Greta hasn't made a midnight stroll along her adored deserted beach in many months.

To add to all this, the lunchers at the Ambassador Hotel have been pleasantly surprised recently to glance up from their lamb chops and behold a very stylishly garbed young woman with a feminine companion laughing and gossiping at a nearby table. The young woman is none other than Aloof Greta. At her first appearance, the headwaiter, almost fainting from surprise, managed to offer her the little booth against the wall. "No," she said, indicating a prominent table, "I tank we sit here."

But more surprising than the table she chose—was her ultra smart mode of dress. Greta's attire would have done credit to our foremost "well dressed women."

Her companion at luncheon was Mercedes Acosta and it is possible that they may have been talking about philosophy and such—but if so they must have hit on the purely humorous angles, for they laughed considerably.

If people were staring uncomfortably, Greta gave no sign that she was conscious of it. When one little girl of about ten or twelve ankled slowly toward her table and paused to stare with childish rudeness at the lady Mamma had pointed out as the great Garbo, Greta lifted her eyes and smiled cordially at her youthful admirer.

At the finish of the meal there was even one of those polite little feminine skirmishes over who should have the check. Greta won—or lost—all according to one's view.

On her way out of the hotel she stopped to observe an announcement to the effect that Gus Arnheim was leaving the Cocoanut Grove and that another band was coming. "He's good music," Greta was overheard to say, "I get him on the radio."

It's surprising how many people about Hollywood seem to have met Greta recently. Frances Dee has met her. "She's charming, really," observes Frances, "not at all the gloomy person she's been painted." Claudette Colbert, during her brief visit to Hollywood, met Garbo. Pola Negri and Garbo have become very good friends. When Pola recently gave a Sunday party at her beach home, Greta was among her guests. She drove her own car to Pola's house and came in with a great deal of chatter about an accident she had narrowly escaped.

Even the people around the studios are beginning to talk of how frequently one now sees Greta about the lot. The other day she strolled casually in, looked about for a table, found them all occupied, then walked over to the fountain and ordered her lunch on a stool!

It begins to look as though Greta was to become a very flesh and blood young lady in Hollywood, one with a sense of humor and a lot of pretty new clothes . . . and not at all the "myth" of the past.

DIETRICH GOES INTO SECLUSION

. . . Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich change places! Garbo is giving up seclusion, becoming positively gay—while Dietrich gives up gaiety—for a reason

SINCE the day of her arrival in Hollywood, Marlene Dietrich has fought hard, with every weapon at her command, to escape being compared with Greta Garbo.

At first, Marlene loved to wear plain, tailored, mannish suits about the studio, but when she heard that this was an "exclusive" Garboesque costume, at least as far as Hollywood was concerned, she immediately took to satins to down the snicker that she was "pulling a Garbo."

But lately a development has taken place that is forcing Marlene into a Garbo tradition. In spite of what the gossip writers say, Marlene is going into seclusion!

No longer is Marlene granting interviews to the press.

No longer is she a conspicuous "first nighter."

They say Marlene has even abandoned her little circle of professional friends, including Joan and Doug, Jr.

How different this new seclusion is from Marlene's first eighteen months in Hollywood.

When the German girl first arrived at the Paramount studios she was the pride of the publicity department. She was the reporters' delight. In her fascinating German accent she talked frankly of every phase of her life . . . her marriage . . . her motherhood . . . her career in Berlin . . . her deep admiration for Greta Garbo . . . her gratitude at her American reception. Unlike Gloria Swanson and Norma Shearer she even had no scruples about being photographed with her child.

As for keeping herself aloof from the crowds, there was none of that in Marlene. She, and her constant companion, Josef von Sternberg, were as much a feature of the Hollywood premières as were the spotlights.

But all that is over now!

Marlene will see no one. She has become as difficult to locate for a story interview as Garbo. She has said that she might "consider" a story angle if the angle particularly appealed to her. A great many possible interview angles have been presented to her in the past few months and the statement has come back: "Miss Dietrich is not interested in talking on this subject."

What is the reason for this sudden aloofness?

Those who know her insist that Marlene has been deeply hurt by what she considers the scandal of Mrs. von Sternberg's alienation of affection charges. To no avail it has been pointed out to her that American stars have successfully weathered gossip and rumor far more scandalous than the legal difficulty in which she now finds herself. But Marlene will not be consoled by such explanation. She has the typical continental woman's slant on newspaper notoriety. In Europe, it seems, divorce actions are handled very quietly and seldom reach newspaper headlines. Marlene cannot seem to realize that in America divorces are more frequently in the headlines than are the news events of the world.

Marlene feels exactly as she would if these headlines had broken in Germany instead of America. She feels that she wants to hide away from them. Not that Marlene is hiding from Mrs. von Sternberg's charges . . . she vehemently denies all of them. But she does want to hide away from people who wish to discuss the case.

To a girl at the studio who enjoys Marlene's confidence, the German star said, soon after the unfortunate publicity broke: "These kind people who have been so friendly to me . . . what will they think now!"

Marlene seems to feel that no longer will the reporters seek her out for some friendly little story about her child . . . but that they would demand "love pirate" tales. She speaks frequently about returning to Germany for good.

In short, Marlene's feelings are hurt and she has gone into retirement, no matter what the gossips say about "pulling a Garbo." That, at least, is no "scandal"!

LET'S TALK ABOUT

Wide World

Connie's trying to scrunch down behind the Los Angeles City License Bureau's typewriter, but we recognize the Marquis. The famous pair getting their marriage license. See page 15.

WHAT with Reno, Nevada, divorcing so many of the stars, and Yuma, Arizona, marrying all those that are willing—Hollywood hasn't been eye-witnessing weddings or domestic relations court battles lately. Dot Mackaill and Neil Miller revived the fad for Yuma elopements when they flew there to marry. Then Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer drove to that town across the Arizona border and took the vows just four hours after Gloria got the final papers on her divorce. When Gloria applied for their first license in New York last August, she gave her age as thirty-two—but in Yuma (four months later) it had dwindled to a mere thirty-one years. As the humorist, John Medbury, said—"Farmer is three years younger, but at that rate, it won't take him long to catch up to her!"

We just got word that Marjorie Rambeau stole a march on Hollywood and trekked off to Yuma to marry Francis A. Dubger, retired Florida business man. Marjorie is the former wife of Willard Mack, the stage actor and screen writer and director. Her age was recorded as thirty-nine, and she plans to give up the screen, temporarily at least.

Also the deep-voiced and very blond young actress, June MacCloy, crossed the state line and returned to Hollywood as Mrs. Charles Schenck. Mr. Schenck (not of the Hollywood Schencks) is the son of a New York financier; he spends his time in the film city leading an orchestra. June was a hatless bride and wore a red sports ensemble. A far cry from the elaborate Hollywood wedding of Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, for which five figures of good gold were blown in!

We finally found an owner of a Hollywood miniature golf course who has a sense of humor. He posted a sign saying: "Anyone caught playing on this course will be fined ten cents." Even Mary Pickford's miniature course has folded up.

WHEN Ina Claire in Hollywood, received the news of Robert Ames' tragic death in the Delmonico Hotel, in New York, she collapsed.

It was strongly rumored that they had been planning to be married although this is doubted in some quarters. They had, however, intended to come to New York together, but Ina was forced to remain in Hollywood for a new film, so Bob had gone on without her.

Ames' mysterious death came as a complete shock to everyone.

NOW that Billie Dove and Howard Hughes are that way about each other again, everyone is wondering how and when they made it up.

We happened to be on a large week-end party which Billie attended with young Charlie Lederer, and Howard with another charmer. Regardless of their respective escorts—Billie

Acme

Mary Pickford presented President Hoover, at the White House, with the first ticket to the National Motion Picture Benefit Association's recent show for the unemployed.

HOLLYWOOD

. . . There soon won't be a secret left in Hollywood—if we can help it. Here are delectable bits of film chatter for you to store up to tell your friends

and Howard had eyes only for each other. And they seemed to come to a deeper understanding than ever before during their hectic Hollywood romance. Although Lederer and Howard's companions were a little put out, they understood, because everyone who knows Billie and Howard has felt right along that these two weren't permanently over being sweethearts. The actual making up occurred at the Mayfair party (see picture on page 31).

A marriage for Mr. Hughes and Miss Dove? We wouldn't be at all surprised!

Not many months ago there were rumors that John Miljan and his wife (the former Mrs. Creighton Hale) weren't on speaking terms and that a divorce would soon follow.

But the Miljans have patched up any difficulties they might have had—and there's a baby Miljan on the way—or if you prefer, the Miljans are expecting a visit from the stork.

Acme

Joan Bennett, remembering her own recent hospital term, visited Harlem Hospital on her latest trip to New York. Joan is with Dr. Connors, Commissioner Greff and patient Dorothy Meader.

International

Marjorie Rambeau with her new husband, Francis A. Dubger, retired Florida business man. They were married at Yuma, Arizona. The screen may lose Miss Rambeau—temporarily.

A HANDSOME actor who has been concentrating on villainous rôles of late—and quite successfully, too, having been signed to a long-term contract by one of the biggest studios—wasn't satisfied with his married life. He realized that he and his wife weren't compatible . . . and that the best thing for both would be a divorce.

But wifie recognized a good meal ticket, and refused to sue him for the divorce. Now he's torn between getting his own happiness—or continuing in the rôle of "a perfect gentleman."

So far his better nature has prevailed . . . but he admits to friends that the breaking point is not far off.

The day before the pretentious Hollywood première of Universal's "Strictly Dishonorable," little Sidney Fox, who has the leading rôle in it, surprised the entire studio by presenting each of the girls working in the telephone exchange out there with two seats to the opening.

You can bet little Miss Fox rates ace-high with her studio's telephone operators!

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 14 AND 92

STEPCHILD OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

(Above) As he appears in his latest film, "The Man I Killed." He plays the rôle originally intended for Emil Jannings. Some honor! (Left) With Elissa Landi and Walter Byron in "The Yellow Ticket." (Lower left) In "A Free Soul" with Norma Shearer. His work in it won him the Academy's 1931 "best male acting" award.

AS recently as a year ago even, picture-wise Hollywood was referring to Lionel Barrymore as "The Stepchild of the Royal Family." This, for the main reason that for almost twenty years two more glamorous members of his family have held the attention of the public . . . Ethel and John. Ethel's husky, sobbing voice has been imitated by the women of two continents. As for John . . . he of the classic profile, the slim, sinister *Hamlet* . . . he has been the American girl's ideal for everything that is attractive in manhood ever since he first cast his famous shadow on the New York drama.

From the beginning, it has been no secret from critics of the calibre of George Jean Nathan that John and Ethel had an equally talented brother, Lionel. But Lionel was no matinée idol or temperamental performer of flaming rôles. Off-stage, he was no Don Juan of sensational marriages, amours and divorces to intrigue the public imagination. So, while they did not forget him, (his performances in "The Copperhead," "Peter Ibbetson," "The Jest," and others were far too outstanding for that) he was relegated to third place in the glory of the Barrymore tradition.

When Edna Ferber wrote her subtle burlesque, "The Royal Family," it was a thinly disguised Ethel and John who held the center of the dramatic spotlight. There wasn't even a hint of Lionel in the entire play!

But if Lionel Barrymore's off-stage personality has held but little interest compared to that found in his brother and sister, it has been entirely in keeping with his own wishes.

HE has never sought the spotlight! Never wanted it. If for these many years his talents have been overlooked, he has not complained. Study, hard work, seclusion have been his real wish—and above all . . . peace!

And to know the strange personality of this man who has but few intimate friends and very little social life, it is necessary to know one outstanding, pivotal problem in his life—a problem which heretofore has been secret:

Lionel Barrymore is never free of pain . . . an intense

. . . Why is Lionel Barrymore —who has been awarded the Motion Picture Academy award for the best male performance of the year—only now receiving the acclaim which has always been given to the other Barrymores?

By WALTER RAMSEY

The man who is talented in an amazing number of mediums. For years his body has been racked with pain—it's kept him to himself and denied him the fame he deserves. (Right) With Doris Rankin in the stage production of "The Copperhead," which was produced in 1918. He made a silent picture of it, too. Do you remember it?

From the Harold Seton collection

physical pain that has racked his body for years!

Can you, who have seen him in some of his more recent pictures, realize that this man's compelling artistry is coming to you, sifted by an indomitable will power, through a physical suffering that is at times almost unbearable? Lesser men would have been beaten by it. Lesser personalities would have used it, long ago, as the basis for the "sob-story" type of publicity. Yet, in spite of the public's lack of knowledge, Lionel Barrymore's body has been tortured by inflammatory rheumatism for over fifteen years!

Possibly, if you are a keen observer, you may have noticed his eloquent hands in the jury scene from "A Free Soul." And if you did, you will remember that one of them is swollen and inflamed to *twice* its normal size!

It might have added to your appreciation of his physical agility in certain scenes of "Guilty Hands" had you known that at the time of the filming of that picture, Barrymore's condition was so aggravated that he was forced to walk with a limp . . . except when the camera was grinding.

Yet it would be impossible for the public to know these things through any statement from Barrymore. Half of his actions in public are made with the single intention of disguising this ailment on account of the curiosity . . . sob stories . . . and pity that might attend our knowledge. It is mentioned here, not in an attempt to arouse sympathy for Lionel Barrymore. He would despise such a reaction! He does not walk across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot briskly and with determination when others are watching . . . only to slow down to a stiff, painful faltering when he thinks himself unobserved . . . because he wants my maudlin sympathy . . . or yours.

SOFTNESS is not a part of the make-up of the man. He would hate to have it exhibited towards himself. He is of the character mettle that asks no quarter from life, and grants little. A great many people consider him gruff. An even greater number are afraid of him. His tongue is coated with a rapier wit that stabs at hypocrisies and sham. His conversational expressions would often put a longshoreman to (*Continued on page 123*)

Claudette Colbert makes all her pictures in New York. Husband Norman Foster makes all his in Hollywood. They recently managed to meet in Chicago for a few hours!

Nancy Carroll is making pictures on the Coast and her husband, Bolton Mallory, is editing a magazine in New York. Does this make two people more appreciative of each other, or—?

LONG DISTANCE

Wide World

Elissa Landi and her husband enjoy another one of those transatlantic marriages. For while she is working before the cameras in California he is practising law in London. They see each other every two years or so!

. . . Would you be able to make your marriage a success if you and your husband were as frequently separated—for as long and as far apart—as some of the married movie players?

AND so they were married. And five minutes after the ceremony, Mr. Newlywed Movie Star received a wire summoning him to New York to make a picture. And Mrs. Newlywed Movie Star couldn't go along because she was under contract and her next starring vehicle was due to start in two days—in Hollywood. Mr. Movie Star had to remain in New York for three pictures instead of one and Mrs. Movie Star's studio dispatched her to Honolulu on a location trip. Six months later they finally got together for a belated honeymoon. But by that time the divorce rumors were flying thick and fast and Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star spent their honeymoon denying to the press that they intended to separate. Sounds like an odd arrangement, doesn't it? It's the way things happen in Hollywood. Long distance marriages are quite usual. The people concerned seldom even complain any more.

Marlene Dietrich and her husband are the classic example of the long distance marriage. From Hollywood to Berlin is a long way. And most of the time Marlene has only her child.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are frequently separated by their respective jobs. Yet such separations have never once interfered with their love and understanding of each other.

MARRIAGE

By HARRIET PARSONS

There is no one—with the possible exception of a traveling salesman—who has as frequent and legitimate excuses for prolonged absence from his home and hearthside as a movie actor. What with location trips, calls to the east coast studios, personal appearance tours and maybe an occasional stage play, it's just a wonder he ever does get a chance to see the little woman. And when there are two careers in the family and the little woman has to meet the demands of a profession also—well—it's just too bad. Marriage boils down to a question of long distance telephone calls, wires and—in instances of rare good luck—a week-end together.

Of course, in a way it adds romance and glamor and sustained interest to marriage. You can't get too used to or tired of a marital partner when he's on the opposite side of the continent. On the other hand, most people aren't content with mere telephone conversations as the substance of marital companionship. And some husbands and wives not only enjoy each other's occasional company but actually like to have each other around all the time. In cases like that the long distance system is pretty trying.

NOW take Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. They have the very dickens of a time trying to see each other. Claudette is under contract to Paramount's New York studio and all her pictures are made in the East. Foster's a free lance, but a succession of pictures has kept him in Hollywood for many months. Every once in a while Norman and Claudette get a little bit desperate about it. There was the time when Norman had a week between pictures and Claudette had three days. They hopped trains and met in Chicago for a few brief hours. Just recently their long separation gave birth to a lot of annoying divorce rumors . . . Claudette got tired of all the talk and dashed out to Hollywood at her first opportunity. She only had two weeks' vacation which made a 3000 mile jaunt a pretty hectic affair. But after all, she's fond of Norman even if she does hardly ever see him. And she wasn't going to let idle gossip break up their home—or should I say homes? So Claudette spent half her vacation on the train and the other half of it being seen with Norman at all Hollywood's most popular places in order to squelch all the nasty old rumors. Now she's back in New York having offered proof of her marital bliss (albeit long distance). And Norman's still in Hollywood. And goodness knows when they'll see each other again. For two people who love each other it doesn't strike me as the most felicitous arrangement in the world. I should think Norman would sort of forget what Claudette looks like—and vice versa. Still—they can always go to see each other in the movies!

Then there's the case of Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory. The ink was barely dry on the marriage license when Nancy was summoned home to Hollywood by Paramount. Groom Mallory's job is in New York (he's the editor of "Life") so he was compelled to remain in the East, consoling himself with the thought that he had acquired a lovely and famous wife although for all practical purposes he was still a single man. It must have been tough for Mr. Mallory to have the red-haired beauty whisked away practically on the eve of their wedding. But apparently he is an understanding soul and realizes that

Nancy isn't necessarily less devoted to him because she happens to love her career, too. As for Nancy—she is more or less accustomed to the trials of the long distance system. She and former husband Jack Kirkland, had to put up with a good many such separations when their work took them to opposite points of the compass.

IRENE DUNNE and her husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, had to put up with an eight months' separation when the movies called Irene westward. Hollywood offered Irene a golden opportunity; Griffin's practice kept him in New York. Had her doctor-husband stood in her way it might have been even more trying to their marital happiness than the many months of separation. Had Irene rejected her movie offer to stay at her husband's side she might have regretted it bitterly afterwards. It's a difficult problem any way you look at it, and there really isn't any satisfactory solution. Now that Irene has attained stardom the situation is even more perplexing. You could hardly expect Doctor Griffin to give up his excellent practice in New York. But unless he does so or unless his wife gives up her very successful career in pictures they are going to have to continue to carry on their marriage in the long distance manner. After she finished "Consolation Marriage," Irene made a trip East to see her husband. They enjoyed a brief visit together —and then she had to hurry back.

Of course, the Griffins telephone one another frequently. In fact, it seems to me the chief beneficiary of these long distance marriages is the telephone company. It would almost pay Hollywood husbands and wives to organize a telephone company of their own!

Bebe Daniels is considering doing a play before she returns to pictures this winter. If she accepts the offer which has been made her to star in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" she will have to be in San Francisco during the Christmas holidays. That means that she will be unable to spend Christmas with husband Ben Lyon and baby daughter, Barbara Bebe. And it's Barbara's first Christmas. Of course, Ben would understand. He's been on the stage and in pictures long enough to know that these separations are sometimes necessary for the sake of one's career. But I wonder whether Bolton Mallory, Dr. F. D. Griffin and other non-movie husbands of movie wives don't sometimes resent taking second place to a career.

In Bebe's case, her marriage comes first. She may leave Ben for a short time—as she did when she went East to fulfill a radio contract last spring—but she says: "If my husband and baby really needed me I would go to them no matter what the cost to my career. They come first. But unless the issue were a vital one I would stick to my job. And I would expect Ben to do the same. I would not send for him or interfere with his work in any way unless it were absolutely necessary."

Such mutual understanding and trust is a fine thing and without it a long distance marriage would be bound to go on the rocks. But I wonder if it's possible to retain such a sane and understanding point of view in cases where the separation lasts a year or more. I'm thinking of Elissa Landi and her barrister husband whom she left behind her in England.

ELISSA and her fellow foreign stars are, of course, the outstanding exponents of the absent treatment method of marriage. Elissa came to Hollywood over a year ago—and she has just now paid her first return visit to England. Even before she came to Hollywood she was in New York for some time rehearsing for and playing in "Farewell to Arms" on the stage. Husband John Cecil Lawrence made a hasty trip to New York to see her open in the play—but he could not stay long. His law practice demands his constant presence in London. Altogether you could inscribe on the head of a pin the total number of hours which Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence have been able to spend together in the past year and a half. Yet they love each other and their marriage has been a happy one.

Then there's the Marlene Dietrich-Rudolph Sieber arrangement. Marlene was in Hollywood many months before she returned to Berlin to visit her husband and child. She seemed lonely and unhappy here. Yet she came back. And after her return she seemed quite contented in Hollywood—her loneliness apparently vanished. True, she brought her little girl with her—but her director husband was still six thousand miles away. And when at length he came here to visit her, his stay was brief and shadowed by the Von Sternberg entanglement. He appeared in public with Marlene and Von Sternberg, was photographed with them in ostentatiously friendly poses —and then went his solitary way back to Berlin. To me, he's a pathetic figure, this Rudy Sieber whose frau has suddenly become a world-famous figure with the eyes of millions focussed upon her. He goes about his work on the other side of the globe, dimly illuminated by reflected limelight—a long distance husband if ever there was one. I don't think he likes it much.

IF the partners of these much-interrupted marriages really love one another—and I think they all undoubtedly do—it seems to me they are putting their love to a pretty severe test. Yet, what alternative is there? If the Irene Dunnes, the Elissas and the Marlenes turned deaf ears to Hollywood's tempting call, might they not be dissatisfied for the rest of their lives? Might they not feel that the sacrifice had been too great? Which is better—a wife at home who is wishing she were elsewhere, or a wife thousands of miles away who is wishing she were home? It's a puzzler.

There are, of course, several outstanding cases of women who were unwilling to subject their marriages to the test of prolonged separation. Women who gave up magnificent opportunities rather than risk their marital happiness and seemingly did it without a qualm. But they are so exceptional as to seem sensational. And to Hollywood which accepts the long distance marriage as inevitable and natural they are astounding. The movie colony is still gasping over Edna Best's whirlwind departure. Edna, an English stage favorite, was brought out to play opposite John Gilbert. She was given much publicity and it was the chance of a lifetime for her. But after two weeks in Hollywood she fled precipitantly on the very day the picture was to start. Husband Herbert Marshall was appearing in a successful play on the New York stage and the prospect of being separated from him for weeks longer was just too much for Edna. She tore back to New York and Herbert as fast as extra-fare trains would get her there and left Hollywood speculating as to her sanity.

As for Barbara Stanwyck—Hollywood just doesn't understand her at all. She gave up a really brilliant future on the New York stage to trot docilely westward with husband Frank Fay who had signed a movie contract. Then, ironically, it was Barbara and not Frank who achieved fame in the movies. Recently when Frank, a cinema flop, returned to Broadway, Barbara showed every sign of being about to kick over the traces again and follow him. I think she'd have done it, too, without turning a hair, had not so much pressure been put on her by the companies to whom she is under contract.

Just how long can a long-distance marriage last? Doesn't husband Norman Foster sometimes wonder what wife Claudette Colbert does with her evenings? Isn't husband Bolton Mallory thinking that a honeymoon without a bride is pretty much of a washout? What mood do you suppose husband John Lawrence was in when he put wife Elissa Landi on the boat for America the second time? I wonder!

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper for their amazingly human portrayals in "The Champ."

Photograph by Freulich

We honor Walter Huston for his fine characterization in "The House Divided."

Photograph by John Miehle

We honor Gloria Swanson for the heights she reaches in "Tonight or Never."

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

We honor Mae Marsh for her superb character delineation in "Over the Hill."

BING CROSBY'S DEBT TO LOVE

Dixie Lee gave up a career for the joy of being Bing's wife. She has never regretted it. It was she, incidentally, who helped make Bing the terrific success he is today.

Bing paid his debt—in full—by conquering a dangerous habit. And, of course, a woman is responsible for his victory

By HESTER ROBISON

MAYBE you've heard him singing over the radio with that little appealing trill that comes into his voice every now and then; maybe you've seen him on the screen in Mack Sennett comedies, or on the stage in one of his many personal appearances. But I'm sure that wherever you've seen or heard Bing Crosby, you couldn't have missed that sad note that comes into his voice when he talks or sings of love. There's a story in back of that voice, one of the most pathetic stories of frustration and a man's weakness and the loyalty of a beautiful wife that has ever come my way. If it had not been for the loyalty and love that his wife, Dixie Lee, gave him when he needed them most, Bing Crosby's story might have had a tragic ending.

This story actually begins many months ago when Bing was singing with Paul Whiteman's band, and when Dixie was under contract to Fox Films. They didn't know each other then. Bing didn't care much about women; he was absorbed in another vice, for vice it was—drinking.

When Bing couldn't fulfill a singing engagement it was known that drink had gotten the best of him. But he was only twenty-six and youth recovers quickly from all-night brawls. The pity of it is that youth is also quickly pardoned and given another chance to make good. This constant forgiveness on the part of people who needed the magic of Bing's voice and good looks almost ruined him. He took advantage of that forgiveness.

ONE night he was singing in the Montmartre Café in Hollywood when Dixie Lee walked in with a crowd of movie folk. Now Dixie herself has a beautiful, throaty voice, and when she heard Bing she immediately felt drawn to him through an appreciation of his singing. They met and fell in love and, naturally, wanted to be together as much as possible. Then it was that unlooked for circumstances, engineered by people with purely selfish motives, beset their romance to such an extent that the two youngsters were driven almost insane.

For one thing it became obvious that powerful forces were at work in the Fox Studios to separate Bing and Dixie. At first, Bing accepted the fact that the studio should want to keep one of its popular players from marrying and thereby spoiling the attitude of the fans toward her. As time went on, Dixie would frequently tell him of little warnings and unpleasant hints that had been made to her about her romance—and probable marriage—with Bing.

As she and Bing were seen together more and more, Dixie's career, which had seemed so definitely established and on the upgrade, began to slip. Instead of playing important rôles she was humiliated by being assigned to bit parts or work that an extra would have done. Still she refused to let it break her morale or interfere with her romance. Bing, it must be admitted, did not help the studio situation at all. He went his merry way drinking to his thirst's content, and further antagonized Dixie's

employers—making it more difficult for Dixie.

ONE day she was called into the office of a powerful official and handed an ultimatum: "Either you give up Bing Crosby or your career at this studio is over!"

"Then I'm through," she said with youthful defiance. "I'm going to marry Bing Crosby."

She had no one to turn to in her dilemma. Her parents, not understanding, perhaps, thought she should give up Bing because the studio had her interests at heart. So she went to Bing and he took her in his arms and said, "To hell with the movies. We'll get married and you'll make a career of being my wife."

Quietly they slipped away and were married. Dixie had no regrets over her career, no regrets at having given up for the sake of love everything that had mattered so much before. Bing, after the marriage, was a little frightened at the responsibility. He realized that if it hadn't been for him Dixie might have become a great movie star. Being worried, beset with fear over the responsibility he had shouldered, led him to one thing—more and more drinking.

Dixie was terrified; she was afraid it would affect his voice. She believed in him, wanted him to make good so that she could turn in triumph on those who had advised her against marrying him. With a sinking heart she watched him drink, watched the habit take a firmer hold on him, worried when he was unable to fulfill singing engagements. But she was too proud to command and too weak to insist that he stop. She refused to stoop to nagging. As long as she could she kept her terror to herself. Then she could bear it no longer. People began to talk and the rumors came to her ears. Bing was this, and Bing was that, and Bing's drinking would keep her from ever getting another chance in the movies. Dixie felt ashamed before her friends—felt let down after the great sacrifice she had made for the sake of a man.

Bing and Kalla Pasha in "One More Chance," one of the series of short comedies in which Bing is appearing on the screen.

They quarrelled. Friends—those sort of friends who lick their chops over a choice bit of gossip—lent their ears for Dixie's side of the quarrel. Dixie wanted advice. After all, she is only twenty-two, and having made one important decision which cost her her career, she was wary about making one she considered still more important—to get a divorce. The "kind" friends said:

"He's confirmed in this habit of drinking, Dixie. Why don't you get a divorce? He isn't worth sticking to."

And Dixie listened and thought the matter over. Meanwhile the friends gossiped and a short time later various newspapers all over the country carried the story that Dixie was getting a divorce from Bing. It was the first time that Bing became conscious of the harm his drinking was doing. It was the first time he actually realized the seriousness and responsibility that marriage entailed. And it was the first time that he appreciated Dixie's sacrifice.

That was over three months ago. And since that day when he made his decision to give up drinking, Bing Crosby has not touched a drop of liquor. Since then he has skyrocketed to fame and Dixie is always by his side, beaming with happiness. Her sacrifice has been vindicated. She doesn't care a hang for the forsaken career.

"To me," Bing says, "my success makes me happy mainly on account of Dixie. Personally, I don't care for fame. I'd rather be happy-go-lucky—fishing for swordfish off the coast of California, or golfing. It's for Dixie that I'm working so hard—although some people may say I'm just talking a lot of hogwash. But then—it's not every man whose wife has sacrificed stardom for his sake."

And liquor? Well, I asked him recently, when he was playing at the Paramount Theatre in New York, if he still had to fight the old habit. He didn't have a chance to answer. His brother, Everett, who happened to be in the room at the time, answered my question:

"Three months ago, when we were on our way to New York, I brought along a suitcase full of liquor. Everyone on the train was drinking and I poured drinks for Bing, too. But he didn't touch a drop of it. Even today Bing can go into speakeasies with his friends and sit around without touching a drink himself.

"As a matter of fact, liquor didn't harm his voice as much as too much smoking—he used to smoke incessantly. Another thing that drove Bing to drink was his lack of self-confidence. That was before he met Dixie. He used to drink so that he'd have nerve enough to sing and to make public appearances. Even today, though Dixie encourages him constantly and keeps telling him he's the greatest singer in the world, he gets stage-fright when he comes out before the footlights."

Bing told me that he used to consider liquor a good lubricant for his vocal cords. Well—I've noticed that man can always find an alibi for almost any weakness. Bing doesn't need alibis today—he has overcome his weakness for liquor.

Bing's main weakness today is a little brown-eyed blonde who calls herself Mrs. Bing Crosby, and who has turned down lucrative vaudeville offers because she preferred not to leave her husband for out-of-town performances.

Bing today is well in the $6,000 a week class of singers. He has a radio contract which stipulates that, if he should fail unreasonably to fulfill a singing engagement, he must forfeit $1,000. This is merely another indication of what Bing's reputation for drinking has cost him—the implicit trust of those who employ him. But we think it won't be very long before that cautious little clause is removed. People have learned that they can trust Bing Crosby—that he'll keep his singing engagements now. With the aid of Dixie, each day is strengthening this trust in him—and in two years Bing will be able to retire if he wants to.

There is an unusual clause in Bing Crosby's contract—it concerns a former weakness which he has now conquered

THE TRUE STORY OF SYLVIA SIDNEY

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

(Right) Sylvia at sixteen, when she was playing in the New York stage play, "Crime." (Below) Shortly after she joined the Paramount forces.

. . . The fascinating story of a girl who didn't want to get in the movies! But read how Sylvia Sidney changed her mind—and found the greatest thrills of her life in her movie-made success

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S childhood wasn't a particularly happy one. She was such a sensitive little thing. When her father and mother sent her away to school, trying to accustom her to other children and help her overcome that sensitiveness, Sylvia only became more unhappy, more retiring.

When Sylvia saw Doris Keene in "Romance," she made up her mind she wanted to be an actress. At ten, she began elocution lessons. At fifteen she entered the Theatre Guild School. She did well but one day she "talked back" to one of the chaperons and was expelled from the school.

Finding a job on Broadway wasn't easy. Sylvia traipsed from agency to agency.

During this trying period, Sylvia tried film work. But she hated it. The legitimate stage was her only love in those days.

At last she got a part! In "The Challenge of Youth." It opened in Washington, D. C. On the first night Sylvia was as excited as a bride. But on the *second* night, she determined to be more collected—to improve her characterization all that she could. To make it perfect.

In one part of the play she was supposed to run to the back of the set to look through a window. She started, with graceful steps, to make that run. A horrible blackness began to overcome her. Then she fainted. Fainted when she was so anxious to make good.

They carried Sylvia into the wings and laid her on an old sofa.

"Appendicitis," said the doctor they called, looking grave. "I'm afraid this little girl will have to be replaced for a time; that we'll have to operate."

(Above) In her first talkie, "Thru Different Eyes," with Warner Baxter. Sylvia played a murderess in this film. (Left) When she was with Fox, in the early days of the talkies. (Below) In the stage production of "Bad Girl," with Paul Kelly.

FOR months Sylvia had waited to get back in the theatre. And now this! She tried to get her breath over the great weight that had settled upon her heart. It tried her courage much more than the pain in her side.

"I'll consider what you say," she told the doctor with a little smile. However, had either her mother or father been there they would have known perfectly well that that smile meant Sylvia already had made up her mind.

"If I decide to have the operation," she continued, "I'll let you know in the morning."

When the doctor had gone she asked to see the company manager. "Don't worry," she told him. "I'm going to keep right on. I'm not nearly as badly off as he would have you believe."

However, looking at Sylvia's pale face and the dark circles under her eyes, the manager wasn't so sure. He was careful to have an understudy ready. But Sylvia finished that week's engagement and then, when the play closed, she went for a surgical examination. It wasn't appendicitis at all. She had torn a ligament in her right side in a fall she had sustained sliding down banisters during a rehearsal. She spent the next two weeks in bed. Restless, of course. Fuming at the enforced idleness. But, sensibly, realizing that it had to be.

A police escort sped Sylvia through New York's busiest traffic for

(Above) Sylvia with Gary Cooper in "City Streets," the film in which she hurriedly replaced Clara Bow. (Below) With Gene Raymond in a scene from "Ladies of the Big House," which will be her next—and her fifth talkie in less than one year.

(Above) With David Landau in that terrific moment in "Street Scene" when Rose Maurrant (Sylvia) sees her father dragged away to prison. (Below) With Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy." Both these films showed Sylvia's gift for tragedy.

DURING the next few years there were successful plays and there were failures. There were parts that advanced Sylvia and parts that did nothing more than afford her an income. She played in "The Squall" and "Crime." She played in "Mirrors" and "Don't Count Your Chickens." Other members of these companies, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis and Chester Morris, are now her neighbors in California.

Sylvia was the artist, dissatisfied with anything less than the best of which she felt herself capable. She decided she needed the experience stock work would offer and joined the famous company in Denver the same season Fredric March played there as leading man. Work of this kind, of course, meant she must put aside every other interest. Matinées and evenings she played one rôle, mornings she rehearsed in another play, and in between times there were the lines of yet another play to memorize.

However, with that company, Sylvia crowded years of experience into a few months. One week she would wear the gay tarlatan of a première danseuse, the next week she would play a slattern, covering her shining hair with a drab wig, and the week following, likely as not, she would be a demure nun.

The movies, ever on the look-out for talent, watched this Denver company. And spying Sylvia, Hollywood was like a bumptious suitor jingling gold pieces in filled pockets. With the result that when the summer season was over Sylvia headed further west.

On the Fox lot she was cast in "Thru Different Eyes." As a murderess. And she was only eighteen. You know perfectly well that only a child of an histrionic line or else a child with an inheritance such as Sylvia's could have played this rôle convincingly at such an age.

"Thru Different Eyes" was the third talkie the Fox company made. The studios were crowded with all the stage people who had arrived in the first gold rush. The microphone was reducing casts and directors and technicians to hysteria. Sylvia hated every part of it. The lights burned her eyes, none too strong at best. She loathed the disconnected manner in which scenes were filmed. She felt she had made a mistake and, contract or no contract, she determined to quit immediately after the picture was completed.

SYLVIA was homesick, too. Driving to her hotel in the evening she would grow forlorn at the purple shadows settling over the mountains. These mountains seemed to close in and shut out *(Continued on page 125)*

"Street Scene's" première. Could any girl ask a bigger thrill?

Photograph by Will Walling, Jr.

(Left) On the First National lot. He's under contract to them but other studios are borrowing him right and left. (Above) With his mother. She lives with him in Hollywood.

ARE YOU

By HARRIET PARSONS

YOU'VE been hearing a lot about William Powell's suavity, about Ronald Colman's gentlemanliness (if there is such a word), about Ramon Novarro's charm. Maybe you've heard a whisper or two concerning Clark Gable's terrific appeal for the ladies on both the paying and receiving end of the box office. But there's a lad living quietly in Hollywood who has an edge on all these famous Lotharios of Limelight Land. He has the polish of Powell, the quiet distinction of Colman, and he's as heart-whole and fancy-free as the professional bachelor, Ivan Lebedeff. Maybe he's not as aggressively virile as Gable—but he has that newest nominee for the Valentino crown beaten to the goal post, too. For Clark is married, and David Manners (that's his name) is as unhampered by marital ties as Jackie Cooper.

You've heard about David from time to time and you've admired his handsome face in the fan magazines —ever since he played young Raleigh in "Journey's End," but you haven't yet realized what a serious contender he is for the title of Hollywood's leading Don Juan. You haven't realized it because Dave himself doesn't know it yet. Because, for all his laughing amiability and gracious charm, he's a very serious and thoughtful young man with a great deal on his mind besides feminine conquest.

Tall, slender and perfect of feature, David has a physical beauty that puts most of the screen's current heroes to shame. But—and here is what makes him a true romantic menace—he is not the vapid, empty-headed type of juvenile—far from it. He is a cultured, well-read,

Right now, David is somewhat scared of the idea of another marriage. The unhappiness brought him by his first venture has made him decidedly wary about girls and matrimony.

With Madge Evans and Ina Claire in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." David was borrowed by United Artists from First National for the romantic lead in this important picture.

MANNERS-CONSCIOUS?

sensitive young person with a leavening of humor. A well-groomed, well-bred, well-mannered young man you'd be proud to be seen with—yet anything but a tailor's dummy or a good-looking gigolo. Possessed of brains, intelligent and stimulating. Something of a phenomenon in Hollywood, this Manners lad.

THE fact that he is not known and publicized as one of Hollywood's foremost sheiks is something of a mystery at first glance. Oh, Dave steps out occasionally. He's been seen with Evalyn Knapp, Sylvia Sidney, Rose Hobart—numerous other lovely and prominent young ladies. But never often enough with any one particular girl to encourage even a shadow of a rumor. What's the matter with the boy that he doesn't do his duty by the chatter writers?

I'll tell you what the matter is. David Manners has been hurt. And he has no intention of being hurt again if he can help it. He's taken the count in the not-so-distant past. He's still bruised—and he's wary. He knows what it feels like to have a great romance shattered—to watch a great love turn to ashes. And he'll think twice before he gives his love, his dreams and his peace of mind into a woman's hands a second time.

When David came to Hollywood two years ago, he brought a wife with him. His marriage lasted just six months after his screen début in "Journey's End." He is now divorced and his wife has remarried. Yet few people in Hollywood know that the personable Mr. Manners has ever been married.

People thought David snooty during those first months in pictures. His natural reserve was intensified by the bitter unhappiness through which he was passing. He was abstracted, harassed—his mind constantly on the problems

. . . If not, you ought to be, for David Manners has as much talent, suavity and charm as almost any three actors combined

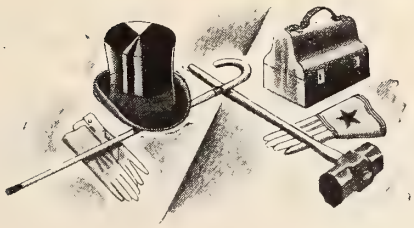
which awaited him at home. When acquaintances addressed him, more often than not he didn't hear. When fellow workers joked with him he could not joke back. There was no gaiety in him. He was worn out with worry, distracted by the continual effort to save a marriage which had been doomed from the start. The consensus of opinion was that David Manners was either a very dull young man or a very high-hat one. Those early acquaintances marvel at the change in him when they meet him now.

The tragedy of David Manners' marriage was the tragedy of family interference. Had David and his wife been left to work out their problems alone they would probably still be happily married. But shortly after they settled in Hollywood, during those first difficult months when David was gaining a foothold in pictures, Mrs. Manners' mother came to live with them. David will still tell you that his wife was the one woman for him—that she was ideally suited to him. But she was completely dominated by her mother. And when the Manners marriage, instead of being a happy partnership between two lovers, became a three-cornered affair with mother at the helm, its death warrant was *(Continued on page 127)*

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

. . . That busy reporter of ours brings in a couple of up-to-the-minute shots—and then runs out for a ride on a horse-car

(Above) Can you imagine Ramon Novarro doing a comedy dance for Mack Sennett? Well, you don't have to—for there he is in all his Terpsichorean splendor. 1920 was the vintage of that darling little specialty number. "Your eyes shine like a new Ford's fenders," says the gentleman (right) with the vegetables around his forehead who is none other than the Emperor of Emotions, John Gilbert. The girl with the Empire State Building headdress is Rénée Adorée (three accents, please). This was a scene from the famous tearjerker, "La Bohême."



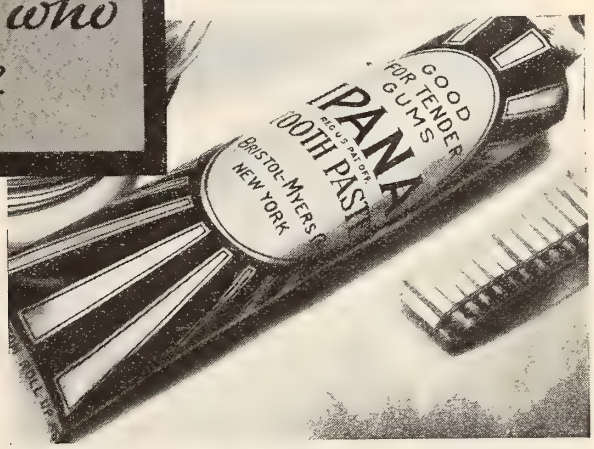
HIGH-HATS or OVERALLS!

This man is the typical millionaire! He has an imported car—servants—money. Yet all his wealth can't help him if his teeth and gums are not healthy.

This man has muscles of steel. But his gums, being soft, trouble him. "Pink Tooth Brush" is no respecter of people. For all people, millionaires and workmen, eat soft, creamy food.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" doesn't care who you are

Women especially should be concerned about the looks of their teeth and their husband's teeth. Follow the new dental developments. Use Ipana and massage. Beauty of the teeth, preservation of the gums in a healthy state will reward you.



This is Ipana Tooth Paste. Use it on your teeth. Massage it into your gums. Keep your gums firm and healthy with Ipana and massage, and you will be delighted with the fine, clean appearance of your teeth—the only teeth you will ever have.

You may live on Easy Street, or work like a slave—either way, you can have plenty of grief from soft gums. "Pink tooth brush" can happen to *anyone!*

As a child, you had good, sound gums. But now? No! Why? Because, like all the modern world, you eat soft foods. And soft foods don't give your gums enough work to keep them vigorous and firm.

Gradually your gums have become lazy, touchy, and tender. They probably leave traces of "pink" on your tooth brush. And unless you set them to work right now, gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea might follow. And why endanger the health of sound teeth?

Get after "pink tooth brush"—beginning today. Brush your teeth with Ipana —twice each day. But each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

You'll notice more sparkle in your teeth —and your gums will be harder and healthier. Go on using Ipana with massage —and *forget* about "pink tooth brush"!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-22
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

1932, B.-M. Co.

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

Photograph by William Grimes

Acme

(Above) L. B. Mayer of M-G-M gave a luncheon recently to honor the members of the American Newspaper Association. See if you can find Marie Dressler, Vice-President Charles Curtis, L. B. Mayer himself, Conrad Nagel, Mrs. Dolly Gann, Irving Thalberg, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Will Hays, Robert Montgomery, and Harold Lloyd. (Left) Young Jackie Cooper attended the Hollywood première of "The Champ" and was asked to "say a few words to the radio audience." Jimmie Durante is giving Master Cooper a boost up to the mike.

Clark Gable has had his eyebrows plucked for the camera!

THE sudden and unexpected death of young Robert Williams brought sadness to a host of friends both in New York and Hollywood. It also marked the end of one of Hollywood's most beautiful friendships—that of the late actor and Robert Montgomery. The two Bobs fought their way to success together on the New York stage, and several years later were reunited when Williams joined the film colony and became a frequent visitor at the Beverly Hills home of Montgomery.

Among a host of notables who also paid tribute to their friend and co-worker were Ina Claire, Bob Ames, and Constance Bennett.

May we offer our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Nina Penn Williams, his widow, and his legion of loyal friends.

THE other day on the Paramount lot we were treated to a scene that is seldom witnessed in Hollywood—a producer bawling out his star in front of the cast for a period of one hour!

Marlene Dietrich was the victim of the berating tongue of Joseph von Sternberg. While the entire company waited (at a cost of a thousand dollars an hour) Von Sternberg marched up and down the stage with Dietrich walking at his side. He was giving her a good piece of his mind, all right, and sparks of professional temperament flew right and left! It is whispered that the famous team of Dietrich, star, and Von Sternberg, director, may shortly break up. We were unable to ascertain the truth of this rumor before going to press . . . but we shall attempt to have the lowdown on the whole situation before you hear from us again.

Claudette Colbert who, according to Walter Winchell, has the best looking pair of legs on Broadway, had lunch at the Embassy while on her visit to Hollywood. You should have seen the fellows at the renowned Bachelors' Table in the exclusive eating place strain their necks to get a glimpse of the famous Colbert limbs!

A CHAP came up to Richard Arlen.

"I'm so glad to meet you," he said happily. "I've always been a great admirer of your work. And my son, too—a little boy—agrees with me. In fact he always says that you're the only screen star he really has any use for, Mr. Lyon."

Arlen hid his surprise as best he could. The man went on:

"I wonder if you'd mind autographing this book for my boy? It'll be the greatest day in his life if you do."

"Of course," said Dick. He took the book and then hesitated. If he signed "Richard Arlen" the boy would undoubtedly be disappointed. (*Continued on page 128*)

AND Easier washdays now in millions of homes

THOUSANDS write to tell us how much work and time Rinso saves on washday. "Rinso's creamy, lasting suds soak out dirt and save scrubbing," writes Mrs. W. A. Graff of Los Angeles. "It gets white clothes so much whiter—colored things so much brighter," says Mrs. Annie Rines of Salem, Massachusetts.

Even in hardest water, Rinso gives the thickest, creamiest suds imaginable! "I never need a softener any more," says Mrs. Nettie Wood of Dayton, Ohio. Rinso saves the clothes, too — they don't need to be scrubbed threadbare.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as light-weight, puffed-up soaps—suds that are safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors.

"Use Rinso" say makers of 40 washers

The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. Great for dishwashing and for all cleaning. Get the BIG household package.

Valuable Illustrated Book—*Free.* Send for your free copy of "Whiter Clothes—Easier Washdays". Packed full of information on every phase of home laundering. Just send your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 792, Cambridge, Mass.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors

2 SIZES most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 63*)

and shoulder straps that are braided, and silk flowers trailing down the front of the bodice. The jacket? Of course there's one! There is to all of her evening dresses. It is of velvet with a shawl collar and flaring cuffs of ermine.

The wrap she uses with a beige crepe frock is of matching stain and three quarter in length. It has a blue fox collar and the frock is embroidered in rhinestones.

"If it's a velvet gown you want this winter, don't think of having it in anything but the deepest tones," Marion observed. "Tones like sapphire, dark ruby red and emerald green. They're so rich and luscious. I chose black—there's nothing deeper than that!—because, being a blonde, it's one of my preferences. This dress, too, has woven shoulder straps and belt of self-fabric. Paris, as well as Hollywood, seems to favor this for trimming." A large white flower in front provides an interesting note. The high-waisted wrap has bracelet length sleeves edged with white fox—a perfect complement for long white kid gloves. (There are pictures of gown and wrap on page 60.)

ORCHIDS are Marion's choice for an evening corsage. Always. And she raises her own! Down at her beach home she has a hothouse where she grows rare varieties, not all of them lavender in color. Some are a lovely speckled green, others are pure white with daintily tinted centers in yellow and purple. It's an astonishing thing to hear her say, "Do you want an orchid? Just a minute and I'll go over and cut you one"—quite as though it were larkspur or any other kind of common garden flower she was offering.

She wears jewelry with great discretion. Many of her gowns are so sheer and fine they would be overbalanced by heavy jewels. A string of pearls is the necklace she uses most frequently for formal occasions. Sometimes in the afternoons you see her in costume jewelry, but not very often.

Strangest of all facts—Marion never knows what to put on when she's going to a party. Now really I thought that last-minute panic about the tremendous problem of what-to-wear was confined to us fans and never included the stars. But Marion belongs to our sisterhood. "I puzzle and worry and fret until it's almost time to go—then I dash madly into something. Anything. It usually works out all right and I'm happy."

In the evening Marion is the charming orchid lady, witty, amusing, poised. Around her home she looks like a most attractive madcap wondering what sport she can have next. When she gets up in the morning she slips into a sailor suit—regular Jack-Tar trousers, tight coat trimmed with brass buttons and a sailor cap perched perilously on the back of her head. And she keeps it on all day until it's time to dress for a tea or dinner. With this outfit she wears plain tennis shoes . . . and chiffon underwear. All her underwear is of chiffon in various delicate shades with fine drawnwork.

JUST to take the sharp edge off the winter blizzards let's talk about the kind of bathing suits we'll be donning next summer. Marion's suits give us a preview of them. One, named "Waikiki," is fringed with raffia and has a pineapple cloth over-skirt and lei necklace of rubber flowers. Most of the new

A Maria Nowitzky bathing ensemble, with a lei of rubber flowers and pineapple cloth wrap-around skirt, fringed with raffia.

swimming suits will have matching skirts. Another shows a decided Russian influence. The brilliant red Cossack coat is trimmed with the same shade of blue as the suit. It seems we won't be all pajama-ed on the beaches as we have been for the past two years. No, we'll be adopting the styles of all nations so that the water's edge should have a very cosmopolitan atmosphere!

Sport clothes are in high favor with Miss Davies. She has them of many hues and cuts. There's a little gray cloth dress that is set off with a dashing green scarf caught under a diagonal slit in the blouse and again under the stitched belt. It is completed with a drooping brimmed hat that sponsors a gay feather of the same vivid green. She also has a tailored frock, Spanish tile in color, with a vestee and four-in-hand tie of white piqué. Her sport coats have dash—quantities of it—which, after all, is the essential element in such coats. One is of a colorful Scotch plaid, very voluminous and very swanky. Lynx fur places emphasis on the elbows and edges the collar. The collar is an intriguing affair that you can swing up over the head to give a hood effect . . . a marvelous wind-breaker on cold days in the country. The other coat, warm gray in color and developed in diagonal woolen, has an interesting yoke and raglan sleeves that are set off with beaver. A stitched belt and a flaring hemline add further interest. (See page 62.) Miss Davies selects a Robin Hood hat to go with it, one with a saucy feather trim. This type and the Tyrolean seem to be the most popular of those that have survived the first sudden onrush of diminutive cocked hats.

A BLACK wool crêpe dress is almost a necessity these days. Marion's is a chic tailored model and it's liberally sprinkled with white polka dots. Small ties below the elbows and a white collar furnish the trimming and the hat she wears with it has a white band. (There's a picture on page 63.)

Among her afternoon dresses there's a black and white also. It is made of crinkly wool georgette and has a vestee and cuffs of white satin.

White and black—the always smart combination. She has two afternoon coats that give good reason for its continued popularity. Both are black, dull blacky black (you know there are various tones even in that negative color!) A luxurious ermine collar and cuffs trim one (see page 63) and the other has a scarf and novel cuffs of white American broadtail. A second black afternoon dress is of crêpe quaintly fashioned with a tucked ruffle around the neckline and with puffs demurely set at the elbows. The hip-length blouse ends in a peplum . . . just another evidence of how young and chic an all black dress can be.

Brown and white is also a combination that Marion loves. She has a velvet ensemble of it. The short coat is white, with four brown velvet buttons giving it a double-breasted effect. Brown caracul forms the deeply notched revers and sweeps down the sleeves in the modern manner. The plain skirt is of brown velvet and so is the little hat. (See page 63.)

"Don't you think dark blue and Annapolis blue are trying to supplant the much-favored black now?" Marion laid aside her tea cup and a Boston bull terrier came racing across the room to sit at her feet. "I picked up a little navy blue dress studded with silvery nail heads . . . oh yes, here it is." The dress is called "Star Dust" by its designer, an excellent title for it. It has fascinating bows on the left shoulder and tagging the three quarter length sleeves. A V-

(*Continued on page 99*)

Wave your own hair...

RESET YOUR PERMANENT THIS *SMART* WAY

WITH hats that show half your hair, your wave is more important than ever before. It must be firmly set, with hardly a hair out of place... yet it must be soft, feminine, and above all, *natural.*

Thousands of smart women are finding they can easily wave their own hair and re-set their permanents with Wildroot Wave Set. It gives a smooth, lasting, natural wave ... and is actually *good* for your hair! Greaseless, free from gum or sugar, it does not leave the hair sticky, nor does it leave those annoying white flakes ... *a pure vegetable product.* Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.

WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR HAIR?

Try a 10 cent bottle of Wildroot Wave Set to-day. See how easy it is to give your hair a lovely, soft, natural wave.

For sale at all S. S. Kresge Company stores. Larger bottles, 35¢ and 60¢ at drug and department stores, hairdressers, barber shops. Insist on the genuine. The Wildroot name is your protection. Wildroot Company Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

THEY'RE TWINS! THEY'RE SMART!

And you can get just as good results with your own hair, if you use Wildroot Wave Set.

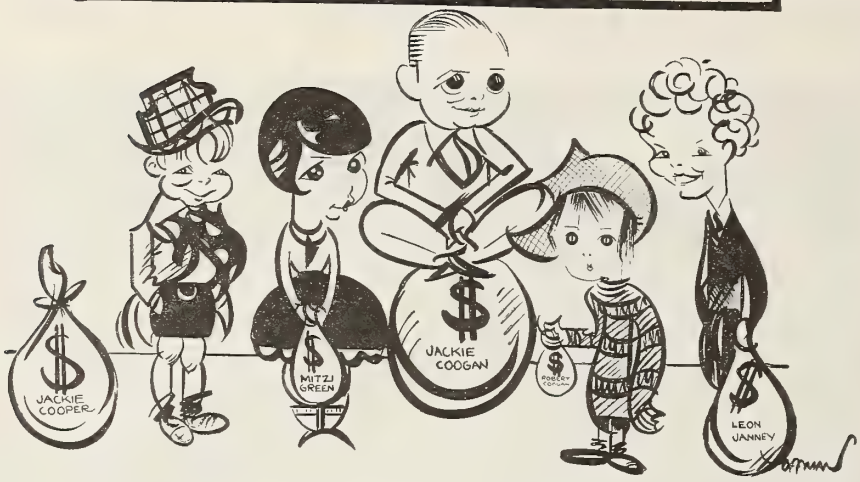
WILDROOT WAVE SET

The SAFE *wave setting fluid*

10¢

ACTUAL SIZE BOTTLE FOR SALE AT ALL S. S. KRESGE CO. STORES.

LITTLE CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD



Talkie Kids: "Oh, yeah?"

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 6*)

and lead in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia. Featured rôles in "A Good Sport," Fox, and "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Maloney in "Night Nurse" and Ann in "Larceny Lane," Warner Bros. Schatze in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists. Ruth in "Union Depot," First National.

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write to her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Great Meadow," and featured rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine leads in "Women Love Once," and "The Dover Road," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Bart Carter in "Seed," Victor in "Frankenstein," and romantic lead in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal. Star of "A Good Sport," Fox.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," Mollie in "Kick In," all for Paramount. Star of "Get the Woman," Rork Independent.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Star of "Suicide Fleet," "Timber Beast" and "The Big Gamble," all for RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "City Streets" and "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Featured rôle in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Janitor in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Comedy lead in "West of Broadway," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Delicious," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Francine in "High Pressure," Warners.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Heroine in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Evelyn in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Millie in "Homicide Squad," Universal.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "East Lynne," Fox. "Tarnished Lady," with Tallulah Bankhead, "Silence," "Twenty-Four Hours," "The Dover Road," and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," star of "Local Boy Makes Good," and "Fireman, Save My Child," all First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Football hero in "The Last Flight," First National. Juvenile lead in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, England. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Leslie Darrow in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Featured rôle in "Five Star Final," First National. Featured rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "The Millionaire" and "The Public Enemy." Leading male rôles in "Larceny Lane," "The Blue Moon Murder," and taxi driver in "Taxi!" Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee," "Palmy Days," and "The Kid from Spain," for Sam Goldwyn.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Constance in "Graft," Universal.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Nick Cotrelli in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Louie in "Homicide Squad," and Santa Cruz in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal. Star of "Race Track," Cruze-Tiffany. Caballero in "The Dove," RKO-Radio.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Night Angel," "Personal Maid," feminine lead in "The Man I Killed," and co-starred in "Wayward," all for Paramount.

CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Dracula," Universal; "Daybreak," M-G-M; "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany; "The Last Flight," First National. Lenore in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Heart and Hand," Universal.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "What a Man," "High C's," "Rough C's," "The Panic Is On," and "The Krisco Kid," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Unfaithful," "The Magnificent Lie," "Once a Lady," and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," all for Paramount.

CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced from non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights," Chaplin-United Artists. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement" and featured rôles in "Trailin'," and "The Brat," Fox.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title rôle in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and song writer in "One Hour With You," for Paramount.

CHRISTIE, DOROTHY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Angelica in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Mrs. Emory in "The Finger Points," First National. Divorcée in "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Charley Chan Carries On," "Ambassador Bill," and "Sugar Daddies," all for Fox.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount, Stellar rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Star of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Gangster's moll in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Waterloo Bridge," "Reckless Living," and "Frankenstein," Universal. Featured rôle in "Blond Baby," Columbia.

CLIVE, COLIN; married to Jeanne de Casalis; born in Melbourne, Australia. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Star of "Journey's End," Tiffany. Title rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal.

CLYDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland. Write him at Sennett studio. Contract star. Doc Martin in "The Dog Doctor," Pop Martin in "Speed," Pop Martin in "The Cannonball Express," and "His Fishing Trip," Sennett.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Capt. Von Lichstein in "A Woman of Experience" and Wally Webber in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Tip Scanlon in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and star of "Street of Women," co-star of "His Woman," all for Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Sam Kaplan in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Co-starred in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono Art-Paramount. Featured rôle in "The Brat."

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith," all for Goldwyn-United Artists. Now in Europe.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Helga in "Three Who Loved," June Loring in "The Lady Refuses," and Baroness Gori in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Tom Sawyer," featured rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Featured rôle in "Skippy." Title rôle in "Sooky."

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman," co-star of "His Woman," Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; child actor; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Skippy" and featured rôle in "Sooky," Paramount. Midge Murray in "Young Donovan's Kid," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "The Champ," and title rôle in "Limpy," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Transgression" and "White Shoulders," RKO-Radio. Stellar rôle in "Home Town Laughter," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Reckless Living," Universal. Goldie Gorio in "Bad Company," RKO-Pathé.

COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Expensive Women," First National.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Mary Turner in "Paid," Bonnie in "Dance, Fools, Dance," Valentine in "This Modern Age," star of "Laughing Sinners," and "Possessed," M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Tol'able David" and Pinky in "Fifty Fathoms Deep"; John Shreve in "Then Hell Broke Loose," and lead in "The Guilty Generation," and "Yellow," Columbia. Featured rôle in "Emma," M-G-M.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Washington. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Last Parade," Columbia. Ingénue in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Lead in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

DAGOVER, LIL; unmarried; born in Germany. Write her at Warner studio. Lottie in "The Captain's Wife," Warners, will be her first American rôle.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," and "Chi Chi and Her Papas," RKO-Radio.

DANE, KARL; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Leading rôle in "The Honor of the Family," and "Strictly Confidential," First National.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studios. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," all for M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Seed," and "Waterloo Bridge," Universal. Ingénue lead in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Shanghai Lily knew many men

. . . loved but one

THE Shanghai Express hurtles through the night—out of control! . . . its engineer and fireman raked at their posts by machine gun bullets from a rebel freight racing along on a parallel track . . . in the cars behind, a motley collection of uneasy, but unsuspecting passengers . . . frightened Chinamen fearing the dangers of the rebel-infested country they are passing through . . . powerful, plotting, lecherous Chang on a journey of intrigue . . . clean-cut English Captain Donald Harvey, on a surgeon's errand of mercy . . . delicate Hui Fei, soiled flower on life's broad highway . . . and the fascinating Shanghai Lily wandering up and down the China coast as aimlessly, as unguided as the train on which she now rides.

Earlier in their journey, Captain Harvey had halted in shocked surprise to face the woman he had loved, with whom he had quarreled and parted five years before.

"Are you then—the Shanghai Lily?" he asked with a hint of horror in his voice.

"Yes," she replied contemptuously, "it took many men to make that name."

And so the train roared on, but though its passengers were not destined to die that night by trainwreck, other perils lay in their path before the Express should steam into Shanghai station next morning.

Would its finished run mean journey's end for the two troubled hearts which had wearily sought happiness apart throughout five long years?

The story of Marlene Dietrich's latest picture, is beautifully told in the February issue of SCREEN ROMANCES, which is on sale now at all newsstands. The complete stories of nine other recently-released or soon-to-be-released talkies appear in the same issue, and each is abundantly illustrated with dramatic scenes from the actual productions:

Falling in love with a gigolo! That was the horrible thought Nella Vago would not admit even to herself. But it was true, and what's more, it was giving her perfect singing voice the passionate fire without which it could never achieve greatness. "TONIGHT OR NEVER" is *Gloria Swanson's* latest story and one of her best.

His proud family forbade his marriage to Lia Toerrek, the cabaret dancer . . . but to wed Baroness von Schwarzdorf, that was something else again! The joke was on the family, though, because Lia and the Baroness were one and the same person! And *Marilyn Miller* makes them both adorable in "HER MAJESTY, LOVE," with the support of *Ben Lyon, W. C. Fields, Leon Errol* and *Ford Sterling.*

One day his sweetheart, the next his queen! That is *Pola Negri's* relationship to *Basil Rathbone* in "A WOMAN COMMANDS," a fiery story of royalty and revolution. *Roland Young* is in it, too.

Beautiful, talented, sympathetic, wealthy, and yet she couldn't hold her husband. So she decided to find out why and she learned many things including the fact that love, like gold, is where you find it. *Linda Watkins* is the "GOOD SPORT" in the picture by that name. *John Boles* and *Greta Nissen* are also in the cast.

He thought she married him because he only had six months to live! So he determined to get back into shape, live to a ripe old age, and cheat her out of the fortune she had hoped to inherit. But the body-building all had to take place a good deal "WEST OF BROADWAY," and that's where *John Gilbert* went, with *Lois Moran* hot on his heels.

Beautiful blonde Cassie couldn't hold a job because she had the skin employers loved to touch and a conscience which resented such familiarities. She didn't like men—so of course she would run into one who hated women. *Jean Harlow* and *Walter Byron* make "BLONDE BABY" a story that will keep you guessing.

The screen's best actress of 1931, *Marie Dressler* makes her first picture for 1932 in "EMMA," the story of a faithful old housekeeper who for twenty years looked after one family. An unexpected offer of marriage from the head of the house came as her reward, but the fruits of joy turned suddenly to ashes. *Jean Hersholt* is also in this stirring tale.

These are only a few hints of the absorbing drama which awaits you this month between the covers of SCREEN ROMANCES. For the most interesting and up-to-the-minute stories on the newsstands, buy a copy today—NOW!

The Only All-Screen-Fiction Magazine Screen Romances *On Sale Now At All Newsstands*

Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo in a thrilling emotional scene from "Mata Hari," Garbo's newest picture.

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 96*)

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Confessions of a Co-ed," "Caught," Sondra Finchley in "An American Tragedy" and Ann Trumbull in "Rich Man's Folly," Paramount. Featured rôle in "Nice Women," Universal.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Lita Andrews in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "Sporting Chance," Peerless, and "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Star of "The Dove," RKO-Radio.

DELROY, IRENE; married to William Leicester Austin; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends," and "Men of the Sky," Warners.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured rôle in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Tom in "Stepping Out," M-G-M.

DEVINE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Santa Clara, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Truck in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," and featured rôle in "Law and Order," Universal, and "Blond Baby," Columbia.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Blue Angel," Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Stellar rôle in "Dishonored," and "Shanghai Express," all for Paramount.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," stellar rôle in "Young Donovan's Kid," and star of "The Public Defender," "Secret Service," and "The Lost Squadron," all for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Women of All Nations," and Fleurette in "Cure for the Blues," both for Fox.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Male leads in "Tonight or Never," United Artists, and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob Gilder in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford. Avery in "Five and Ten," M-G-M. Male lead in "Waterloo Bridge" and son in "Heart and Hand," Universal. Now appearing in "Nikki," on the New York stage.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at Caddo-United Artists studio. Contract star. Caddo Productions. Now starring in "The Age for Love" and aviatrix in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Mrs. Jones in "Lightning," Fox. Mother in "Caught," Paramount. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

ESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Marie in "Reducing," stellar rôle in "Politics," and "Emma," all for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Male leads in "Bad Girl," "Sob Sister," "Over the Hill," and "Dance Team," Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to non-professional; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio, and "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Mary in "Consolation Marriage," and title rôle in "Marcheta," RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married to Jean Olsen; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Schnozzle in "The New Wallingford" and O. O. Martin in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer," and title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," star of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," all for Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôle in "Scarface," United Artists, and "Sky Devils," Caddo.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Mike in "Laughing Sinners," comedy lead in "Sidewalks of New York," and "Hell Divers," all for M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Bad Girl," "Dance Team," and "Over the Hill," Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Ole Olesen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Dude Ranch," "The Magnificent Lie," and "Working Girls," all for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Son of India," co-ed in "Boarding School," featured rôles in "Sporting Blood" and "Guilty Hands," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Heartbreak," Fox. Polaire in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Skyscraper," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," Larry in "I Like Your Nerve," and Chick in "Union Depot," First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists. Contract star. Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon," and star of "Around the World in Eighty Minutes," United Artists.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Mal Andrews in "Body and Soul," co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and "Delicious," and stellar rôle in "Heartbreak," all for Fox.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Comedy rôles in "Gun Smoke," Paramount; "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Aunt Polly in "Broadminded," First National; Maggie Tiffany in "Newly Rich," Paramount; Elvira in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Comedy rôle in "Blue Blazes," Universal.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Indiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Douglas Thayer in "No Limit," and male lead in "Up Pops the Devil," Paramount; Doggie Hymer in "Reckless Living," Universal; Alf in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Strictly Dishonorable," and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Marilyn Sterling in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Star of "The Impatient Maiden," Universal.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Transgression," RKO-Radio. Starred in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Twenty-Four Hours," and "Girls About Town," Paramount. Margery in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Gambler in "A Free Soul," and male lead in "Laughing Sinners," and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," all M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Co-starred in "Possessed," M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," and "Mata Hari," all for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Daddy Long Legs," and co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and "Delicious," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "Spurs," for Universal, and "Wild Horses," "Gay Buckaroos," "He Rides Again," Allied.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate," "The Phantom of Paris," and "West of Broadway," all for M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Comedy lead in "The Big Gamble," "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé, Cool Kelly in "It's a Wise Child," and Eddie in "A Free Soul," M-G-M. Sleepy Jones in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Star of "High Hats and Low Brows," RKO-Pathé.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Laugh and Grow Rich," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "The Homicide Squad," second lead in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," and juvenile lead in "Nice Women," Universal.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow." Mike in "Shipmates," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Secret Service," RKO-Radio.

(*Continued on page 100*)

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 94*)

neckline, with the V off the center front line, and a peplum help to achieve its smartness. To complete it Marion has opera pumps and a hat of navy blue, and soft suède eight-button gloves. (See page 62.) "I'm partial to blue. Extremely so. The shade I like best of all is just a bit lighter than powder blue —Davies blue, the people from whom I get my clothes have named it, because I invariably ask for it. I have a new dinner gown of that color in chiffon; it's very long and has a draped collar. . . . No, I have no hobbies in clothes—unless it's fine white linen handkerchiefs which I buy by the wholesale lot. But I *have* a funny superstition. I never purchase a street purse for myself. Never. And I seldom carry those my friends give me. It's an old hobgoblin of the stage, I guess. I *do* carry evening purses, though, so you see I'm not very consistent in my pet superstition!

FROM what I see of the new clothes I should say they were making new women of us. And, of course, that's rather fun. Sport togs button higher . . . in fact, all necklines have crept up closer to the chin, at least in front. Shoulders are very wide, waistlines are definite, skirts have a long slim appearance. The 1932 clothes in my estimation are more thrilling, more subtle than they have been in many a long year."

Since our hats are directly responsible for all this change, I think we ought to expect a great deal from them. Notice how a number of Miss Davies' hats have small soft brims that frame the face becomingly. They may be perfectly simple sport hats but they *look* feminine. Very much so. They strike a singularly harmonious note with her costumes, adapting themselves to the neckline and carrying out the general effect of each dress. That's what a hat is meant to do but some of us, I'm afraid, don't quite realize it. When we buy a dress that we think looks well on us we're apt to let the accessories take care of themselves. Especially the gloves. After the hat, they are the most conspicuous part of our apparel. We're constantly using our hands . . . to drive, to receive, to gesticulate. If they're not well groomed they give us away as being careless about little things. The relationship of gloves to sleeves is worth a great deal of consideration. It's more important even than color harmony. It depends upon length and shape and appropriateness.

For example, there's the slip-on glove. Long sleeves for street wear usually require this type. The wide-flared, stitched gauntlet has a style all its own that is lost if the sleeve is other than a severely plain long one. The eight-button glove is frequently worn, over a tight fitting sleeve with a straight edge, for after-

(*Continued on page 101*)

For the first time the famous Quality of Parisian Perfumes has been faithfully duplicated for only Ten Cents !!

EQUAL TO THE FINEST FRENCH FRAGRANCES IN EVERYTHING BUT PRICE !!

At the better 5-and-10 Cent Stores

IN TWO NEW ODEURS

10¢

A BOTTLE

FAOEN No. 12—A *new floral odeur; delightful combination of exquisite French floral scents.*

FAOEN No. 3—A *new exotic odeur; similar to the choicest of the heavier French perfumes.*

PARK & TILFORD

FAOEN *Perfumes*

ADVENTUROUS LIPS ARE YOURS

THRILLS and exciting adventures are in store for lips made still more alluring and captivating by Phantom Red Lipstick. Youth, vitality, beauty . . . all are created anew. This creamy, smooth cosmetic imparts a fresh, fascinating glow to every woman's lips. Give your lips new opportunities for adventure. Phantom Red Lipstick blends with your own inherited youthful coloring, and emphasizes the natural charm of your lips. Actually soothing and stimulating to dry, pale lips. The same "Life Color" is in Phantom Red Rouge.

For color balance use Phantom Red Cosmetics. Lipstick $1.00, Junior Size 50c. Rouge Compact 75c. All Purpose Cream 50c and $1.00. Phantom Red Natural Skin-tone Face Powder 75c. Sold at the leading Toilet Goods Counters everywhere. Purse sizes may be secured at all chain stores.

Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City

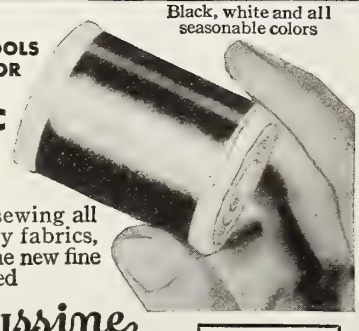
Phantom Red

LIPSTICK

NEW! "INVISIBLE STITCH" Sewing Thread

Black, white and all seasonable colors

2 SPOOLS FOR 5c



For sewing all dainty fabrics, use the new fine finished

Byssine

—Looks like silk
—Washes better than silk
—Strong as silk
—Won't cut fabric

Introductory Offer now being featured by all popular priced stores

Dexter-Collingbourne, Dept. 4145-C, Elgin, Ill.

DEXTER YARNS—"BEST SINCE 1820"

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 98*)

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôle in "Dirigible," Columbia and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-starred in "The Great Lover," M-G-M and in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.

GRANT, LAWRENCE; married to non-professional; born in Bournemouth, Eng. Write him at James Cruze studio. Free lance player. Gen. Stafford in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Equery in "Newly Rich," Sir Basil in "Daughter of the Dragon," and featured rôle in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress;; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured rôle in "Dude Ranch," "Skippy," and Daisy Tait in "Newly Rich," all for Paramount.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Just a Gigolo," "The New Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," and "Turn to the Right," M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Male lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia. Male leads in "Mother's Millions," Universal, "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Sporting Chance," Peerless.

HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Miami, Fla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Minor rôle in "Local Boy Makes Good." First National. Factory secretary in "Her Majesty, Love," and welfare worker in "Union Depot," First National. Sewing girl in "Manhattan Parade," Warners.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitmer; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob in "This Modern Age," M-G-M. Male leads in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and "The Great Lover," and title rôle in "Tarzan," M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "East Lynne," Fox, "Devotion," and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," all for Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at 1353 Clubview Dr., West Los Angeles, Calif. Caddo contract player. Title rôle in "Goldie," Fox, and featured rôles in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Caddo-United Artists, and "Blond Baby," Columbia.

HAYAKAWA, SESSUE; married to Tsuru; born in Japan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Ah Kee in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Madelon in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M. Leora in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Herr Schnabel in "Daybreak," and Herman in "The Phantom of Paris," M-G-M. Rudolph Kramer in "Transatlantic." Fox. Featured rôle in "Susan Lenox. Her Fall and Rise," "Private Lives," and "Emma," M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Linda Randolph in "East of Borneo," Universal. Feminine lead in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Confessions of a Co-ed." Clyde Griffiths in "An American Tragedy," and co-starred in "This Is New York," and "Wayward," and featured rôle in "The Man I Killed," all for Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," and "A Dangerous Affair," all for Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Austin Parker; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Rose in "Twenty-Four Hours," Ivy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and feminine lead in "Jazz King," Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from non-profcssional; born in Holidaysburg, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Prodigal," M-G-M and "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Bensinger in "The Front Page," and comedy lead in "The Age For Love," Caddo-United Artists. Comedian in "Smart Woman," RKO-Radio.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Dwight Winship in "A Free Soul," Dan in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and Berry in "Five and Ten," M-G-M. Male lead in "Devotion," RKO-Pathé.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôles in "The Great Air Robbery," and "Unwanted," Columbia.

HURST, PAUL; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Bartender in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Doctor in "The Public Defender," RKO-Radio. Butler in "Bad Company," and comedian in "The Second Shot," RKO-Pathé.

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from actress-wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Star of "The Ruling Voice," and "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery," First National. Whitlock in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Stellar rôles in "St. Johnson," and "Heart and Hand," Universal. Commander Corlaix in "The Captain's Wife," Warners.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Phantom of Paris," and Connie in "Men Call It Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The New Wallingford," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Surrender," Fox.

JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. Star of "Penrod and Sam," First National.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in Petrograd, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Big Boy," Warner Bros. Now on the stage.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Shipmates," "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount. Feminine lead in "The Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kans. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and "Sidewalks of New York," all for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Billie in "Welcome Danger," for Harold Lloyd. Younger sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Feminine lead in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathé. Ingenue lead in "Emma," M-G-M.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "The Bargain," First National. Featured rôle in "The Ruling Voice," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Phillipa in "The Road to Singapore," Warner Bros. Mother in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal.

KERR, GEOFFREY; married to June Walker; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Mr. Kerr is a well known stage actor who makes his talkie début in "The Runaround," with Mary Brian, for RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Once a Lady," Paramount.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Black Camel," heavy in "Hell to Pay," and "Over the Hill," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Bargain," Barbara Allen in "The Millionaire," Irene in "Side Show," and Helen in "High Pressure," Warner Bros.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to London barrister; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Lila in "Always Goodbye." Star of "Body and Soul," and co-starred in "Wicked," and "The Yellow Ticket," Fox.

LANE, LOLA; married to Lew Ayres; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Contract player. Flirt in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Featured rôle in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Men Are Like That," Columbia, and "The Sea Ghost," Peerless.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspoliai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Henri in "Bachelor Apartment." Star of "The Gay Diplomat," and "The Marquis," RKO-Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Caught Plastered" and "Peach O'Reno," RKO-Radio. Julia in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Anna in "Paid," M-G-M. Mabel in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and young wife in "Pagan Lady," Columbia.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Now in Tahiti after long illness.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Side Show." Title rôle in "Big Hearted Bertha," Flossie in "She Means Business," and Doris in "Manhattan Parade," all Warner Brothers.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; married to Paul Whiteman; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Smart Money," First National. Berthine Waller in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio.. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Are These Our Children?" and "The Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer-star. Stellar rôle in "Welcome Danger," "Speedy," "Feet First." Soon to star in "The Gate-Crasher."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Up Pops the Devil," "I Take This Woman," and "Sky Brides," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Rosie in "Everything's Rosie," and featured rôle in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Towhead in

(*Continued on page 102*)

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 99*)

noon. The twenty-button glove is for very formal occasions and is not seen so often now, principally because many of the new evening gowns have puff sleeves or dropped shoulders that serve as sleeves. Such long gloves would detract from their smartness. If your cuff is fancy your glove must be plain.

Balance in every part of a costume—that's the keynote of style.

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

Perhaps I shouldn't come to you with this but I've reached the point where I'm desperate. I simply adore lovely clothes. I study them in exclusive shop windows by the hour—and that's all the good it does me. I can't afford them. The dresses I do manage to buy are necessarily of cheap material and they *look* cheap, although some of them are kind of cute. Is there any way for me to be better dressed on twenty dollars a week? Is it wrong for a young girl to love nice clothes as I do?

JEANNETTE

MY DEAR JEANNETTE:

Of course it isn't wrong to love beautiful clothes, even to the point of distraction. That's as natural for a woman as breathing. I believe I can help you best by telling you about a young girl who came to me a year ago in much the same predicament that you're in—and that thousands of other girls are in, too.

Mildred very nearly wept in my office. She was taking the matter altogether too seriously. You have to make a sort of game of it . . . trying to see how smart you can look on a very little sum of money. We had a heart-to-heart talk, Mildred and I. That same evening she enrolled in a dressmaking class at a high school near her home. She didn't know one stitch from another but she was very much in earnest and she persevered. Three evenings a week she went to the school. It wasn't long before she acquired the knack of cutting out a dress and sewing it together properly. Soon her work ceased to have an amateurish look; it showed thoughtful care. She, like you, studied the gowns in exclusive shop windows and she grew amazingly clever at copying them.

One day she discovered a magnificent material in one of the large stores marked down from thirty-five dollars a yard to ten dollars. It was hand-made by a French peasant family—a cream silk that could almost stand by itself. Woven in it were flowers of the most gorgeous shades you can imagine. She bought two and a quarter yards and made herself an adorable formal dress. Naturally she didn't require any trimming with such luscious material. She wore an inexpensive plain gold neck-

(*Continued on page 103*)

LASHED BY *Freezing Winds*

DRIED BY *Heated Homes*

WINTER'S EXTREMES *are* HARD *on* Complexions

Spend just 5 minutes a day with these marvelous Olive Oil preparations to keep your skin soft and beautiful!

● Every woman has struggled with the problem of preserving her beauty during Winter . . . If outside exposure doesn't spoil her good looks—indoor heat *does!*

Chilling winds crack the skin . . . make it red and rough. Over-heated homes and offices dry out its natural oils . . . rob the complexion of youth and loveliness.

Simple 5-Minute Beauty Treatment

Don't deny yourself the thrill of winter sports! Stay out of doors as long as you like. But . . . protect your skin this easy way. Spend *two minutes* every night removing all dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Follow this with a thin film of nourishing Olive Oil Cream. Leave it on while asleep.

In the morning, "pep up" your skin with OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream comes next, as a protection for your skin and a smooth adherent base for powder. Now rouge your lips (using Lipstick or Lip and Cheek Rouge) and then the cheeks. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder. If your skin is oily, use the *Lightex* blend. Should you prefer dry rouge, apply it after the powder. This morning routine takes *only three minutes!*

Care of your skin is so delightfully simple when you use OUTDOOR GIRL! For here is a complete assortment of exquisite beauty products, each with a base of pure, soothing Olive Oil. This famous ingredient is one of the most effective skin conditioners known to science. It not only beautifies the complexion but *protects* it, as well.

So inexpensive, too!

No excessive outlay necessary! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores. If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL *Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two Face Powders.* Crystal Laboratories, 134 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS

JUNE COLLYER
POPULAR STAR

Pretty as a Picture

Your hair—lovely, lustrous, sparkling with a myriad of tiny dancing lights—*pretty as a picture!* That is the way it will look after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

The secret of this marvelous shampoo is its *difference.* It is used *differently*—just to suit your own shade of hair—and what a delightfully *different* effect it gives. Your hair will glow with a soft loveliness. You'll see beautiful undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will make your hair lovelier than you have ever seen it. And it's so easy to use—you'd never believe so small an effort could bring such wonderful results! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. B
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair:

THE *Safe Quick Efficient* CHORE GIRL

A continuous knitted ribbon of soft, springy copper is quick—safe—efficient for the cleaning of your pots, pans, oven and kitchenware. Rustless—can't shed splinters—doesn't hold odors—rinses easily.

For Sale near the Magazine Counter

METAL TEXTILE CORP., *Orange, N. J.*

AVOID that "SANDPAPER" FEELING!

If cold weather tends to make your face and hands rough as "sandpaper", Nivea Creme will make them smooth as silk. Nivea*, the only creme in the world containing Eucerite*, goes deep and works deep, prevents and heals chapping and windburn. Try it also as a night creme and as a powder base—no after-greasiness.

*Trade Marks, Reg. U. S Pat. Off

Purse size tube—10c on cosmetic counter of 5 and 10 ct stores

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 100*)

"Heaven on Earth," Universal. Helen Weston in "The Woman Between," and featured rôle in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Good News," M-G-M, and "The Conspiracy," RKO-Radio. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal. Featured rôle in "Morals for Women," Tiffany.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," title rôle in "The Spider," Monty Greer in "Transatlantic," and Dunn in "The 'Cisco Kid," Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Kay Graham in "Transatlantic," Fox. Evie in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Feminine lead in "Skyline," Fox. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Joyce in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Dracula," Universal, Tarnevarro in "The Black Camel," Fox. Stellar rôle in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Heavy in "City Streets," male lead in "Women Love Once," star of "The Vice Squad" and stellar rôle in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount. Male lead in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal. Gigolo in "Evenings for Sale," Paramount.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Indiscreet." United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Male lead in "Night Nurse," and "Her Majesty, Love," First National, and "Bought!" and "Compromised," Warner Brothers.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox. Feminine lead in "One Hour With You," Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reckless Hour," "As Good As New," and "Safe in Hell," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID; separated from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Bill Merrick in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Shep Lambert in "The Last Flight," First National. Male lead in "The Miracle Woman," Columbia. Jim in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Male lead in "The Night Angel" Paramount. Starred in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "The Master Key," and Dick Grady in "My Sin," Paramount.

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Trilby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Mad Genius," also with John Barrymore. Jenny Townsend in "Five Star Final," First National. Renée in "The Road to Singapore." Warner Brothers. Stellar rôle in "Under Eighteen," Warner Brothers.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. Featured player. Featured rôles in "Young Sinners," and "Skyline" for Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Walter Burns in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Tony in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Captain Rogers in "Friends or Lovers," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Forbidden," Columbia.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "East Lynne," Landlady in "Always Goodbye," Fox. Mother in "Man in Possession," M-G-M. Boardinghouse keeper in "Merely Mary Ann," Fox. Featured rôle in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio.

MERKEL, UNA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Margaret Rogers in "Six Cylinder Love" and featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Wicked," and "Daddy Long Legs," Fox. Featured rôle in "Private Lives," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studios. Contract player. Florie in "A Gentleman's Fate," and circus owner in "Susan Lenox," both for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Title rôles in "Sally," "Sunny," and "Her Majesty, Love," First National.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Shipmates," "Man in Possession" and co-starred with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKEY; child actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured boy rôles in "The Squawman," M-G-M. "Seed," Universal, and "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio. Ned Leeds in "The Star Witness," First National, and child rôles in "Husband's Holiday," Paramount and "Manhattan Parade," Warners.

MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Reporter in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Schofield in "Penrod and Sam," First National. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MOORE, OWEN; married to Kathryn Perry; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Fingers O'Dell in "Outside the Law," Universal. Featured rôle in "Hush Money," Fox.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Judy Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox. Featured rôles in "The Spider," Fox, "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and "Men in Her Life," Columbia.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Maid in "It's a Wise Child," Polly in "Politics," and Aunt Maggie in "Guilty Hands," all for M-G-M.

MORENO, ANTONIO; married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Bargain," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," M-G-M. Anna Cornwall in "High Stakes," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Crystal in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Male lead in "The Bat Whispers" and "Corsair," both United Artists. Male lead in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Co-starred in "Lover Come Back," Columbia.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," Fox. Tony Muni in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Now on the New York stage in "Counsellor-at-Law."

MUNSON, ONA; divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Broadminded," and Kitty Carmody in "Five Star Final," First National.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," both for Universal. Co-starred in "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now starring in series of two-reelers for Universal.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Harry Craig in "Born to Love," and Neville in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé. Male lead in "Girls About Town," Paramount. Featured rôle in "The Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Annabelle's Affairs," "Women of All Nations" and "Not Quite a Gentleman," male lead in "Wicked," and star of "Disorderly Conduct," all for Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Universal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National. Male lead in "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Will Darsey in "Son of India," M-G-M.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Poland. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé, her first American picture in two years.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Greta in "Women of All Nations," Sigrid Carline in "Transatlantic," and vamp in "Ambassador Bill," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty, Babe Ellis in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé, and "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-star of "Private Scandal," Headline Pictures.

NOLAN, MARY; married to Wallace Macready; born near Louisville, Kentucky. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Fay Turner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé. Featured rôle in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.

NORTON, BARRY; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." Featured rôle in "Dishonored," and male lead in "The Comedian," both for Paramount.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Daybreak," and "Son of India," M-G-M. Co-starred with Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," M-G-M.

NOVELLO, IVOR; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bennett Cloud in "Once a Lady," Paramount.

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Shipmates," M-G-M. Eagan in "Night Nurse." Jackie Leeds in "The Star Witness," and Wally Pierce in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National.

NUGENT, ELLIOTT; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Last Flight," First National.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Marion Davies' Paris Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 101*)

lace and drop earrings with it. I don't believe the wealthiest woman in Los Angeles had a more beautiful gown in her wardrobe.

The first night Mildred wore it she met a rich young polo player. Three months later they were married. And the extraordinary part of it is, she insists upon making most of her clothes although she could afford the finest now.

DEAR MISS LANE:

I'm the mother of four children, two of whom are in college, and I find it more essential to keep up my appearance now than I did when I was younger! This is getting quite difficult as I grow larger with the years. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall and . . . well, let's call it bulky. Particularly through the hips. What styles would you advise me to wear? Thank you for your kindness.

Sincerely,
MRS. H. K. J.

DEAR MRS. J—:

I'm inclined to think that fashion favors the larger women in the new modes. For instance, cowl necklines continue to be tremendously popular and nothing softens the face more. Then, the snug fitting hips and vertical skirts tend to make the hips appear narrower, as does the concentration of interest above the waist and the broadened shoulders.

For street wear, a wineberry crêpe with a narrow white surplice collar and matching tailored cuffs showing beneath slightly flared sleeves would be most attractive on you. A black crêpe dress with a yoke and the lower part of the sleeves of lace would be excellent for afternoons. Then for dinner, why not wear a black velvet with a softly draped neckline and black shiny lace set up into the skirt in V-points—deep ones. Short fluted sleeves could also be of the lace.

CONNIE BENNETT'S WARDROBE

Here is your chance to see the wardrobe of the best-dressed woman on the screen. Connie Bennett's clothes are famous for their chic and smartness. You have the opportunity of going through her entire wardrobe—the most marvelous fashion pictures you've ever seen

In MODERN SCREEN, March

Accept this Gift

of a New Chafeless Hygiene Women Everywhere are Adopting

(NOTE COUPON)

New Discovery Ends All Discomfort and Irritation . . . Actually Softer Than Finest Silk Itself . . . 3 to 5 Times More Effective

TO avoid doubt, delay or forgetfulness, Miss Lucy Costello makes this remarkable gift offer to every reader of this magazine.

She'll send you, as a gift, a special Introductory Package of the new chafeless way women are turning to by the thousands. A way that forever banishes chafing, irritation and embarrassment from hygienic protection.

Don't delay. There's a coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it to Miss Costello today—by return mail you get the special Gift Package which is our way of introducing this amazing sanitary invention to new users.

The moment you see it, you'll realize that it is in no sense merely another "sanitary pad."

For it is not made from mere layers of crepe paper as are ordinary pads. But is made from an entirely NEW material—the same that silky underthings are derived from. Thus it is *super*-soft—as downy and gentle as the finest of silk itself.

The center of this new pad is completely *swathed*. Not built up in layers with harsh edges.

Thus—due to the total absence of *edges*—it can never "cut" or chafe. Nor can it ever cause discomfort by "packing" while in use.

It Differs These 3 Ways

Veldown—as this remarkable new discovery is called—differs from ordinary sanitary pads 3 vital ways.

First: It is amazingly soft because it is made from Rayon cellulose.

Second: It is made with a patent inner-"wick" which renders it 3 to 5 times more absorptive.

Stop and consider what this means—you may go *wherever* you please, *whenever* you please, for as LONG AS YOU PLEASE—with perfect assurance and poise.

Third: Veldown is made with a moisture-proofed back for extra protection. Thus avoiding all fear of embarrassing incident. And rendering extra protective garments unnecessary—even with filmiest frocks.

Mail Coupon for Gift Package

See for yourself how amazingly different Veldown is. Let Miss Lucy Costello send you the package of six pads so you may try Veldown without trouble or delay and at our expense.

Examine this new creation carefully yourself. Feel how velvet soft it is. Test its moisture-proofed back . . . contrast its astonishing features with any ordinary pad you've ever seen. Each pad is specially treated with an effective deodorant. Discards, of course, as easily as tissue.

For your own comfort and safety, mail the coupon today. Find out about Veldown—you'll never return to less-modern ways. Veldown Company, Inc., 220 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Introductory Package Free

MISS LUCY COSTELLO, R. N.,
220 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please mail me, in plain wrapper, Veldown Introductory Package of 6 pads. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....*244R*

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

MM- 2

Veldown

GIVES WOMEN COMFORT UNKNOWN BEFORE

POSSESS THE CHARM THAT MEN ADORE

Sidney Fox and Paul Lucas in "*Strictly Dishonorable*" a Universal Picture

Nothing arouses and holds a man's interest so completely as does charm in personality and surroundings. Rajah Hindu Incense helps to create a fascinating atmosphere that makes charm and beauty even more alluring.

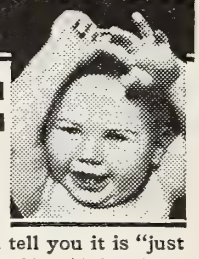
Obtain a box of this delightfully perfumed Incense at your nearest 10c store today. If unobtainable, mail 10c direct for full size package. Hindu Incense Mfg. Co., 3207 Shields Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CONDON'S GIANT EVERBEARING TOMATO

"QUEEN OF THE MARKET." Big Money Maker. Large, solid fruit; excellent canner. To introduce to you our Northern Grown Live Seeds and Plants, we will mail you 125 seeds of Condon's Giant Everbearing Tomato FREE and our Big 1932 Catalog of Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, 192-Page Book tells how, and when to plant. Send 2c stamp to cover postage.

Prices Lower Than Ever Before
CONDON BROS., SEEDSMEN
Rock River Valley Seed Farm
BOX 179 ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

PROTECT YOUR BABY..



against painful irritation and chafing!

Don't let anyone give you another baby powder and tell you it is "just as good" as Z. B. T.! This mildly medicated compound talcum is the *one* powder made especially to counteract Urea Irritation and its attendant discomforts. Endorsed everywhere by doctors, nurses and hospitals.

Reject Substitutes!

Use Z. B. T. to keep Baby's skin clear and healthy. At all drug, department and chain stores, in three sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.

FREE TRIAL CAN!

Send 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address Z. B. T. Products Co., Dept. J, Bronx, N. Y.

Z.B.T. BABY TALCUM

FINE FOR BABY'S BODY FINE FOR EVERYBODY!

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 102*)

NUGENT, J. C.; widower; born in Niles, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Schofield in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Mr. Olwell in "Virtuous Husbands," Universal.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount. Featured rôle in "Touchdown," Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and leading rôle in "The Black Camel," Fox. Heavy in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Fu Manchu in "Daughter of the Dragon," and war lord in "Shanghai Express," Charlie Chan in "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "The Seas Beneath," "Trailin'," and "Hell to Pay," all for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Male lead in "Personal Maid," Paramount. Steven in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "Flying High," M-G-M.

O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Jane in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Title rôle in "The Brat," Fox. Featured rôles in "Dance Team," "First Cabin," and "Salomy Jane," Fox.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skyline," Fox, and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "A Gentleman's Fate," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Sidewalks of New York," and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Sophie in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

PAGE, PAUL; married to Edith Allis; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Palmy Days," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists. Eddie in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôle in "Pleasure," Tec-Art.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Judd in "Dude Ranch," and villain in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Comedy lead in "Twenty-Four Hours," and featured rôle in "Girls About Town," and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Coquette." Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title rôle in "Kiki," all for United Artists.

PITTS, ZASU; separated from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kas. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Thelma Todd in "Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Comedy rôle in "The Guardsman," M-G-M. Nora in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Hero of "Man of the World," and "Ladies' Man," for Paramount. Stellar rôles in "The Road to Singapore," and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.

PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Margy in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Sporting Blood," and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M. Vamp in "Reckless Living," Universal.

PURCELL, IRENE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Roxanna in "Just a Gigolo," and Mrs. Wetherby in "The Man in Possession."

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Co-starred in "The Lady Killer," stellar rôle in "Eddie Cuts In," and auto camp owner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; divorced from Willard Mack; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Diane in "This Modern Age," and featured rôle in "Son of India," M-G-M. Molly in "Silence," Paramount. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox. The duchess in "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.

REVIER, DOROTHY; married to Harry Revier; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Shelah Fane in "The Black Camel," Fox. Featured rôle in "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.

RICH, IRENE; divorced from David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Celia in "Strangers May Kiss," Jenny in "Five and Ten," and society matron in "The Champ," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Roumania. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Barber-gambler in "Smart Money," leading rôle in "Five Star Final," Chinese importer in "Hon. Mr. Wong," all for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kans. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "The Lawyer's Secret." Co-starred in "The Road to Reno," and featured rôle in "Wayward," "Second Classes," and title rôle in "The Jazz King," all for Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kans. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Eddie Cuts In," and feminine lead in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Young As You Feel," "Business and Pleasure," and "Ambassador Bill," all for Fox.

ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail," "The Seas Beneath," and "Young Sinners," all for Fox. Now appearing in Hal Roach comedies.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Star of "Charlie's Aunt," Christie-Columbia. "The Girl Habit," Paramount. Comedian in "The Dover Road," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "The Beloved Bachelor," and "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Utah Kid," Tiffany. Lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia, and "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

SHANNON, PEGGY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Wanda Kelly in "The Secret Call," dual rôle in "Silence," Lee Millet in "Working Girls," and featured rôles in "Murder by the Clock," "The Road to Reno," "Touchdown," and "Second Chances," Paramount.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starring rôle in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul," and "Private Lives," M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; married to Helene Costello; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Stellar rôle in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland," and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood," for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now making two-reelers for Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "City Streets," opposite Gary Cooper. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy," "Shop Girl," and "Blind Mice," Paramount. Rose in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Safe in Hell," First National. Stellar rôles in "The Miracle Woman," and "Forbidden," Columbia.

STARR, FRANCES; divorced from Haskell Coffin; born in Albany, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Ma Leeds in "The Star Witness," and Mrs. Townsend in "Five Star Final," both First National.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Always Goodbye," Fox. Costaud in "The Phantom of Paris," M-G-M. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal, and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M.

STUART, NICK; married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "Joy Street," Fox, and "Grandma's Girl," and "Television," Mack Sennett. Juvenile lead in "Sundown Trail," RKO-Pathé.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Sam in "Gambling Daughters," comedy lead in "Reckless Living," and co-starred in "Pudge," Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Trespasser," "What a Widow!" "Indiscreet," "Tonight or Never," all for United Artists.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Laura Endicott in "Murder by the Clock," gay divorcée in "The Road to Reno," and Marie Bailey in "Girls About Town," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "The Unholy Garden," and mother in "Street Scene," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; separated from Grace Mackay Smith; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song," Lieutenant in "New Moon," Farady in "The Southerner," and stellar rôle in "The Cuban Love Song," all for M-G-M.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth," "Seed," and starring rôle in "Boulevard," all for Universal. Diana in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

TODD, THELMA (her name has been changed to Alison Lloyd); unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with ZaSu Pitts in "The Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Feminine lead in "Corsair," United Artists.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Twenty-Four Hours," and "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Star of "Graft," Universal. Jimmie in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Shipmates," and "Sporting Blood." Rockett in "The Cuban Love Song," and Blackie Daw in "The New Wallingford," M-G-M.

(*Continued on page 115*)

Brighten Home Decorations And Faded Wearables With Tintex!

Easily and Instantly It Brings Color Charm To All Washable Fabrics!

Let Tintex give warm, welcoming colors to curtains, drapes, luncheon sets and other household fabrics...

Let it renew the color freshness of faded underthings... let it make old frocks into new frocks with the magic touch of new color!

You'll find 35 beautiful colors from which to choose on the Tintex Color Card, on view at drug stores and notion counters.

You'll be amazed how quickly and easily you may restore original color-brightness to faded fabrics—or how easily you may give them new and *different* colors.

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 8*)

it; took the side strands and pinned them loosely up on top of her head; put on the hat; and tucked the back hair up out of sight. A splendid idea for long-haired people who want to keep a new and becoming hat on all through a bridge or luncheon without suffering from that excruciating tight-hat feeling. It's a good idea, too, to let your hair down when buying a new hat. Never mind what the bystanders think of you—it's your hat you're buying and you can judge its smartness much better.

THERE'S one beauty item where I do *not* believe in following the stars. That is in the matter of slimness. I have the feeling that most of our favorites would look just the least bit underfed in real life. Remember, it is necessary to be ultra-slim for the screen. The least little attractive plumpness is picked up by the camera and exaggerated into double chins and spare tires of unbecoming fat.

Now I'm going to get real gay and giddy and recommend false eyelashes. Yes, I said false eyelashes! There's a new kind on the market which are really the last word in cosmetic smartness. Several of the talkie stars use false eyelashes—for off-screen wear. And very alluring they can be. The kind to which I refer are nothing more nor less than little snips of natural hair—about three-quarters of an inch long—which you apply to your own eyelashes one by one. You take the false eyelash daintily by one end with a pair of tweezers, dip it in a sticky, waterproof fluid, and put it on the underside of one of your own upper lashes and hold it in place for a few seconds. The false eyelash and the real one should overlap about two-thirds of the way. Certainly—it takes the patience of Job, but the effect is well worth the effort. One application will last a week or ten days, bearing up beautifully under washing, cold-creaming and all. Be sure that your eyelashes are absolutely free of cream or moisture when you apply the false ones—otherwise they won't stick. And don't wash your face or cold-cream for two or three hours afterwards. I'll be glad to give you the name of this preparation if you care to write for it.

RETURNING to less flighty subjects, I would like to remind you that you have excellent models for grace, posture, walking and standing, in the movie stars. Almost all of them have studied dancing—not because they expected to become professional dancers, but because dancing is the best known method of developing grace and poise. If you have a little extra money and extra time, you would be very wise to enroll in a dancing class in your own town or the nearest big city. Not ballroom dancing—that seems to come naturally enough to young people. But

(*Continued on page 112*)

Change Any Dark Fabric to a New Light Color!

Tintex Color Remover Makes Dark-to-Light Changes Easy!

A dark dress or a drab set of drapes... it doesn't matter *what* it is... any *dark-colored* article in your wardrobe or home can be given a new *light color* with the help of Tintex Color Remover!

It sounds like a miracle but it's really very simple.

First use Tintex Color Remover to take out the dark color.

After that you can re-tint or re-dye the fabric with Tintex to suit yourself — either light or dark! There are 35 Tintex Colors from which to choose—from pale pastels to dark gem colors.

Just ask for Tintex Color Remover and your choice of Tintex Colors at any Drug Store or Notion Counter... and the rest is *easy!*

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

NEW WEAR SOLES

20¢ PER PAIR WITH CEMENT

ADD MONTHS OF WEAR TO EVERY PAIR

Save money! Cut the family's shoe bills in half. NEW WEAR SOLES make old shoes like new again. Just 1-2-3 and the new, long-wear, tough-tread soles are on to stay.

"New Wear Soles" are the same strong rubber as 30,000 Mile Guaranteed Tires. Scientific tread prevents slipping on smooth floors, wet pavements, icy walks. Rests sore, tired feet. Recommended by nurses, professional and salespeople. Keepsfeet dryandcomfortable.

1 SCRAPE SOLE

2 APPLY CEMENT

3 PUT ON NEW SOLE

LOOK for this LAMP on the Counter

GET "NEW WEAR SOLES" AT 5 & 10c STORES

Guaranteed to Stay On

Sole Grip Cement holds "New Wear Soles" tighter than nailing or sewing. They can't come off! Tube of cement with every pair New Wear Soles.

BROWN RUBBER CO. LAFAYETTE, IND.

FIT ALL SHOES MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

New PATCH QUILT BOOK

Grandmother Clark's Old Fashioned QUILT DESIGNS Series No. 21

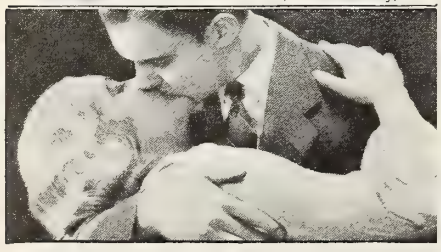
Complete cutting charts, large illustrations and easy to follow. 38 designs. Send 15c, or 25c for both Series No. 21 and No. 20. Postpaid. W. L. M. Clark, 1948 St. Louis Ave., St. Louis

Eminent ASTROLOGER

Tells you what's coming in 1932

My fee for 17 to 19 page Astrological Forecast based on your Zodiacal sign is only $1.00. Forecast covers all 1932, month by month, giving actual predictions, with definite days, dates, and happenings. Deals with Love, Marriage, Travels, Health, changes, etc. Advises on Business, Social affairs, Employment, Promotions, Speculation, enemies, lucky days, etc. Arranged in Decanates to give greater accuracy. Free book on Love Psychology included. Send $1.00 and exact birth date.

A. A. Rageh, Ps.D.Ms.D., 509 5th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.



No lonely evenings for this BLONDE

HER golden hair magnetizes, attracts—gets her more dates than any other girl in the crowd. And it's Blondex that gives her the lead. This special shampoo puts captivating sparkle, glorious golden color in all blonde hair. Not only does Blondex prevent darkening—but safely brings back alluring golden brightness to faded, lustreless light hair. Not a dye. Simply a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a rich, penetrating foam. Fine for hair and scalp. Thousands of lovely blondes rely on Blondex. At all drug and department stores.

Warning, Danger Ahead!

(*Continued from page 42*)

a great influence in helping him. Although he may not fully realize it, he did very wisely in choosing her for his wife, because he needs the complementary influences she gives his character.

The astrological signs for the year indicate great domestic unrest before them. They will have to strive desperately to avert the dangers that beset their path as a married couple, lest without these strenuous efforts, disaster overtake them.

There is a probability, according to the planets, that a child may be born to them before the end of 1932. If this happens, the signs will be so changed that the domestic disaster which overhangs them will be definitely averted.

Professionally, for both of them, the signs portend a gloriously successful year. For Doug particularly, 1932 will be the best year of his career so far.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford: Like the Fairbanks, Juniors, the seniors must be considered jointly.

There are little or no signs of romance. Their "house of romance" lies behind them. They will remain together, certainly, but not, of course, with the flaming young love of newlyweds.

Mary, according to the stars, will outlive Doug. Very little personal danger, however, threatens either of them during the course of 1932—Doug may suffer much from severe colds, even pneumonia, but he will recover.

The stars confirm his announced intentions of traveling. They indicate, too, that Doug will turn to writing, and will produce a successful work. There are no future indications of professional acting for Doug.

CHARLES CHAPLIN: Charlie Chaplin will marry again in 1932. She will be a very prominent woman, probably a foreigner, if the astrological signs are correct.

He will return to the United States now—but later, the stars indicate, he will definitely and finally turn his back on America. He will do very little more picture work—what little he does do will begin late in 1932, the result of public demand rather than financial desires on Chaplin's part.

Like Fairbanks, Chaplin will turn to writing in 1932, and will do some interesting work.

The marriage of Chaplin will take place abroad, probably during the latter part of the year. There is one faint sign that leaves the slight possibility that the marriage will not occur until 1933, but 1932 seems very much likelier.

Jimmy Durante: Durante is mentioned here, with Chaplin, because the stars indicate that Durante may take Chaplin's place as the foremost screen comedian, with the passing of the months. Not necessarily in 1932, but certainly in the future. His rise in 1932 will be phenomenal.

Marion Davies: Marion will pass through a most strange year. Illness and possible fatality beset her path. It will be someone close to her, the stars say.

Professionally, the stars indicate continued success for her, with continuance in pictures similar in style to her "Five and Ten."

Dangers threaten her from strangers and through litigation.

LUPE VELEZ: Lupe will not change. Her year is still replete with romance.

The stars say that twice, within 1932, she will announce her betrothal, each time to a different man. Yet she will marry neither.

Gary Cooper: Professionally the signs of 1932 are good.

Gary may marry toward the end of the year—an eastern society girl whom he now knows.

Clara Bow: Clara will marry early in 1932, and will find great domestic happiness. The planets indicate she will marry Rex Bell, and they will attempt to keep the marriage secret.

There is no more scandal ahead of Clara, definitely not in 1932, and no indications of it for a long time ahead.

She will return to the screen, and that return will find renewed success for her in 1932.

Roscoe Arbuckle: Fatty will definitely make his reappearance on the screen in 1932, with neither success nor failure attending that come-back. He will achieve his greatest success as a director.

During 1932, he will marry Addie McPhail, and the marriage will bring happiness to both.

Pola Negri: Pola enters, in 1932, the most phenomenal year of her life. Success follows her throughout the year, and the stars say that no matter how great her past, her greatest success still lies in the future. The year 1932 will bring her great screen success, but even greater fame lies ahead on the legitimate stage.

Pola will become very spiritual. Earthly romances will mean little to her. Her real love will be her career.

The stars indicate no marriage for her in 1932.

Gloria Swanson: Gloria has entered a new "house of love." She was born for romance, but the stars say that she will never remain a wife only. She is too great an artist.

Professionally, she will do lovely things, but no great picture. In two years, she will turn to the stage, and score greatly.

Ruth Chatterton: She made a mistake in leaving Paramount, but despite obstacles, she will recover from the slump in which her career will fall at the beginning of the year, and will emerge with new laurels.

Domestically, the stars portend no change. However, they do indicate that 1932 will give her husband, Ralph Forbes, a great opportunity for individual success on the screen.

In the late part of 1932, or in 1933, Chatterton will turn her back on the

screen and return to the stage.

In 1932, she must watch her health and her nerves, menaced by trying to do too much.

NORMA SHEARER: The stars warn against continued sex pictures, and indicate success with society dramas. Her domestic life shows unruffled happiness throughout the year, with good health for herself and hers.

She will travel much in 1932. She may suffer from a big robbery or theft of some kind, and is also threatened with financial loss through speculation.

Nancy Carroll: The year of 1932 is unkind to her. She must be very, very careful, both professionally and in her heart life.

The stars portend a year of many and great trials to her, both in her work and home. The summer looks particularly black. Her work will demand her attention more than domestic affairs, with the resultant danger of marital unhappiness.

Constance Bennett: Connie is in the House of Romance. The stars indicate great happiness in her marriage to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise.

During the year, Connie will be seriously ill, with the necessary dangers of a major operation.

Some day, but not in 1932, Connie will turn to the legitimate stage and become one of the greatest stars in that field.

Joan Bennett: The stars portend no marriage for her in 1932, nor in the coming few years. Nor is there, in 1932, any sign of an important romance.

Professionally, she will never reach Constance's heights, but her baby will grow up to carry on the Bennett tradition and be a great star.

The year shows threats for the baby, though—both in health and person. Towards fall, an attempt to kidnap the child will be made, for reasons other than ransom.

George Bancroft: The stars indicate professional success continuing, as well as domestic tranquility.

However, there is a very strong portent of a serious aerial accident during September or October.

Bebe Daniels: A recurrence of illness, serious in nature, is threatened in the early spring, which may prevent her return to the screen until late in 1932, or after the end of the year.

Otherwise, her future in 1932 is tranquil, with domestic happiness certain.

Betty Compson: She faces a marvelous romance, with marriage quite likely. There will be no regrets if she does marry. He will be a man not of the acting or screen ranks. She knows him now.

DAVID MANNERS: Manners will give other male players a run in 1932, and by the end of the year will have attained stardom. He will probably make a change in contract, or affiliation, but it will be to his good.

Charles Farrell: Professionally, Farrell and Janet Gaynor will definitely separate forever.

Farrell will continue in success, and his domestic life with Virginia Valli

Actual photograph of Miss Mona LePage after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

After the ball is over

... HOW DO YOU LOOK?

Let VANKAI Wave Set keep your hair alluring

See yourself as others see you. If dancing sends your hair all stringy-straggly, no wonder the other girls get all the partners! If you'd only use VANKAI Wave Set! Then your hair would *stay* lovely till "home-sweet-home time."

Let VANKAI be your trusty wave-aid. It makes the hair *naturally* wavy, beautifully soft and lustrous. It contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes; is used and praised by thirty thousand beauty shops. Use it for longer-lasting finger waves, and to keep permanents looking *new* for weeks longer. Enjoy the *convenience* of it . . . ten minutes saved on morning make-up.

Most 5 and 10c stores sell VANKAI Wave Set (extra-large 10c bottle); 25c size at drug stores. For trial size send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

VANKAI WAVE SET

SOAP—FINE FOR THE SKIN BUT NOT FOR THE TEETH

Listen to this Advice!

IF you use a dentifrice containing a large amount of soap the chances are your teeth are dingy, dull, film-coated. Because soap *stiffens* film—makes it difficult to remove from the enamel.

Prophylactic Tooth Powder is *not* a "soapy" dentifrice—it does not froth in your mouth. But it *does* remove the film and enamel-stains. And it *does* whiten the teeth and give them a wondrous polish. Safely, too! That is why it has been actually prescribed by leading dentists for over forty years.

Our claim is simply this—try Prophylactic Tooth Powder for 3 days—and let your mirror give the answer!

In 10c guest sizes at 5c and 10c stores and in 35c and 50c sizes in drug and department stores. Also in paste form. Prophylactic Products Corp. New York City.

PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH POWDER

To protect against colds and sore throat, use Prophylactic Mouth Wash, the new antiseptic. Kills germs in less than 15 seconds. 25c and 10c sizes.

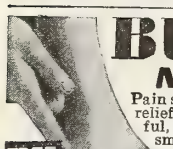
Modern Art Pays Big Money

In this Age of Color . . . the demand for art work is creating hundreds of big-pay opportunities. Manufacturers, decorators, publishers... are seeking men and women with art training.

Through the Federal course many have found fascinating careers. Many Federal students now earn from $2500 to $6000 a year. Learn at home in your spare time the Federal Way. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons in illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing.

Send us your name, age, occupation, and address, and we will send our book, "A Road To Bigger Things," and Vocational Art Test free.

Federal School of Illustrating
2992 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota.



BUNIONS
Now Dissolved

Pain stops almost instantly! Then lasting relief. Fairyfoot gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write for trial treatment absolutely FREE! Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill. 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 1121

FREE TEST

Husband Was Almost Bald; Read How He Grew New Hair

Mrs. W. A. Blackburn, of East Providence, R. I., wrote the following letter:

"My husband was almost bald and had given up hope of ever restoring his hair. One day I read about your JAPANESE OIL and decided to try it on his head. After using it for a month and a half I noticed new hair growing in. He is still using JAPANESE OIL and the results are just marvelous.

"I was always troubled with a dry itching scalp so I decided to see whether JAPANESE OIL would also help me. It certainly did; after 2 weeks I was no longer tortured with that dreadful scalp itch."

If you have itching scalp, dandruff, falling hair, bald spots, try JAPANESE OIL. You may report the same success that Mrs. Blackburn writes about. JAPANESE OIL costs but 60c at all drug stores. FREE: A valuable booklet, "The Truth About the Hair," sent free if you write—NATIONAL REMEDY CO., 62 W. 45 St., New York.

AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE your NOSE

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for *FREE BOOKLET*.

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, Dept. 2-97
617 Central Ave., E. Orange, N. J. (formerly Newark, N. J.)

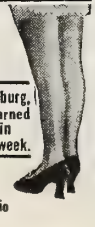
AGENTS $1 UP TO $72 chance to Earn a Week and More!

JUST introduce finest line New Guaranteed Hosiery you ever saw for men, women, children. 126 styles, colors. Must wear 7 months or replaced. Mrs. Gleason, Ga., earned $23 in one day.

Get Hosiery and Ford Without Cost
We furnish new auto to travel in as extra bonus and silk hose for your own use. New selling plan. We deliver or you can.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED
Exclusive Territory to producers. Full or part time. Big opportunity. Rush name and address for full details quickly. Give hose size.

Wessburg, Ill., earned $194 in one week.



WILKNIT HOSIERY CO., 482 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

will continue to be happy. No baby is indicated by the stars for 1932.

Janet Gaynor: Janet must be careful, for the planets portend domestic upheavals, particularly toward the latter part of the year when illness will also fall upon her. She will end the year in sickness and worry, which, however, will not come until after a year of fresh screen success.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin will find continued happiness in marriage, with every likelihood of a baby in 1933.

William Powell and Carole Lombard will remain together through 1932, but the stars beyond that indicate a rocky road for love, unless they are careful. They will travel much in 1932.

Hollywood's 400

(*Continued from page 27*)

expensive, sophisticated foods which many of them have only recently learned to demand! Exclusive Hollywood now week-ends at big country estates or on yachts, spends its leisure playing bridge, golfing, swimming or swordfishing, and draws strict social distinctions which are not apparent to the outsider.

Entertaining is now done almost entirely in the home. The smart set of Hollywood lives and conducts itself almost exactly in the manner of Palm Beach. I ought to know. I have a house in Palm Beach and have spent the last fourteen winters there, and I may say authoritatively that Palm Beach society is far easier to get into than Hollywood society. For example, party crashing really exists in Palm Beach. People whom the Palm Beach hostess never saw and doesn't want to know frequently walk into her house without an invitation, however aristocratic her name. But this never happens in Hollywood. The stars are so well guarded that party crashing is unknown.

MOST striking evidence of a new social order in Hollywood is the fact that the leading local newspapers now devote a page to the doings of society and under this heading the names mentioned are more than ninety per cent picture names, whereas formerly, mention of the stars was confined to the motion picture page, or to the news columns. Taken at random, I quote the following as an example. "Herbert Brenon Entertains at Dinner Dance." The following list of guests is given: Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons, Mr. Don Alvarado, etc. In the same column I read that Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante) is entertaining for Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ruggles. And so forth, over a space of five columns. Some of the names one most frequently sees are the Talmadges, the Barrymores, Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, Janet Gaynor, Lowell Sherman, Elissa Landi, Ronald Colman, and the William Powells. Mary Pickford's name in the society columns is no longer the only picture name featured as a society leader, while in spite of his recent association with kings and potentates, Chaplin, socially speaking, is accepted merely as an amusing and delightful man-about-town.

NORMA TALMADGE is one of the most important hostesses in Hollywood, and her beautiful beach house is as hard to storm as a fortress. It is surrounded by a high wall into which is set a wooden grill, concealing a telephone. If you know the house you know where to press the spring which opens the telephone niche, press another button and pick up the 'phone. A manservant answers it and when you tell him your name he consults his list and if you are on it, another servant lets you into the spacious patio. Crossing that, you arrive at the house itself and if you pass the scrutiny of the next employee, you are in. This procedure is typical of most stars' houses, an innovation society matrons might profitably copy. During the past summer Norma entertained luncheon parties of forty or fifty guests each Sunday, and each time practically the same people appeared. Almost inevitably one found there Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Billie Dove, Conrad Nagel, Marilyn Miller, John Barrymore and his wife, Louella Parsons and her husband, Doctor Martin, the Buster Keatons, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, the Myron Selznicks, Anna Q. Nilsson and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Carter is one of the *grandes dames* of this group, and the deference shown her by the younger folks is a charming thing to see. Of an entirely different type is Marie Dressler, but her social standing is, if anything, more important than that of Mrs. Carter. Miss Dressler has for a great number of years been the eagerly sought-out guest of the rich and fashionable all over the world. She is a woman of great culture and social knowingness, and her position in American society has been unquestioned these twenty years past; so it is only natural, then, that she should take her proper place automatically in Hollywood's upper circles. And it is curious to note, also, that practically all her screen successes have been in the characterization of simple, lower class women. May Robson, however, the third in the triumvirate of Hollywood's fashionable old ladies, has always played her true self in portraying the sort of part which swings a wicked lorgnette without embarrassment. All these and many others—the list is as long as the Boston Social Register—can be found

frequently at the Talmadge household simply because Norma Talmadge is a poised and gracious hostess who understands the successful handling of a social gathering. She never makes the mistake of inviting misfits through charity. And an uninvited guest would find scant mercy at her delicate little hands. She is a born social leader and her important position has come to her naturally and without effort.

BEBE DANIELS is a very popular hostess too, but with another, rather less sophisticated flavor, for Bebe is essentially interested in her work and society comes a distinct second. But her crowd comprises about the same people as Norma's.

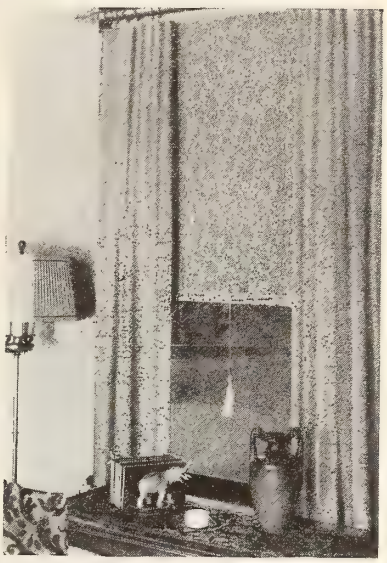
And these people really do constitute Hollywood's Four Hundred. By that, I mean Four Hundred in its accepted sense, as being the smart, sophisticated, polished set which is gay and amusing without being dissipated; who dress fashionably and set the standard of what is correct in the way of living and entertainment. They live, look, act and entertain so much like smart Eastern society that there is not really two pins worth of difference. But, as with the real Four Hundred of any other community, there is unmistakably a remoter, unorganized group which they touch only occasionally. The Four Hundred, be it in New York, London, Paris or Palm Beach, is the brilliant, organized, controlling group which actively constitutes society. And in any of these important places there is always a shy, shadowy scattering of genuine born aristocrats who have the right of entrée to the Four Hundred but seldom exercise the privilege. Hollywood is no exception. And the Hollywood Four Hundred welcomes these aristocrats eagerly when they can be coaxed to a small dinner or indeed to any function whatsoever. But your true aristocrat seldom is society-minded, prefering to live a very simple quiet life, occasionally seeing a few intimates, and entertaining rarely. Therefore, one seldom sees John Boles and his lovely wife at a party. But let it be known that Mrs. So-and-So has wrung an acceptance from the Boles, and everyone else accepts for the same function. Ruth Chatterton works the same magic for a hostess and so do the George Fitzmaurices, Richard Barthelmess, Robert Montgomery and a few others.

IT is pretty difficult to omit names without treading on somebody's toes, but the fact remains that many really fine artists of the screen, whose work and character would seem to justify a high standing in the social life of the community, have nevertheless little or no social position.

The requirements for a social position in Hollywood are exactly the same as anywhere else in the world. The prime requisite is, of course, social compatibility. The next is a well-bred manner, accompanied by good taste and discrimination in personal dress and possessions. Many famous screen

"That beautiful window shade for 10c?...*Impossible!*"

...says every woman who sees A CLOPAY SHADE for the first time...



IMPOSSIBLE . . . *but true!* A beautiful window shade . . . and a durable shade, for only 10c. Crack-proof, fade-proof, fray-proof. Made of a tough, new fibre material—CLOPAY. In solid tan, green, white and blue; and also in beautiful new patterns as illustrated. Attach to your old rollers without tacks or tools.

CLOPAY shades beautify any room, and outwear shades costing five times as much. Millions are now in use. 36 inches wide, two yards long. Easily cut to fit narrow windows.

Also: CLOPAY shades mounted on rollers, complete with brackets, ready to hang, 25c.

CLOPAY shades on sale at 5 and 10c stores everywhere, 10c each. 15c in Canada and Far West.

CLOPAY
WINDOW SHADES

and the NEW CLOPAY VACUUM CLEANER BAG

When it's filled . . . *throw it away!* No more filthy, germ-laden vacuum cleaner bags to empty. CLOPAY "throw-away" bags cost only 10c each. Requires three to six weeks of constant use to fill bag. Then you throw it away, put on a new bag in a jiffy. Puts an end to a dirty, unsanitary job. Clopay Vacuum Cleaner Bags are new, and if your favorite 5 & 10c store cannot yet supply them, send 25c for one bag and metal adapter which attaches permanently to your cleaner. *Specify make of your vacuum cleaner.*

10c

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1230 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-12
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel
5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write

Dept. ENGEL MFG. CO.
63B, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

10¢ Buys 100

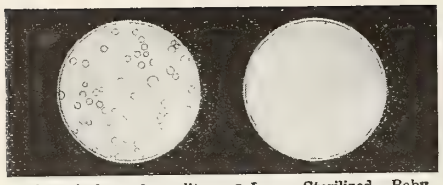
Now!—finer Cosmetics for 10 cents!

That's all you pay. Yet the Heather Cosmetic you buy whether lipstick, eye-brow pencil, eye shadow, cake-rouge, cream-rouge or Cosmetiko—is absolutely pure and adorns you with smart beauty that cannot be surpassed. Thousands of thrifty women—who glorify their lips, cheeks and eyes with perfect make-up that lasts for hours—have discovered Heather Cosmetics. And they're saving the difference in price. Heather Cosmetics are sold in all 5 and 10 cent stores. Try them. You'll be delighted.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

HEATHER COSMETICS

10c in U. S. A. . . . . 15c in Canada



● A typical good quality baby powder under a bacteriological test. The white spots we have circled indicate bacteria colonies.

● Laco Sterilized Baby Powder under the identical bacteriological test. Laco is absolutely free from bacteria or spores -- safe.

Are you powdering your baby with GERMS?

Scientific tests of various well-known baby powders showed germs in every one examined. Now many doctors and nurses recommend that only a sterilized powder be used on babies.

Laco Baby Powder is sterilized right in the sealed container for 6 hours at 235° F. No germ can survive this terrific heat. There are no chances of infection when you use Laco.

In addition to being absolutely safe, Laco is very soothing—made of ingredients of the finest quality. Fine, velvety substances that are excellent for skin disorders. Laco is waterproof but contains no Stearate of Zinc.

Laco Sterilized Baby Powder is made by the same company that makes Laco Castile Soap, the pure Castile that doctors have recommended for years. To keep your baby healthy and happy use Laco products. Lockwood Brackett Co., Boston, Mass.

LACO STERILIZED BABY POWDER

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

10 Cents

At Kresge's

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

PAT. APPLIED FOR

What does Your Hand Reveal?

By *Individual* Readings!

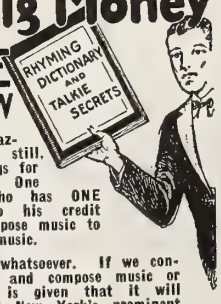
NOW it is possible, by the newest, most ingenious and inexpensive method known, to obtain a sincere honest Individual Reading and Interpretation of your Hand by one of the country's foremost character ANALYSTS. (No mimeographing). Learn your possibilities and dormant qualities.

Merely send your name and address with 25c to cover the cost of Double Impression Paper, Impression Material, Questionnaire, and the article "YOUR HAND." When you receive this material, make clean impressions of your palms; follow instructions, and return with $1.00 for a complete Individual Reading.

ZOLA, 303 W. 42nd St., Dept. B-7, New York City

Make Song Writing Pay You Big Money

New FREE BOOK TELLS HOW



WHY not send for this amazing book? Or better still, send poems or music for songs for free examination and advice. One of our Famous Writers who has ONE HUNDRED SONG HITS to his credit will revise, arrange, and compose music to your poems or poems to your music.

It obligates you in no way whatsoever. If we consider your work worthwhile, and compose music or write verse, fair assurance is given that it will reach the hands of one of New York's prominent publishers with complete copyright protection.

Don't wait any longer. Send for your FREE copy of this book today. It may be the answer to your financial independence.

MAHONEY ASSOCIATES, 4X-East 23rd St., New York, N.Y.

actors and actresses "look Hollywood." They dress to be conspicuous and that damns them socially, just as it would anywhere else. Many individuals who have made a great success with their clever performances are not equipped for organized society in the purely social sense; many will never acquire this equipment, but many, too, of those who are more truly intelligent and ambitious, are learning rapidly. Meanwhile they are excluded. It is merely a repetition in miniature of the whole history of society in any democratic country.

Hollywood has its *nouveau riche* crowd, whose expensive entertainments are widely advertised. So has Palm Beach. So has the Mayfair circle of London. But the fact of their expensive entertaining gets these newly-rich nowhere. A big house in Beverly Hills no more buys an entrée into Hollywood society than a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year penthouse on Park Avenue assures its possessor of an invitation to Mrs. Van Astorbilt's dinner table. Hollywood has its "Circus Society" of wild young people, and its group of earnest young intellectuals, and all three of the last-mentioned groups contain many world-famous names—but they are distinctly not society names.

ONE important element in Hollywood society cannot be overlooked here, and that is the group comprising certain of the studio executives and their wives. At any gathering of the real Four Hundred one is sure to find Irving Thalberg and his wife, Norma Shearer. One finds Abraham Lehr, high executive of United Artists, with his wife, who is an extremely important force in organized charities on the Coast. One finds Samuel Goldwyn, William Le Baron, David O. Selznick and many others. While such directors as Harry Beaumont, Frank Borzage, Howard Hughes, and, of course, the DeMilles, and Edwin Carewe have a genuine social standing of great importance.

THERE is no doubt that the advent of talking pictures, with its influx of the aristocracy of the stage, is in part responsible for the development of an established Four Hundred in Hollywood. But it is not wholly responsible, by any means. Hollywood is no longer experimental headquarters for an art against which public opinion was originally focused almost unanimously. The industry started in the hands of the dregs of the show world, circus men, side show artists, vaudeville failures, and cheap promoters. It has grown to be one of the most important of the arts, employing, literally, some of the best brains in the world, both in its artistry and its industry. It calls for men of the highest executive ability—for financial giants. The best writers, the finest actors are none too good for it. Why, then, shouldn't it have a *bona fide* society? The answer is, it has!

One Day to Live

(*Continued from page 49*)

day to live, Joan?" I asked.

"But that's a question it's almost impossible to answer!" she objected. "It would depend on the mood and the moment. I don't think I'd be scared. I might be sort of awe-struck and numbed, but I wouldn't be scared."

She wouldn't be, either. Chalk up one for the "brave and reckless" theory. "That's telling how you feel, Joan. But what would you *do?*"

"Well, I imagine I'd spend a few hours of the day attending to various business and personal details. We all think our affairs are in order, as much in order as possible, but there would be a million things to do. I have a few belongings which are dear to me, and I'd like to send them to friends who would love them as I have.

"I know I'd want music around me, all day; all my favorite pieces. Music calms and rests me more than anything else.

"Well, after I'd taken care of all the necessary details, I'd want to spend the rest of the day with my mother and Douglas. There would be so much to think about and talk about."

Chalk up one for the devoted daughter and wife!

"Perhaps—perhaps I should do one thing I have always wanted to do. High places have always terrified me. They make me want to jump out into space and fall—fall—fall. If I knew, definitely, that I had only a few hours to live, perhaps—perhaps—" and Joan's eyes grew larger—"*I would go to the highest cliff or the highest tower I could find, and jump! . . . It would mean only an hour or two less of living, and it would satisfy a longing I have had since childhood!* I might not do it. But—I might!"

Chalk up another for the reckless dancing daughter. Most certainly, after that! That's a dead give-away. All doubts are settled. There's a wide streak of reckless, devil-may-care, to-hell-with-it, abandon in Joan, all right, or she would never think of such an end for herself. There would be no calm waiting, for Joan. One grand finale—and get a thrill out of it—is her idea.

And now, one star more. When I asked him the question, I got an answer which silenced me. Few finer words have ever been spoken in Hollywood.

I won't tell you his name, right away. After—

"First of all, I would want to put all the affairs of my daily life in trim. As I live from day to day, I try to

'keep my house in order.' So, there would not be a great deal of final arranging to do. Then I would go to church, and spend long hours there. To anyone who has been reared in the atmosphere of religion which has always surrounded my life with its richness and with its beauty, the church means much—much, indeed. I should turn there, for strength, and for peace of mind.

"I would talk with my family. I should want all of my brothers and sisters around me. (My mother and father are with me always.) I would want to talk to them, to tell them what I hoped and prayed for them, to explain to them the many mistakes which I have made.

"After that, I should like to be alone for a while with my piano, in the study of my home. Music does more for me than anything else. When I am playing, or singing, I am happy. I should like to sing all the songs I love, just for myself. . . . And, in my life as in the life of everyone, there is one person who understands me better than any other; who brings me more of peace than anyone else can bring. I should like to sit quietly with that person. Dying, we all need to be with someone who understands. There would be so many things to talk about, for one last time!

"And then, when the hour came, I should simply sit quietly and wait for it, trying not to be sad, trying to resign myself. God has been good to me. I am ready to go. Death I do not fear."

So spoke Ramon Novarro!

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 11*)

SIDE SHOW (RKO-Radio)—Winnie Lightner as the noble-hearted gal of the circus who sacrifices love for friendship. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood in a very funny comedy with Buster at his best. **Very good—very suitable for children.**

THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, the famous stage actress, does an amazing piece of acting in this excellent drama. It's a story of a mother's sacrifice—but far better than the usual type of this material. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier's latest movie effort. Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert in the leading feminine rôles. Direction by Lubitsch. **Very good—but children won't like it much.**

SOB SISTER (Fox)—James Dunn and Linda Watkins in a newspaper story. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

THE SPIDER (Fox)—Thrilling mystery murder story, the action of which takes place in a theatre. Edmund Lowe has the leading rôle. **Very good—children will like its thrills.**

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)—Lew Ayres in a different type of football story. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—Lupe Velez, Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford, Warner Baxter in the famous old melodrama, directed by Cecil B. DeMille. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

THE STAR WITNESS (First National)—Chic Sale, Walter Huston and others in the story of a family who are persecuted by a gang because they were witnessess to a gang murder. **Excellent—okay for children.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—Sylvia Sidney, Estelle Taylor and Buster Collier in a story which depicts the tangled lives of the inhabitants of a New York tenement. **Excellent—but not good talkie fare for children.**

SURRENDER (Fox)—Love and war with Warner Baxter anl Leila Hyams. **Good—parts of it will interest the youngsters.**

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Greta Garbo. **Excellent—but the children will be bored by it.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson. Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent—children may enjoy parts of it.**

TOUCHDOWN (Paramount)—Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie, Peggy Shannon, Regis Toomey and Charlie Starrett in a football story. **Very good—great for kids.**

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS (Paramount)—A thrilling drama of modern New York life—the action of which all takes place in one day. Clive Brook, Regis Toomey, Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins. **Very good—kids will like some of it.**

UNDER EIGHTEEN (First National)—Anita Page, Marian Marsh, Norman Foster and Regis Toomey. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—little girls will like it.**

THE UNHOLY GARDEN (United Artists)—Ronald Colman as the master crook who is elected by a gang of crooks to superintend the robbery of an old man. But the old man has a beautiful daughter and Colman falls for her. Then the fun begins. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

WATERLOO BRIDGE (Universal)—A gripping story of a girl stranded in London during the war and how she meets love and yet can't accept it. Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke. **Excellent—but not for the young ones.**

WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)—Seth Parker, of radio fame, and his little band of Maine folk arrive on the screen. **Good—and take the kids.**

WEST OF BROADWAY (M-G-M)—John Gilbert. Reviewed on page 58. **Fair—children won't enjoy it.**

WICKED (Fox)—Elissa Landi in a story which is far too sentimental to be very interesting. **Poor.**

THE WOMAN BETWEEN (RKO-Radio)—Lily Damita in a story about a boy who falls in love with his step-mother. **Fair—not for children.**

WORKING GIRLS (Paramount)—Charles Rogers. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—little girls may like parts of it.**

THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)—Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in a thrilling story of pre-revolution Russia. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

The story which finishes at the top of this page—"One Day to Live"—was written by the well-known Hollywood writer, Jack Jamison.

In our next issue—March—Mr. Jamison has a story called "Garbo on the Set."

He takes you right into the studio where Garbo is working—something you couldn't do even if you were in Hollywood itself—and gives a thrilling picture of the famous Greta at work.

MODERN SCREEN, March—on sale February First

She is 22 with her Gloves ON

32 with them OFF

EVERY woman knows that her hands reveal age quicker than anything else! Hands, however, need not cause embarrassment by reflecting the blemishes of housework, officework, or harsh winter weather! Campana's Italian Balm, the *original* skin softener, is guaranteed to banish dryness, chapping and roughness quicker than anything you have ever used. It is made from the formula of a famous skin specialist and contains 16 ingredients. Don't forget that Italian Balm is the largest selling skin protector in winter-loving Canada where it has been used for 25 years. Get Italian Balm in long-lasting 10c, 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. Or try it at our expense — send the coupon.

Campana's

ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Free —Vanity Size Bottle on Request

CAMPANA CORPORATION,
2494 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 88 Caledonia Road, Toronto.

Tune in Saturday Nights—"First Nighter" broadcast, N.B.C. coast-to-coast . . . 9:30 E.T.; 8:30 C.T.; 7:30 M.T.; 6:30 P.T.

CRINKLE BAKING DISHES

SAVE

TIME AND WORK IN BAKING

NO greasing, no burning, no sticking, no pan-washing. Use Crinkle Cups for small cakes and muffins. Line your layer cake pans with Crinkle Baking Dishes, and enjoy cakes and many other good things that are evenly baked, perfectly shaped and whole.

CRINKLE BAKING CUPS

SOLD AT 5-AND-10-CENT-STORES

Oldmill Paper Products Corp.
Dept. MF
Linden St., Cor. Prospect Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose 10c for which please send me introductory package of Crinkle Baking Dishes for layer cakes. To fit □ 9 in. or □ 10 in. pans (by top measurement).

Name_____

Address_____

"HERE'S THE PIN WE WANT"
...Says most EVERYONE...

OUR 36TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL
THIS NEW PIN. SILVER PLATE 35c EA. OR $3.50 DOZ. STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 50c EA. OR $5.00 DOZ. 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL. ANY 3 OR 4 LETTERS AND YEAR.
FREE—1932 CATALOG SHOWING HUNDREDS SCHOOL, CLASS, CLUB, SOCIETY PINS, RINGS, MEDALS, ETC.
BUY FROM THE CLASS PIN PIONEERS
#5194
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 82 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

SONG WRITERS

NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Don't Fail To Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—M. M. Newcomer Associates 1674 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Girls~Take This FREE Art Test

IF YOU like to draw, test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our simple, scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

Many Federal School Students—girls as well as men—are making $2000, $4000, $5000, and $6000 yearly. In commercial art work you can earn as much as a man of equal ability. Learn at home in spare time. The Federal Course contains lessons by leading artists, gives you personal criticisms, and leads rapidly to practical work. By all means get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire. State age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
229-B Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis Minn.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 105*)

rhythmic or folk dancing. Don't let the fact that you don't know one step from another hold you back. Or the fact that you're much overweight and would look like an elephant. The dancing will help get rid of the excess weight—and much of your youthful self-consciousness. And watch the stars when you go to the movies. Watch Kay Francis glide across a room. Watch Ruth Chatterton's manner of sitting down in a chair and getting up—no fussy, unnecessary motions. Watch Joan Crawford—that girl looks full of vitality when she's sitting still with her hands crossed in her lap! And take a tip from Carole Lombard—they say she practices walking with a good-sized book balanced on her head, pointing her toes one directly in front of the other. If you can learn to do that without letting the book fall, your posture will be practically perfect!

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, Modern Screen Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 12*)

sugar and lots of other cookies received honorable mention, and we thought that in view of the general popularity of the whole cooky family it was lucky that we knew a good basic cooky recipe out of which any number of different cookies could be made. But more of this later.

We decided to see if these youngsters could be bribed. "If you could get more cookies would you drink more milk?" we asked hopefully.

"NO!" they shrieked as one child.

Hmmm. A nice evidence of the incorruptibility of youth.

"Do you like cookies to eat with your ice cream, or your prunes or apple sauce?" we asked, changing the subject quickly.

"Yes!" Again there was perfect unanimity of thought.

"Do you enjoy your cookies more if they are cut out in fancy shapes?"

"You bet!" and again an argument broke out, as to whether bunnies or ducks or bears were preferable shapes for cookies to be made in—and while they argued we thought of the cute little cutters in the shapes of diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades which are so perfect for cutting out bridge party cookies. And we also thought how complete the assortment is at the Kress and Kresge stores, and what fun you can have picking out designs to delight your youngsters, or to please your friends.

THERE developed some dissension in the ranks over whether cookies should be frosted, filled or plain, with each kind being vigorously defended by each child in turn. Cookies can be classed under three general headings—rolled, dropped, and the so-called "ice-box" kind. These last are the newest. They are mixed and then the dough is packed into empty baking powder tins or pans with close-fitting covers and stored in the refrigerator for several hours. When and as they are wanted, cookies are sliced from the roll or loaf, with a very sharp knife, and baked on a greased cooky sheet or pan in a moderate oven.

Then, of course, there are all sorts of cookies under each of these general classifications. Nut, fruit, frosted and filled, molasses, ginger, spice and sugar are but a few of them. Fortunately, as we mentioned above, several kinds of cookies can be made from one batch of cooky dough, with little extra effort. Following is a basic cooky recipe which can be changed into almost any kind of cooky by a simple adding of a little of this or a dab of that.

Basic Cooky Recipe

1 cup butter or shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup top milk
3½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt

Cream the butter; add sugar a little at a time, continuing creaming. Add beaten eggs and beat all well. Add milk and fold in sifted dry ingredients. Add flavoring. Dough should be stiff enough to roll. Toss on floured board and roll to one-third inch in thickness, cut with cooky cutter and bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven.

If you prefer, pack dough in empty baking powder tins and place in refrigerator until needed. Then with a sharp knife cut off thin slices and bake on greased cooky sheet in moderate oven.

We suggest that you make up a batch of this cooky dough and then divide it into four portions. To the first add chopped peanuts, to the second raisins, to the third spices, and to the last chopped dates and walnuts. After the

additions have been made, the four portions may be packed away in the refrigerator in separate containers, or rolled out and baked at once.

IF you prefer, you can cut this basic dough out and place the cookies on greased cooky sheets, sprinkling some of them, before baking with pistachio nuts, brushing others with diluted egg white and sprinkling them with sugar, and leaving some of them plain, frosting these after baking with a plain icing. The baked cookies can also be put together in pairs, with a layer of frosting or jelly between them. The above recipe is for the rolled or ice-box type of cooky. If you want to make drop cookies the dough must be somewhat softer.

We are sure you will also want recipes for Mitzie Green's Raisin Cookies, Jackie Searle's Cocoanut Cookies and Bobby Coogan's Ginger ones—as well as for our Hermits—the same ones which we put into the cooky jar and took with us that day when we went to see the Paramount kids. We feel sure you will be as enthusiastic as they were.

We have made up these recipes on filing cards, and they form the latest number of the Star Recipe Series which we prepare for you monthly. And isn't it splendid that these recipes are now sent to you absolutely free as a special service to readers of Modern Screen! If you have not been sending for these recipes there is a pleasant surprise in store for you when you receive your first set—and we feel sure that once you start collecting our Star Recipes you will send for them every month, without fail. Just fill out and mail the coupon on page 12 and soon one of the Modern Hostess little blue folders will be delivered to you.

Because cookies keep so well in covered containers, they are perfect to keep on hand for any between-meal snack; or to send off to children away at school or college. And, of course, there is nothing nicer to add to the school lunch-box than home-made cookies, as they supply a wholesome sweet which isn't difficult either to pack or eat.

Next month Ivan Lebedeff is going to talk about Sunday Night Suppers. Watch for it!

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

Now about Gable—let him stay as is! He has won his acclaim by what he has done—not by what directors can make him do. These directors are not always right, either.

M. C.,
Cedar Grove, New Jersey.

I have always been fond of motion pictures and was always interested in

Can Your Hands stand a "Close-up?"

Do your hands dread the critical gaze? Do they wince under the eyes of others?

Your hands can count greatly for—or against—you. Youthful hands suggest youthful years. Withered and work-stained hands speak age.

Pacquin's Hand Cream will transform your hands. It will take out the redness, roughness and aged appearance and make your hands soft, smooth and white—youthful to the eye and to the touch!

Pacquin's is a genuine beautifier of the hands. It also refines the neck, shoulders and arms. Unequalled for chapped skin and "crepe elbow."

Pacquin's is readily absorbed by the skin and does not leave it sticky or greasy.

At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at $1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing creams in 10c size at all 5 & 10c Stores.

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM

JANE E. CURRAN, Inc., 101 West 31st St., New York, N.Y.

Somewhere between 30 and 40 gray hair can't be avoided but are you satisfied to grow grayer and grayer, to LOOK older and FEEL older when FARR'S, the standard, modern preparation for modern people, is so easily obtainable in every city in the United States? Those first gray hairs on a fresh, youthful face mean NEGLECT. FARR'S is harmless as your lipstick and leaves a soft, natural, lively texture, all the hair one even shade, not the dead look from old fashioned preparations. Any shade, $1.35. Sold everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G. 1
79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR.....

WOMAN MAKE UP TO $10 DAILY!
SPARE OR FULL TIME

Four entirely new, remarkable scientific products. Bring big profits. Endorsed by leading physicians, unequaled in its field. Women see their advantages and buy on sight. Nationwide demand—NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY—unusual selling plan makes everything easy for you—Earn up to $10 per day. I teach you how to start earning money. Send for FREE sales plan today. *There is no obligation.*

GRACE STERLING
180 Madison Ave., Dept. 220, New York, N. Y.

$$ SONG WRITING $$
Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

SOFT COLLAR LAYRITE

Invisible device keeps soft collars tidy and free of wrinkles. Eliminates starching. Saves collars. Every man needs the Layrite for that smart appearance which women admire.

Sold in ALL 10¢ STORES

CORNS—SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the *cause* —shoe friction and pressure.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

players, but never to the extent of taking a minute like this to either praise or criticize; but now I find myself stating in writing that if Mr. Clark Gable were not married, I'd pack my bags and fly to California and marry him. As it is, I'm going to search the world for another like him (if there should be another).

JUDITH WARD,
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Well, girls, we imagine all discussions about Gable are more or less heated

We have just been having a much heated discussion on the great popularity of this celebrated star Clark Gable. It seems that women all over the country adore this man. But we can't see what there is about him that makes their hearts flutter so. He isn't handsome, has a forced smile, looks as though he hadn't shaved for a month, and hasn't any neck at all.

MARY MULLER,
HELEN YOUNG,
JANE HARRISON,
Geneva, New York.

According to the very meager information we have about Garbo, she has a pretty healthy appetite—and eats plenty!

There is one thing I would like to see and that is this: why in the world doesn't Greta Garbo eat a little more and fill out all those places that make her look as though she were a walking skeleton?

A. M.,
Nashville, Tennessee.

All right, Curious, we'll start the Baltimore ball rolling with you

In the December issue you asked for frank, honest criticism. I can find no fault with your magazine and I have read many, but I do notice that the letters printed are received from persons not residing in Baltimore, Md. Is it because we Baltimoreans fail to write? Or what is the reason? Baltimore is not the smallest town in the world, you know.

CURIOUS,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Yes—there's Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman, and the Arlens and the Lloyds, and—dear me! What is the name of that other couple?

For gosh sakes! Is there anyone in Hollywood who stays married long enough to have rice and old shoes thrown at them? Of all the divorce markets, Hollywood is the best.

MILLIE R.,
St. Louis, Missouri.

A very nice letter about Ivan Lebedeff

In your December issue of MODERN SCREEN there was a story about Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, "The Most Misunderstood Man in Hollywood." It asked how he would treat servants and how he would treat women, but it left out one of the most important things, to my mind—and to my race. Just how would he treat the negroes? Some time ago I wrote to Mr. Lebedeff, telling him I was colored and he answered right back by air mail. He said that he had seen enough in his life not to snub the human being for looks, color of skin or social position. . . . I have since had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lebedeff personally and shaking his hand. . . . He is better looking off screen than on. He is more than a prince and a gentleman.

HELEN FERRIS,
New York, N. Y.

Thanks for that bit of information, Donovan

Nearly all the present-day Hollywood stuff is weighted with labored efforts to make a hit. You can't see the forest for the trees. Too darn arty when there's no art near, nor none needed. . . .

I wonder how many people know that Warner Baxter is married to the former Mrs. Edmund Lowe and that, some fifteen years ago, she was a swell actress.

DONOVAN THORPE,
Washington, D. C.

We'll endeavor to fill the first two wishes, anyway, Billie

I wish: MODERN SCREEN would please not give the same players' pictures every month; also that you would quit leaving out the "Directory of Players"; but most of all, I wish to see Buddy Rogers in person.

BILLIE BRINGLE,
Salisbury, North Carolina.

Miss McMahon is playing on the New York stage at present

I should like very much to have the pleasure of again seeing Miss Eileen McMahon in a part which gives her as much or more chance to display her personality as her rôle as Edward G. Robinson's secretary in "Five Star Final." Miss McMahon is an attractive, capable and, to me, very interesting actress. She has the quality of being different.

N. L. W.,
Little Rock, Arkansas.

AND MAY WE AGAIN REMIND YOU—

That your letter is not omitted from this department for any reason except lack of space. There just isn't room for all the letters—even for all the most interesting letters. And we would like to point out that the most interesting letters are those which give reasons for a preference or a prejudice. It is all very well to write and say "I think Clark Gable is marvelous," but it isn't very exciting to others unless you say why, is it? And that goes for people you don't like, too.

Players' Directory

(*Continued from page 104*)

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Douray in "Six Cylinder Love," and Bill in "Goldie," Fox. Male lead in "Ground Hogs," and "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Starred in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Starred in "A Woman of Experience," "Bad Company," "The Second Shot," and "Breach of Promise," all for RKO-Pathé.

VALLI, VIRGINIA; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Isle of Lost Ships." Starred in "Guilty," Columbia, and "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man." Featured rôle in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros. Robert Fyfe in "The Black Camel," Fox. Featured rôle in "Men in Her Life," Columbia.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now in Europe.

WALTERS, POLLY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Molly in "Expensive Women," Peggy in "Larceny Lane," Polly in "Taxi!" and telephone operator in "Manhattan Parade," Warner Bros. Daisy in "Union Depot," First National.

WARNER, H. B.; married to a non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Raymond in "Expensive Women," First National. Major Schmidt in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé. Townsend in "Five Star Final," First National. Featured rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé, and "First Cabin," Fox.

WATKINS, LINDA; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Fox studio. Title rôle in "Sob Sister," and feminine lead in "A Good Sport," Fox.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured part in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox. Bob Denton in "Men Are Like That," Clint Turner in "Duty Bound," and football hero in "Yellow," Columbia.

WEEKS, BARBARA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Feminine lead in "Palmy Days," Goldwyn-United Artists. Featured rôle in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

WHEELER, BERT; married to Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise." Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," "Full of Notions," and "Peach O' Reno," all for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôles in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow From Chicago," both for First National. Starred in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany.

WHITE, MARJORIE; married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Sadie in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and Pee-Wee in "Women of All Nations," Fox. Penelope in "Broadminded," First National.

WILLIAM, WARREN; unmarried; born in Aitken, Minnesota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Mr. William is a well known stage actor who made his talkie debut opposite Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women," for Warner Bros. Featured rôles in "The Honor of the Family," "Captain's Wife," and "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Peggy Carter in "Seed," Universal. Second lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Law and Order," Universal.

WITHERS, GRANT; separated from Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade," Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages," Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Returns to American screen after two-year absence in England as Ling Moy in "Daughter of the Dragon," and featured rôle in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in Florida. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Vice Squad," and in "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Too Many Cooks." Starred in "Everything's Rosy," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Full of Notions," "Caught Plastered," and "Peach O' Reno," RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Feminine lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "The Unholy Garden," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now playing on the New York stage in "Nikki."

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. She returned to the films in her first talkie, "Kept Husbands," an RKO-Radio production. Star of "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany.

YOUNG, LORETTA; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "I Like Your Nerve," First National. Sob sister in "Platinum Blonde," Columbia. Society girl in "Taxi!", Warner Bros.

Her Secret

I have always wanted and longed to know what perfume had that intriguing odor, and to think of it . . . she said it was Blue Waltz.

$1.00 Everywhere . . . Generous purse flacons at better 5c and 10c Stores.

Blue Waltz

Joubert Cie · 71 Fifth Avenue New York

PARFUM . . TOILET WATER . . BRILLIANTINE . . TALC
FACE POUDRE . . FACIAL CREAMS . . LIPSTICK

LOSE FAT

SIMPLY! QUICKLY! PLEASANTLY!

Startling Discovery!

Astonishing results from this new method of reducing!

Drink COFFEE and grow THIN

Coffee has long been known as an aid to digestion, and now science has discovered that it also contains a substance that counteracts fat and discourages its formation. In the roasting of ordinary coffee this substance is lost but in Slenderfine Coffee it is available. **It influences your digestion to turn the food you eat into energy** instead of fat. It stimulates bodily activity. You feel better, have more pep, act better, sleep better when fatty tissue disappears. Regain and retain the figure of youth.

SLENDERFINE COFFEE

PROOF! Although we have always guaranteed to refund money if not satisfied, not a single person has ever returned Slenderfine Coffee because of failure to lose weight.

MADE JUST LIKE ORDINARY COFFEE

Drink Slenderfine Coffee. It is good for everybody—the whole family. It is rich in flavor, and appetizing. Use cream and sugar as usual. Enjoy your reducing method.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You can have your money back if not satisfied. Try this new, easy method. Endorsed by coffee experts as well as other authorities. Don't wait. Clip the coupon. Send one dollar today and begin to discourage fat at once.

THE SECRET IS IN THE ROASTING

Slenderfine Coffee is 100% coffee—nothing else. But it is not like ordinary coffee. The secret is in the special blending and roasting which bring out the active natural elements that do the work. Drinking Slenderfine Coffee is an economical method of reducing. One package is sufficient for four weeks. Take off fat naturally, pleasantly, safely, without drugs, baths or medicine.

4 WEEKS SUPPLY ONLY $1.00

Send $1.00 for large package of Slenderfine Coffee. Full directions and valuable information included. You take no risk.

Guaranteed by THE SLENDERFINE CO.
Dept. MG, 303 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

SLENDERFINE COMPANY, Dept. MG
303 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00. Send me at once 4 weeks' supply of Slenderfine Coffee. It is understood you will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

Name_____

Street or R. F. D._____

City_____ State_____

"Tonight or never!"

FALLING in love with a gigolo! That was the horrible thought Nella Vago would not admit even to herself. But it was true, and what's more, it was giving her flawless singing voice that passionate fire without which it could never have achieved greatness.

He had stolen into Nella's consciousness very slowly, this mysterious, silent stranger, but now wherever she went, he seemed to be there too, staring at her. At the opera house he was most evident—keen eyes above an expanse of white shirt front, coolly watching her performance.

Late one night the great and haughty Vago gave way before the woman Nella, and she found herself knocking on the door of his apartment. That was the beginning of a series of thrills and surprises for this fascinating woman who had finally met a fascinating man.

Gloria Swanson interprets the rôle superbly in her latest picture, "TONIGHT OR NEVER!" The complete story and nine others from the newest and best talkies appear, profusely illustrated, in the latest issue of that unique, all-screen-fiction magazine—

Screen Romances

February Issue Now on Newsstands

Fadeout

(*Continued from page 53*)

He was born on a farm near Morganton, North Carolina. At twelve, he ran away from home to join a tent show. The life of the world of make-believe became his life. Three hard years crammed with learning, grease-paint, and unshaded gasoline flares flashed by. He had abandoned the tent show for a Mississippi river show boat when he read that a company up north needed a juvenile lead and wired his application. A return telegram ordered him to report.

He was fifteen years of age, remember. He spent his last dime on a one-way ticket and his first pair of long pants. Imagine the boy rolling northward to his first real job, dreaming the dreams of fifteen and building for himself those magical air castles the best and the worst of us have conjured.

When he reached his destination, he was rejected. Too young. "I'll show you," he said. "I'll organize my own company and run you out of this territory." The manager—amused by the boy's nerve to say such a thing—changed his mind and at fifteen Robert Williams became a leading man.

There followed a succession of tent shows, medicine shows, stock companies, vaudeville. A hard life—but all the while he worked with his eyes ever on the golden beyond. Finally, he reached Broadway and played with Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." He appeared in "Abie's Irish Rose," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and "Rebound." Leading man for Ann Harding and Ina Claire. Pretty good, that, for a little boy off the farm.

THEN Hollywood beckoned with a golden finger. He traveled west and helped make the stage play, "Rebound" into a talkie. What would it do to him? Would he be just another one-film Broadway actor or would he catch the popular fancy? The box office answered those questions. Bob Williams was a flop. The company for which he worked lost interest. True, they put him in "The Common Law" and "Devotion" but every one understood that he would never be a star. Why? Well, he had no Barrymore profile, no princely figure, no Clark Gable magnetism.

Then someone had an idea. Change his face. Employ the miracle method of plastic surgery. He listened as serious men told him that he could never be a success until he altered his features. And he tentatively agreed. But Nina Williams, his wife, refused, and after thinking it over, he agreed with her. Those motion picture executives walked out of the conference and washed their hands of Robert Williams, actor.

Then destiny thrust him into a brief moment of glory. Another picture company borrowed him and gave him the lead in "Platinum Blond." There he found himself. It was as if some spark within suddenly ignited and fused his abilities into a flowing characterization. "Platinum Blond" became his picture. And it brought him closer to the end of the rainbow than he had thought was possible. New contracts were offered. Companies fought for his services. He won the most coveted rôle in Hollywood—the male lead opposite Constance Bennett in "Lady with a Past." Success was his, acclaim, fortune. For him and his wife, Nina Williams, and his little daughter it meant—everything. Everything in the world.

And then fate—not Hollywood—decreed that Robert Williams must never make another picture . . . life is a will-o'-the-wisp that slipped from his grasp just when he thought he had caught it.

Why was he who had the magic gift of giving others pleasure stricken in the fullness of his success? Why is that ingratiating smile hidden today under black earth? If there be an answer I pray Heaven to grant it to Nina Williams and the little daughter who survived him. Grant it, too, to those others of us who want to understand but cannot understand why the life of which we dream and for which we slave turns so often to emptiness.

I ask that in behalf of the thousands who were Robert Williams' fans—for I have just come from watching the staccato vitality of his performance in the film called "Platinum Blond"—and today Robert Williams is—is dead.

Most Inspiring Woman

(*Continued from page 55*)

romp through life as one could at nineteen, without becoming tired, without a slackening of pace, without a knowledge of the years. But Miss Dressler's vitality conquers, and radiates from her every word and gesture.

SHE gestures a lot. She told me, sitting at the luncheon table, the touching and human story of her next picture, "Emma." She acted it out for me, then and there, and I watched and listened as entranced as if I were in an audience in a darkened theatre. When she wasn't talking about "Emma," she was talking about people, about her stay in New York, and she was remembering funny stories for me. And her eyes, which are very sagacious, laughed, and, I thought, watching her smile, that

she has perhaps the sweetest smile I have ever encountered.

Naturally one cannot expect Marie Dressler to bounce about a screen as an eighteen-year-old or to insert herself into Norma Shearer frocks and rôles. But life can be just as exciting, just as crammed with drama and comedy, with pathos and tragedy as the years go on. She has an unlimited field to choose from; she can play great ladies or scrub-women; and she can make each one of them unforgettable to an entire audience.

She laughs easily, with her eyes as well as her mouth. She is impulsively and quickly kind. I was with her when she stopped to speak to the hotel chambermaid and apologize for the "trouble" her multitudinous flowers had, presumably, caused the girl. I listened to her exchanging gentle wisecracks with the floor clerk at the desk. And I realized from these trivial episodes and from things she said to me that she was intensely interested in people.

She had once walked briskly onto the scene of a trolley accident, just in time to see a defenseless woman fly through the air and land on the sidewalk. There was a lot of excitement and Miss Dressler was first on hand at the side of the victim. She would be. Not from curiosity but with a desire to render really practical aid. She made a pillow of her coat for the woman's head while crowds stood by and the woman's young daughter, who was with her, wrung her hands helplessly. People suggested hospitals and drugstores.

"Nonsense," said Miss Dressler calmly, "she's all right. I'll take her home." This she proceeded to do, and added, in her narration that she was unusually wealthy that day, "I had a dollar and eighty cents," she told us, laughing.

The woman lived, it appeared, in Harlem. To Harlem they drove, the three of them. The invalid seemed fully recovered. "Do you," Miss Dressler asked of the daughter, "live in New York?"

No, they were only boarding in Harlem, the daughter answered. She added, with resigned astonishment, "We only got here this morning. And when we had the accident *I was taking mother to see a nerve specialist!*"

Marie Dressler has never forgotten that incident. I shan't forget it either. The idea of a frightened out-of-towner on her way to consult a specialist because of shattered nerves and being flung rudely from trolley cars en route but surviving without visible signs of injury has its own particular humor; a humor which Miss Dressler fully appreciated. I've no doubt she believes that a little physical shaking up takes one's mind off the nerves and must be a good prescription.

I DO not believe that anything astonishes Marie Dressler very much. She views the world and its curious people with clear eyes. Her advice, if you asked her for it, would be sane and sympathetic but lighted with a tolerant laughter. She'd make an excellent justice of something or other. I'd like to endorse her nomination myself!

She is, I think, unique in the annals of Hollywood; a woman who understands perfectly the chances and changes of the game, who looks with wise and shrewdly tender eyes upon the mad antics of a younger generation, struggling for place, struggling to retain a foothold. Who should know better than she the precarious steps of the tilting, swaying ladder? Who should know better the feeling of insecurity just when one thought one's self so safe?

It is this wisdom which has enabled her to take her great success in her stride, as it were; not taking it so much for granted as a gift from the gods. She knows what it is worth; she has a sense of values. Her screen success is not, you see, her first success. Perhaps it isn't even her sweetest. I don't know. I didn't ask her. I have an idea that the early success is the sweeter and the more exciting; but that the success which comes, so to speak, like a second wind, must be the most satisfactory.

People forget that Marie Dressler was successful, fêted, a star, long before the screen and its people were ever heard of. Young people go to see her now and do not even realize that the screen was not her first medium of contact between herself and the public.

But all this is why I say that her work should not be judged by the fact that she has reached an age when most actresses are laid tenderly away upon a shelf of public oblivion, but should be judged upon its own outstanding merits. She has given us, for a great many years, the best that was in her. She is still giving it, and I think that she is growing all the time in artistic stature.

MARIE DRESSLER is a little puzzled by the star system. Why it means so much to people to star, why they fight to retain stardom. She has been, you see, a "star" for so very long that she cannot view the position through the covetous and beglamored eyes of youth. She agrees with me, as it happens, that the all-star cast on stage or screen is a splendid and a wholesome thing.

She meant it. Her idea of the perfect screen play is not of a more or less weak story carried by some one particular star but of a good story carried equally by a number of people, each perfect in his or her part, each giving something to the other, each sharing the burden, and making of the entire performance a flawless affair.

She likes to play with stars of the first magnitude.

There aren't many like that. But you see she has learned all the lessons life has to teach her and she is very generous and wise as well as very courageous.

Courage is, I think, one of her outstanding qualities. An ability to laugh it off, if life's joke is on her. And an ability, too, to weep for others. Courageous and kind. . . .

If she is afraid of anything in this world it is of fear. I fancy that she has faced, and many times, despair and disillusion, grief and the sudden end-

The Secret of
GLORIOUS WAVES

LOOK to the waving lotion. That is what most successful beauticians are most particular about whenever they give a finger wave or water wave.

It sets the hair quickly and easily. It assures a long lasting wave—a wave that is soft, fluffy and lustrous. And there is no after-deposit or sediment. Super-Set is fast drying and completely free from grease. Use it once and you will use it always.

COLORINSE

Glorify your hair with new tone color. Simply put Nestle ColoRinse in the after-shampoo wash. You will be enchanted with the glimmering sparkle and liveliness it adds to the hair. It is neither a dye or a bleach but simply harmless vegetable compound.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Restore the natural health and vitality of your hair with this famous Nestle treatment. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and revitalizes lifeless hair. Free from soap or alkali, it also makes the preferred shampoo.

The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City.

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores
large size at your beauty parlor.

KAPAK SANITARY NAPKINS
come in convenient packages for every requirement!

Kapak Sanitary Napkins meet the demands of millions of modern women who insist that a sanitary protection must be both safe and economical.

Kapak Sanitary Napkins come in convenient sizes for every requirement...whether it be for home use, week ends, travel or emergencies. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the finest sanitary conditions of high quality materials. Deodorant, highly absorbent, easily disposable, with close-fitting oval-shaped ends, Kapak Sanitary Napkins are the most convenient and economical sanitary protection you can buy.

Package of 1 doz. Kapak Sanitary Napkins, 20c
Package of 6 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 10c
Package of 8 Junior size Kapak Sanitary Napkins 10c
Package of 3 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 5c

Sold Exclusively at
S. S. KRESGE CO.
5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

MOLES and WARTS
REMOVED PERMANENTLY

Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts.
Miller Mfg. Co., 2447 South St., Lincoln, Nebr.

ing of joy. Not to be afraid, whatever happens, that's her prayer, I fancy. "Fear," she said, sitting in the bright warm sunlight, high above Fifth Avenue, "fear is the most deadly thing in the world."

She didn't tell me her formula for banishing it. But I am sure she has one. I wish I had asked her for it. I could use it. And so could you.

But I imagine that it is a faith in her star, a star of no earthly making. And a trust in life, no matter how often life has betrayed her. For if it has let her down, as it has all of us, it has also given her good things, and happy things, and glorious memories, and hope for the future.

SHE has great charm; a warm embracing charm which has nothing relaxing about it. It is as bracing as a salt wind, and as kind as sunlight. She makes no effort to appear other than she is. She does not, as do so many women of her age, seek pitifully upon the shadow of youth. I compared her with many women of my acquaintance of the same generation, idle women, their faces smooth as ivory and empty as flattery, haggard under strong lights; women who dressed like their daughters and comforted themselves like their granddaughters. There is none of this tragic unnatural youth about Marie Dressler. She wears lovely and becoming frocks, to be sure, her hair is softly waved, she makes the most of herself. But she *remains* herself. The lines in her face have been engraven there by the ruthless chisel of life; she intends them to remain there; she has no wish to look, if she could, like some soft piece of flesh which has experienced nothing and which has concentrated all its efforts upon keeping the body young, to the neglect of the mind.

I think every line in her face means something to her, is the stamp of some experience of growth, some gaining of wisdom. If more women would follow her example and be themselves, this would be a happier world in which to live. The woman who courts youth to the exclusion of everything else courts disaster. The woman who grows old, not only gracefully but with laughter, is winning success. Many women can learn wisdom from Marie.

MARIE DRESSLER is a big woman. Big in body, big in feature, big in heart and soul and mind. There is nothing petty about her. I did not gain a hint of the tinsel preoccupations, worries, and vanities which are often usual to a woman of her age. She carried with her a youth which is beyond and above the body; a youth which expresses itself in a vitality which even the body's weariness cannot defeat, in enthusiasms, in looking forward with eagerness, and looking backward with a smile and a tear.

She likes youth, as it happens, other people's youth. She likes young men, young women. She sympathizes, she understands, she warns, I imagine, when she can. I marvel that, loathing fear as she does, she does not fear her friends. For she has so many. So many people making their demands upon her time, her sympathy, her affection, her advice. So many people looking to her to give them a "lift"—and a lift is always upward, in the right direction. So many people waiting to have her coax them to confidence, waiting to have her woo them to laughter. They must be a terrific strain upon her, yet I doubt if she could do without them. All her life she has had friends.

I know this, for I myself spoke to her of a member of my family who had known her many years ago. She remembered, and her face lighted up, and she smiled at me, and paid a very lovely tribute to this one of my own people who is no longer here. It sent me away from her very happy—very grateful.

There is a lesson in Marie Dressler for all of us. There's a lesson, you know, in most stories of real people, who have attained anything; just as there's a lesson in the stories of people who have attained and who through their own lack of wisdom, have not thought much of growth but have remained content with their attainment. But in Marie Dressler there are lessons not only for those of us who are young but for those of us who are nearing Miss Dressler's beautiful and important years. I don't mean for a moment that we can all stop worrying about Junior at college, or the pie in the oven and rush out and implore a motion picture producer to give us a part. Because, as I said before and cannot impress upon you too strongly, Miss Dressler is not a great actress because she happens to be fifty-nine, she is a great actress who has reached fifty-nine years of age, and she didn't become great overnight, you know. No. Very few of us are talented and the years do not bring talents, they merely develop the talent we were born with. But we can learn a great deal, just the same, from her. From her fear of fear, and her gallantry, and her laughter, and her secure knowledge that the best is yet to be.

Charm does not cease with the first gray hair; nor mental growth with the first wrinkle; nor should that unhappy sagging of muscles mean an end to enthusiasms and happiness.

Before I left her, Miss Dressler spoke to me with a pity and understanding, wholly removed from patronage, of the hundreds of stage and screen people who, outgrowing the sort of rôles in which they had become popular, were afraid to play the older parts, afraid to play second fiddle. She was, she said, sorry for them; if only they would understand that they could make second fiddle sing as beautifully as first fiddle, with a mellow, deepened tone all their own. If only they would understand.

If only we would all understand!

Marie Dressler can help us.

In our next issue, Faith Baldwin, whose story you have just finished, gives a fascinating picture of Richard Arlen

Let Me Be a Human Being

(*Continued from page 66*)

certain shots and action she looked very weary.

Her beach house remained closed. No parasol flaunted its bright colors against the sand and sky. Word got about that she was refusing all engagements, that she had been too tired after a long day in the factory to dress and go to a supper dance at the Sixty Club. And finally it became public property that Gloria had gone into the cutting room herself, that she was working side by side, hour for hour, with her regular cutter.

THE HEADLINES SAID NO WONDER GLORIA SWANSON'S RECENT PICTURES HAD NOT BEEN UP TO THE SWANSON STANDARD—THAT GLORIA HAD CONTRACTED SUCH A SWELLED HEAD THAT SHE WANTED TO DO EVERYTHING HERSELF.

Gloria, the Friend

THERE was excitement at the Kansas City station. The Chief was in. Slower and slower the great wheels of that cross continental special revolved until at last they stood still. The porter in his freshly starched coat, his broad smile, dropped the little stool at the foot of the steps. Dozens of cramped travelers hurried out, eager for a walk up and down the platform.

A distinguished looking army officer stood to one side, scanning the faces of those alighting. Insignias of his high rank, a rank for which he had served and studied many years, shone on his shoulder straps and sleeves. As a small woman in a dark mink coat alighted and came toward him, her hand outstretched in greeting, his sharp blue eyes brightened, his heels clicked, his hand shot up in a smart salute. She was Gloria Swanson. He walked toward her and in her arms he placed a bouquet of yellow roses. There was nothing in the world he could bring such a famous, surfeited lady but friendship and flowers.

News photographers and reporters flocked about them. Would they pose? Would Gloria make some statement about her new contract, about her titled husband who had sailed for France alone?

Graciously she introduced the press. Then she said:

"If you'll allow me just a few minutes to talk with my old friend—please. I promise you that five minutes before we are to pull out I will meet you at the entrance to my car, number 37."

So together they walked up and down that platform, Gloria and that army officer about to be appointed to a high place in Washington. It had been two years since they had seen each other. They had exchanged cards at Christmas. Not much more than that. Both were too busy for long, gossipy letters. Therefore, when Gloria realized he was temporarily stationed in Kansas City where she would have a twenty minute stop-over en route to Chicago she had wired him that she would be passing through if he cared to be at the station.

Their words tumbled over each other. They had so much to talk about. Old times. Old friends. Army things; for Gloria's father had been an army man and she had been brought up in army posts.

Both needed such a friendship. It must have pleased him that such a young and lovely lady found him interesting. Surely it reassured her that here was a man who liked her for herself and not at all because of her fame.

All too soon it came time for her appointment with the press. He stood on the sidelines, a little amazed at the great ado made over his charming friend. Until the train pulled out he waited, smiling, waving.

They never were to repeat such a pleasant meeting, however. Gloria couldn't allow the appointment promised him to be jeopardized by a public linking of his name with hers.

THE HEADLINES SAID GLORIA SWANSON AND COLONEL SO-AND-SO WERE BELIEVED TO BE ENGAGED AND HINTED HE WAS THE REASON THE MARQUIS HAD LEFT FOR FRANCE!

Gloria, the Mother

ONE sunny winter afternoon Gloria Swanson and a little girl were building an igloo in the snow. A few feet off, halfway up a gentle slope in the lawn, stood a small sleigh. And beside it, crusted with snow, lay a wooly red mitten.

You could tell by their eyes that they were mother and daughter. A brooding quality would flicker in them for a moment and then go out, leaving them a clear, gray, slate blue.

"Did you have a nice nap, darling?" asked Gloria.

"I didn't go to sleep," the little girl said, intent upon her work. "I was just lying in my bed thinking. I do that sometimes. Nurse says it is a rest anyhow."

For a few minutes there was quiet. It was a difficult business shaping the small rectangular slits of windows. Their hands in fur-lined gloves were clumsy.

"When you can't sleep," Gloria finally asked in a lovely, calm voice, "what do you think about? Can you tell mother?"

"I think," said the little girl in the most matter-of-fact way, "how little babies are born and grow up to be little boys and girls and then how they grow up to be mothers and fathers and have little babies of their own. And

An Inexpensive way to keep your hair

WELL-GROOMED!

Every day thousands of women are buying Sensation Hair Nets at their neighborhood Kresge stores, to keep their hair tidy and beautiful all day . . . to keep their waves in place at night . . . to act as a Sanitary safeguard in homes and offices.

Sensation Hair Nets offer the two-fold advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap shape. Natural shades.

Buy a half dozen Sensation Hair Nets today. Convince yourself of their economy and high quality.

5c each

6 for 25c, *Sold exclusively at*

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

ZIP 50¢

DEPILATORY CREAM

Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. Sold Everywhere. GIANT TUBE 50c.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

(Formerly $5.00) Now in a new $1.00 size package

Permanently Destroys Hair

A New Perfume

A rare, exquisite blend of precious flower scents. Black Velvet! Chosen by discriminating women everywhere for its subtle, elusive odor. You'll be thrilled by this delicate new perfume. Price per ounce $2; a superb value! Send for

Trial Bottle

Get a generous trial bottle of Black Velvet perfume today! Send only 20c, in silver or stamps. Write us now!

Paul Rieger & Co., (*Since 1872*) 163 • 1st St., San Francisco, Cal.

"Want to go to Heaven?...

. . . *Simple Enough. Luxurious Planes Taking Off Frequently. Experienced Pilots."*

That was the sign which drew Linnie to her first air ride. But the thrill of flying through clouds found unexpected competition in the flashing smile of her pilot.

He was hard-boiled about girls, he told her, but that didn't stop Linnie from going out with him whenever he asked her.

"I'm not the loving kind," he warned, but that didn't stop Linnie from falling in love with him.

Wealth and position and security she turned down for the sake of this devil-may-care flyer who seemed not to care whether she lived or died. For her love was "STRONGER THAN TIDE!" Read Mary Frances Doner's stirring story by that name in the February 9th issue of

Sweetheart Stories

In the same issue are "The Girl Who Fought Love," a thrilling mystery romance by Pearle E. Botsford, and many other absorbing stories by popular writers. Don't fail to get your copy.

At All Newsstands—15c

Has New Hair

Hair Health For You?

Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now. She used **KOTALKO.** **"My daughter's hair would not grow,"** writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. **We sent for KOTALKO** as a final test and thought it would be like the other things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using **KOTALKO** faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you'll see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible. Obviously the roots were alive!"

Men also report new hair growth. Many testimonials from men and women, whose hair health was improved through the sanitation and stimulation of **KOTALKO** and **KOTALKO SOAP.**

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX

To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for hair and scalp stimulation.

KOTAL CO., G-3, Station O, New York

Please send me FREE Box of KOTALKO.

Name_____

Full Address_____

of how they die and all the time their little babies are growing up until they have babies of their own. And of how they die. And of how it goes on and on and on like that."

For just a moment Gloria's eyes grew dark and moist and she held the little girl close to her. Perhaps she was thinking that only children ever face reality and are unafraid. Then she laughed and her eyes grew blue and bright again and she called to a little boy, flushed from sleep, who was running from the house to the sleigh and the mitten he had dropped when his nurse had called him for his nap.

"Brother," she called, "Oh, Brother! Come over and help Gloria and me with this igloo. We need a *man's* help."

THE HEADLINES SAY GLORIA SWANSON KEEPS HER CHILDREN OUT OF PUBLIC VIEW BECAUSE THEY'RE DEFORMED AND DEFECTIVE!

Is it strange, in view of these discouraging experiences, that Gloria wanted to keep this new love of hers safe and secret for as long as possible?

Alas for her hopes! In a few short weeks this romance was discolored by ugly rumors concerning the possibility of Gloria being prosecuted for ignoring the California divorce laws. As if her good, wise friend, Dudley Field Malone, at whose country house the ceremony was performed, would have permitted her to do anything illegal! But they were married again at Yuma, Arizona, after Gloria's decree became final.

With all my heart I make the old wish for Gloria and Michael—and the child which is said to be on the way.

May they live happily forever after! In spite of sensational headlines!

Up the Hollywood Years

(*Continued from page 39*)

from trapping. The boys learned that the Funston Fur Company would pay at the rate of $3 per wildcat skin, and over a period of ten weeks Louis and Joel caught eleven of them—making $33 dollars to be split between the busy hunters.

On Saturday afternoons Joel and Louis used to come down on Hollywood Boulevard to picture shows. The Iris, the one and only house (incidentally the Iris is still in operation across the street from its former location) featured exciting Western films starring William S. Hart and two or three serials with Pearl White, Ruth Roland and others on Saturday programs. William S. Hart rated in Joel's heart only next to animal trapping. "It must be wonderful to be an actor like that and get to ride horses all day," Joel confided to Louis on one of their long walks home. "Ever think of being an actor when you grow up?" Louis asked.

"Nope," said Joel. "I guess I'll be a teamster. Mr. Miller out in the canyon has offered me a job as teamster when they get ready to pave Hollywood Boulevard next fall."

AND so it came to pass that Joel McCrea, who was later to ride in the back seat of Connie Bennett's town car, and to drive his own sport phaeton down the famous little street in the heart of Hollywood, is riding over a road he helped build! For Joel accepted the Miller offer, and at the age of thirteen he reined his horses and wagon down the dirt path that was one day to rate as one of the most famous thoroughfares in the world.

Joel loved horses and took such good care of them that the fact was brought to Mr. Miller's attention. In addition to his teamster work, Joel was hired at a salary of $1 weekly to feed the horses in the Miller private stables. Later on this magnificent sum was increased to $7 weekly for Joel to drive the horses while Miller plowed. As a result of his hard work on the improvement of Hollywood, Joel managed to have plenty of spending money during school terms. One summer he saved so much money that he was able to pay Rex Bell (later to become Clara Bow's fiancé) $80 for a horse, saddle and bridle. The horse was a good bargain and Joel had not owned him a week before he had an offer from Jack Holt, who had just built a home at the foot of the canyon, to buy the animal for $750. But Joel wouldn't sell. He was determined to start a "stable" of his own—an ambition which was partially realized when two girls out in Hollywood trying to break into the movies, were forced to return home to Chicago and sold Joel their mounts for $60.

With three horses at his command Joel cut a mean figure along Hollywood Boulevard. Every evening he would ride down to the Hollywood Hotel, "hitch" in front of the hostelry, and step over to Graham's Ice Cream Parlor for a soft drink.

IT was at this time that Joel became close friends with two other fourteen-year-old blades of Hollywood—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Michael Cudahy. The three of them would go on long twilight rides together. Fairbanks, Sr., had a San Fernando Valley Ranch, and the old Italian caretaker there taught young Doug and Mike Cudahy to ride. These kids, growing up together, didn't suspect what a strange prank Fate had in store for them. Mike and young Doug were later to figure prominently in the life

of the same girl—Joan Crawford. Joan was just getting over an unhappy romantic experience with Mike Cudahy, play-boy supreme, when she met and loved and married his old childhood chum, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Something tells me there is not much friendship lost between young Doug and Mike Cudahy now—but the grown-up problems of grown-up people were far away from those kids who rode and laughed through the valleys of San Fernando.

Mike Cudahy and his family lived in one of the first mansions to be built on Hollywood Boulevard. It had originally been built by Mr. Ralph, the local grocery king, and the imposing white stucco house with its bright red roof and its elaborate grounds was one of the original show places of the rapidly growing community. Later, Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck bought this property and it was their home several years before their separation. Now it is untenanted. But at the time the Cudahys lived there it was the mecca of many gay evenings, and a smart crowd of motion picture people. Mike and his pals, young Doug and Joel McCrea, were much too young to mingle in the festivities but they loved to "hang around" and look on.

Rudolph Valentino, then a leading man at the old Metro lot, was a frequent visitor at the Cudahys. At first Joel and Mike were not so sold on Rudy. He looked and acted like a "hand kissing Wop" but one afternoon after a tennis game, Rudy and Joel got in a conversation about horses—and from then on they were very good friends. Rudy not only talked horses well—he actually knew them. He went up in the McCrea estimation sky high when he admired Joel's favorite mount, the one he had bought from Rex Bell, and told him he had a great animal in the pretty little horse. Just for that, Joel let Rudy ride his pet. Joel says: "Rudy was the most graceful rider I have ever seen. He loved horses. He knew how to handle them."

ANOTHER frequent caller at the Cudahy home was a young fellow named Arnold Gray. Gray's resemblance to Wallace Reid was so startling that an independent motion picture company was on the verge of launching him into a starring career of his own on the strength of his likeness to the late Paramount star. Gray's first picture was to be a Western. He looked brown and virile—just a great out-door type—but he had never been on a horse in his life. He confided his troubles to Joel and offered him the job of teaching him how to ride before the picture went into production. It was a pretty big job, but Joel thought he could do it. He received $10 weekly for his instructions to Gray, and while the latter didn't qualify as a stunt rider by the time the picture went into production, he gave a creditable account of himself.

Joel's first visit to a Hollywood studio was when he dropped over to see how his protegé was getting along. The

The Modern Way

● Do you know that multitudes of people, nowadays, lose excess fat without starving? Look about you—note how slenderness prevails. Everywhere you see the amazing results of this new way of treating obesity.

Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. That gland secretion helps turn food to energy. When it is lacking, fat piles up and vim goes down.

Doctors, the world over, now feed that lacking factor to the over-fat. And the method has largely changed the world.

Marmola prescription tablets present this method in right form, at small cost. A famous medical laboratory prepares them for that purpose. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. The slender figures which surround you now are due largely to the factors in Marmola. Modern doctors know that.

No secrets about Marmola. A book in each box gives the formula—tells you exactly why the weight drops and vim comes up.

Go try this method. All other ways are bound to fail if this gland cause is not corrected. Ask your slender friends who have used Marmola. Go do what they did—now.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce
At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each box

Songwriters! (*Poems or Melodies*)
One of America's popular limelight songwriters backed with an amazing record of achievements offers you an outstanding bona fide proposition. Seeing is believing. Four of his songs alone sold over a HALF MILLION phonograph records besides sheet music, etc. Be convinced NOW!
Ray Hibbeler, D150X, 2104 Keystone Ave., Chicago

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That
George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address

Artificial Ear Drum
GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

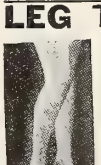
How to Obtain A Better Looking Nose
Improve Your Personal Appearance

My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to
M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 307, Binghamton, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 2318-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

Meet your favorite Movie star

all original photos of your favorite stars, size 8 x 10, glossy prints, 25c each, 5 for $1.00. Scenes from any of your favorite recent photo plays 25c each, 12 for $2.50. *Positively the finest obtainable anywhere.* We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or scenes you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c stamps.
BRAM STUDIO Studio 358 **Film Centre Building** 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

LEG TROUBLES VANISH!

Don't suffer any longer. The LIEPE METHOD relieves and permanently benefits Varicose Ulcers, Enlarged and Swollen Veins, Eczema, etc., while you walk. A special prescription for each case. 40 years of success! Praised and endorsed by thousands.
FREE! New booklet "HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY HEAL LEG DISEASES AT HOME" sent FREE. Just send name and address. Write today.
LIEPE METHODS INSTITUTE
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. B-41 Milwaukee, Wis.

Old Money and Stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.
WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME
1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to
NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 456 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

THOUSANDS of girls are asking themselves the same question . . . "How can I make myself the envy of others and the center of attraction to men?"

The answer is simple, pay just a little more attention to your health—it will add greatly to your charm and attractiveness.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a tonic in maidenhood, womanhood or motherhood, braces the entire body, overcoming nervousness, sleeplessness, headache and a general run-down condition, so destructive to good looks and a pleasing personality.

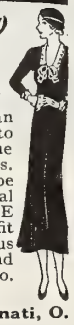
Druggists have it, in fluid and tablets.

For free medical advice write to Doctor Pierce's Clinic, Dept. H, in Buffalo, N. Y. Send ten cents for an acquaintance package of

Dr. Pierce's Prescription

FREE to Women!

Amazing New Plan Brings Big Pay for Spare Time



IT'S a new, different, amazing plan that makes it easy for women to earn up to $15 daily and at the same time give away FREE dresses to friends. Nothing like it before. You'll be amazed. No experience or capital needed. Everything furnished FREE including big, beautiful style outfit containing the season's most gorgeous Spring and Summer dresses. Just send your name and address. A postal will do.

MAYFAIR STYLE SHOPPES
Dept. 27 **Cincinnati, O.**

REMOVE FAT *This* **SURE WAY**

From any Part You Wish Reduced. A New And Safe Way. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary.
Guaranteed to Satisfy

Thin-O-Creme

a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means.

THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a cream-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears.

SPECIAL OFFER LARGE JAR AT SPECIAL PRICE **$1.95**

THIN-O-CREME CO., Dept. K-S
395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send postpaid in plain wrapper, large jar of THIN-O-CREME with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

Name.....

Address.....

company was filming a location scene with a lot of heavy riding and for the first time Joel got the impression that an actor's life was not all "sissy." When Gray confided to Joel the salary he was making ($250 a week) it was the beginning of Joel's first half-hearted ambition to become an actor himself. If one could ride horses all day long and draw $250 weekly in the bargain, it was a far more lucrative calling than his original ambition of being a cowboy rancher.

Hollywood was growing up and becoming world famous. The movies were moving into gilded palaces. Movie stars and their doings were becoming of paramount interest all over the world. Joel's father was beginning to make a good deal of money on his property holdings and he had become one of the community's most progressive citizens —but to Joel, Hollywood was still the place where he and Louis trapped wildcats in the hills. He still assiduously avoided parties and girls, preferring a Lone Wolf existence with his pal, Louis.

THE fall of his fourteenth year he entered Hollywood High School. He was still only casually interested in his studies—but managed to get by, principally because a certain scholastic showing was required before one was eligible for athletics. Above all things he loathed and dreaded any form of responsibility. At one time he was nominated for President of the student body, but excused himself by saying he had to work before and after school and had no time for the responsibilities of the job. Later, after Joel became a star, he confided to an interviewer that any form of responsibility was the bane of his existence. "That's one reason I have tried to stay shy of falling in love. Love is a responsibility—and a big one."

In his third year of high school his utter self-sufficiency was upset by a charming brunette girl named Elizabeth Lippincott. In spite of all he could do to prevent it—he fell for Elizabeth, and fell hard. She was a pupil at the Hollywood School for Girls. Many daughters of film folk attended this school—Edwin Carewe's daughter, Rita; Francis X. Bushman's two daughters and Cecelia DeMille, whom Joel had known for years. Elizabeth was just at the age when she liked to go to parties—and the situation evolved itself into this: if Joel was to be her "friend" he was going to have to learn to dance. Elizabeth must have had a strong influence over Joel, for he not only learned to dance (a very painful process) but he joined the Junior Bachelor Club. Probably to counteract any bad impression connected with his social activities, Joel affected plaid shirts and old cords with heavy army shoes and a wide-brimmed Stetson hat for school wear. In that he-man outfit certainly no one would think he had gone "sissy."

ELIZABETH was the first girl Joel ever kissed. He was eighteen years old. One night when he was driving her home from a dance they argued about another boy who had danced twice with her at the party. Joel didn't like him. She said he was being very silly. "Well," said Joel, independently, "you probably won't see me again . . . it's too bad but that's the way I feel about it." By this time they were at her front door and Joel was fumbling with the key. "I promise I won't ever dance with him again—if you'll come back," Elizabeth conceded. And before he knew it Joel had kissed her. He was so surprised at his own daring that he could hardly open the door for her. He felt weak in the knees. He sat in his car one hour after Elizabeth had gone in, too stunned and surprised to drive off. Here was romance with a capital R and it had happened to *him* of all people.

(*To be continued.*)

Roddyjock

(*Continued from page 52*)

wagged vibrantly. His stumpier legs danced with pleased excitement. His shining black little eyes turned inquiringly from one vociferous claimant to the other. His head was tilted on one side, in seeming indecision. Then, suddenly his choice was made.

He galloped eagerly over to a small boy who stopped at the curb to watch the odd sight. Around and around the youngster he frisked; barking shrilly and pawing the boy's legs and even licking the newcomer's shoes. In brief, he gave every exuberant Scottie manifestation of rapture at meeting an adored and long-lost owner.

Very evidently the boy was not used to dogs. This noisy exuberance frightened him. He took to his heels. After him cantered the Scottie. Looking over his shoulder and finding he was pursued, the boy stooped for an imaginary stone to hurl.

At this gesture, the Scottie halted in his glad pursuit. With lofty diginity he abandoned so ungracious a stranger; and came loping back toward Ruth and Clay, who had been staring after him in unbelieving chagrin.

"Might play Solomon, and cut him in two, and each of us take half," suggested Clay, trying to cover his annoyance at his canine chum's dearth of loyalty.

"In order to 'play Solomon,'" retorted the girl, as annoyed at the Scottie's dereliction as was Barry himself, "one should have at least a tithe of Solomon's brains. The rôle doesn't quite fit a man who can't think up a

cleverer excuse for staying away from his own engagement dinner than to say he fell asleep at five o'clock that afternoon and didn't wake up till after one o'clock the next morning. Solomon could have told a far less idiotic story than that, I'm sure."

"He couldn't, if he told the truth!" flared Clay. "I explained to you fifty times that I had been working nearly all night long, for a week, at the studio, on account of that special we had to finish on schedule; and I was dead on my feet. You know it was my big chance! I got home at five o'clock and I thought an hour's nap would brace me up. I didn't wake up till—"

"Till you had made me the laughing stock of the whole movie colony," she finished. "I told you then that there was nothing more to be said about it. Please give me my dog. I must get home."

"I'll give you *my* dog, if you insist. But as you sent back all the other things I gave you—"

"Wait!" she broke in. "I know how we can settle it, past all doubt. I bought Roddy from Chief Boyle. The Chief raised him from a puppy. He'd know him, at one glance. I'm going over to that service station and telephone to police headquarters and ask the Chief to drive up here, right away, and settle the matter."

SHE vanished into the service station's scarlet-painted office, leaving Clay and the Scottie blinking after her.

Presently she was back again, triumph in every line of face and slender body.

"The Chief will be up here in ten minutes," she announced. "And from my description, he's certain it must be Roddy. Of course, that means you'll have to sacrifice ten whole minutes talking with me, here, till he arrives. I'm sorry to inflict such an ordeal on you; when really there seems to be nothing we can say to each other. But it can't be helped, I suppose. He says —where are you going?" she broke off with something akin to dismay.

For, tucking the Scottie under his arm, Barry Clay also vanished into the service station. Ruth took an uncertain step after him. Then she paused, standing irresolute. In three minutes Clay emerged from the office and rejoined her.

As he crossed the street toward her he was laughing—rather unaccountably.

"You said ten minutes, didn't you?" he said to her, still grinning. "That'll be about right— Boyle is just starting. I told him to bring along the snapshot of Jock he showed me the day I bought the dog from him."

AS Ruth listened the lines around her mouth softened considerably. Then, suddenly, seemingly for no reason, the two of them burst out laughing.

"Didn't Solomon say something about profiting by past foolishness and false pride and all that miserable sort of thing?" asked Barry, his eyes holding Ruth's. "If he didn't, it's time somebody did. And I can go him one better in something else: instead of cutting the dog in two, let's own him, jointly, shan't we? And we can call him 'Roddyjock.' It's a swell name. How about it?"

"But—but where is he going to live, then?"

"With us, of course. In the Beverly Hills house we're going to build."

Ruth's eyes grew very soft and she smiled and caught hold of Barry's arm.

As they drifted away, with Roddyjock scampering rocking-horse-like at their heels, a fat man bustled into the service station.

"May I use your phone?" he asked the clerk excitedly. "I've just seen a dog of mine that was stolen some days ago. He is following a man and a girl. I want to call up Chief Boyle and tell him."

"Sorry," said the clerk sullenly. "There've been too many people using the phone already this morning."

"But, my dog!" The man cried. "It's a Scottie! I must get him."

The clerk yawned wearily.

"Say, listen," he said sagely. "Forget it. No one can tell his own Scottie from anyone else's—I know. I've had three—and lost them all."

"I don't care if you had fifty Scotties, I've got to talk to Chief Boyle!" the man thundered. "He raises them. He'll know my dog."

"Don't waste your time," the clerk said wearily. "A girl was just in here—and after she left, a man. They both called the Chief. I could tell from what they said that the Chief went to Pasadena this morning and isn't expected back till tomorrow. So long."

Stepchild of the Royal Family

(*Continued from page 75*)

shame. His admiration goes to the fighters of life . . . not the romantic and colored figures of sentiment. Personally, he does not consider himself a stepchild of the Royal Family . . . or any other family—"Hell, no!"

The real reason for revealing the fact that Barrymore is suffering continually from an affliction is that it might possibly explain so much of Barrymore's personal and professional restlessness. That terrific pain in his knee . . . the swelling of his right hand . . . the taut expression in his face . . . all of these might help to build a basis for his present attitude towards Hollywood people and the world.

Lionel Barrymore's life is marked by his various experiments in many fields of artistic endeavor. He is an artist.

In the Great Shops of

COYNE

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere $20 or $30 a week. Let me show you how to make REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!

Jobs Leading to Salaries of $50 a Week and Up

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, —as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—HUNDREDS of Opportunities for fascinating, BIG Pay Jobs!

10 Weeks' Shop Training AT COYNE IN CHICAGO

We don't teach you from books. We teach you by ACTUAL WORK on a great outlay of Radio, Broadcasting, Television, Talking Picture and Code equipment. And because we cut out useless theory, you get a practical training in 10 weeks.

TELEVISION *Is Now Here!*

And TELEVISION is already here! Soon there'll be a demand for TELEVISION EXPERTS! The man who gets in on the ground-floor of Television can have dozens of opportunities in this new field! Learn Television at COYNE on the very latest Television equipment.

Talking Pictures *A Big Field*

Talking Pictures, and Public Address Systems offer golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Learn at COYNE on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

Earn As You Learn

You get Free Employment Service for Life. And if you need part-time work while at school to help pay expenses, we'll help you get it. Coyne is 32 years old. Coyne Training is tested—You can find out everything absolutely free. JUST MAIL the Coupon for My BIG FREE BOOK.

H. C. LEWIS, President
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 22-5 M, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Enjoy Thrilling Satisfaction of a Figure Free from FAT

Woman Loses 43 pounds in 3 months

Thank Modern Science for this safe, pleasant, easy way to lose ugly fat—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Many women hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastries.

Unlike other salts, Kruschen doesn't reduce by rushing food thru the system—rather it's an ideal combination of 6 separate minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—an unexcelled home reducing treatment which constitutes the same principles as the world famous European Spas.

Mrs. Jerry Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa. writes: "Since taking Kruschen Salts 3 months ago, I have lost 43 lbs. I feel so much better and look so much better, too."

An 85c bottle of Kruschen (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading druggists thruout the whole wide world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

GRAY HAIR

No Harmful Dye! New, radically different. **For Men and Women.** Easily applied. Quickly gives youthful color, lustre and beauty. Positively harmless. Absolutely not affected by curling or waving. No faded gray streaks; won't wash or rub off. Results **guaranteed.** Helps relieve dandruff. Not greasy or sticky. No one will know you use it.

FREE TRIAL! Contains no lead, free sulphur henna, etc. Get facts —Then test YOUTHRAY at OUR RISK. Write today for Free booklet "Hair Beautiful" and FREE TRIAL GUARANTEE OFFER. *Act Now!*

RAY LABORATORIES, 648 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 1022, Chicago

Astrology

What do the Stars Predict for 1932?

How will your personal affairs turn out? Would you like to know? Our special 12-page Astrological Reading gives predictions, month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1932 based on your sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, raises in salary, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthday with $1.00 for reading.

Franklin Pub. Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. 1552, Chicago

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

PHOTO Enlargements

Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.

ONLY 49¢ EACH

Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 60c with order and we will pay postage.

***BEAUTIFULLY Carved Frame* FREE!** To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements **FREE.** Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 480 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

An accomplished and recognized musician. A director and an actor. Long before his illustrious career began on Broadway, he had devoted two years of his life to the study of music and etching in Paris. He is an accomplished composer, although he refuses to allow his works to be published. Even now, with a spare week or two between pictures, he may be found at his etching plates. If it were not for his extreme modesty about his work, Lionel Barrymore might rate as highly in the artistic and musical worlds as he does in the field of drama. Everything he does he does well . . . and fitfully.

Men who lack perfect health often lack the ability to concentrate as well. This might be one of the reasons why Barrymore has been delayed from the heights he so rightfully deserves. It is not generally known that he is actually a veteran of the motion picture industry. He began his career with D. W. Griffith 'way back in 1909—when that famous director prevailed upon the stage actor to try a rôle in a film called "Friends." He made a wonderful impression in that first effort . . . but unlike others who stayed to conquer the field, he elected to return to the stage and thus failed to become a part of screen tradition. His career wavered from Broadway to Hollywood for the next twenty years. Occasionally he would return to make a silent picture. And he started a vogue years ago that is just now becoming popular: the motion picture production of a stage hit. This, you will recall, was the time he made a picture of "The Copperhead" in which he had scored so greatly on Broadway.

THEN in 1927 he consented to return to Hollywood once again, this time to make motion picture history with his performance in "The Lion and the Mouse." His acting in that picture was widely acclaimed. He could have named his own ticket in any studio in Hollywood . . . but he chose to play the piano instead! For quite a few months following the release of that picture, nothing was seen or heard of him.

Suddenly, as if by magic, he appeared again. This time under contract at M-G-M. He was hired as an actor. But no sooner had he arrived at the studio than he was begging for a chance to direct! Finally they gave him a chance on a short subject, "Confession." Overnight, all of Hollywood was talking about Lionel Barrymore, the director! The studio immediately decided that he was to do no more acting. He was too valuable as a director. He directed "Madame X" and "The Rogue Song." Every star on the lot was asking for his guiding genius. He could have any star he wanted . . . any story he desired . . . and any assistance he needed—if he would only direct!

It was right at this climax that he decided to return to acting. He had found a part in a picture that he thought he would like to do: the lawyer in "A Free Soul."

His performance in that picture won him the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences' Award for the best male performance of 1931.

Of course, the studio immediately realized that he was a much greater actor than he was a director (just as they had, a year ago, come to the conclusion that he was a better director than an actor) and so they implored him to stay in the acting end of the profession. Barrymore was a bit dubious. He wanted change again. But the heads of the studio got together and hired a special writer to prepare a starring picture especially for him: "Guilty Hands." Just for your own information, the picture coined money at the box office.

WHAT will he do next? Will he do the regular thing and give up Hollywood entirely for a year or so . . . meanwhile appearing on the stage in New York? Or will he return once more to directing?

Those few who know and enjoy the friendship of Lionel Barrymore are unable to answer the question. They will tell you that his private life is almost as changing and hectic as his professional career. Not that he does a great deal—he doesn't! As a matter of fact, the man loves to loaf! He exercises his right to change by finding new and more delightful ways of loafing. When he is unable to find perfect peace and contentment at home, he goes to his apartment in "The Town House," an exclusive apartment overlooking a picturesque park. It is said that it is here that he does most of his beautiful etchings . . . which may be true. Some are inclined to think that he has a favorite easy chair hidden away down there.

He doesn't go in for fishing on account of the painful knee. Hunting gets the same answer. He loves his brother John, but thinks that yachting is rather inane. He "absolutely refuses to appear at Hollywood's dancing meccas" . . . but just the other evening he was seen at the Cocoanut Grove. True, he looked bored to death and rather sullen . . . but he was there. He doesn't want to become a star . . . nor does he enjoy the idea of even becoming popular in pictures for the reason that he detests being interviewed and hates to talk about himself.

But if one knows the background of Lionel Barrymore . . . some of his accomplishments . . . a few of his characteristics . . . the reasons for the lines of pain and suffering so apparent in his face, one might be able to understand why he becomes vehement as he vows that he isn't the stepchild of the Royal Family . . . or any other family. . . .

"No, sir!"

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO NANCY CARROLL?

Watch for the answer in our March Issue

Sylvia Sidney

(*Continued from page 87*)

all the rest of the familiar world.

Sylvia fairly counted the days until the picture would be finished. And then came the word that there would be retakes. She was desperate. She left the studio and made her way upstairs to her dressing room. She wondered how in the world she was going to endure another week of it.

There was a knock at her door.

"Who's there?" she asked.

A leading-man called his name. "I want to see you," he told her.

Sylvia let him in and almost immediately his arms was about her slim waist.

"I noticed you leaving your set," he said. "You looked unhappy and lonely. And, you know, a pretty girl like you doesn't have to be lonely . . ."

"No?" Sylvia freed herself and there was rebuff in her voice. But he didn't even seem to notice. He asked her if she wouldn't be his guest at his beach house. He asked her to lunch in his dressing room. And in spite of Sylvia's chilly refusals he began placing insinuating hands upon her shoulders. Again Sylvia pulled free.

"I'm not yet sufficiently lonely to be interested in you," she told him. "Frankly, I doubt that I ever shall be. If I change my mind I'll let you know." And she held the door very wide for him to leave.

"That," says Sylvia, "is the only unpleasant experience I've ever had in all my job hunting and theatrical work. I doubt that any girl out in the world has had less."

AT last the retakes on "Thru Different Eyes" were finished. Sylvia boarded the train for the East. New York came at last. Her mother and father waiting eagerly behind the ropes that cleared the way for those coming from the train!

In the taxi on the way home they had to hold Sylvia's many bags back with their feet when the cab careened around corners and slithered in and out of the elevated poles on Sixth Avenue. New York might be a little mad but to Sylvia it was wonderful.

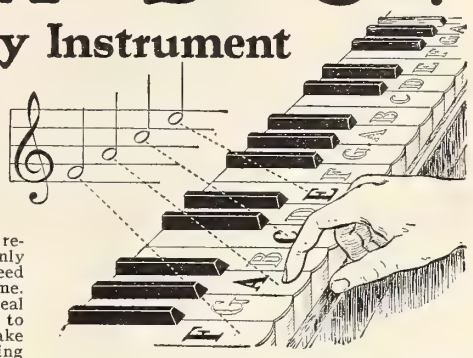
It was actually grand hunting a job, being on Broadway again. She played in "The Old Fashioned Girl," completing the run of this play with her foot in a plaster cast after she fractured a small ankle bone falling on the winding iron stairs that led from her dressing room to the stage.

Then came "Many a Slip" and "Crossroads" and finally "Bad Girl," with Paul Kelly. Her performance in this was admittedly outstanding. Sylvia had begun to gather the fruit of her hard work and her intensive training.

One night during the run of "Bad Girl" there was tension back stage. You felt it the minute you passed through the stage door. Dressing room doors stood open so everyone might hear everything that was said.

Easy as A–B–C !

You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!



ANYONE can easily learn music by this remarkable new method. And the cost is only a *fraction* of the old slow way. You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home. Almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies, both popular and classic, to please your friends, amuse yourself and make money. This wonderful new method of reading and playing music is as simple as reading a book. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals—complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. You can select your own time to study or practice. And the cost averages only a few cents a day, including the music. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano, Violin, Guitar, Saxophone, Organ, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, *Or Any Other Instrument*

Free Book Tells All

Our free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home"—contains an offer that makes the course available at a very low price. Also a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows how delightfully quick and easy this wonderfully simple method is. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. If you really want to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—to-day.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1442 Brunswick Bldg. New York City

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1442 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument? ----------

Name ----------

Address ----------

City---------- State----------

Amazing but true, yet just one value that is helping hundreds of women earn $35 to $90 a week besides getting their own dresses Free. We need more home service representatives. Profits paid daily. We deliver. Stunning Paris styles for Spring and Summer, finest workmanship, high quality, marvelous values.

FREE Outfit and Sample Dresses

Send name and address for our wonderful sample outfit and amazing offer whereby you can earn big money without experience, all or part time, and get your own dresses free. Write today.

Fashion Frocks, Inc. Dept. B-250 CINCINNATI, OHIO

GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME

A new easy way. Art novelties in big demand. Get free lesson and quickly learn to decorate Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Toys, etc. No experience necessary. Anyone can succeed with simple "3-step" method and you earn as you learn. Everything furnished including supply of Novelties for you to decorate and Homecrafters Outfit.

NO CANVASSING

Just sit at home and make up to $50 a week spare time or full. Write today for big illustrated book and FIRST LESSON FREE. Absolutely not one cent to pay. Lesson is free. Openings in every locality. Write quick.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 147-B, ADRIAN, MICH.

FORM DEVELOPED

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands.

Yes, in just thirty short days you can increase your feminine charm and mould your contours to the firm, youthful shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

FILL OUT YOUR FORM this New Easy Way

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how undeveloped your figure may be, you owe it to yourself to try this wonderful method. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my figure fill out until now it is shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

FREE My valuable new Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form and how to fill out the figure to graceful, feminine curves.

Mail Coupon with only $1.00 and I will mail you large container of Miracle Cream, with complete instructions for developing shapely feminine form, together with FREE BOOK, all in plain wrapper. Offer limited. Send at once.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-2
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-2
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me large container of Miracle Cream with instructions and Free Book in plain wrapper.

Name ----------

Address ----------

Town---------- State----------

Now...
Billy Combs His Hair
Regularly!

Following in Daddy's footsteps, Billy now uses PETROLIN, with the result that he enjoys combing his hair regularly. He knows that, when combed, his hair will stay neatly in place. PETROLIN—the white petroleum jelly that is delightfully *perfumed* is an ideal hair dressing for men, women and children. It is inexpensive, easy to apply, beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use retards dandruff and overcomes many scalp ailments.

10c BUYS LARGE JAR

at 5 & 10c stores, grocery, department and notion stores everywhere. If *your* dealer does not have PETROLIN he can get it quickly. Ask for it by name—PETROLIN.

Landford

The Geo. H. Nowland Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

PETROLIN

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

DISTRIBUTORS, AGENTS SELLS LIKE WILD-FIRE

$380 monthly selling 10 improved patented Carter Window Washers daily. Cleans, dries, polishes. Good Housekeeping approval. Restricted territory. Write today. Carter Products Corp., 1032 Front Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling the teacher, policeman or friends.

THE VENTRILO

a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. **Never Fails. A 16 page course on Ventriloquism, the Ventrilo and 600 p. novelty catalog, ALL FOR 10c.**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. Dep. 308, Racine, Wis.

Improve your FIGURE!

Just Give Me 10 MINUTES a DAY

Are you dissatisfied with your figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full and embarrassing? **Contour Creme Treatment No. 1** aids in filling out hollowness and developing round, graceful curves where needed. **Contour Creme Treatment No. 2** helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs and hips. Send name, address for FREE sample and directions. **Mention cream number desired.** Enclose 10c for mailing costs.

FREE SAMPLE

Mme. Renee' Renault
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. B-25
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Everybody was in earlier than usual, making up with special care. Obviously there was something in the air.

Just how rumors get about, it would be difficult to say, but on Broadway there is a grapevine as active as any operating inside prison walls. Rumor had it that B. P. Schulberg, managing director of Paramount's western studios, would attend that evening's performance. And it was hardly a secret that Schulberg was in New York shopping for talent.

Sylvia Sidney was the only member of the cast not excited. Schulberg meant nothing to her. Let him jingle movie gold! Sylvia wanted none of it.

Waiting for her cue, Sylvia had to make her way through the tense group that stood in the wings. Somewhere in the dark out front sat B. P. Schulberg. The gold of Hollywood was behind him. A word or gesture might charm him and the pattern of a life be changed. But it meant little to Sylvia.

First act. Second act. Last act. The final curtain rang down. Hard to say whether better or worse performances than usual were given that evening. Everybody lingered taking off their make-up. He might be back.

Sylvia pulled her hat over her dusky hair.

"Good-night," she called. "Good-night, Harry." This to the door-man who wore a white carnation in his frayed button-hole. If Schulberg did come back . . . He was always looking for types, so they said . . . Strange things happen in the world of the theatre . . .

Gradually the dressing rooms emptied. Schulberg never appeared. Unfounded rumors did get about sometimes.

THIS particular rumor, however, had not been unfounded, although no one knows how it started, for Schulberg had been careful to secure his tickets through a friend.

The next morning a Western Union octogenarian delivered Sylvia a letter. It was from B. P. Schulberg. It asked her to meet him at the Paramount Building that very afternoon at four o'clock.

"I went," Sylvia says, "because I thought it stupid from a business point of view not to go. Stage and motion picture interests were growing closer all the time. Schulberg was hardly a man to offend. But honestly, I hoped he wouldn't make me a movie offer that I couldn't afford to refuse. I had loathed Hollywood and I didn't want to go back.

"That is, I didn't want to go back when I started out. After I'd talked to Mr. Schulberg for a little while I wasn't so sure. He knew about my previous fiasco. He talked of the many things Paramount planned for the future. He explained to me how talkies had been perfected.

"He also spoke of the different books and plays and how he felt they should be interpreted on the screen. Before he had finished I found myself ambitious to have some small part in all these plans.

"He brought up the subject of a contract finally and I was delighted. I've never changed my mind so completely in all my life."

This time Hollywood was better. Her mother was with her. The mountains closing in at dusk didn't depress her. She drove to her own home when her work in the studios was done. There were her personal possessions, dear and familiar in the lamplight. The precious dressing table that had once belonged to Sarah Bernhardt. Her books, including a 1647 edition of Shakespeare. And there was the promise of visits from her father as often as he could get away from his practice.

As a matter of fact, Sylvia wasn't given much time to decide whether or not she was enthusiastic about Hollywood. Clara Bow was taken from the cast of "City Streets" and Sylvia was rushed into her part. The eyes of the country focused upon her. Would she be a carbon copy of the impetuous, carefree Clara or would she stake her claim to popularity on an equally vivid personality of her own? Magazines and newspapers ran pictures of her and interviews were scheduled for her every free minute.

THE studios Sylvia found pleasanter, as Mr. Schulberg had predicted she would. There was order on the lot. The gold rush of stage people was over. The mike was important, but not all-important.

When "City Streets" was completed the executives went about patting each other on the back because they had a long term contract with the Sidney girl. They rushed her into "An American Tragedy." A new and brilliant dramatic star loomed in the film heavens.

Sylvia made a hurried trip to New York. There was a round of family parties. All the cousins looked upon her with something like awe. They had a movie star in their midst. This attitude upset Sylvia and she did everything she could to end this idol-worship and put their relationship back on the old warm, intimate basis.

"I couldn't bear them acting as if I was a celebrity . . . talking to me with constraint. I wanted it to be as it always had been. I wanted our talk to be of family things . . . of new babies . . . and new apartments . . . of the way Albert promised to make a great name for himself. . . .

"It's that way again at last. Which is as it should be."

"An American Tragedy" more than fulfilled the promise Sylvia had given in "City Streets." Samuel Goldwyn asked that she might play the leading rôle in the Pulitzer Prize play, "Street Scene," to be directed by King Vidor in collaboration with the author, Elmer Rice. Unquestionably this was a plum rôle of the year.

Weeks and weeks went into the making of "Street Scene." Again Sylvia broke her ankle. Doctors said she couldn't possibly walk for a month. But in two weeks she was on the lot. She forgot herself. She submerged her own

identity in the identity of the sensitive and frustrated, yet hopeful and youthful Rose. The final scenes were shot and Sylvia was invited to New York for the grand première.

THEN came *the* night. Great lights blinked on Broadway. "Street Scene . . . Street Scene . . . Street Scene." In the Rivoli lobby stood great easels with portraits of Sylvia. Police reserves were called to hold back the curious crowds, to keep a lane clear so the distinguished invited guests might get from their motors to the theatre without being crushed. There was the impressive strip of red carpet. There were flashlights.

In an exclusive little restaurant on Madison Avenue Sylvia dined with her father.

Outside, the beautiful car that was to take them to the theatre waited. The chauffeur stood at the open door. Just ahead was Sylvia's motorcycle escort. No traffic lights were to delay her. A shrieking siren was to herald her coming; demand for her the right of way. Traffic policemen were to salute smartly as she whizzed past.

Before she stepped into the car, Sylvia paused a minute.

"I'd like to go by way of Forty-second Street," she told the escort with a wink. "I never have been so impressive before in all my life. I may never be again. I'd like very much to make the most of this; to have it last as long as possible."

THEY sped down Fifth Avenue and turned into Forty-second Street, the siren screeching, pedestrians turning to see what celebrated person rode in that great car. It seemed to Sylvia nothing ever could equal those few minutes. She didn't know, you see, the reception that would await her under the Rivoli marquee when she stepped from her car. . . . She didn't guess the hysterical ovation that would echo and reëcho inside when "Street Scene" faded from the screen and the audience demanded that she speak to them from the stage. . . . She didn't count on the future in which, unless all signs and predictions fail, greater glory awaits—greater, even, than she knows now.

Are You Manners-Conscious?

(*Continued from page 89*)

signed. Love was doomed.

Not only did mother-in-law dictate the policy at home, but she would come to the studio while David was working. She sat on the set during love scenes, regarding his leading ladies suspiciously. Eventually young David, in desperation, rebelled . . . and from that time on, life in the Manners household was a species of nightmare. His hours at home were one continual quarrel. His hours at the studio were spent mentally reviewing the last battle and bracing himself for the next one. No wonder people found David unsociable and remote.

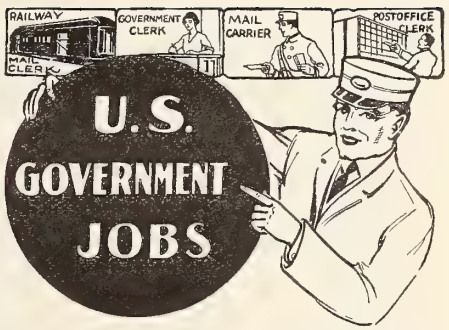
Such a state of affairs, of course, could not last. David is a very independent young man. He has been on his own since he was sixteen. He is not the type to allow his life to be taken out of his own hands for long. Furthermore, he has a well-bred aversion for scenes—an innate good taste which makes petty bickering unbearable for him.

David Manners is first and last a gentleman—but beneath his quiet dignity and gentle graciousness is an adventurous spirit. He comes by both traits naturally. Both his father and mother are members of the English nobility. His mother is a Manners and through her he is related to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Cooper. Lady Diana Manners, of stage fame, is his cousin. Through his father he traces his ancestry back to William the Conqueror. His real name is Rauff Aklom.

Young Rauff left his home at an early age. He was not happy, for he and his father have never been able to get along. Probably, says David wisely, for the reason that they are too much alike. Although his family was well-to-do, David was practically penniless when he descended upon New York to seek a career. He had been educated at the University of Toronto and had spent two seasons with a Toronto stock company when he decided to take his fate in his hands and go adventuring.

For the next few years his career was vari-colored as a crazy quilt. He began his stage career with the Theatre Guild but did not remain behind the footlights. For a time he was social contact man for an art gallery, spending months abroad. His job was to wine and dine wealthy potential customers, to charm them into making purchases. It was a position for which his intelligence, his breeding and his social grace eminently suited him—but David rebelled before long. He didn't like that sort of job. There were months spent as a cowpuncher on a dude ranch in Arizona, regaining his health after a serious illness. He tells you laughingly, "I did some of the best acting of my career during that period—playing at being a cowboy. I hope I convinced other people as well as I convinced myself!" Then there were the six months spent as a night clerk in a New York hotel.

DAVID MANNERS' entrance into pictures was a lucky accident, in a way. He was passing through Los An-



$1260 to $3400

A YEAR

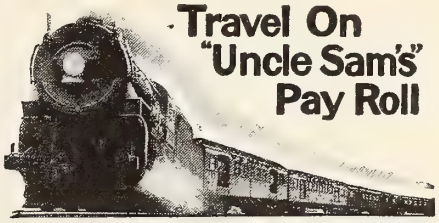
PICK YOUR JOB

Men—Women 18 to 50

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

$1,900 to $2,700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks get $1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month, $79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year. $112.50 each pay day.



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. Many Spring examinations expected.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increase $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary $1,260 to $2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET $1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2,100 to $2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. L-312, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

☐ Railway Postal Clerk ($1,900–$2,700)
☐ Post Office Clerk ($1,700–$2,300)
☐ City Mail Carrier ($1,700–$2,100)
☐ Rural Mail Carrier ($2,100–$3,400)
☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk ($1,260–$2,500)
☐ Inspectors of Customs ($2,100–$3,300)
☐ Prohibition Agent ($2,300–$2,800)
☐ Immigrant Inspector ($2,100–$3,000)

Name_____

Address_____

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

MODERN SCREEN has kept steadfastly to its promise of bringing you the very best writers in the world today. In keeping with that promise we have already presented:

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
FAITH BALDWIN
ELINOR GLYN
VINA DELMAR
HAGAR WILDE
ACHMED ABDULLAH

And now we have added another illustrious name to our famous roster. The name is

VICKI BAUM

whose work will appear in an early issue of MODERN SCREEN

Look for these stories in our March issue:

SHE'S STILL SALLY
by Harriet Parsons

GARBO ON THE SET
by Jack Jamison

CREATING SEX APPEAL

COMPANIONATE DIVORCE

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF HELEN HAYES

Each one of them will hold you spellbound

And, by the way, watch for our March cover. Joan Crawford is the subject—and it's one of the best paintings of Joan you've ever seen—or will see

Don't forget—the March Issue. On sale February First

"If you read Modern Screen you're movie wise"

geles on his way to take a position on a sugar plantation in Hawaii. With him was the young wife to whom he had been married a year. Offered a test for "Journey's End," he took it just as a lark. To his amazement, the rôle was given to him.

Today he is one of the screen's most popular juveniles. You've seen him in "Mother's Cry," "The Right to Love," "Kismet," "The Millionaire," "The Miracle Woman," "The Last Flight," and "The Ruling Voice." He's under contract to First National—but other studios are Manners-conscious and he has been frequently borrowed. He has just finished the lead in "The Greeks Had a Word for It" at United Artists.

A brilliant future is ahead of him, yes. But his first love has been lost and as for another romance—well—the Hollywood girls haven't succeeded in making a Don Juan of David yet. He's watching his step. The girl who engages Dave's serious interest will be, in his own words, "strong-minded and independent. A girl who has interests of her own and is not entirely dependent on me for her enjoyment of life."

PERHAPS this explains why David Manners finds enjoyment in the companionship of such women as Pola Negri and Elsie Janis. Women older than himself, brilliant, self-sufficient, with careers of their own and wide interests. When a girl comes along who combines with these qualities a youth parallel with his own—then only will David surrender to romance again.

More About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 92*)

So Dick, being a good sport, signed "Ben Lyon" and left the father and son their illusions.

THERE'S a hair-dressing parlor in Hollywood that is a weekly rendezvous for young juveniles and leading men. Even if there are no signs of disappearing hair, these young actors must take precautions against the fateful day when they might have to use the dreaded toupée.

There aren't any booths at the hair-dressing parlor—and the boys just sit around with their shirts off in the one big room while their scalps are being treated. Some of the regular patrons are Joe E. Brown (not a juvenile), David Manners, Dick Cromwell and Eddie Woods.

Another of the month's beauty hints ought to come from Clark Gable. Clark was endowed with unusually bushy eyebrows which grew together over his nose. So they had to be plucked for the camera, and it's a great improvement both on and off the screen.

BILL HART'S appearance at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium for the weekly boxing bouts caused a lot of excitement. It's the first time the veteran actor has made a public appearance in years. He was in a party including Maurice Chevalier, Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson—and he didn't like the decision rendered for the main bout at all, at all.

"This is the first fight I've been to for two years—and if that's the kind of decisions they hand out—it'll be the last for a long time," Hart told Chevalier as they were leaving.

About her Hollywood visit, Claudette says:

"I hope I convinced everyone that Norman (Foster) and I aren't going to get a divorce. After all, I spent my entire vacation out here, and all I seemed to do the whole time was deny divorce rumors!"

THE George Fitzmaurices celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary with a large party at their beautiful Beverly Hills home. As a surprise for Fitz—Diana Kane (Mrs. Fitz) showed a moving picture which she had taken herself. It had for its cast all the children of Hollywood's famous folk, including Mrs. Dick Barthelmess' little son, Stuart Sargeant, Mary Hay Barthelmess, little Peter Bennett (Connie's small son), tiny Irving Thalberg, Jr., Barbara Bebe Lyon—and the two Fitzmaurice tots, Sheila and the baby.

The movie was not only an innovation in entertainment for Hollywood—but it made a big hit with all the proud parents. In fact, it led to some quite heated arguments among them as to whose kid was the best photographic subject!

When asked about her wedding anniversary, Diana said: "Yes, George has decided to take up my option for another year!"

Husband Tony Bushell was in San Francisco appearing in a show, so Zelma O'Neal appeared at the opening of "Five Star Final" with young Lawrence Olivier—who is an old friend of both the Bushells.

A catty acquaintance sidled over and hissed to Zelma—"A break in the family, Zelma, dear?"

"Just a break for the family, sweet one!" came back Zelma.

AH ha! Hollywood has at last found its "Tarzan"—in the person of husky Johnny Weismuller, nationally known swimming champ. Johnny took test after test out at M-G-M for the rôle. His physique was certainly 100 percent perfect—but his nose didn't photograph well. It looked as if he had been on the wrong end of a powerful left-hook. But after a bit of plastic surgery, he got the part.

Jimmy Durante contracted a bad cold in his nose while on a fishing trip.

"And when Schnozzle has a cold in his nose," added a pal, "he's a pretty sick man!"

CLARA BOW says she's glad that she decided not to go on to New York after all, because there would have probably been lots of rumors about her seeing Harry Richman, as she admits she *would* have seen him had she reached New York. Harry and Clara are still good friends even though their love affair is a thing of the dead past.

The red-haired actress got as far as Gallup, New Mexico, where she got a long distance phone call from Hollywood (must have been Rex Bell at the Hollywood end of the wire), and decided to retrace her steps back to Hollywood . . . and Rex. So instead of a New York vacation before starting work on her new picture, "Get The Woman," Clara will spend a quiet few weeks in the modest Hollywood apartment she has taken, resting and studying.

CLEVER little Greta Grandstedt (you'll remember her as the young blond flapper in "Street Scene") is playing a lead in "Manhattan Parade" over at First National now. That dead-pan comedian, Charlie Butterworth, has the comedy rôle in the same picture—and he and Greta have become quite friendly. The other day Greta left the studio feeling not-so-well. That night Charlie brought over a gang—and also a delectable roast chicken for the invalid.

Greta loves chicken and couldn't pass it up, in spite of a threatened case of appendicitis.

Among the most interested spectators at the opening of "The Silver Cord" were two very beautiful young screen misses—Dorothy Jordan and Barbara Weeks. Their interest, however, was more or less centered on young Donald Dilloway, who has a part in the stage play. Dot and Barbara both admit they like Don very much indeed—and Don reciprocates by saying both are lovely girls.

Wonder who will get the man?

JOAN CRAWFORD and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were also among the first-night audience of Sidney Howard's play. As usual, Joan had to have her "coke" at the drug store nearby after the performance. Evidently the young Fairbanks had had words earlier in the evening—for Joan deigned not to speak to Doug while in the store. He was trying to explain something to her . . . and she walked away, saying, "Pick up my evening bag from the counter and come on."

But this doesn't mean that the Fairbanks, Jrs., are going to split up—or anything like it. Maybe Joan just had a headache and was feeling mean. Other people never give the stars credit for being just human beings.

Look for "Garbo on the Set"
Our March Issue

World's Lowest Priced Quality Home!

Price Includes all lumber readi-cut, millwork, windows, doors, interior woodwork, hardware, roofing, glass, nails, paints, varnish and stains. All materials shipped in a sealed box car direct from the big Aladdin Mills by **prepaid freight.** Safe arrival guaranteed. This and all Aladdin homes are permanent, year 'round homes—warm in winter. Not "portable" or "sectional" in any sense.

FIVE ROOMS $483
WE PAY FREIGHT

Aladdin's Readi-Cut System Revolutionizes Home Building Methods and Costs

Buy direct from the Aladdin Mills at wholesale prices. Save 18% lumber waste and 30% labor cost. All lumber is cut-to-fit at the Mill on huge labor-saving machines, instead of on the job, where lumber and labor waste costs dearly. Complete instructions and drawings enable you to build an Aladdin yourself if you are handy with tools.

FREE CATALOG

Aladdin's latest Catalog shows 100 plans of Homes, Summer Cottages, Garages, Filling Stations, Tourist Cottages and Roadside Stores at money-saving prices. Write nearest office **today** for your FREE copy. Ask for Catalog No. 290 No obligation. Send NOW.

$1173—7 Rooms

Summer Cottages $179up

THE ALADDIN COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICH., and PORTLAND, OREGON

DANGEROUS DIMMING ENDED..
Road Light Doubled!

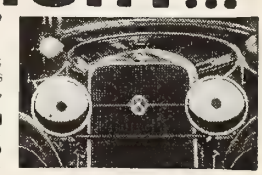
AMAZING INVENTION
FITS ANY HEADLIGHT...
Revolutionizes Night Driving!

EVERY motorist knows that as soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth into a dizzy, rushing stream of "dimming and damning." Speed is cut down one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and *inexpensively* from the motoring world!

A little invention called "Perfect-O-Lite" now replaces the old-style glass "bulbs" in auto headlights. Doubles road illumination. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely cannot glare in his eyes. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far.

The secret of this light is the new kind of "ray" that throws a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects.

Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge and jury without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agent's money-making opportunities. Mail the coupon without obligation, TODAY!



WORKS LIKE MAGIC

Perfect-O-Lite replaces old glass headlight "bulbs." Makes headlights even *look* different. Your lights look dimmed and "black" to oncoming cars yet give you *doubled* road illumination.

AGENTS! DAVIS MADE $1,400 IN ONE WEEK

This new invention opens up one of the most amazing money-making opportunities ever presented. Here actually IS that chance for $8 to $14 in your FIRST hour, $6,000 to $10,000 THIS year, with no limit WHATEVER for Distributors! Fleet owners buy quantities. Wallace & Tiernan, N. J., trucks just equipped. Other big orders flooding in. A real self advertiser; each car equipped is seen by thousands. Davis, Pa., made $1,400 in one week. Start full-time or spare-time. Use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER and details of Territory, etc.

HACHMEISTER-LIND CO. Dept. B-1060 Pittsburgh, Pa.

HACHMEISTER-LIND CO.,
Dept. B-1060, Pittsburgh, Pa.

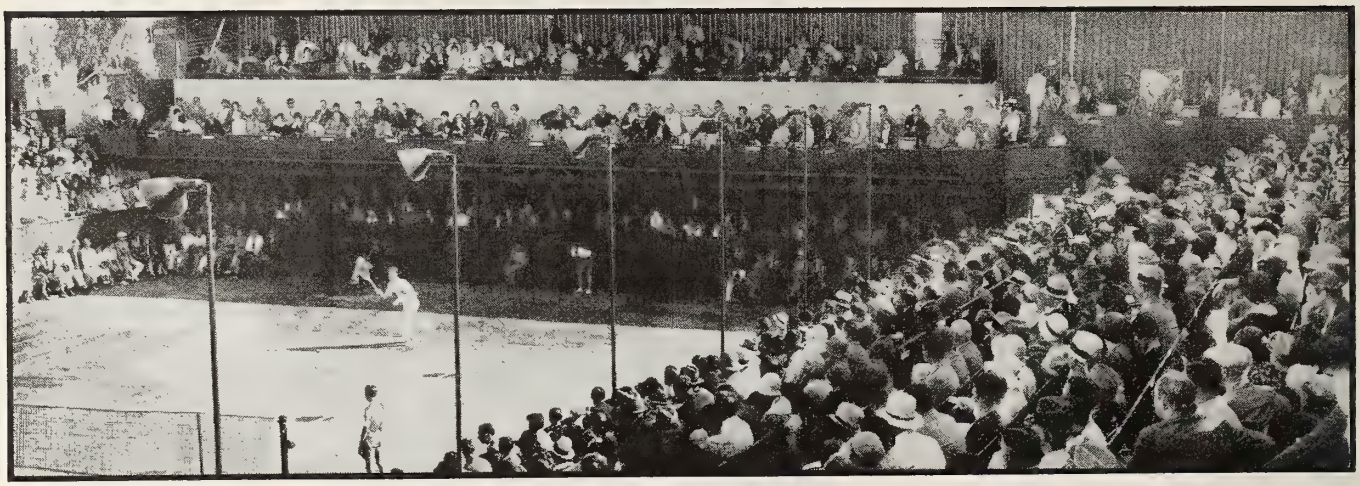
Rush details of money-making facts and Free Test Offer.

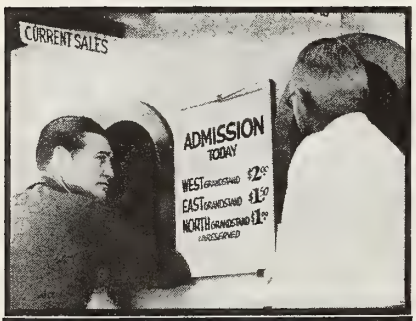
Name.....

Address.....

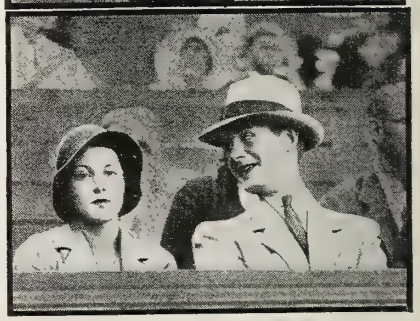
Town.....State.....

AT THE TENNIS CLUB





At a recent tennis tournament at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, any number of the more prominent movie stars appeared to cheer on the contenders. The picture at the top of the page gives you a general view of the court. See if you can see Bob Montgomery in one of the boxes—he's wearing a very light suit. Now, starting at the right and going clockwise: 1. Charlie Farrell. 2. Robert Montgomery and Frances Dee. 3. Bill Powell and his wife, Carole Lombard. 4. Mary Brian. 5. Conrad Nagel and Cedric Gibbons. 6. Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver, his wife. 7. Richard Dix buying a ticket at the entrance to the tennis club.



Photographs by Thelner Hoover

Some more of those fascinatingly intimate pictures of the stars

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

There's more chicle in it

. . . that's what makes it better

It's the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That's why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that's what makes all the difference between a good gum and *the finest gum you can buy.*

Riding to greater smoking pleasure

"You get more enjoyment from smoking than anyone I know."

"Of course, I use Beech-Nut Gum between smokes . . and it certainly makes the next smoke taste better." . .

Beech-Nut GUM

"Makes the next smoke taste better"

PEPPERMINT • SPEARMINT *and* WINTERGREEN *flavors*

Once in a Blue Moon

there's something really NEW DIFFERENT, DELIGHTFUL

NOW—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

BEECH-NUT FRUIT DROPS, TOO, 800 California oranges; 1,000 Italian lemons or 9,000 limes from the West Indies—to make a single pound of flavor—that's what makes Beech-Nut Orange, Lemon and Lime Drops so delicious—so refreshing! 5¢ everywhere.

Beech-Nut

CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. **It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."**

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in **"Hell's Angels,"** the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her **"Goldie,"** a **Fox** film, and **Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."**

MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE
Sealed Tight Ever Right
THE UNIQUE HUMIDOR PACKAGE
Zip—
and it's open!

© 1931, The A. T. Co., Mfrs.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

★Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?
You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

HE FINEST INTIMATE PICTURES OF YOUR HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

APRIL

32

ne STARS'
'EIRDEST Stories
d Supernatural Experiences

"WHY I HATE GARBO'
An Unusual Human Document

MOTHERED BY AN APE—HE KNEW ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

— to seize what he wanted!

TARZAN THE APE MAN

with

Johnny **WEISSMULLER**

Neil **HAMILTON**

C. Aubrey **SMITH**

Maureen **O'SULLIVAN**

Based upon the characters created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Adaptation by CYRIL HUME

Dialogue by IVOR NOVELLO

ANOTHER MIRACLE PICTURE

directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**

Creator of **"TRADER HORN"**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

SPENDTHRIFTS OF LOVE!
Modern youth, laughing at yesterday's conventions, promising to pay for today's kisses... after tomorrow. The gay partnership of a boy and girl who found it easier to make love than to make money.
AFTER TOMORROW
with CHARLES FARRELL
MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL
WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.
Based on the stage play by
John Golden and Hugh S. Stange
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
FOX Picture

©CIB 150027
MAR -1 1932

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

The Stars' Weirdest Stories (Illustrated by J. R. Flanagan) *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 28
Amazing anecdotes of the supernatural and the psychic

The True Life Story of Joan Blondell *Walter Ramsey* 30
The delightful tale of Joan's babyhood and girlhood

If You Met Richard Arlen— *Faith Baldwin* 38
A charming pen portrait of a sincere young man

Secrets of Fascination *Helen Louise Walker* 40
Advice from the feminine players on how to attract the menfolk

Why I Hate Garbo *Evelyn Gerstein* 44
A unique human document

The Inside Story of "Grand Hotel" *Walter Ramsey* 46
The truth about the clashes of temperament in M-G-M's all-star production

Why They're Still Pals *Nina Wilcox Putnam* 48
The final word on the friendship of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell

Performance Interrupted (Illustrated by Morgan Dennis) *Hagar Wilde* 50
A tragic moment from the life of Kent Douglass

Ina Claire Confesses *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 54
The truth about the present status of Ina and John Gilbert

Modern Screen, April 1917 59
What Modern Screen might have looked like—fifteen years ago

She Burns Her Bridges *Jerome Beatty* 64
The low-down on Marian Nixon

The Boy Without a Name *Harriet Parsons* 66
The extraordinary story of Wallace Ford's young days

Jeanette MacDonald's Wardrobe *Virginia T. Lane* 70
Our wardrobe pictures this month are especially good—so is the story

Greta's Thwarted Ambition *Lillian Shirley* 78
Miss Nissen has always wanted to practise her greatest art

Nobody's Mother *S. R. Mook and Jack Jamison* 80
Where are the movie mothers of yesteryear?

Masters of Horror *J. Eugene Chrisman*
Boris Karloff's story of his encounter with Lon Chaney 82
Bela Lugosi's story of the Woman with Yellow Eyes 83

DEPARTMENTS

The Hollywood Times 6
Modern Screen's own "last minute" newspaper

The Modern Screen Directory: Pictures 8
Players 94
All the data about the players and the pictures

The Modern Hostess 10
Warren William tells about his favorite dishes

Between You and Me 12
Where you, Mr. and Mrs. Reader, have your say

Beauty Advice *Mary Biddle* 14
Some hints about fastidiousness

They Do Say— 16, 76, 92
All the latest news and gossip—direct from Hollywood

All Joking Aside *Jack Welch* 53
Our monthly page of surprising facts about the players

And also: Unposed Portraits, 24; Kid Party, 34; Snow in Hollywood—Actually, 43; Gallery of Honor, 85; At the Gleason Party, 18

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* **Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative***

Published monthly and copyrighted 1932 by Syndicate Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. H. Meyer, President; M. Delacorte, Secretary and Treasurer. Vol 3, No. 5, April, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c the copy. Price in Canada is the same as in U. S. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL ... by ALBERT DORNE

1.

OTHER GIRLS POLITELY SNUBBED HER

2.

MEN NEVER DANCED WITH HER TWICE

3.

SHE WAS BROKENHEARTED BECAUSE PEOPLE DIDN'T WARM TO HER

4.

THEN SHE SAW THIS ADVERTISEMENT

—AND BOUGHT **LIFEBUOY** THAT VERY DAY

5.

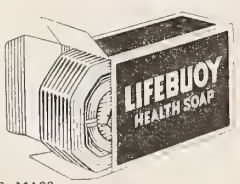
NOW SHE HAS MANY INVITATIONS. NO "B.O." TO KEEP HER UNPOPULAR

NO ONE IS SAFE!

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution we never know the moment "B.O." (*body odor*) may offend. Play safe! Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you, "No 'B.O.' *now!*"

A new kind of "facial"

Every night, massage Lifebuoy's gentle pore-purifying lather well into the skin—then rinse. Watch dull skins freshen and glow with healthy radiance. Wash hands often—*always* before meals—with Lifebuoy. It removes *germs* as well as dirt—helps safeguard health.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Miniature Newspaper

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 2 HOLLYWOOD, MARCH, 1932 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

DIETRICH AND VON STERNBERG MAKE UP

Loretta Young-Herbert Somborn Romance Blooming

The Ex-Mrs. Withers and Gloria Swanson's Second Ex May Wed

Loretta Young, since her divorce from Grant Withers, hasn't been serious about any man, although she has gone out a great deal with a great many men-about-Hollywood. Herbert Somborn hasn't shown particular interest in any girl since the time—quite a few years ago—that Gloria Swanson divorced him. But now the first ex-wife of Mr. Withers and the second ex-husband of Miss Swanson seem to have fallen in love with each other. Loretta, you know, is just nineteen. Somborn is considerably older. The romance seems serious with Somborn, all right. And even if Loretta did once say that she wouldn't remarry until she is twenty-five, her friends think she'll change her mind.

Lon Chaney's Son Creighton To Star

Who is Lon Chaney's successor? It may be his own son, Creighton. Young Chaney has recently been signed by RKO and will make his talkie début in a horror story written by Edgar Wallace. Perhaps you are surprised to learn that Chaney's son is an actor. Well, as a matter of fact, the elder Chaney didn't want his son to have anything to do with the movies. He started Creighton in the plumbing trade and wanted him to remain in it. He believed it a much more certain means of livelihood than acting and warned young Creighton to keep away from the grease-paint and cameras. However, it seems to get in the blood, this acting business.

Estelle Taylor's Unfortunate Accident

When Estelle Taylor was injured in a recent automobile accident, several vertebrae were dislodged and it was feared for a time that Estelle would not live. She refused to have any anaesthetic whatsoever, believing, perhaps, that it would be safer to suffer the pain while thoroughly conscious. For an hour and a half her body was hung in an apparatus suspended from the wall and gradually, after intense suffering, the vertebrae moved back into place. The worst is over now. Good luck, Estelle.

Joan Bennett-Carmen Pantages Rivalry Ends

Famous Triangle Broken Up As Carmen Weds John Considine, Jr., and Joan Announces Betrothal

There! That's settled! We mean that Bennett-Considine-Pantages business settled by the marriage of Carmen Pantages and John Considine, Jr. And very shortly, pretty Joan Bennett will wed Gene Markey. Joan and Carmen, you know, were said to be rivals for young John's affections for a nice little span of time. First it was Joan that Considine was beauing around, and then it was Carmen. But Carmen it is that he finally wed. It was a very quiet wedding, with just the family and friends, among whom were Mrs. Rodney Pantages, Mrs. Dixie Martin, Joseph Schenck and Neil McCarthy.

Joan Bennett's wedding is scheduled for an early date. Markey, you know, is a writer and quite well to do. There was some disagreeable gossip to the effect that Joan's romance with Markey was just a spite love affair—to show John Considine that she didn't care. But this, we firmly believe, is all wrong. Joan and Gene are really in love. And, furthermore, Markey is very much devoted to Joan's little daughter, Adrienne Bennett Fox.

Flashes from Here and There

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are going to have their European trip at last. It must be years since they made up their minds to take a vacation across the pond, but so far production has always held them up. So far, that is, until now when they're preparing to go at last.

Billie Dove and Harriet Parsons (regular contributor to Modern Screen) have left New York for Florida. After that it's back to Hollywood for them.

Marie Prevost is in the hospital again—and for the same reason that Renée Adorée was there for so long. Marie recently went on a strenuous diet in order to keep that Hollywood figure. The result was disastrous. Here's hoping that Marie will soon be out and back in our midst again.

First it was Joan Crawford who was to play in M-G-M's talkie version of Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." But now comes final word that no less a person than Greta Garbo has drawn the honor of portraying Miss Atherton's heroine.

And Clark Gable, no less, has been cast opposite Norma Shearer in the highbrow O'Neill talkie, "Strange Interlude." Sort of an honor for Gable, what?

Famous Pair Appear Once Again at Hollywood Social Affairs

Both Worked at High Speed to Finish New Picture Early

HOLLYWOOD.—Much has been written about the break between Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Von Sternberg, her director. It was said that they had a terrific row on the set one day not long ago and that their friendship of years' standing had been broken for good.

Now comes word that with the finishing of "Shanghai Express," Dietrich's latest picture and, like her others, directed by Von Sternberg, the two have quite made it up and are once again friends. They have been seen lately at more than one Hollywood dinner party.

Von Sternberg and Dietrich worked frightfully hard on "Shanghai Express" in order to have it released concurrently with the fighting in China—thus getting a lot of nice free publicity for the picture.

Madge Bellamy's Gallant Come-Back

Do you remember Madge Bellamy? She was one of the biggest stars of the silent films. She had black curly hair and—well, maybe her eyes weren't the biggest and the blackest you ever saw, but they certainly looked that way. However, those eyes didn't mean a thing when the talkies came to Hollywood. Madge had had no stage training and the microphone was not kind to her voice. Nevertheless, she has not given up. She has been working hard, for she hopes to make a come-back. What did she do but sign up with a small road company and went on tour in "Strictly Dishonorable." She believes the training will help her voice. Then she expects to sign with a small independent company.

Warners to Have Their Own Clark Gable

The well known Warner Brothers have discovered Clark Gable's double! And, furthermore, signed him up. George Brent is the name of this new discovery and he certainly is a dead ringer for the Gable chap—as you can see for yourself if you look at the picture of him immediately to the left.

Wanting to give the boy a chance to get the feminine audience interest, Warners are going to put him opposite each one of their feminine stars in a series of big pictures. Isn't that a break?

Laugh with the Clown Prince

Joe E. Brown

You saw him "HOLD EVERYTHING" and "SIT TIGHT" —"GOING WILD" at "TOP SPEED"— so you don't need to be "BROADMINDED" to agree that the "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD" in a Bigger Way than ever

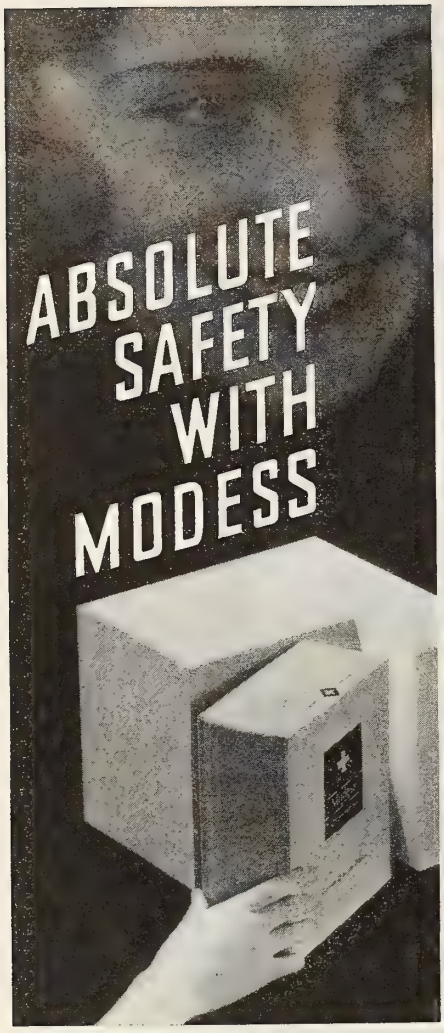
IN

"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD"

Wildly hilarious fun with the Napoleon of Nonsense as the fire laddie who plays baseball and blondes—strictly as side line . . . Don't miss the screen's foremost funster in the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw . . . Laugh your way to happiness with Joe E. Brown

with
EVALYN KNAPP, LILIAN BOND, GUY KIBBE
Directed by LLOYD BACON

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



COSTS LESS THAN EVER

FOR fifty days or more of the year you need sanitary protection. Modess—the gently fluffed, surgically clean pad, with safety backing—gives you perfect protection and comfort during these extremely trying days.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. And the price is most decidedly in your favor.

Try Modess. If it isn't completely satisfactory, write your name, address and the price paid, on cover of box, and mail to us. We will refund your money.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. U.S.A.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . Short, snappy reviews of all the pictures which are playing around right now. Read this before you decide to visit the movies.

THE AGE FOR LOVE (Caddo-United Artists)—Charles Starrett and Billie Dove in a story about the modern problem of the wife working. **Fair—but it would bore children.**

ALMOST MARRIED (Fox)—In spite of its title this is a very good mystery drama with plenty of thrills. **Very good—okay for kids.**

AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)—Will Rogers gets mixed up in a mythical European country and introduces American methods into the Royal Court. A lot of it is hokum but Rogers manages to make the whole film worth a visit. **Very good—grand for the kids.**

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—Taken from the internationally famous novel by Theodore Dreiser. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and others make up a highly competent cast. It's a well done job, but the theme is not a cheerful one. **Very good—but better not take the children along.**

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio)—The younger generation again—but this time the film in which they appear is an "epic." Done by the man who made "Cimarron" a box office winner. **Very good—and the young people can learn a lesson from it.**

ARROWSMITH (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ronald Colman and Helen Twelvetrees in a talkie adaptation of the famous Sinclair Lewis novel. This is intense rather than dramatic, intelligent rather than exciting. **Excellent—but children would be bored by it.**

ARSENE LUPIN (M-G-M)—John Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore in a murder mystery play. Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—suitable for children.**

BAD GIRL (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers bring to the talking screen Vina Delmar's famous novel of New York middle class life. **Excellent—suitable but not very interesting for children.**

THE BELOVED BACHELOR (Paramount)—Paul Lukas as the nice guardian and Dorothy Jordan as his ward. Of course she falls in love with him and then things begin to happen. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

BIG SHOT (RKO-Pathé)—Eddie Quillan in pleasing picture of small town American life. Maureen O'Sullivan and Mary Nolan are also in the competent cast. **Good—okay for kids.**

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers becomes an American business man who dashes off to Damascus to corner the market in steel. There is plenty of the Will Rogers type of humor in it. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in a dramatic story of an ex-pugilist who is trying to fight the booze habit and make a come-back for the sake of his small son. Plenty of human interest and you'll probably shed some real tears. **Excellent—fine for the kids.**

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (Fox)—Warner Oland in another Charlie Chan story. Reviewed on page 58. **Fair—a little involved for children.**

THE CHEAT (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead in an old-fashioned story about a wife who can't help running up a nice pile of gambling debts. The plot, of course, hinges on her frantic efforts to find a means to raise the money to pay. **Only Fair—unless you're a Bankhead fan—children won't like it.**

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox)—A reformed crook, an ex-police chief and the reformed crook's son (they have not met for twenty years) meet on a steamship bound for South America and a battle of wits ensues. Plenty of thrilling moments. **Very good—okay for kids.**

COCK OF THE AIR (Caddo-United Artists)—This is not an air drama—but a comedy about an ace who is also something of a Don Juan. Chester Morris is the ace-Don Juan and Billie Dove is the leading feminine interest in the piece. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

COMPROMISED (Warner)—Ben Lyon as a wealthy man's son who gets drunk and meets a boarding house slavey (Rose Hobart) who is sorry for him. She helps him to sober up—with misunderstanding on the part of the townspeople. **Good—but children wouldn't care for it.**

THE CUBAN LOVE SONG (M-G-M)—About a marine who does service in Cuba and gets mixed up with his heart affairs. Lawrence Tibbett and Jimmie Durante plus the whirling Lupe Velez in the leading rôles. **Excellent—children will like the comedy and songs.**

DANCE TEAM (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers in modern romantic comedy. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—suitable for the kids.**

DELICIOUS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a story about a little Scotch immigrant girl and the handsome son of the wealthy New Yorker. There are songs and music—the melodies composed by the great George Gershwin. **Very good—children ought to like it.**

DEVOTION (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding as an English girl who goes to the trouble of making herself homely in order to be near the man she loves. Leslie Howard as the man she loved pretty nearly steals the picture. **Very good—but children may be bored.**

DREAM HOUSE (Educational)—A two-reel comedy with a Hollywood background and Bing Crosby in the leading rôle. **Good—particularly if you like Bing.**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—Fredric March in the leading rôle of the famous old melodrama written by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. March's make-up goes to amazing lengths to be horrifying. **Very good if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.**

EMMA (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler in comedy-drama. Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

FLYING HIGH (M-G-M)—The George White musical comedy in talkie form with Bert Lahr and Kathryn Crawford. Your opportunity to hear some songs from the screen after the long period of straight dramas and comedies. **Very good—and the children will like it.**

FORBIDDEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck in love drama. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—not suitable for children.**

FRANKENSTEIN (Universal)—A weird, fascinating story of a "monster" who was created—from the remains of cadavers—by a half-crazy doctor. Later, the monster gets away from the doctor's power and plenty of excitement ensues. **Excellent if you like weird stuff—but don't take the kids.**

FRIENDS AND LOVERS (RKO-Radio)—Adolphe Menjou, Lily Damita, Eric Von Stroheim and and Frederick Kerr in a weak story about loves and lovers. **Poor.**

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—Betty Compson, Genevieve Tobin and Ivan Lebedeff in a typical spy story full of intrigue and still more intrigue. **Fair—children may like it.**

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)—Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman as a couple of the Class A gold-diggers. Wise-cracking, insinuating comedy-drama, this. **Very good—but not for the children.**

GIRL OF THE RIO (RKO-Radio)—Dolores Del Rio and Leo Carillo in a talkie version of "The Dove." It's good Mexican drama with Leo Carillo being "the best dam' cab-lero in old Mehico" all over the place. **Very good if you care for Mexican drama—okay for kids.**

GOOD SPORT (Fox)—John Boles as a gay man-about town. **Fair—not for children.**

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (United Artists)—Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans in gold-digging comedy. Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—not for children.**

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—Two famous New York stage players—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—in the Hollywood version of Ferenc Molnar's famous play. **Excellent sophisticated fare—but it will bore children.**

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)—Edward G. Robinson in oriental melodrama. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—suitable for children.**

HEAVEN ON EARTH (Universal)—The ol' Miss'ippi River with Lew Ayres. **Poor.**

HELL DIVERS (M-G-M)—Glorifying the air department of the United States Navy. Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Cliff Edwards, Conrad Nagel and others are in this thrilling picturization of what goes on in the air. The story isn't much but the air shots are excellent. **Very good—grand for kids.**

(Continued on page 103)

Story of the Human Race

A Biographical History of the World

This gigantic work of scholarship, written in popular style for the masses instead of the dull pedants, contains 150,000 words, in five charming, entertaining and instructive books. This historical and biographical production is being printed on a good grade of paper, bound in attractive, artistic stiff covers, 5½ by 8½ inches.

Contents of These Five Books
By Henry Thomas, Ph. D.

BOOK 1.
A Brief Survey of Early History.
Moses, the Prince Who Became a Rebel.
Jeremiah, the First Pacifist in History.
Buddha, the Atheist Who Became a God.
Confucius, the Spiritual Godfather of Christ.
Cyrus, Who Destroyed a Civilization.
Pericles, the Popular Democrat of Athens.
Plato, Who Dreamed of a Better World.

BOOK 2.
Alexander, Who Tried to Divide the World between God and Himself.
Epicurus, the Smiling Pessimist.
Hannibal, the Prince of Hatred.
Cato, the Champion Hypocrite.
Caesar, the Man Who Tried to Become a God.
Jesus, the Jewish Vagabond of Nazareth.
Nero, Who Murdered His Mother.
Marcus Aurelius, the Emperor-Philosopher.
Constantine the Great, Who Murdered His Son and Became a Christian.
Mohammed, the Prophet of the Sword.

BOOK 3.
Charlemagne, Who Rescued a Pope and Became an Emperor.
Peter the Hermit, Who Slaughtered the Jews for the Love of Jesus.
Saint Francis of Assisi, a Catholic Anarchist.
Dante Allighieri, "the Voice of the Silent Centuries."
Marco Polo, the Link Between Europe and Asia.
Petrarch, Johannes Huss and John Ball —Three Leaders of the Renaissance.
Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans and Mother of France.
Torquemada and the Holy Inquisition.
Columbus, Who Didn't Discover America.

BOOK 4.
Martin Luther, the Peasant Who Defied the Pope.
Machiavelli, the Devil's Disciple.
Shakespeare, the Creator of a New World.
Louis XIV, the Most Famous of the French Kings.
George Fox, an Aggressive Fighter for Peace.
Spinoza, the Quiet Little Jew of Amsterdam.
Voltaire, the "Black Sheep" of the Human Family.
Napoleon, Who Conquered the World and Died in Exile.

BOOK 5.
Goethe—There Goes a Man!
Mazzini, Italian Prophet of a United Europe.
Karl Marx, the Father of Socialism.
Bismarck, the Backward-Looking Chancellor of Prussia.
Charles Darwin, Who Introduced Us to Our Ancestors.
Abraham Lincoln, the Savior of the Black Race.
Tolstoy, Prophet of a World Without Hate.
Emperor William II, Last of the Kaisers.
Lenin and Gandhi, the Fore-Runners of a New Age.

Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius **John W. Gunn, Asst. Editor**
Fred D. Warren, Editorial Writer

THE AMERICAN FREEMAN

Devoted to Social Justice and Industrial Sanity

GIRARD KANSAS

Dear Reader:

To prove how anxious I am to get you to read the lively, informative Freeman, I want to make you this astonishing offer: Return the coupon below with only $1 and I will put your name on The Freeman list for one year (52 issues) and send you, free of charge, a complete set of the five books described at the left.

Sincerely

E. Haldeman-Julius

P. S. The American Freeman is a weekly journal of the boldest and most searching opinions. There is brilliance, knowledge, entertainment, and a wide range of subject matter in each issue of The American Freeman.

YES! SEND ME A FREE SET OF "THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE."

The American Freeman, Desk 88, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed find $1 for a full year's subscription to The American Freeman ($1.50 Canada and foreign). You are to send me a FREE SET, IN FIVE VOLUMES, OF "THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE."

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

Warren William outlines his taste in food for

THE MODERN HOSTESS

"Nothing tastes good if it doesn't look good," says Warren William, "and anything tastes better for being dolled up." Mr. William gives herein recipes of his favorite dishes.

. . . The meat course is the all-important one to the menfolk. And so hard to vary, isn't it? But just try these new meat dishes

ASK any man what he wants for dinner and he will answer "lamb," or "roast beef," or "pork" or some other meat, and then think he has disposed of the subject completely. Press him for further details and after a great mental struggle, he may add "Potatoes and gravy." But the chances are he will simply look hurt and bewildered, for to a man the other foods necessary to a meal are pretty much in the same position as the little boy who got nothing if he did saw the wood and a licking if he didn't—they would be missed if they weren't there, but aren't noticed as long as they are.

We are so thoroughly familiar with this attitude of mind that we were not in the least taken aback when, upon asking Warren William what in all the world he liked best for dinner, he answered "Steak." To test our theory further we followed up our first question by asking, "And besides steak, Mr. William, what do you like?" At once he replied, "Roast beef."

There! Just as we had thought!

"Of course, the meat should be well cooked and properly seasoned in order for me to enjoy it," he continued.

"And attractively served?" we asked.

"That goes without saying," he retorted. "Nothing tastes good if it doesn't look good and anything tastes better for being dolled up. For instance, there is a dinner of which I am particularly fond. It is called Pork Chops Bordelaise and though I imagine it is very simple to fix, it looks very up-stage and high hat."

"Pork Chops Bordelaise!" we pondered. "That's a new one on us. What does it look like?"

"WELL," Mr. William replied dutifully, "in the center of a large plate there is a baked and stuffed pork chop. Then surrounding the chop are lots of little mounds of different kinds of vegetables."

"What vegetables?" we wanted to know.

"Oh, sometimes one kind, sometimes another," he answered with that vagueness (*Continued on page 121*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for April—at absolutely no cost to me.

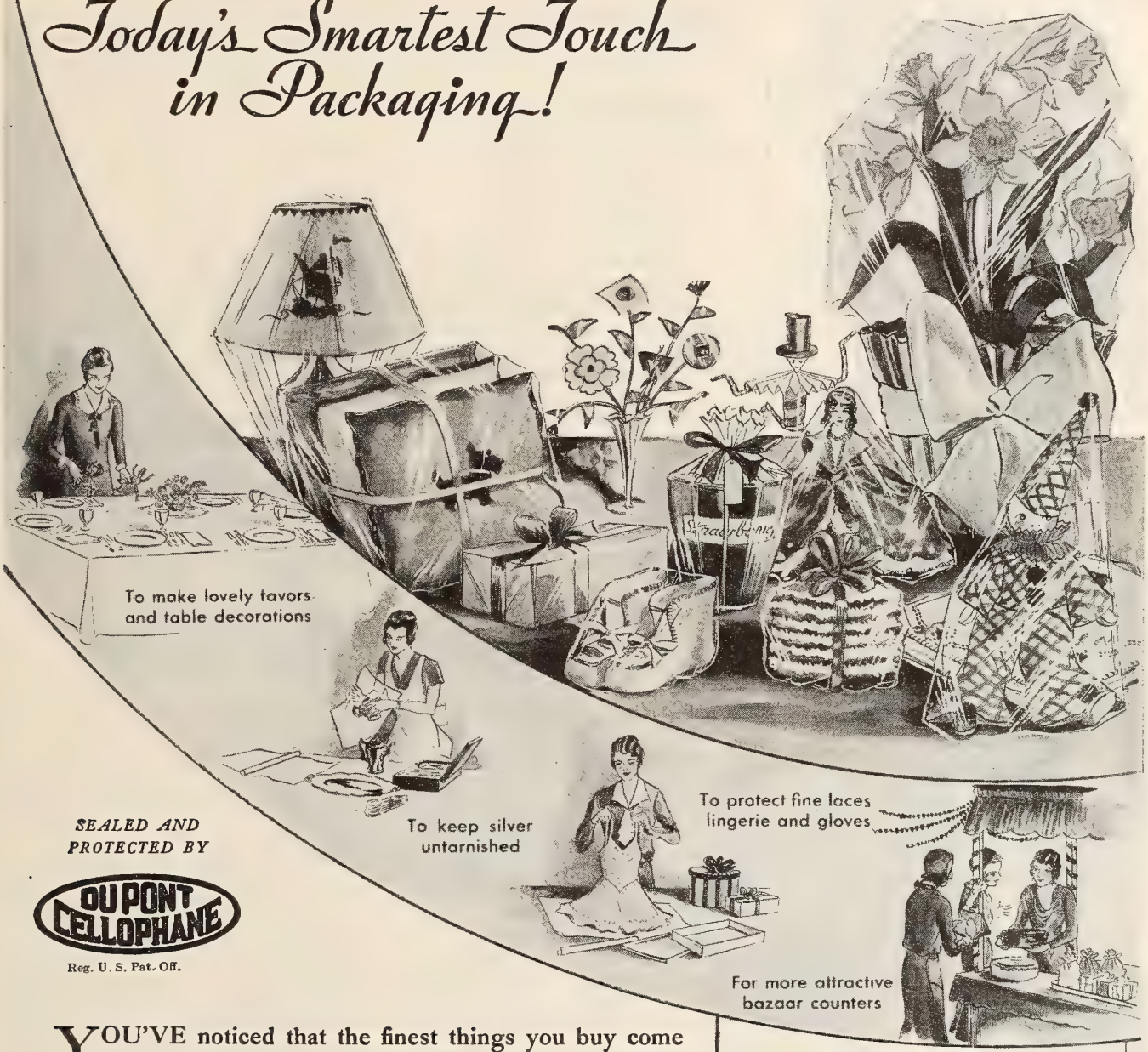
Name.....

Address.....

.....

NOW YOU CAN ADD TO EVERY GIFT

Today's Smartest Touch in Packaging!



SEALED AND PROTECTED BY

DU PONT CELLOPHANE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOU'VE noticed that the finest things you buy come to you protected by Cellophane. Now you can buy Cellophane yourself, to use for countless gift and home purposes. Birthday, holiday and anniversary remembrances, party prizes, the fine piece of handwork or choice product of your kitchen you send to a friend . . . the sparkling transparency of Cellophane will enhance their beauty and also perfectly protect. And in your home, use Cellophane to protect prized belongings from air, dust, soiling.

AT FIVE and TEN CENT STORES
specially packaged by
BROOKS PAPER COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

CELLOPHANE EASTER GRASS

will make your Easter baskets prettier and add an Eastery sparkle to the table centerpiece of fruit or flowers. Big Cellophane-wrapped bundles, silver, amber and green.

AT YOUR FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE

Now It's Easy to Change DARK Fabrics Into LIGHT Ones

—with wonder-working Tintex Color Remover

1. Supposing you have a dark frock (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . .

2. Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric. . . .

3. Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

All you need is a two-cent stamp and an opinion. The editor of MODERN SCREEN welcomes your real thoughts about the talkies

Dear Friends:

Before you read this letter, please turn to page 34.

Well? How did you like what you saw? Those intimate pictures of stars dressed up as youngsters at Marion Davies' Kid Party are, I think, very fine indeed and MODERN SCREEN'S staff just couldn't help adding that boastful little note to the effect that these pictures are exclusive to this magazine. However, the point I really want to bring out is this: I think you people are just as much interested in seeing really intimate, newsy and amusing pictures of the stars as you are in reading good stories about them. MODERN SCREEN makes a point of getting such pictures every month. I hope you like them.

Here's something I'd like to have your ideas about. Do you care for these grim, gloomy talkies? Talkies such as "An American Tragedy" and "The Man I Killed" and "Ladies of the Big House"? Of course, they're splendid from a technical point of view—well acted, well directed, artistically sincere. But—I wonder—do the fans want them? Let's hear from you.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

We agree. Sexy pictures get to be something of a bore

The readers, in my opinion, do not always understand that a star is not the character he portrays. Place the blame where it belongs. Namely, with the directors and higher executives. For some foolish reason these executives think that the raw, cheap and indecent pictures are in demand. Are they? Not if I know anything about it! I attend theatres very often and . . . have seen much dissatisfaction.

SALLY HOVLAND,
Santa Barbara, California

Bits from a letter from Jolly Old Oxford

Now, dear editor, you are going to hear something coming to you from the other continent. We are going to be frank and possibly not very pleasant—of course, always hoping for forgiveness.

We do not agree with Miss May of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that musical plays are so popular. Usually they have very bad songs, poor acting and a very unconvincing atmosphere. Only Eddie Cantor and such can make a good musical play. . . . We want to extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Sigler of Virginia for not following the flock of admirers who are always ready to praise Garbo. We suggest she take a few lessons with Mr. Kayzer, the voice culturist. . . . Is that "open letter" to Marlene Dietrich supposed to be a new kind of sob-stuff writing in prose? Why not put it in a straightforward way? . . . Could you make a few suggestions to the film companies for us? By all means cut off those gang films; they are all the same. Let the producers give more reliable, sensible plots and make the films human and of character; no overacting.

SOME OXFORD UNDERGRADUTES,
Oxford, England

Our stories endeavor to give you the truth; our news and gossip departments endeavor to give you just what they say—news and gossip

You printed a charmingly sensible article in the February issue, "To Tell the Truth," stating that small bits of gossip have been gathered together and resulted in the rumored divorce of the Fairbanks, Juniors. Then you adorned the lower corner of page 129 with your own little piece of gossip: "Joan and Doug were not speaking while in the drug store. They evidently had words earlier in the evening!" You hastily and feebly explain, " . . . Maybe Joan just had a headache and was feeling mean. Other people never give the stars credit for being just human beings."

Well, then, is it allowing the stars to be human when their least little quarrel is made known to the public through a curious writer?

L. Brown,
Waterbury, Connecticut

Really—this is the only Clark Gable letter we're going to print this month

May I say just a word to Mary Muller, Helen Young and Jane Harrison whose letter I just read in the February issue?

I think jealousy made you give Clark Gable the razz the way you did. Do you refuse to attend the movies when Marie Dressler's pictures are being shown? She isn't good-looking, either, you know. Neither is she slim and youthful, but that doesn't detract from her acting ability. . . . So please, hereafter, don't judge an actor by the length of his neck or the number of times he shaves, but spend a little time studying his acting before you make any rash statements.

Mable V. M.,
Pella, Iowa

Turn to page 48, Gaynor and Farrell Fan

Do you know that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell still have many fans who would be very glad to see more photographs of them in your magazine—and would be delighted to see them together in pictures?

A Gaynor and Farrell Fan,
Saginaw, Michigan

A very nice letter about Elissa Landi

At last we seem to be slowly emerging from the dingy atmosphere of cheap sex plays, with their goo-goo eyes, half nude women with husky voices and huskier legs and a higher grade of art is being portrayed upon the screen.

Since some months back, there has appeared an actress of superior worth. I am referring to Elissa Landi. This young lady—a lady in the truest sense of the term—has instantly captivated the esteem and admiration of those who appreciate real art and a most charming personality. To her goes the credit of having, by her lovely presence, rescued screen art from its previous vulgarity and sham pretentions. To see this young lady act and to hear the earnest, sincere voice of this lovable girl is as refreshing as the fragrance of roses.

A. Axelson,
Chicago, Illinois

The Modern Hostess thanks you and takes a bow

I am a new reader of your magazine and like it very much. I think the Hostess page is a great help and I considered the recipes in their attractive folders cheap at only four cents. How you can manage to give them to your readers free of charge is a surprise to me. But then—I've found Modern

(*Continued on page 105*)

Tint or Dye It at Home with Tintex And Save Dollars!

Perfect Professional Results In Just a Few Minutes For Just a Few Pennies

It is so easy, so quick, so beautifully resultful to tint and dye at home with Tintex!

No muss! No fuss! Just add Tintex to the rinsing water and *any* fabric will come out charmingly colorful! It's as easy as that!

Millions of women are using Tintex to bring new color or restore old faded color to dresses, drapes and all other fabrics in their homes and wardrobes.

You will find 35 fascinating colors on the Tintex Color Card on display at all drug and notion counters.

Buy Tintex—try it today! You will be amazed and delighted at the results!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box — For lace-trimmed silks — tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover — Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials —silk, cotton, wool, etc.

On Sale at Drug and Notion Counters Everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

Wherever the Itching Whatever the Cause...

Resinol Ointment will relieve it. Don't take chances with soreness or irritation from *any* source. Use Resinol. Soothing and delicate, safe and delightful for infants, yet strong and effective enough for severest cases of eczema. Prevents slight infections or inflammations from becoming serious. Resinol Soap, also, you will find an invaluable aid in all kinds of skin disorders.

Do You Have These Complexion Defects?

Enlarged coarse pores? Blackheads? Dryness? Roughness? Resinol Ointment will clear away the irritations. Resinol Soap will cleanse and refine. This simple soothing treatment has transformed many an ugly skin into a smooth, soft, velvety complexion.

No More Pimples

Study your face closely with a bright light. If your looking glass reveals even the tiniest blotch or blemish, start the Resinol Treatment today. Watch your complexion improve constantly in color and texture. Don't delay. Your druggist sells Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Buy — and try for yourself — today.

For a free trial sample of Resinol Soap with your copy of the new booklet on "Skin Treatment for Health and Beauty", write Dept. MZ2, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

More hints about that first necessity of beauty—fastidiousness. Mary Biddle tells you many little tricks and tips about acquiring true, feminine daintiness. Also, a special word to redheads

WHEN I was reading over the proofs of last month's beauty article I discovered that I had omitted to tell you, in the paragraph on the care of the hands, one of the very first rules for making your hands beautiful. It's a very simple little rule and probably many of you know it—although I have my doubts as to how many of you keep it. Here it is: wear loose white chamoisette gloves to bed in cold weather. No, you don't have to do it every night. Use your own judgment—when your hands get that "stucco" look, give them a treatment and don the gloves before you retire. How can you give your hands a treatment? Why, by massaging a good cold cream into them. Wring your hands together as if you were washing them. Interlace the fingers and flatten out the larger knuckles against the palm of the other hand. Massage the fingers from the tips back, as if you were pulling on a pair of new gloves. This will help to reduce large joints.

Do you ever give your elbows a beauty treatment? Don't laugh. I see many lovely creatures in stunning evening gowns—and there are their elbows, all rusty looking and nubbly. The skin on the elbow joints is very, very tender. Mothers of young babies, you know, often test the temperature of the babies' baths with the elbow—it's one of the most sensitive points of the human body. The coy, dimpled elbow isn't as much a requisite of beauty in this athletic age as it was in our mothers' but, nevertheless, it wouldn't hurt a mite to have the skin resemble a piece of satin rather than a nutmeg grater. Simply rub cream into them at night and wear long-sleeved pajamas to bed to protect the sheets.

BUT those are more or less cold weather problems. And summer isn't so very far away, is it? You'll be wanting to wear your backless bathing suits and sun-back tennis dresses. Are your backs in good condition? Most backs aren't. The back is a very annoying part of the human body—so difficult to see and keep clean. And so susceptible to blackheads. The big trouble is—to put it bluntly—that most of us do not get our backs very clean. We slosh around in the tub for a while and scrub down as far as our shoulder blades and around our waists and let the rest of the poor old spinal column go. Try using a small Turkish towel as a washcloth. Get it nice and lathery and pull it briskly across your back. Or get a back-brush—and use it as if you meant it. If the skin is broken out or troubled with blackheads you really must have some one give you a treatment. It would be nice if you had a sister or a girl friend who wouldn't be too darn squeamish to do it. First (after a warm bath, of course) a good, not too greasy cream should be massaged in—well. The excess wiped off. A mild astringent patted on briskly with a pad of cotton. And then, with fingers well padded with cotton, the blackheads should be gently pressed out. Dab the places with alcohol. Apply a pore cream or blackhead paste. And trot off to bed. Of course, if you haven't an obliging sister or girl friend, the better beauty parlors will give you such a treatment. Not cheap—but decidedly worth it.

Do your lips ever get that warpy look and feel rather gummy? That would be some slight stomach disorder. Tiny little white bumps will appear at the corners of the mouth, too, as a result of an upset stomach. Watch your diet and try drinking a glass of hot water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it—first thing in the morning. It isn't bad, really. But you must have the lemon juice because hot water alone will make you feel nauseated.

I HOPE you people with dry skins have been making a consistent effort to use paste rouge instead of cake rouge. It *is* more difficult to apply, I admit. But a little practice does it, and paste rouge is so much better for your skin. You must have a cream foundation on first, however. Dab the rouge on with the tips of your fingers. Smile while you do it, and don't let the rouge get on the inside of the smile lines—it will make you look older. Then blend the rouge back and up. Don't worry if there seems to be a speck more color on one cheek than on the other—nature never puts color on exactly evenly. But don't carry that rule to extremes!

I would like to say a few words exclusively to redheads, if the rest of the readers will be kind enough to excuse me for a few minutes. I honestly believe that copper-tops have more beauty problems than other types. At a convention of cosmeticians in New York last year, a well known skin specialist purposely chose a girl with flaming red hair for a make-up test, explaining that the redheaded type must be more care-

ful than any other about the cosmetics she uses. In the first place, everything she uses in the way of make-up and everything she wears must be held up before the question, "How will it go with my hair?" (Miss Lane's article on Jeanette MacDonald on page 70 will be found very helpful where the clothes problem is concerned.) The redheaded gal must forego bright rouge and bright lipstick. *Yet she must have color in her face.* That is, with the rare exception of the redhead who is blessed with a creamy pallor rather than a pink-and-white complexion. A very soft wild rose shade of rouge and lipstick is the best. A creamy rose powder. A little brown mascara—none in the daytime. The merest touch of blue-green eye-shadow—only in the evening.

BUT these hints, I admit, are very arbitrary. The shades of cosmetics mentioned will probably not suit every type of redhead. She must experiment herself. Always remembering this: whatever you use, use it sparingly. And forego fads in cosmetics. In the summer time, don't let the fact that everyone is getting beautifully tanned tempt you into wearing backless and sleeveless dresses. You'll only freckle, nine chances out of ten. Just go your own way, dodging the sun carefully. And here's a welcome thought for swimming days: there's going to be a new kind of beach hat. It isn't a hat, really—it's a detachable brim. You wear your skull bathing cap to swim, and when you come out of the water you slip the detachable brim over it. These brims are huge—they'll cover the neck and shoulders and save you hours of fidgety thoughts about those pesky freckles.

AND now, a few more points about the hair. I'm not going to say a word about coiffures this time. I'm going to give you one or two tips about the hair itself—about washing it and keeping it in the best of condition. Remember: the normal head of hair should be shampooed at least every ten days; the excessively oily hair every week, or possibly every five days; the very dry hair every two weeks—in extreme cases, every three weeks. But, really, if your hair is *that* dry you had better do something about it. For instance, melt down some castile soap for your shampoo and add a teaspoonful of olive oil to a quart of same. Whatever your type of hair, remember that cleanliness is the first requisite of hair beauty. Take time to shampoo your hair. If you are in the habit of giving yourself a hot oil treatment first (and I strongly recommend it for every type of hair), rinse your hair in warm, clear water before applying the soap. A very good hairdresser told me that, after an oil treatment, the hair should first be rinsed in *cold* water, because it cuts the oil immediately. To be perfectly honest, I've never had quite the necessary courage to thrust my own head into cold water first pop. I'm a person who likes to work up to cold water gradually. And I do find that the warm rinse works very well.

(*Continued on page 97*)

April Showers TALCUM 25c

April Showers FACE POWDER 50c

April Showers PERFUME From $1. to $4. the flacon

April Showers EAU DE COLOGNE From 25c an ounce to $3.75 the flacon of thirty-two ounces.

Enhance your appeal with April Showers Perfume. It scents a complete line of toiletries including a ten cent size Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water of identical quality—obtainable at all "5c to $1." stores.

April Showers
CHERAMY
PARIS

MODERN SCREEN'S GOSSIP

[You will find the Last Minute News in The Hollywood Times, MODERN SCREEN'S miniature newspaper, on page 6 There is also our additional news and chatter on pages 76 and 92]

International

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford were very much in evidence at the opening of Doug, Jr's., new picture, "Union Depot."

HOLLYWOOD said: Ruth Chatterton is planning to divorce Ralph Forbes.

The truth is: Ruth and Ralph have never been happier in their marriage than right now. Divorce is the farthest thing from their minds.

Hollywood said: Ralph Forbes is broke.

The truth is: The last year that Ralph was in pictures he earned $75,000. Furthermore, during the past several years he's made a good lump of money on both the stage and screen—and he's saved most of it!

Hollywood says: Ruth wants Ralph to get a break in pictures so she bought a play, which she is going to direct and which she hopes to sell to a motion picture company with the stipulation that Ralph get the starring rôle on the screen.

The truth is: Ralph saw the play, "Counsel's Opinion," and immediately realized its picture possibilities. He put in his bid for the screen rights, and it looked as if he would get it at his own price. Then two producers bid higher, and this stiff competition brought the price a little out of Ralph's reach. So he asked Ruth if she wanted to go half with him on it, and she, recognizing a good business deal when she saw it, agreed.

Hollywood says: Ruth is going to direct the play (and possibly the picture) to make sure that Ralph's supremacy as star will be kept intact.

The truth is: Ruth really doesn't want to direct even the play, but Ralph, who believes implicitly that she is the greatest stage director in the country, has finally persuaded her to direct the stage version—if she can get away from the studio long enough. The whole deal was Ralph's idea, and he says he doesn't give a hoot if he gets to play in the screen version of the story—just so he can make some money when he sells the play to one of the studios!

The real truth about all those Chatterton-Forbes divorce rumors

MOST Hollywood social events are planned with the hostess' eye on publicity. But there is one large party given each and every year—on October 22—about which the magazine and newspaper scribes are never tipped off. Joan Bennett is the hostess and the honored guest is her sister Constance. October 22 is Connie's birthday. Only Constance's most intimate friends are bidden to the gathering. Sometimes it's a late afternoon garden party—other times, a gay, brilliant dinner.

A couple of weeks before each of her sister's birthdays, Joan is busy planning—each time she likes to offer something new and different for the birthday celebration.

Exhibitors throughout the land have come to the conclusion that Janet Gaynor without Charlie Farrell is as incomplete in the eyes of the fans as Laurel without Hardy. Fox had planned to put Jimmy Dunn in Janet's next picture, but in face of the record-breaking box-office success of the last Gaynor-Farrell co-starring production, nothing is left for them but to cast Charlie opposite her. It just wouldn't be good business to break up such a wow of a team.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was in New York. And lonely. Husband Norman Foster was in Hollywood. Thinking of his beautiful wife. Claudette got busy on the long distance telephone wires, and when Norman discovered that she was feeling blue, he hopped the first air express out of Los Angeles for New York.

But it happens that he has a picture to do at Universal,

Acme

Pola Negri, fully recovered from her recent illness, visited New York to attend the opening of "A Woman Commands."

International

Connie Bennett's little adopted son, Peter Armstrong Bennett. His real parents were killed in an auto accident.

International

Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have been doing Europe in the approved style. Janet's illness delayed their departure for home.

so forty-eight hours was as long as he could remain in the Big City with Claudette.

The Fosters will be one mighty happy family when Paramount moves all production activity to Hollywood.

About Greta Garbo, John Barrymore who plays opposite her in "Grand Hotel" says enthusiastically, "Garbo is a human dynamo. She's a driving power on the set."

Such frank enthusiasm from THE John Barrymore can't be altogether unwarranted. Maybe we'd all better make a date now to see this "Grand Hotel" we've been hearing so much about—and writing stories about (*see page 46*).

THERE remains just one little inside story to relate about the Garbo-Novarro "romance." This bit of news came from a close friend of Ramon's . . . who told a friend . . . who told us. Here's what we heard: "When Garbo and Novarro had made the last scene of their picture together, Greta learned that her leading man was going to go directly to New York. She asked him of his plans and was told that New York was delightful at that time of the year. Garbo is reported to have said that she *might* take his word for it and take a bit of a metropolitan vacation herself. She whispered in Ramon's ear that if she should happen to be there while he was still about she would send him some forget-me-nots. Ramon smiled and promptly forgot.

"However, a week or so before he returned to Hollywood, he was startled one morning when a bellboy arrived at his room with a huge box containing literally tiers of forget-me-nots. In the bottom of the box he found a note wishing him happiness and signed with very small letters—'M.H.' Novarro puzzled a bit—and then it suddenly dawned on him that it was 'Mata Hari' (Garbo) who had sent the note. He was unable to locate her at any of the New York hotels. Two days passed before his secretary announced that a certain Miss Mata was in the lobby of the hotel to see him. Ramon realized immediately who it was and invited Greta to his room for tea. She refused, saying that they would meet in the lobby in an hour and go out for tea.

After tea they took a long ride in a taxi, after which they drew up in front of Novarro's hotel. Of course, Ramon thought that Garbo was stopping at the same hotel and was completely nonplussed when Garbo waved to him and called a 'good-by' as the taxi bore her away. Ramon never did find out where she was stopping!"

FUNNY that after all the publicity Fox gave its Débutante Stars, one of them—Conchita Montenegro—should be let out. When her option wasn't taken up, Conchita immediately left for New York and signed for the new Ziegfeld show at a salary higher than she's been getting in Hollywood.

Among the thirteen Baby Stars, Frances Dade is one who didn't seem to benefit by the huge publicity boost. Not long ago she returned to New York for stage work. Frances was the only free-lance actress chosen as one of the lucky thirteen.

In the other direction, it will be interesting to see which of the Baby Stars enjoys the most success during the new year. Joan Blondell, Marian Marsh and Sidney Fox seem to be going the strongest right now. Joan and Marian carry the Warner Bros. banner, and little Sidney hails from the Universal lot.

Why did Greta Garbo send Ramon Novarro those forget-me-nots?

THE GLEASON PARTY

. . . Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason gave a grand party at the Embassy—and Hollywood's best were there

(Above) The host and hostess. (Top left and then reading counter clockwise) 1. Mary Nolan and her young husband, Wallace T. McCreary. 2. Jack Oakie decides to do something a little impromptu and directs the orchestra through a dance. 3. Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons. 4. Jack Oakie and Mrs. James Cagney. Husband James Cagney and Joan Marsh. All in fun. 5. (Left to right) William Janney, Russell Gleason, Mary Brian, William Bakewell, Virginia Bruce and Ben Alexander.

Photographs by International

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Madge Evans lives with her mother in a typical California bungalow. Her only pet is a Pekinese dog. Madge has only one dissatisfaction with life: that people won't forget she was once a child star. She drives a speedy coupe speedily. Her hair is still its natural color: brown. She refuses to have it touched up for the camera. She recently completed "Lovers Courageous" with Robert Montgomery and is now at work on "Are You Listening?"

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Helen Mack, the Fox player, recently completed her work in two pictures: "While Paris Sleeps" and "The Silent Witness." Helen admits she's a farmer's daughter. She was born in Rock Island, Illinois. She tried posing for artists and did some gown modeling before entering pictures. Although she can sing and dance well her really driving ambition is to be a brilliant dramatic actress. She claims she's never been in love.

Photograph by Otto Dyar

Paul Lukas, having finished working in "No One Man" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," will next be seen in "Thunder Below," opposite the famous Tallulah Bankhead. Paul is one of the hardest working actors in Hollywood right now. His favorite hobby is flying although the studio tries to forbid its actors from going up in planes. He likes to wink at the girls but his wife knows all about it and doesn't mind—she knows it's only a gag.

Photograph by Bruno

Anna Q. Nilsson has completed her recuperation. Her hip which she injured during a movie scene some years ago is now quite satisfactorily mended. Anna has innumerable friends, and she was always the life of the party—until her accident prevented her from going to parties. Everyone who knows her either intimately or just from her screen work is waiting with great excitement for her certain come-back.

Photograph by Ernest Bachrach

Joel McCrea, who not so long ago completed a swell job in "Lost Squadron," is now hard at work on "Bird of Paradise." This is going to be an important picture directed by King Vidor. Dolores Del Rio will be the leading feminine character. Joel has been quoted as saying he doesn't like most Hollywood parties and now he receives noticeably fewer invitations. He lives quietly with his family in Santa Monica.

Robert Armstrong has been given a new long-term contract by RKO—maybe because of his work in "Panama Flo" and "Lost Squadron." Since his divorce, Robert is one of Hollywood's most steadfast bachelors. He lives in typical bachelor quarters and his only companions are a dog and a cat. Is it possible Armstrong has decided to put women out of his life forever?

MODERN SCREEN'S

Photograph by William Grimes

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Dorothy Jordan lives with her mother and her co-ed sister in a nice little beach home. Dot, of course, is extremely popular with all of sister's collegiate friends. But she can't be dashing about to parties all the time because she is studying French and dancing and taking them seriously, too. She has completed "Lost Squadron" and will soon be seen in "Wet Parade."

Photograph by Irving Lippman

Dickey Moore got his start in pictures at the age of eleven months. It was in "The Beloved Rogue," with John Barrymore. He is now six years old and is soon to be starred. Dickey thinks his competitor, Jackie Cooper, is one swell actor. "The Expert" in which Dickey appears, is now being shown. His next is "So Big," the talkie of the Edna Ferber novel.

MODERN SCREEN'S

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Linda Watkins has a famous explorer-and-painter uncle—Major Arthur Radcliffe Dugmore. She prefers apartments to houses, having been a New Yorker since she was four weeks old. Her hobby is eating—but she only weighs a hundred and eight. Her next film will be "The Gay Bandit" with George O'Brien. She plays the piano exclusively for her own amusement.

Illustrated by
J. R. FLANAGAN

When Claudette Colbert's mother, Jeanne Loew, was a little girl, a strange visitor came to the Paris home one day. In spite of mama's instructions to let no one in, Jeanne did. She talked with the visitor, gave him a promise, and he kissed her farewell. But—she could not feel his kiss!

THE STARS' WEIRDEST STORIES

DO you believe in ghosts? In the theory of reincarnation—the theory that claims we visit this old earth more than once, bringing with us the traits and talents of those who died long ago? Do you believe in mental telepathy?

If not, how, then, do you explain the man in the caped coat who appeared to Claudette Colbert's mother when she was a little girl . . . the telepathic message flashed to Pauline Frederick . . . the strange words used by the little boy of whom Melvyn Douglas tells . . . the narrow escape and the sign Norma Shearer had . . . ?

Of course, our greatest scientists now admit there is mental telepathy. But ghosts—reincarnation—spiritualism. . . . Probably most of us do not entirely believe in them. We smile and deny—call it "nerves," "an optical illusion," "a strange coincidence." I do not know. If there are such things, there are such things. Some stories I find none too easily explained. There is, for instance, the story about the ghost in Claudette Colbert's family.

When Claudette's mother, Jeanne Loew, was a little girl of six, she lived in Paris on the top floor of a large house built around a center courtyard. The concierge's window just inside the high iron gates overlooked the little foot walk and the covered cobbled driveway leading to the inside square. The concierge missed no one who came or went. And if visitors didn't stop at his window of their own accord, you may be sure Monsieur Jouly went flying after them.

THE day second cousin Emily came from Alsace to live with the Loews, Jeanne was frightfully excited. Jeanne hoped it wasn't very wicked of her, but she was glad Emily's father had died. She never had seen him, so he wasn't real to her, of course. Too, he had been so ill—had suffered so—that perhaps. . . . And if he hadn't died Emily never would have come to them. There even was talk of the Loews adopting Emily. Then she would be Jeanne's really and truly sister.

Jeanne listened with interest when her mother spoke of her uncle, Emily's father. Of how very ill he had been. Of how hard it had been for him to look out for Emily, particularly after his wife's death. They often had invited him to bring Emily for a visit, it appeared. But he never had come. It was better for one with such a racking cough to remain in the country.

One May morning, when Emily had been with them for several weeks, Madame Loew had to run out to the shops.

"You and Emily wait here," she instructed Jeanne. "I'll go faster alone. And if you are good, if you

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Editor's Note:
This is the first in a series of strange stories—stories of actual happenings told by the stars. They will thrill you tremendously, as the supernatural and psychic thrills everyone, even those who scoff at its manifestations. But—remember this: science does not scoff. Science says only, "I do not know," and goes on searching for an explanation!

. . . These supernatural things happened! "Incredible," you say? But can you explain away the strange visitor who came to Claudette Colbert's mother? Norma Shearer's warning? Or Melvyn Douglas' vivid story?

open the door for no one, I'll bring you sugar drops."

She went downstairs.

"Bon jour," she said to the concierge. "I'm going over to the market. The two children are upstairs alone. If anyone comes, have them wait. I shan't be long."

"Très bien," replied M. Jouly.

She was gone only a few minutes over a half hour.

"No one came," the concierge told her. She hurried on across the inner court and up the broad curving stairs to her rooms.

"Jeanne!" she called. "Emily!"

BOTH little girls came running into the kitchen where Madame Loew paused in unpacking her market basket to offer them the candy. But Jeanne, surprisingly enough, held back.

"Are you ill, *ma petite?"* asked the mother with quick concern.

Jeanne shook her head. But her bright dark eyes were dejected.

"You said I was to have candy if I was good . . . if I let no one in," she faltered. "And I forgot, mamma. I opened the door. A nice man came. I sent Emily into the kitchen first and—I let him in."

"A man was here while I was away?" Madame Loew was frankly puzzled. The house had no entrance save that guarded by M. Jouly. He must, in truth, be going blind that a man twice could pass unnoticed, going in and going out.

"The man knew about Emily," Jeanne told her.

"The man knew about Emily!" Poor Madame Loew was more puzzled than ever. "What did he look like?"

"He was thin. And very high." Jeanne stood descriptively on tiptoe. "And his shoulders, mamma, they bent forward as if they were sick. And he had long white hands. And he wore a funny coat. It had a little cape."

Madame Loew was trembling. Exactly so Emily's father, her dead uncle, had looked.

"His eyes? What color were they?" she asked.

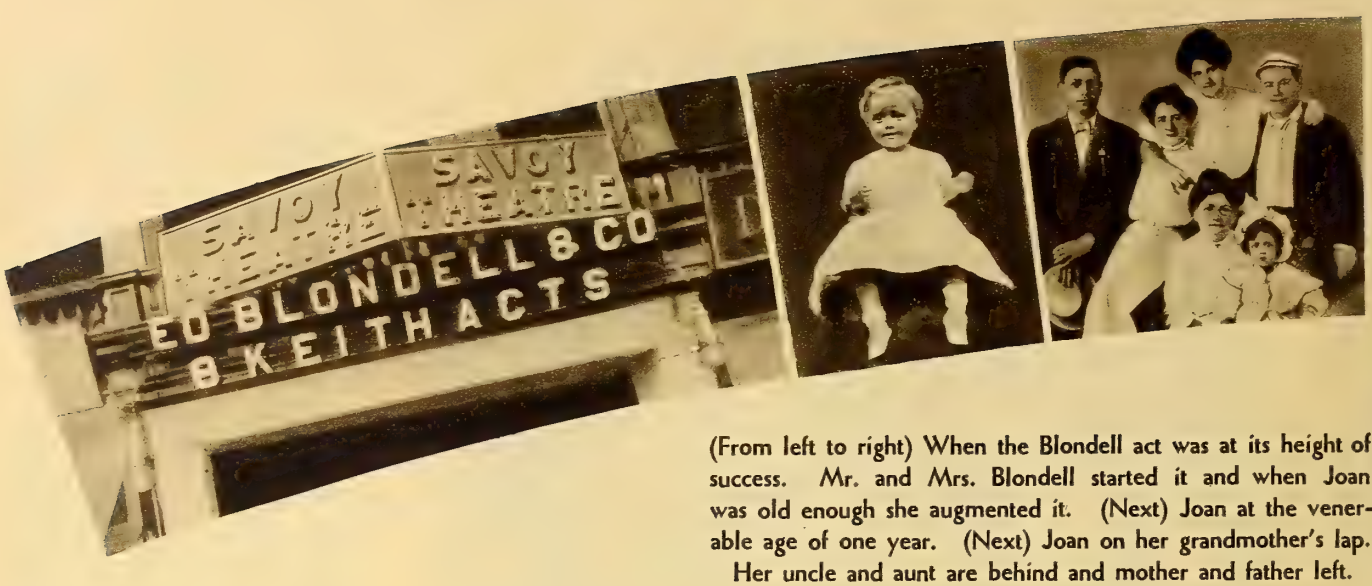
"Brown," said Jeanne, "and blue, too. There was a piece of blue in one of them."

Madame Loew knew now that Jeanne was not romancing.

"And what did he say, this man?" she questioned, her uneasiness sharpening her voice.

"He said, 'You have a little sister now, haven't you, Jeanne? Do you like her?' I told him yes, I did, very much. And he said 'Will you keep her with you and be good to her always?'

"When I promised I would, *(Continued on page 125)*



(From left to right) When the Blondell act was at its height of success. Mr. and Mrs. Blondell started it and when Joan was old enough she augmented it. (Next) Joan at the venerable age of one year. (Next) Joan on her grandmother's lap. Her uncle and aunt are behind and mother and father left.

THE TRUE STORY OF

. . . Joan's childhood and growing up days had everything—nice home, lovely parents, trips to Europe, a trip to Australia, adventures at school, adventures playing hookey. As gay and colorful as a bunch of balloons

By WALTER RAMSEY

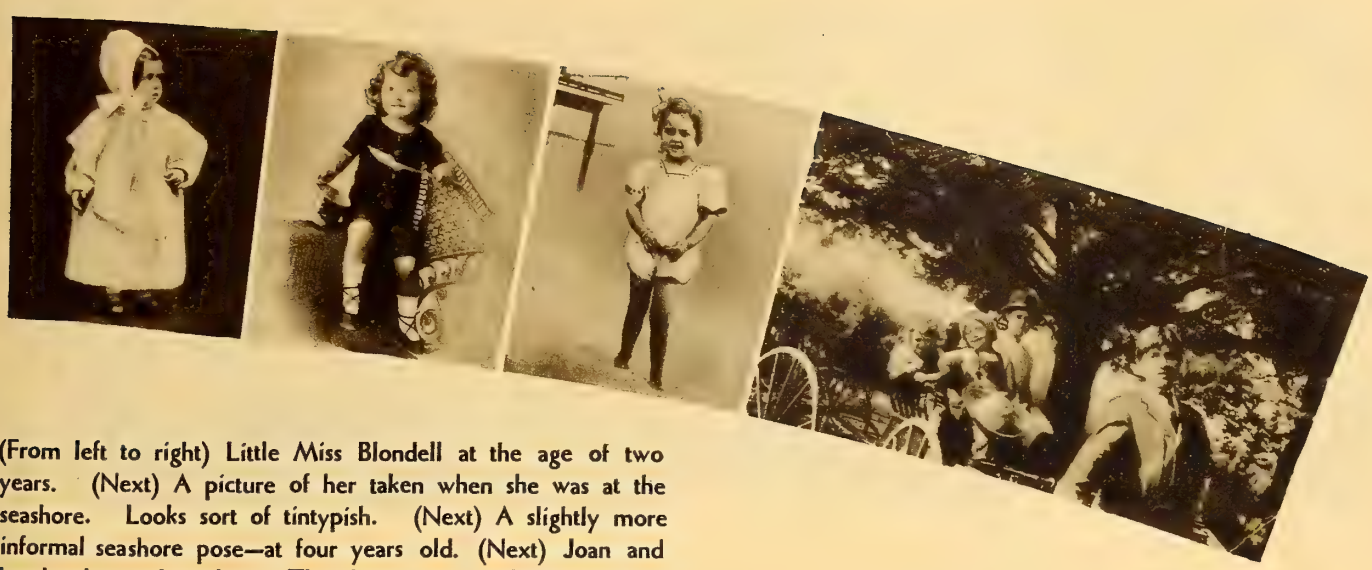
Joan Blondell is one of the prides of First National these days. She has a nice contract and is well set on the road to stardom.

THE Blondells were vaudevillians by right of heritage. Minstrelsy was their birthright, handed down from the days of King Richard, when one David Blondell had been the King's favorite minstrel in the troublesome times of the famous Crusades. Ed Blondell and Katherine Cane, Joan Blondell's father and mother, were neither crusaders, nor clubby with kings, but they carried the gift of making people laugh and passed it on to their three children, Edward, Jr., Joan and Gloria.

At the time of Joan's birth, several years before the arrival of Gloria, the Blondells were at the height of their vaudeville success.

Joan was a gay baby, the true daughter of her carefree, gay-hearted parents. Katherine and Ed Blondell made money, big money, in their successful act, "The Lost Boy"—and spent it generously. It is not part of the heritage of laughing minstrels to think of such bleak things as "a rainy day." No millionaire's children ever greeted the light of day in such comfort as did Joan and her brother, Ed.

A large apartment on Central Park West, a couple of servants, hansoms at the door, beautiful toys, little fur coats and caps, the bright lights of the theatre (for Ed and Katherine could not bear to leave their children at home alone even for the short duration of their performances), the laughter of happy people backstage, the exciting music from the orchestra pits—all these make up Joan's first impressions of life. Even in her infancy, so accustomed did she become to the excitement and color and noise, that nothing upset her—unless it was stillness



(From left to right) Little Miss Blondell at the age of two years. (Next) A picture of her taken when she was at the seashore. Looks sort of tintypish. (Next) A slightly more informal seashore pose—at four years old. (Next) Joan and her brother and mother. The driver is a neighboring swain.

JOAN BLONDELL

At ten, Joan was playing in her parents' vaudeville act. At thirteen she went to school for a while. At fifteen she went to New Zealand.

and silence. She was never so good a baby as when she was asleep in the drawing-room of a speeding train, with the clickety-click of the wheels singing her a lullaby. Even now she can sleep better on moving trains than any place else.

JOAN'S first trip to Europe was made at the age of seven months, when the Blondells took their act on a tour of the Continent. But London, Paris or Berlin . . . the place made no difference to the infant Joan so long as there was orchestra music and trains and excitement.

The memories of her life from her third to her sixth year are a blur of different towns, different nurses, different grown-ups and no children at all, except her brother, who was her only playmate. "Yet," Joan told me, "no kid in the world ever had grander playmates than I did. I remember my sixth birthday—we were en route to Australia with the act. Aboard were such famous entertainers as Trixie Friganza, Paderewski, Fred Niblo (then in vaudeville), Al Jolson, The Dolly Sisters and the Singer's Midgets. Life on the boat was just one mad whirl. Costume parties, marvelous entertainment by these world-famous performers. Yes, and there was kid Joan herself right in the midst of the fray, begging to get in the excitement and being petted and amused and entertained by the stars themselves.

"When my birthday rolled around all of them gave me toys . . . and *what* toys! Al Jolson, who didn't have a suitable gift for a kid right on hand, presented me with a manicure set. I spent the rest of the day giving manicures to the other stars at five cents the ruined cuticle! When I look back on it all I don't see how it is possible for people to be any happier than theatre folks."

The Blondells returned to America when Joan was about seven, and Ed, Jr., nine. Shortly after, Gloria was born into the merry group, and during the temporary retirement of their mother, Joan and Ed formed the habit of attending afternoon picture shows. The movies delighted Joan. Most of the plots were lovely and sad, with Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish agonizing over something in connection with a "baby." The baby had no father . . . the baby was always starving, or something.

JOAN'S vivid imagination dwelt on a pitiful, orphaned infant; she, too, must have a helpless little baby to care and fight for. And for lack of anyone better suited for the rôle, her brother (older than Joan) unknowingly became her "little son." "Mother" Joan and her "son" would visit the department stores—the cheaper ones, in keeping with her allowance—and there she would painstakingly outfit him in woolen caps and sweaters . . . to keep the little fellow warm. Eddie's protests that he was smothering to death were of no avail; Joan would merely

(Left) Joan and brother Ed in what was then a smart car. (Center) Joan and brother Ed in what was then a smart bath tub. (Right) Joan and her brother Ed in Central Park near upper Central Park West.

look sad and timorously investigate as to whether or not she had enough money to buy him a glass of milk to "ward off starvation." "I tell you I'm not hungry!" Ed would yell. But Joan never minded. Of course, this little orphan *must* be on the point of starvation!

When Joan was a little past seven her parents began to worry about her schooling. When baby Gloria needed less exacting care, Mrs. Blondell rejoined the act. A year of one-week vaudeville bookings faced them. There were no near relatives with whom they could at that time conveniently arrange to leave Joan to assure her of an uninterrupted school term, so Dad Blondell arranged to get a permit that would allow her to attend classes for a week in each of the different towns where the act was to play.

At first Joan loathed the school routine. But after a month or two of one-week-stops in classrooms she began to look upon the other children not as classmates, but as a varying audience who thrilled to the tales of her gypsy life, and envied her. She manufactured elaborate tales and was gratified to notice that even the teachers were mildly impressed. Only once did her poise desert her. It was the consummation of a hastily eaten luncheon consisting of an ice cream cone with a dill pickle stuck in the middle, and Joan suffered from a plain, old-fashioned stomach ache. Amazed and embarrassed at her plebeian reaction, Joan carefully explained to the teacher: "I got a serious disease in the jungle when traveling with my father and every so often I have spells of throwing up." In view of this serious complaint she was invited not to return to the school!

WHEN Joan was ten she started her stage career with her father's act. It was a highly interrupted initiation into the theatre, as she could work only in those towns that permitted minor performers. No one ever railed against union laws as much as did Joan in the weeks she was ruled "off." Her part of the act was to imitate different people on the bill, do a gypsy dance and sing a song or two. She informed her father that she didn't care if she *never* saw another school again, but instead of having the desired result, this alarmed Blondell to the point where he took Joan back to New York, arranged for her to live with friends in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and insisted that she have a year of uninterrupted schooling. She was enrolled in P. S. 139 and proceeded to be a plague to the teachers. Football and baseball were her chief activities, though she alternated this tomboy personality with such a quick change into beribboned and becurled femininity that half the boys in school fell in love with her. "At that time," she says, "I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted to be a big out-door type or a clinging vine. So I tried both."

At the end of the year, the wandering Blondells found that they were billed for about six months along the coast of California, so they transferred Joan to Venice, California, where at the age of going-on-thirteen she became a student in the Venice School.

It was here that love came into her life in the person of Johnny Kenny, president of the eighth grade class, who was to figure in one of the most delightfully humorous incidents of Joan's life.

Joan thought that the innocent automobile riding in which some of the students indulged would be the zenith of daring. So after a few carefully dropped hints in Johnny's direction, it was decided that he was to "borrow" his father's car for the purpose of an unchaperoned motoring jaunt. Johnny's father consented to this experiment in evening motoring only on the condition that Johnny return the car in fifteen minutes and not get off the main street. Never did two people enter a motor with such fear and trepidation as Joan and Johnny. "I guess it's all right though," comforted Joan. "We are going to be married when we grow up." "Sure!" echoed Johnny.

THEY had driven about three blocks away from the house when Johnny timidly inquired, "What do we do now?" Joan's mind harkened back to the gossip she had heard at school recess.

"I think we pull up to the curb and park," she suggested. "And then I think you . . . you kiss me." (Blushes.)

They parked. Johnny politely kissed her. That was the first time. The second time wasn't so polite. The third time she began to have a hunch he liked it. The fourth time she was convinced. "Stop!" shouted Joan. Before the amazed young man could gather his wits, Joan had opened the door and was running down the road.

Suddenly Joan's movie observations had flashed through her mind. Hadn't Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford al-

At fourteen a boy friend gave Joan a puppy-love kiss—

Joan's fifth anniversary. You can't fail to spot her. Ed is immediately to the left. That's one thing that hasn't changed—the style in paper caps. (Right) Joan and Ed on the roof of their home on the West Side.

ways been kissed just like that before the screen went black in a "fade out"—and when they "faded in" again, was not Mary or Lillian always discovered pressing a baby to her breast? Ah, innocence!

Finally Johnny, running fast, overtook Joan. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"We got to pray, Johnny," whispered Joan. "We got to pray hard."

"What for?"

"We got to pray about our sin," Joan answered with awe in her young voice.

Tragically Joan dropped to her knees and pulled the amazed Johnny with her. They returned home in silence and all night Joan lay awake contemplating the situation! The next day she learned that Johnny's father and mother had taken him away on a two-week vacation for the holidays.

There! That proved she was a betrayed girl! The man in the movies always left town and the sorrowing heroine stayed behind.

Katherine Palmer, whose father was a doctor, was one of Joan's most intimate friends. The day Joan and Katherine came to the conclusion that Joan was to become a mother, they poured over medical books for hours discovering the correct procedure for expectant mothers. It was decided that Joan's diet should consist of lots of lettuce, radishes and fresh vegetables, and that she should keep a watchful eye on her weight. Accordingly, she stuffed plenty of green vegetables down her throat—and stopped at every weighing machine she passed. They also decided that one of Joan's mother's old black dresses would be most appropriate for the maternity gown. Three days later Johnny returned to town because his sister had become ill. Joan frantically called the house insisting that she must see him. It mildly disconcerted her that he seemed delighted at the prospect. In the movies the men had always been nasty about seeing Lillian Gish.

NEVER for a moment losing sight of the drama of the situation, she requested that Johnny drive by for her and take her to the same spot they had been the night he kissed her. It took them some time to find the identical spot—but Joan insisted on it. When the scene was all set, and following a heavily dramatic pause, Joan announced: "We are going to have a baby!"

"Who is?" asked Johnny.

"We are! You and me."

Whereupon Johnny acted not at all like the men in the movies. He threw back his head and laughed. He laughed so hard that passing motorists laughed in sympathy. The louder he laughed, the harder Joan cried.

"You wouldn't be laughing if you'd eaten as much spinach as I have," Joan wailed.

It was then that Joan quietly and gently was told about "the facts of life" by a fifteen-year-old boy who has remained her friend to this day. "It may not have been as scientifically put as the dear little story about the birds and the bees," says Joan. "But it was a lot more sensible and beneficial for the ignorant little kid I was."

But neither Johnny nor California remained much longer in Joan's life—for Ed Blondell's vaudeville engagements were completed and once more the family went on "the big hike."

It was Brooklyn, this time, and a short semester in Erasmus Hall for Joan. There she learned how to smoke cigarettes—and how to ditch school successfully.

IN time Joan's unruly conduct had the desired effect on her family. They were afraid to go away and leave her, so they consented to take her on their tour through Honolulu, Australia and New Zealand.

Honolulu she remembers for the glory of its white beach . . . the pretty little native girls with their strumming ukuleles . . . and the time she herself decided to "go native" and ran through the rice fields clad only in a brassière and a shredded-wheat skirt.

Australia . . . for another kid romance with the son of a hotel manager. Billy Sims was his name and he didn't approve of tomboys. For his sake Joan went radically feminine, tying pink and blue satin bows in her hair and seeming to dote on afternoon teas.

New Zealand . . . for the beautiful little town of Christ Church. "I have seen many lovely places, but never one as lovely as that quaint little town," says Joan.

At the end of the tour, the Blondells returned to America. Prosperous and carefree days for the roving Blondell family were over, and with their end, terminated Joan's childhood. After thirty- *(Continued on page 117)*

and Joan, the innocent, thought she was a "roo-ined woman"

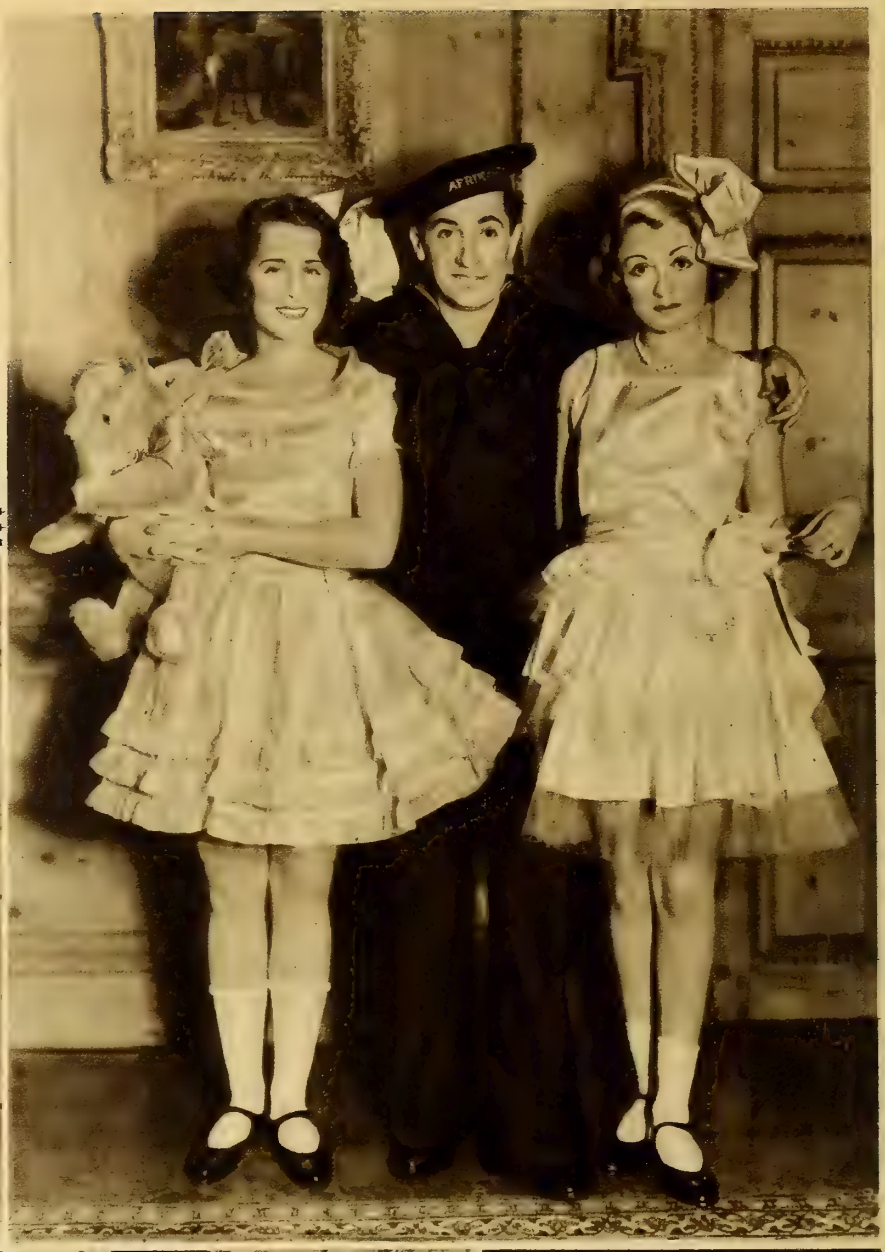
KID PARTY

(Above) The Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye and his wife, the Marquise de la Coudraye de la Constance Bennett. Doesn't Hank look funny? And Connie cute? (Right) Joan Crawford's sun-flower bonnet is effective.

. . . Come to Marion Davies' party and get the thrill of seeing the movie stars dressed up as kids. These pictures are exclusive to MODERN SCREEN

(Left) Meet Master Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the pride of Eton or something-or-other. (Above) That boy looks awful big for his age—yes, it's the irrepressible Bill Haines. And doesn't hostess Marion Davies look awfully charming?

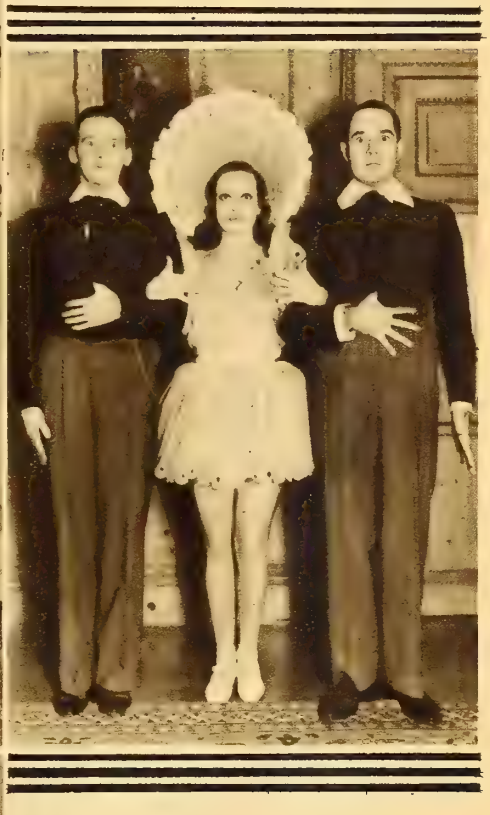
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg and Constance Bennett (right) at the Marion Davies' Kid Party recently held in Hollywood, California.



(Above) That little girl with the teddy-bear is Mrs. Norma Shearer Thalberg. And that's sailor-boy Thalberg with her. Awfully young to be married, aren't they?

Remember Aileen Pringle? She hasn't been seen on the screen recently, but she's looking well and happy, thank you. The apparent rube is Matt Moore of THE Moores.

We are good little sisters three, Norma, Constance and Natalie. Talmadge is the last name, everybody—as if you didn't know, you movie fan.



(Above) Orchestra leader, kindly play the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," while Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Crawford and Bill Haines do their original dance.

(Right) This little lady told you all about poise in our last issue. Remember? Karen Morley is her name. The chap with her is Robert Brahm. See the nice lollipops?

(Right) With Nancy Carroll in "Wayward." This was made in the Paramount Long Island studios—and was the first picture which Dick had ever made there. His wife, Jobyna Ralston (with him on opposite page), accompanied him to New York and they had a high old time seeing the city and old friends.

IF YOU MET

By FAITH BALDWIN

. . . In previous MODERN SCREEN issues, this famous writer has proven her ability to write of the movie people so vividly that you feel you know them intimately. Herein she does it once again

THIS good-looking young man who was born in the South and who was reared in the West and whose own life, background, struggles, success and romance are as exciting as any motion picture in which he was ever played, is a regular person.

He is a person who should, and I believe does, have a singularly intelligent understanding of the rôles he plays because of the varied experiences of his own life and his capacity for meeting people on a basis of comradely interest. He is one of the few stage or screen representatives who appears genuinely interested in the other fellow's life, interests and opinions.

This is, I think, because his own life has not been confined to a rut and his education has been broad, both academically and in experience. It includes St. Thomas College at St. Paul, a spell of war education as a member of the colorful Royal Flying Corps, a brokerage office, swimming instructor at the St. Paul Athletic Club, and hockey player on the Club's team. It includes also the oil fields of Texas, and then the round of job seeking in Hollywood. That last-named phase of his life differed a little from the usual experience of Hollywood aspirants in that his first job, after numerous privations, was in the

RICHARD ARLEN—

film laboratory rather than as an extra and that his first extra work actually came about through a motorcycle accident which landed him in the Paramount Hospital with a broken leg.

RICHARD ARLEN has not permitted success to put him on a pedestal of his own making. He doesn't forget people. Mention someone who "knew him when" and his face lights up and he wants to know all about him. He's as excited at hearing the name of a chance acquaintance of years ago as a small boy is when he discovers an adventure. He says, "Gosh, do you know So-and-So? Where'd you meet him? Where is he now, what's he doing?" And he shouts across the table at his wife, "Look here, Joby—she knows my old friend Whosit!"

It's a refreshing characteristic when you consider that most people who have arrived—when you mention the name Bill Smith to them—are apt to raise an eyebrow and drawl, with languor, "Smith? Smith? I'm afraid I don't recall—you see, I meet so many people!"

It is this very eagerness and receptiveness of Richard Arlen which will probably make the way a little hard for him. Anybody as interested in life, as willing to listen to the other person, anybody not set with absolute single mindedness and ruthlessness upon his own concerns, is apt to be imposed upon.

Richard Arlen has played parts which, I fancy, he hasn't liked and I fancy, also, that he has made the best of them without much kick, not from lack of character but from the promptings of an excellent and perhaps philosophical disposition. I cannot imagine him indulging in those bursts of temperament which distinguish many of our male, as well as our female stars and winning his own way through sheer wilfulness. He has, for one thing, too keen a sense of humor and would probably howl with laughter at himself in the middle of a temperamental antic.

It has been said of him in almost every article written about him that he is "likeable." This is perfectly true. He *is* likeable. It is a character trait, an integral part of his personality, that immediately calls itself to the attention and endears itself to the heart of the person who meets him. But to call him "likeable" and leave it at that is to damn him with faint praise. A likeable person is a jolly social or business asset, but if he stops at being just likeable he's apt not to be taken very seriously.

UNDERNEATH all the amiable likeability of his, Richard Arlen is a very definite person; a person, if I may use a current and not particularly romantic phrase, with guts. It took guts to do all he's done. It took guts to face failure at the top of success and to keep *on* keeping on, instead of giving up. To be sure, he attributes the incentive to carry on to the girl who afterwards became his wife—Jobyna (*Continued on page 122*)

SECRETS

Here's how they do it:

By being a good listener. Almost all of the stars agree on that.

By developing a charming personality —a delightful and charming personality is more important than beauty.

By acquiring mental, spiritual and physical health and well-being.

(Right) Jean Harlow has some very interesting things to say about the art of being attractive to men. One of them is care with make-up. Don't let it be obvious. (On the opposite page, reading counter clockwise) Joan Crawford thinks that a man likes a woman who knows her own mind. Sylvia Sidney says attractiveness depends on color. Kay Francis believes that health—not only physical, but mental and spiritual as well—is one of the best assets for attractiveness. Carole Lombard advises a complete course in naturalness in order to evoke interest from men. Dorothy Mackaill believes successful romance depends on leisure.

OF FASCINATION

If you want to learn how to be attractive to men, ask a movie star

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

BE a good listener!"

That, in the unanimous opinion of some of the screen's most successful sirens, is the first rule a woman must learn if she wishes to be attractive to men. (And what woman, for goodness' sake, doesn't?)

These women should know. They are acknowledged to be among the most fascinating women in the world. They are paid fabulous sums for portraying alluring ladies on the screen.

And every one of them, when I asked her, laid down as rule number one, that trite, old-fashioned, well-known-to-our-grandmothers axiom. "Be a good listener! Encourage him to talk about himself and convince him that, to you, that is the most engrossing and important subject in the entire universe. He'll love it. Moreover, he will consider you not only a charming woman but also one of surpassing intelligence and keen perspicacity. He will also consider you beautiful. An interested, listening expression is the most becoming thing a woman can wear—and if she is convincing about it, she will probably never be able to drive the man away from her side!"

You see, our grandmothers weren't so dumb!

But you have to be clever about all this. Norma Shearer, whose sleek, suave charm is one of her greatest assets on the screen and who is, besides, a particularly successful wife in private life, puts it tersely.

TRY to be *really* interested in a man, in his affairs and in his opinions. If he is worth your efforts, then he is too smart, himself, to be fooled very long by pure pretense. He will see through you. And nothing disgusts a man more than a woman whose efforts to attract him are transparently false.

"Try to be intelligent enough not to be too smart. No man enjoys the company of a woman who knows more than he does and who is aggressive about it. He likes her to be intelligent enough to understand the weighty things he is telling her, intelligent enough to appreciate his superiority—but not intelligent enough to threaten it!

"Physical appearance is relatively unimportant. Beauty, well-chosen clothes, grooming attract a man's attention at first meeting, of course. Grooming is especially important! But a plain woman with a sparkling, friendly personality has more chance of winning and holding a man's interest than does the empty-headed little beauty whose exquisite features and flower-petal coloring attract him at first glance.

"Personality can be cultivated.

"Men like a woman with a sense of humor. Not a devastating, caustic wit. But an appreciation of funny things, the ability to laugh. It makes for tolerance and good fellowship and fun. It makes a woman a good companion. But—remember—laugh *with* him. Don't ever laugh *at* him!

"I used to think, before I was married to Irving, that a woman should use all sorts of artifices to catch and hold a man's interest. I thought she should be capricious and hard to please, that she should make him jealous, that she should never let him be too sure of her. I have discarded most of my old theories.

"I think now that the best thing a woman can do, if she wants to hold a man, is to make him depend on her. The woman who can make a man comfortable, put him at his ease, give him a sense of peace and well-being—has a better chance of permanent happiness with him than all the exotic, capricious, expensively alluring women!"

DOROTHY MACKAILL reminds you that settings and costumes are of the utmost importance in these matters. Men are very susceptible to these things.

Lucille Gleason has a curious and amusing theory. She thinks a lazy woman gets along better with men than any other kind. And she has a good reason.

Norma Shearer thinks that the secret of attracting a man is in being really interested in the things which interest him. Really interested—not just pretending.

Marian Marsh has a pretty good idea of one way to be attractive to men. And that is never to be mercenary. To be interested in him for himself.

"You need leisure for successful romance," she said, dreamily. "You cannot do it justice if you are preoccupied with other things. You have to concentrate on it. That's why the girl with a career is so hampered.

"It is like the enjoyment of poetry. You must have time to savor it, to study it, to cultivate it. It is a very engrossing matter!

"Environment has so much to do with the attraction between two people. That is why you hear of 'summer flirtations' and 'steamship love affairs.' People get away, out of their workaday routines, into new and romantic surroundings and they find themselves interested in people they might never have noticed at home. That is why the visiting girl receives so much attention. She is new and mysterious.

"If you can't go traveling, you can at least pay attention to your settings at home. Make your background, your apartment or your home, interesting. Select your clothes for interesting effects. A woman changes her personality subtly with her frock. Try to put as much novelty into your various costumes as you can. Vary your personality with clothes, make-up, hats and so on. You've no idea, until you try, how much romance you can suggest by the tilt of a hat brim!"

Dorothy should know. She recently found romance—and marriage—in far away, languorous Honolulu—a romantic setting, indeed!

Sylvia Sidney added to the discussion of costumes by putting emphasis on color.

"Men are very sensitive to color," she remarked, "although very few of them can name any of the more subtle shades. Women should try to be as feminine as possible—that is, as different from men as they can. Men's clothes are drab and conventional and utilitarian. And they enjoy seeing women in frilly clothes—soft, clinging, fragile things of delicate hues.

"Most men do *not* like hard, brilliant colors—bright reds or greens or blues. But they do like soft shades of rose, mauve or blue. Make your clothes suggest daintiness, helplessness and dependence. You can do it with line, material and color."

Oddly enough, Kay Francis, who is considered one of the most smartly dressed women in Hollywood, feels that clothes are unimportant in this pursuit of the male by the female.

"Health is what counts," she averred, stoutly. "I mean all kinds of health. Mental and physical and spiritual. There is nothing so attractive as a person who is strong and clean and clear-eyed—a person who has enough rest, enough exercise out of doors in the sunshine, the right things to eat—a person who leads a well-balanced existence. A woman who takes sensible care of herself possesses vigor and vitality and magnetism which are priceless.

MENTAL health is important if you wish to be charming. I mean a decent, kindly, common sense attitude toward life and toward people. You exercise your brain by thinking healthy thoughts just as you exercise your body by playing tennis. Don't let yourself be morbid or irritable or complaining. Don't let yourself carp or criticise unkindly or be unsportsmanlike. It will show in your face and in your conversation and will destroy your charm faster than age or bodily ill health can ever do.

"Study the man you wish to attract and then try to be what you think he would like you to be. I don't mean to pretend. I mean actually try to be the sort of person he admires. Any woman can do that if she tries. It is our heritage and it is age-old—that knack. Women have been perfecting themselves in the art of making themselves over to please the men they loved for ten thousand years. But it still takes study!"

Marian Marsh says, "If you want to be truly popular with men—if you want to be the kind of girl who has dozens of admirers—then don't, for goodness' sake, be *mercenary!* The girl who is really popular is the one who seems to have just as much fun when she goes for a drive in the country and lunches at a hot dog stand as she does when she goes, decked in orchids, to the theatre and an expensive night club.

"She not only has fun when a man takes her out but she sees to it that he enjoys himself, too. Her attitude assures him that whatever he does for her gives her pleasure. Every real belle knows these things. She never spurns the attention of unattractive men because the attractive ones, looking on, are *(Continued on page 118)*

SNOW IN HOLLYWOOD—ACTUALLY!

. . . The age of miracles is not yet over. But can you imagine the embarrassment of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce?

(Above) Judith Wood sampling some of California's unexpected whiteness. (Right) Richard Arlen has seen and played with snow before—but not in (sunny) California.

(Above) Juliette Compton made that snow man all by her little self. Not bad for the first time, eh? (Below) What Hollywood Boulevard looked like that morning.

No matter where this girl goes, no matter what she wears, no matter how much she denies it—people insist that she is Greta Garbo. Perhaps you think you'd be flattered—if people pointed you out as being the great Greta. But supposing it interfered with your work, your very life? Suppose it became a menace?

WHY I HATE GARBO

"Wherever I go, whatever I do, the whisper of 'Garbo!' taunts me," says the author.

By EVELYN GERSTEIN

ONCE upon a time, B. G. (my life is divided into two periods, *before* and *after Garbo*), I did have an identity of my own. As a movie critic and dramatic editor of a Boston newspaper, my opinions on life and art, the theatre and the movies, were taken seriously, and I had friends who liked me despite all that. But that, as I said, was B. G. and the copy boy who first announced my fatal likeness to Garbo, had not yet discovered it.

It came on me slowly; at first it was a still, small voice telling of a resemblance in eyes and mouth. At first I was thrilled, as any one would have been, but that was because I didn't realize the import of all this. People had always liked me to talk to before that; now they began to look at me. And I assure you that when the American public likes to look, it doesn't know when to stop. So that without being a celebrity at all, I have lived the life of the hunted the past three years, a hunt that climaxed itself with the recent visit of La Garbo to New York.

Before then, there had always been a slight suggestion of doubt in the minds, though not in the eyes, of the saleswomen who insisted on bringing me Garbo hats and arraying me in Garbo velvets; and even when men in the subway gave me a seat, they were a little more puzzled than positive. I say all this in utter seriousness, the facts are more amazing than any exaggeration could possibly be.

Friends who used to delight in my wisecracks and my honesty began to look at me strangely; they didn't quite trust my motives now. The screen image of Garbo had replaced the "me" in their imaginations. New men whom I met prepared for languors and when there were none, they forgot me. I was told that I had the glamor that Garbo, off-screen, lacked. And I, as a definite person, slowly evaporated. I became the New York incarnation, and street car conductors, brokers, cooks and movie extras deferred to me and continued to stare. Ladies who would never have shown interest in me suddenly invited me to teas to serve as the *pièce de resistance* along with the

. . . This, indeed, is one of the most unique stories we have ever printed. The story of a girl who resembles Garbo and whose manner of living—quite against her will—has been amazingly changed by this uncanny physical resemblance

French pastry—with the comment—"Garbo—isn't it uncanny?"

I USED to think that people liked me for myself, that they invited me to parties because they enjoyed my company; now I know better, it is only because I suggest Garbo and they can look at me as if I were in a frame. Wherever I go, whatever I do, whomever I meet, I am always introduced as "Greta." They think it is "cute" to do so—no matter how much I insist that I prefer my own name and identity.

A friend of mine gave a party for me last year, at least I thought it was for me until I arrived; then I discovered it was only to put over a hoax on his friends and introduce me as if I really were Garbo. I danced with a prominent politician whose conversation was charming: "Miss Garbo—it certainly is good to know that there are still some people in Hollywood with the clean reputation that you've got." I demurred, still dancing. "But it's awfully hard in a town like Hollywood," I said. "You're certainly right, Miss Garbo, but you seem to have done it!"

Now, how could I disillusion so quaint a gentleman? We danced on, it was all utterly serious and even my native Boston accent did nothing to dispell the illusion. The next man I danced with murmured about it's being "something to tell to his grandchildren, this dance." I couldn't believe that they meant it. But they did. Nothing I said could convince them I wasn't Garbo.

ALTHOUGH I have not changed my way of wearing my hair for years, I am always accused of aping the Garbo bob, even though she changes hers to suit her mood. And even my Boston accent, a thing that no Garbo could have, has not deterred them. "Oh, movie stars always put on those accents," one saleswoman who believed, insisted.

If there was any thrill at the outset, there is none now. I have been forced to change my entire mode of living; it is now impossible for me to ride in street cars or subways, and taxis are expensive. When I go to the hair dresser's or the manicurist's, the girls line up at the door to stare and disbelieve. I have acquired a horror of first nights and Broadway at any time; of all the restaurants that I used to frequent where the rumor thunders along with me; and I must avoid all places where crowds gather. It seems to be the one score on which fashionable speakeasies and the Automat agree; and the look that pursues me is the same whether it comes at me over a baked apple in a lunch wagon or a lobster bisque at the Ritz, from the eyes of a senator's wife or a nursemaid in Central Park. Wherever I go, whatever I do, the whisper of "Garbo" taunts me.

I try to buy five dollar hats and six dollar dresses in little shops off the Avenue, but no one will show them to me; when I plead economy, the saleswomen smile enigmatically and insist on *creations* for *me*. At least three saleswomen always try to sell me a hat and the buyer insists on meeting me first hand. But I, unfortunately, have to pay the bills, and it is difficult to resist their pleas.

If I occasionally go to social functions or see friends off on the boat to Europe, the news photographers run after me and stories are bruited about that Garbo is "being seen around." I studiously avoid seeing her films or discussing her, but wherever I am, the talk inevitably drifts back to her. I have always liked black velvet dresses, but the last one I bought was in some strange way almost duplicated in one of her films two months later. I shall never be able to wear black velvet again.

THIS summer I tired of the struggle to convince editors in person that my ambitions were literary, not talkie; they smiled good humoredly, and assured me that any one who looked as I did, didn't have to bother to think or to write. I retired to the country. The first week there was the only respite I shall probably ever have until Garbo retires. Then I went to Stamford to visit the local department stores, and the old song and dance resumed its pace. Within a few days, the word had got about, and with the help of the grocer's boy who delivered my orders, the neighbors began to invade my privacy, and I was again in demand for the same old round of teas—not because any one was interested in me, but so that they could announce, with acclaim, "Folks, meet Greta." If Garbo hates publicity, I don't blame her. But why must I who am not Garbo, be pursued by hers?

But all this is really only a prelude to what happened to me when Garbo was in New York. Then there was no longer any doubt that I was she. I am quite sure that half of the population that thinks it saw Greta in New York really were only seeing me. I stood on an Elevated platform at Fiftieth Street on one of those days, waiting for a train. Suddenly the newsdealer on the downtown side bellowed across the tracks to the man in the booth on the uptown side, "Greta Garbo's over here." The word was magic, the crowd began to gather, and although I shrank into my coat collar, the stares precipitated themselves through even that defense, and it was only the swift arrival of the train that saved me from being mobbed. I got off at Macy's and two women pursued me the length of the first floor to the book department, and as they pursued, the word was broadcast so that I had to slip out of the Thirty-fourth Street door to avoid a riot.

At the Modern Museum, the boy at the desk murmured, "That's Garbo," and the stares redoubled. At a concert in Carnegie Hall, I stood up because I couldn't get a seat, and rested on the steps in the intermissions. When I returned to my improvised seat after the first half of the concert there was a near riot because a stout communist, acting on principle, had usurped my seat and a group of college boys were informing him that that was Miss Garbo's seat, and didn't he know who Miss Garbo was, etc.? The man who would, no doubt, have been delighted to give me the seat had he known that I was quite as impoverished as he, blandly (*Continued on page 97*)

THE INSIDE STORY OF "GRAND HOTEL"

John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone waiting for the director's call between scenes. John is playing the Baron, Lionel the accountant, Kringelein, and Lewis Stone, the doctor.

Joan Crawford rehearsing a scene with Purnell Pratt, Murray Kinnell, Edwin Maxwell, Tully Marshall and Wallace Beery.

By WALTER RAMSEY

GRAND HOTEL" is the most discussed production ever to be made in a Hollywood studio.

Vicki Baum's episodic novel of a few hours of life in a great continental hotel has been sensational since the advent of her book two years ago. As a play it enjoyed a long and successful run of a year and a half in New York. Newspapers throughout the country ran the story in serial form for the interest of thousands of readers. Now as a motion picture it bids fair to eclipse all previous records.

Even without the background of the great story the cast alone is enough to inspire awe. Greta Garbo . . . John Barrymore . . . Joan Crawford . . . Wallace Beery . . . Lionel Barrymore. These are names that are bonfires of interest even when carrying a production *alone*.

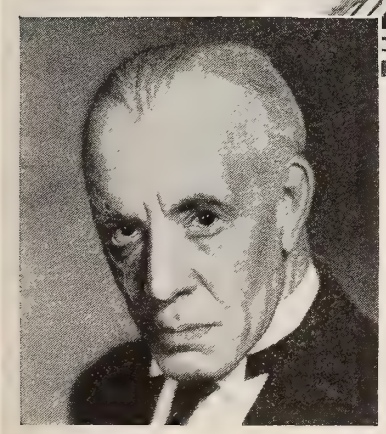
As a production, "Grand Hotel" is tremendous. The lobby set alone extends over two sound stages on the M-G-M lot; the greatest technical experts available have been contracted to assist director Edmund Goulding in the big and little details of continental atmosphere that mean so much; the smallest extra rôle has been cast with the care usually afforded a hand-picked supporting cast; Vicki Baum and Goulding worked on the script three months before the picture approached production.

Yet, granting the magnitude of the actual film itself which, it is said, will usher in a new star era of motion pictures, it is the inside stories brimming over with irony, heartbreak, fraught with intense humanness, back of the

John and Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone in the gambling sequence (above). (Right) We'll give you three guesses as to who this lovely creature with the soulful eyes is. She plays the part of the dancer, Grusinskaya.

(Above) Director Edmund Goulding watching Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery rehearse a scene. (Right) And here is the scene as you will see it on the screen.

Jean Hersholt, who wanted to play the rôle which was assigned to Beery, was finally given the part of Senf, Grand Hotel employee.



Lewis Stone, that superb actor, was given that small part of the shell-shocked doctor.

filmnization of "Grand Hotel," that are overpowering in their drama.

"Grand Hotel" is many stories within a story. There is the story of Grusinskaya, the fame-weary dancer who found only age at the end of her glory road; of Kringelein, the pain-wracked accountant, pitifully searching for life before death overtakes him; of the romantic Baron—gentleman, crook and lover of Grusinskaya; of Preysing, the pompous German financier who comes to the "Grand Hotel" in search of backing for his tottering mills; of Flammchen, the little stenographer.

BUT let us look behind the curtains at the incidental stories of the real people in this drama.

. . . Modern Screen brings you—straight from the M-G-M lot—the absolute low-down on the clashes of temperament in this amazing all-star production

First, the story of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

For months, as the script was being prepared, it was believed that these two great stars who had written screen history together would be reunited in another great romance on the silver screen. But it never came to pass.

And then whispers were heard—that Garbo, whose say-so is law, had flatly refused to play opposite Gilbert, her former co-star and great romance. She had the power in the palm of her hand to do much toward restoring the former prestige of the man who had so ardently loved her. It was believed that Gilbert was on tiptoe to play the rôle of the Baron . . . that he welcomed the chance to appear once again with the woman with whom he had scaled the heights of movie glory. But, it was said, if Gilbert appeared in the film that might mean so much to his tottering career, Garbo refused to be in the cast! That was the story.

But for once the true story was far, far more dramatic and arresting than the one conjured up by these Hollywood know-alls.

Greta Garbo not only wanted John Gilbert for her screen lover in "Grand Hotel" . . . she begged that he be given the rôle! She saw in the rôle of the Baron a great opportunity for the man who had once done so much toward enhancing her own glory. In discussing the part with Edmund Goulding, she constantly referred to the part of the Baron as "John." "He will be happy in this part," she is quoted as saying. "He will be himself again. It has everything for him . . . and he for it." The contemplation of Gilbert in the rôle made Greta happier with her own part of Grusinskaya, the dancer.

Although the rôle seemingly fitted Gilbert to perfection, it had previously been decided by the studio that no actor would be cast in "Grand Hotel" without a test. Yet something, perhaps a misplaced pride, made Gilbert appear indifferent when he was broached by Goulding on the subject of tests. At any rate, the fact remains that when Gilbert finally did consent to make the tests, they were listless and unworthy examples of the splendid work he is capable of doing!

Director Goulding, the studio executives and Garbo were surprised. It was agreed that other tests should be made of Gilbert. But for some unaccountable reason these, too, were unsuccessful. Rumors that John Barrymore was the choice for the Baron began to be circulated and that the part would be offered him if a previous contract permitted him to accept. It was then that Greta began to give typical Garbo-esque signs of balking on the production. "Ah ha!" said Hollywood, ignorant of the real story. "Garbo would not have Gilbert . . . she prefers Barrymore."

(*Continued on page 93*)

WHY THEY'RE STILL PALS

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

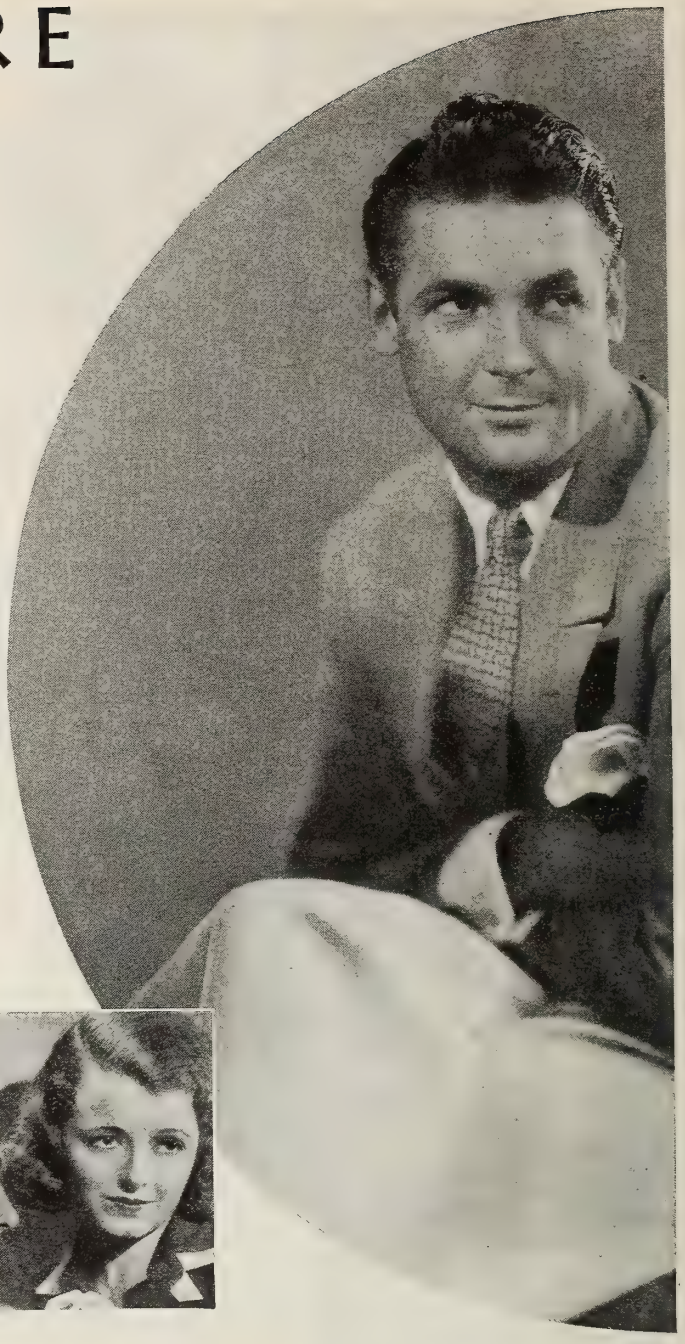
THERE certainly is something between these two —Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. Lovers on the screen, they deny, the studio executives deny, their friends and their respective husband and wife—all deny that off the set there is any romance between them.

Yet if it is not romance, what is it that hovers between this man and this girl? The deep sympathy, the understanding they share, vibrates so that even a casual outsider cannot help being instantly aware of it upon seeing them together.

Not long ago, I determined to fathom the Farrell-Gaynor mystery. And I succeeded. I know the answer and when I tell you, you will laugh and perhaps at first shrug your shoulders in disbelief.

Yet the simple truth is that Janet and Charley are friends. They are the living proof that a genuine friendship can exist between two people of the opposite sex.

As I watched them across the after-luncheon coffee cups I could not but note the fact that Charles Farrell is intensely, unmistakably masculine for all his gentleness, while Janet is as feminine as a pink eiderdown powder puff, and acknowledge to myself that this may have something to do with the lasting, balanced quality of their friendship. But sex, I decided, strictly speaking, most certainly does not enter into their relationship. Nothing in the world is so rare and so precious as a genuine friendship and in this case it so happens that both friends work in the same place. Their job is a joint job and they love the job and their happiness in doing it together shows plainly on the silver screen.



"I wouldn't be any good without Janet," says Charley, speaking of his film work. "Nonsense," replies Janet. "I'm the one who feels like a cat in a strange garret without you, Farrell."

COME on now, tell me!" I persisted, following up an earlier remark to Charles. "Just how do you two succeed in remaining such good friends after each of you has married? What is this secret something which binds you together and is so apparent that your fans can't get the idea out of their heads that there must be a love affair behind it?" Farrell (by the way, Janet always calls him Farrell—just the last name!) threw back his head and laughed boyishly.

"Listen!" he said. "Did you ever see two dancing-partners who would rather dance together than with anybody else? Who knew each other's rhythm, routine and balance perfectly? Who unhesitatingly followed the slightest hint from the other? Well, that's us! We play into each other's hands instinctively. That's one thing which keeps us friends—our work synchronizes without effort!"

"And there is no such thing as professional jealousy between us," Janet chimed in. "That comparison to a pair of dancers is a good one. The audience senses that element of harmony, of rhythm between us and mistakes it for a personal romance which has never existed."

BUT there are reasons why the public, and even some people who are near them, have made this mistake. For instance, Janet and Charles always rehearse their parts alone. They lock themselves up and go over and over a scene, trying to improve it, correcting each other's work, and what is most astounding, criticising each other with absolute frankness. Proof, indeed, that they are only friends, for lovers would never do this—they'd be too afraid of offending or hurting the beloved one.

Those two have known each other for many years and

. . . Even after Janet and Charles were married (not to each other) rumors continued concerning them. People couldn't understand why they were still friends. Well, here is the answer

their friendship began long before fame had touched either. They met, originally, when both were working as extras in a mob scene, being introduced by a third "atmosphere" actor, and afterward sharing a frugal lunch. They knew the heartbreaks of Hollywood, the bitterness of struggle and poverty and through this period saw each other, though not constantly, enough to know and admire the kind of fight for success each was putting up. And so it was that when they were finally put into a picture as joint stars, they already had a mutual respect and the sound foundations for a real friendship; a feeling which was to grow and develop as time went on.

Such a friendship cannot and should not be destroyed by the fact that one or both parties marry. Farrell married Virginia Valli and it made no jot of difference in his liking and devotion where Janet was concerned, because the quality he gave Janet was and always had been an utterly different quality from that which he gives to his wife. I don't mean he is not friends with his wife, but that his friendship with Janet is at once so impersonal and so profound that it is genuinely sexless—as sexless as love of nature, of blue sky. It is a natural and fine thing, and any intelligent wife should be willing to recognize it as such. Virginia Valli apparently comes under this category.

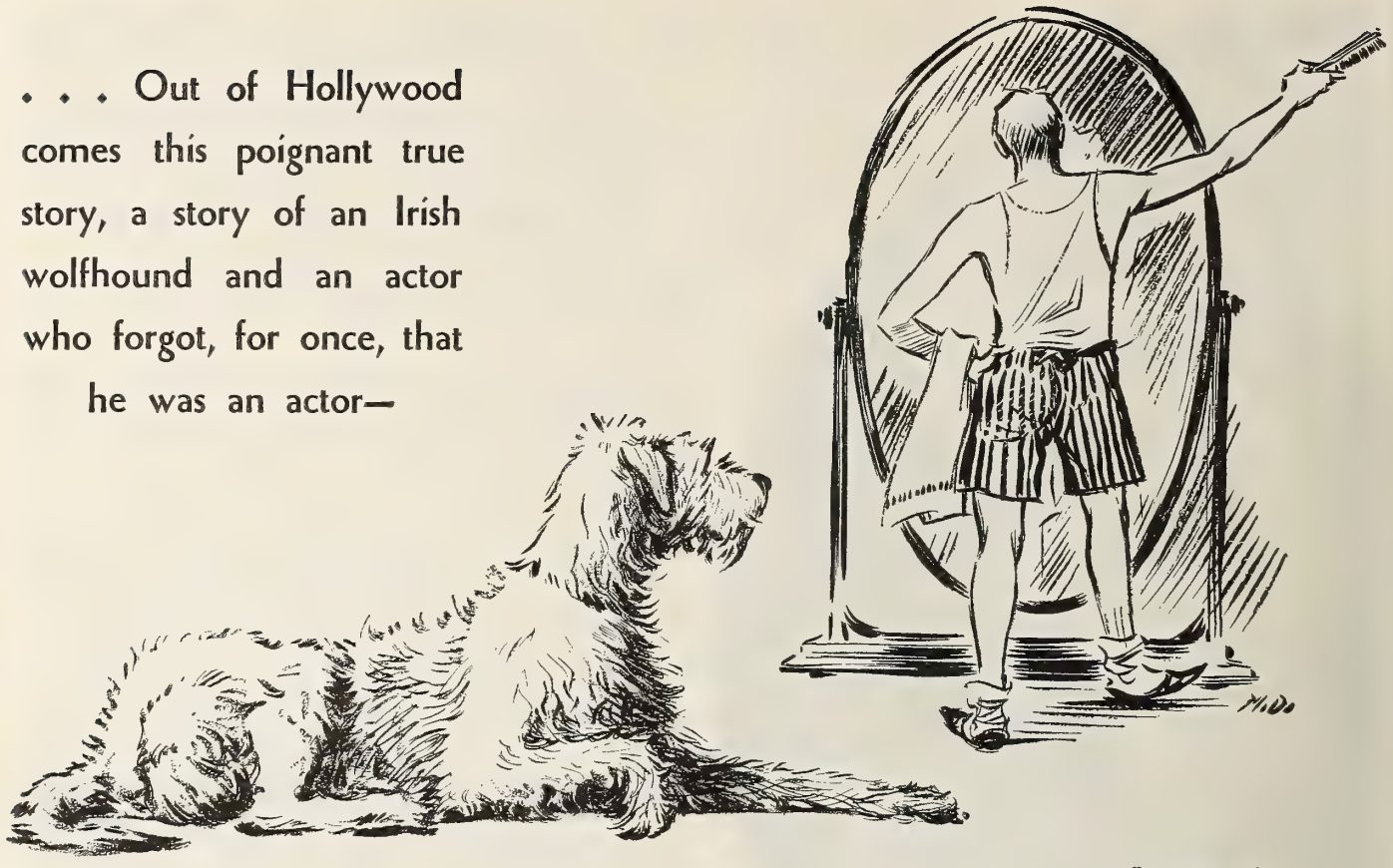
ON her part, though Janet confides in me the fact that Farrell's love-making before the camera is the most realistic and convincing of any man she has ever worked with, she has no thought of him as a lover of her own and never has had such a thought, even though more than once her engagement to him was announced. She regards him with tenderness of an almost maternal sort, an attitude which is both charming and ridiculous. Yet there is an element of sound sense in it, at that! Charles Farrell was an extraordinarily devoted son, and when he lost his mother it bewildered him. He depends on Janet's judgment now in so many things that at times it almost seems as if she, hardly more than a child herself, were trying to fill that older woman's place. Perhaps this is a mere impertinent guess on my part, though I think it's rather near the truth. Be that as it may, it is still certain that of the two, the petite Janet is the leader of the team, the more forceful and determined, possessing the greater amount of initiative, and that Charley follows her blindly once she has made up her mind about anything to do with the acting of a picture.

No one, seeing her with Farrell, could either doubt the depths of her liking for him, nor the thorough decency of the friendship on which that liking is based. Her husband, Lydell Peck, understands it, and as a matter of fact the two couples go about a lot together; not enough to cause comment, but as much as any normal foursome of a like kind might be expected to do. And I think it is greatly to the credit of Lydell and Virginia that they have had the good sense not to try and disrupt the friendship of the famous screen "sweethearts." No such thought, I am sure, has ever entered either of their minds.

Farrell told me an interesting and amusing fact about the way he and Janet work together.

"One reason," said he, "that we manage to stay friends is that during the making of certain sequences in every picture, we never speak to each other—often for as long as a whole week at a time! This always comes during the first half of the picture, towards the middle. We have been seeing each other on the set day after day. We are talked out, tired, a bit "nervy" perhaps. And then all of a sudden one of us goes silent and refuses to speak. Sometimes it is Janet who goes into the silence first, sometimes it is I who shut up. But it's a sort of mutually understood signal for respite. It keeps us from getting on each other's nerves. There is absolutely no offense or anger involved. We simply quit speaking to each other. Then when we begin making the love-scenes, speech comes back to us. We spontaneously talk and chat and laugh as before. It is as though the interval of silence had never occurred. There is something about the love-scenes which refreshes our whole friendship, gives it new life and vitality. And yet we are not in love. Sometimes I can hardly understand it myself." (*Continued on page 120*)

. . . Out of Hollywood comes this poignant true story, a story of an Irish wolfhound and an actor who forgot, for once, that he was an actor—



Douglass plays to an audience from the moment he rises in the morning until he sleeps at night. Sometimes it's an audience of only one—himself.

PERFORMANCE INTERRUPTED

By HAGAR WILDE

THERE are two kinds of little boys. The kind who can have dogs and the kind who can't. Doug Montgomery (Kent Douglass in the movies) was the kind who could. All his life he had had dogs. A dogless existence was an unthinkable thing. Until he met Gaellic he had liked his dogs—but he had never loved them.

Gaellic, before Doug got him, was a resident of the Halcyon Kennels. He emerged from there with the noble name of Gaellic-King of Halcyon. He was just a puppy then, the size of a small Shetland pony. At first he was a little stand-offish. He didn't know this large blond boy who made clucking noises at him and assumed a possessive attitude about him. There wasn't so much as the wag of a tail from Gaellic-King for three days until he was sure he wanted to be Doug's dog. Then he decided and gracefully accepted his master's overtures.

The friendship grew. Before long, Gaellic was seeking Doug's approval. He got it. It became necessary to him. He exerted himself. All of his big body wriggled in ecstacy when he heard Doug's footsteps on the porch of the bungalow, and as Doug entered, all that huge body launched itself at him and hailed him as the greatest of men, the kindest of men, the most satisfactory of men. No dog ever was more hero-worshipful.

Without realizing it, Doug let Gaellic take a place in his heart which could never be filled. He saw him as a person. He talked to him as a person. In his own words, he considered Gaellic the nicest person he had ever known.

Gaellic belonged in the Middle Ages, outlined in the dusk on a bleak hill with a background of moody towers.

GAELLIC was too good to be true, and too good to keep. It was Gaellic who taught Doug that one cannot safely anchor his affections to things mortal. It was Gaellic who taught Doug that tears are not to be watched in the mirror for effect, that an actor can forget that he is an actor, that there are emotions which are not for the public.

Gaellic was the first person to halt the continuous performance of Kent Douglass Montgomery.

Grand person though he is, Doug has never been able to separate the real from the unreal. He plays to an audience from the moment he rises in the morning until he sleeps at night. Sometimes it's an audience of only one—himself. I'm quite sure that he does whole performances for himself in the mirror, not to perfect the

performance, but because he likes to see himself act. He expands for his friends. The performance becomes better.

He is Douglass Montgomery playing Douglass Montgomery, his favorite rôle. He is eaten alive by ambition and admits it. If he talks to a person who does not recognize him, he is vaguely uncomfortable and inclined to resent the person slightly. He adores autographing programs and pictures. He loves being stared at on the street and in restaurants.

He always makes entrances. His favorite entrance is what I call the burst. He bursts into rooms, breathless and late, giving the impression that he has been running full tilt down Fifth Avenue and is about to collapse, dead, but smiling. He'll fool away hours of his time to enable himself to make this late entrance. He has others. That of the weary young man whose work and public have taken all. He's not as fond of that as he is of the burst, because it doesn't emphasize his youth. He admits that it's no fun catching a train if he doesn't have to run for it. Why he imagines catching a train under any circumstances is fun, I can't say. He thrives on the thought that if he doesn't hurry with his make-up they'll have to hold the curtain.

PROBABLY, deep down, Doug is an orderly, systematic soul, but the actor in him scoffs at the idea. His clothes are always in the middle of the floor. His mail is never answered. His telephone calls are woefully neglected.

Every month or so, he gives a special performance for this. It is that of the distracted young man who paces the floor and tears his hair because he cannot be like other people who answer their mail and make their telephone

(Above) Kent Douglass (Montgomery) and Gaellic-King. (Right) When Gaellic was bitten by a bee at the edge of the swimming-pool he didn't blame the bee but the pool. And that small incident indirectly caused Doug to do something which he will always regret.

Illustrated by Morgan Dennis

calls to Aunt Emma to thank her for the red flannel nightie. I'm quite sure that the clothes of Doug's emotions are strewn about on the floor of his soul. When he gets around to it, no doubt, *that* rôle is going to give him more personal satisfaction than any of the others.

But there was one occasion when Doug forgot to act.

He had worked all night on that one occasion. I can picture him zooming up the steep hill which leads to Edgecliffe, his home, in the huge gray roadster he drives. He has a nice voice. I am sure he was singing the dawn in.

It was six o'clock in the morning when he arrived home. He expected Gaellic to bound through the bungalow door with an ecstatic greeting. There wasn't a sound inside. Doug opened the door and went in. His Irish housekeeper was sitting in the armchair. She had waited up for him.

Doug said, "What's the matter?"

She just looked at him and her under-lip quivered.

"What is it?" Doug said. "Mother?"

She shook her head. "Gaellic," she said.

"Is he ill? Where is he?"

She started to cry. Doug took her by the shoulders. He was scared. He felt like a little boy who knows that something has happened, but doesn't know what. "Where *is* Gaellic?" he demanded.

It came out in a burst of tears. Gaellic, who was taken out every night for his exercise behind an automobile, had been taken out that night, and he hadn't come back. A limp object had been brought back, but Gaellic was gone.

A car, rounding a curve at sixty miles an hour hadn't seen a gray dog galloping behind the other car.

Wild with grief, Doug demanded to see him. He was refused even that. The gardener had officiated at Gaellic's funeral, and the one Gaellic loved most was not present to bid him a last good-by. They were forever separated by a mound of earth. Gaellic below it, quiet, and Doug above, in torture.

Doug started to cry, and crying, blundered his way out of the bungalow and went to Gaellic's grave. He cried there, and then hearing them coming to comfort him, ran. This was one performance which would not be given for others. He went into the hills and stayed for hours, crouching on obscure ledges while the others searched for him. He was exhausted, but he could not sleep. Hours later, he crawled back to the house and into the garage, where he sat in his car and cried.

He remembered Gaellic's tricks, and one in particular. Gaellic had a stubborn streak. When he was ordered to do something he didn't want to do, he crouched down with his huge paws stretched firmly along the ground and stayed there, immovable and unhearing. Being too large to pick up bodily (he weighed 170 pounds) he always won.

NOT long before, Gaellic had been nosing around the flowers which skirted the swimming pool. He nosed the wrong flower and disturbed a bee. The bee did what bees always do when they're disturbed. With a howl of pain and outraged dignity, Gaellic bounded away and into the garage. He didn't blame the bee, but held the swimming pool directly responsible. When he came out again, his tail was between his legs and he cast reproachful glances over his shoulder at the pool. Nothing could persuade him that the swimming pool hadn't deliberately jumped up and bitten him. He stuck to this belief in spite of everything Douglass could do. When Doug stood by the pool and called him, down would go Gaellic's tail, and his stubborn expression would spread slowly over his great face. Doug began to show him off. When people came, he would call Gaellic to the pool, and Gaellic always performed according to Doug's expectations.

Then one day, about three days before his death, Doug called him to the pool and meant it. Gaellic refused. Doug insisted. Gaellic refused again. Doug started toward him. Gaellic sat down and stretched his huge paws firmly along the ground. He was not going. He would not be bitten a second time.

Then (and this is what hurt, that day in the car) Doug walked up and whacked him. It was the first time in their association that the hand of Gaellic's god had been raised against him in anger. An expression of disbelief, a moment of indecision, and then Gaellic obeyed. He went to the pool with Doug—a great stricken dog. Doug won, and Gaellic lost, but now Doug wished that the victory had been Gaellic's.

When the car hit him, Gaellic had cried out, bounded over a fence, crawled off into a field, and when they found him, his huge paws were clamped firmly along the ground in Gaellic's stubborn position. He wasn't answering the call of death willingly, but apparently death, too, had whacked him, and Gaellic, whose big heart was broken by criticism, went.

The three days following, Doug could not eat. He could not sleep. He couldn't get that whack out of his mind. He would have given his right arm to be able to explain to Gaellic and tell him that he was sorry—that he really hadn't meant it.

A FEW nights after his death, Douglass drove into a gas station and turned off the switch. The man at the pump filled the roadster tank with gasoline and then said as he took the money, "Aren't you the gentleman whose dog was killed the other night?"

Doug couldn't answer. He stared straight ahead and folded his lips together. The person in the car with him answered. "Yes, it was Mr. Montgomery's dog."

Doug stepped on the starter. Without looking at the man, he said in a strained voice, "Did you see him? After he was killed, I mean?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Was he . . . marked?"

"There wasn't a scratch on him. He just looked like he was asleep."

Then Doug drove away. He couldn't find his voice to thank the man who had given him that crumb of comfort. Even now, and months have gone by since Gaellic's passing, if Doug has to cry during a performance, he finds it far, far too easy—because Gaellic is always there to bring the tears.

But his favorite rôle is beginning to pall—the rôle of Douglass Montgomery playing Douglass Montgomery to a select audience of one. The rôle of the weary young man whose work and public have taken all. Because there is always the poignant memory of a big gray dog looking on with doggish adoration—reminding him of the night he forgot to act. The continuous performance has been interrupted by something too real to be dramatized.

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

DOROTHY MACKAILL CLAIMS SHE PROPOSED TO NEIL MILLER, HER PRESENT HUSBAND, AND ALSO TO LOTHAR MENDEZ, HER FIRST.

STAN LAUREL NEVER COMBS HIS HAIR.
[HE WEARS A HAT ALL THE TIME ANYWAY, SO WHAT?]

LUCILLE GLEASON AND HER SON RUSSELL WERE BOTH BORN ON FEB. 6 – TWENTY YEARS APART.

ARISTOCRATIC CLIVE BROOK CHEWS GUM ALMOST CONSTANTLY – HE SAYS IT WARDS OFF A DOUBLE CHIN.

JIMMY DURANTE, LIKE GRETA GARBO, WAS ONCE A BARBER'S ASSISTANT & FACE LATHERER.

With David Manners in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Ina's trip to New York was to be present at the opening of this picture. Then she changed her mind.

INA CLAIRE CONFESSES

Once and for all, this famous actress tells the truth about those rumors that she will re-marry Jack Gilbert

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

INA CLAIRE isn't what she seems. This accounts for many things. According to Ina herself, it accounts for the short duration of her married life with Jack Gilbert. Because she isn't what she seems, Jack, she insists, was fooled by her. Practically everything else in the world has been given as the reason for the Claire-Gilbert divorce. But it is never, I think, until a year or two has passed, and passions have had time to cool, that it is possible to search in the ruins and find truth.

"I never should have married Jack Gilbert," Ina told me. *"But all my life I'll compare every man I meet with him. To find most of them wanting. And there is nothing in this world I'd take in exchange for the six weeks of ecstasy I had with him. Nothing. It was the romance for which we women, Heaven help us, always have been ready to pay any price."*

This, I think you'll agree, is the summation of a generous woman. Not at all the summation you would expect from anyone as selfish and egotistical as Ina Claire has been painted. It seems to me the very fact that she has been able to salvage friendship from her marriage with Jack Gilbert proves she has more humor and generosity than she ever has been credited with possessing. Most women aren't able to achieve this civilized coup even though their affairs never are exposed to the distorting and embittering publicity which Ina has experienced.

I saw Ina recently, just after the newspapers had announced that Jack Gilbert was joining her and that they would be married all over again. It was in the hope of stilling such rumors once and for all so that she and Jack may continue good friends in peace that Ina was willing to talk about Jack and herself, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Jack and I will never re-marry," she said. "We tried marriage once to find we didn't click. We're successful friends but a hopeless failure as man and wife. For us marriage simply doesn't work."

"Have you any idea why not?" I asked her.

"I know exactly," she said. "Jack and I didn't know each other when we married. We must have been utterly mad. Both of us. I know I was. We'd had a bowing acquaintance of about three weeks and for another three weeks we'd dashed around together. Feverishly.

"All this time Jack, of course, was as fascinating and glamorous and charming and brilliant as only Jack can be. I found myself standing off and thinking 'My, my, Ina, there *is* a man!' At sixteen I never was more smitten."

She tapped a Cubeb cigarette on the polished surface of her nail. Her match flared. I thought I saw her slim shoulders shrug, ever so slightly, as if in resignation of human frailties.

"Instinctively," she went on, *"I think a man marries the type of woman he needs in his individual life. He may fall head over heels in love a dozen times. But not until he meets the woman particularly suited to his needs does he, as a rule, want marriage.*

"And that's where, ridiculously enough, I came into Jack's life. That's where, unconsciously enough, I took Jack in.

"Jack, you see, thought I was what I play on the stage. He fancied me the cool self-contained Park Avenue elegante.

"In Hollywood I was among strangers. In the semi-tropical climate I relaxed at first. These things combined to subdue me. I seemed, for the time, more as I appear on the stage and less as I really am.

"Really I'm shanty Irish. Lazy. Sloppy. And sentimental. Oh, very sentimental. Gay when I'm with people. Inclined to be melancholy when I'm alone. Decided in my opinions. The last person in the world to make Jack Gilbert happy and the last person in the world to be happy with Jack Gilbert.

"Jack, you see," says Ina Claire, "thought I was what I play on the stage."

"Had I been what I seemed I would have been perfect for Jack.

"Had I been what I seemed I would have become Jack's stage manager in private life. He would have been in his element and I would have been in my element . . .

I'D have looked a fashion plate every minute. I'd have presided graciously over his home. Arranged lamps and flowers. Planned correct dinner parties. Arbitrated social difficulties with a rare diplomacy. I'd never have lost my temper. I'd never have disagreed violently. I'd always have been an appreciative audience."

She laughed with an impersonal amusement. "One night," she told me, "I remember Jack sitting watching me from across the room. Finally he said, with masculine satisfaction, 'You know, I can't imagine you making a scene.'

"I'd been lying on the sofa. I jumped up, I remember. Really, I was startled. Frightened, too. For suddenly it dawned upon me that Jack thought I was what I so often play, a smooth, polished lady who always has herself well in hand, the type who, when her heart was breaking, would nod casually at the new curtains and drawl, 'The blue in that chintz isn't quite right.'

" 'Oh, I'm alive!' I warned him. But it was too late. If this had happened before we married it would have given me an idea of what was bound to happen. And I think I would have been forewarned. But maybe not."

The laughter in Ina's eyes was as Irish as the smart Kelly green gown and hat she wore.

She had come to New York for the opening of her new picture, "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," in which she plays a successful and wisecracking gold-digger. But that very morning she had decided to sail for Europe and not attend the première after all. It is like her to make elaborate plans to do one thing (*Continued on page 123*)

MODERN SCREEN

ARSÈNE LUPIN (M-G-M)

At last this fascinating figure of fiction reaches the screen in a glorious romantic adventure picture that superbly combines thrills, laughter, love interest and mystery. Perhaps you remember the master cracksman who robs the rich in Robin Hood fashion just for the fun of the thing. Well, here he is, flouting the law to his heart's content, and climaxing his depredations by filching the "Mona Lisa" from the Paris Louvre.

It would spoil the fun to disclose his identity, so you must see for yourself whether Lionel Barrymore, brother John, Tully Marshall, John Miljan or another of the exceptional cast plays the rôle of the romantic rascal. The Brothers Barrymore, of course, are perfect.

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Pathé)

Of course, the "past" of this lady is highly synthetic. She's really Constance Bennett, a quite nice girl. But when David Manners falls for the wiley Merna Kennedy, ignoring the shrinking violet, Constance, the eldest Bennett girl sets out to remedy matters. She accumulates Ben Lyon and Don Alvarado. One suicides, and the other's wife sues her for alienation of affections. So she becomes popular as a lady with a past.

But even so, she yet doesn't win her objective, for beneath it all Dave is as good a boy as Constance is a girl. So she has to undo all her labors by confessing all before she finally winds up in her lover's arms. It's not new stuff, but it's dependable talkie fare.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (United Artists)

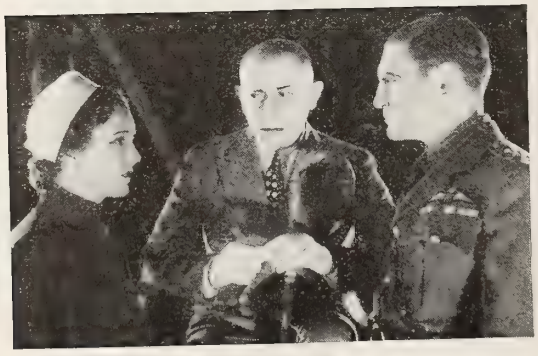
Three pleasant Chanel-gowned gold-diggers, impersonated by Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell, keep this well-mounted, sophisticated comedy moving from laugh to laugh with just sufficient breathing space between giggles to introduce a little sympathy.

Ina is the villainess, in that she poaches upon the masculine preserves of her pals. Joan is blond and fluffy, physically and mentally, while Madge imparts a somewhat more sombre note. They win and lose their men, squabble between themselves, and eventually run off together to Paris, leaving Ina's prospective bridegroom waiting at the church.

LOVERS COURAGEOUS (M-G-M)

As sweet a story as the cinema has offered on its screen, this one presents Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans as the sort of struggling young persons you and I know best. They are hero and heroine of a simple, straightforward little love tale which features effort and failure, trial and discouragement, love and victory. And in the end you'll all realize that the obstacles encountered and overcome were placed in their paths by a stern, yet kindly Fate to prove their courage.

There is no luridness in the picture—not even a personal villain. And, although Frederick Lonsdale is the author, the tale is neither high-brow nor sophisticated.



LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)

Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Bob Armstrong—what more do you want in the way of heroes? For girls there are Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor. The villain is Erich von Stroheim. And the background is Hollywood. So, you see, here's a perfect set-up for any and all movie enthusiasts. For good measure, there are any number of aerial thrill stunts.

The story has Richard, Joel and Bob as ex-army fliers seeking a kick with their jobs. Drifting to Hollywood they organize a thrill squadron, and fly for Von Stroheim in the guise of a half-mad producer. The suspense is terrific, and there's more than one death before a half-sad, half-happy ending is attained.

REVIEWS

Read these reviews and see if that picture is the sort of thing you'll like

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)

Six—count 'em—six murders committed before your very eyes! So you'll guess that this is no film to sleep through—or after. It's doubtful if Mr. Poe would recognize his horrible masterpiece in the cinematic version. But for a' that, it holds a terrific kick for fans inclined for the horror-thriller cycle established by "Dracula" and "Frankenstein."

There is, however, a leavening of comedy in the production, and the beauty of the ancient French background relieves the grimness of the tale. Instead of the great ape of Poe's fable, we have Bela Lugosi as a half-mad, monkey-man scientist. There are any number of breath-taking pursuits before he is brought to justice.

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)

It seems, after all, that modern gangdom is a crude, crass and upstart institution, so for this one Hollywood has gone back to the ancient and honorable Chinese Tongs. These, originally, were merchants' guilds. As civilization progressed and grew complicated, however, it sometimes became expedient to remove competition. Thus the hatchet man came about.

That exquisite actor, Edward G. Robinson, plays the title rôle, and weds the daughter of an old friend whom he slays regretfully in compliance with his Tong's instructions. Subsequently he yields the girl to a lover, whom he also kills, though unregretfully, when he brings her unhappiness. The picture is impressive.

A WOMAN COMMANDS (RKO-Radio)

Pola Negri makes her talkie début here as a cabaret girl who becomes a Queen. And if the costume vehicle chosen for the occasion isn't entirely satisfactory, at least Pola proves that she may be greater in sound than she was in silence. Her voice is unusually pleasing.

The story plants her as the sweetheart of a ruined officer, Basil Rathbone, whom she leaves because she loves him. The King, ably played by Roland Young, actually makes her his Queen, and when Rathbone, maddened by jealousy, refuses homage, he is imprisoned. Freed, later, at her behest, he foments revolution and ruin, learning the truth too late. H. B. Warner and Reginald Owen are good.

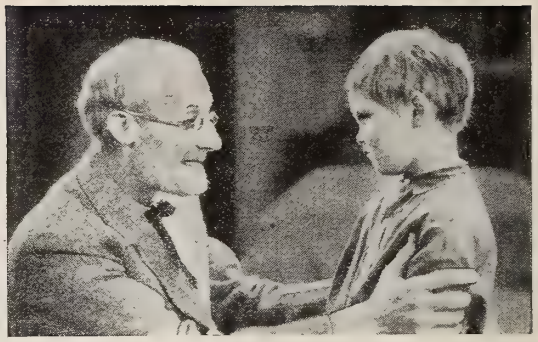
EMMA (M-G-M)

On the strength of "Emma," Marie Dressler is bound to figure prominently among the candidates for the Academy Award which she won last year. As housekeeper to a struggling inventor, and foster mother to his children, the actress contributes another of her heart-stopping characterizations brimming with tears and laughter in proper proportions. A successful invention makes Jean Hersholt a millionaire, and puts the family into society. But when he marries Emma their hifalutin' aspirations get a set-back. Dad dies on his honeymoon and the kids try to break his will by accusing her of murder. She's acquitted, of course. But the ending isn't happy. There's a great cast.

DANCE TEAM (Fox)

Another simple, unpretentious picture that rings the entertainment bell right out loud, and signalizes another hit for Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers as a couple of dance-loving kids who make the grade to happiness. As "Mulligan & Kirk" the youngsters promise one another not to fall in love, but to work together "for the good o' the act." But the tribulations that so humorously beset them make them easy targets for Cupid's shafts. So there's a happy ending. Not, however, before the villainous millionaire appears upon the scene, and Jimmie punches himself right out of a good job. Looks like Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers really are going to be another Farrell-Gaynor team.

WAYWARD
(Paramount)



THE EXPERT
(Warner Bros.)

The romance between a show-girl and a scion of wealth, shadowed by the menace of an interfering mother-in-law, is bound to be interesting. Especially when Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick are in it.

The mother, you see, conspires against the young married couple and Nancy is just sufficiently dizzy and careless to provide the elder woman with ammunition. This causes the separation of the two youngsters, and both suffer a lot before the reconciliation.

You all know what an old pest Chic Sale can be—and how you love him in spite of it. Well, he's both pestiferous and lovable, when as an ancient widower he comes to live with his daughter, Lois Wilson and son-in-law Earle Foxe. Without meaning to, he raises ructions all along the line—pals around with rascals from the Old Men's Home, becomes involved with crooks, and gets himself into all sorts of jams. Everything turns out nicely, though, in the end. Lots of laughs.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW
(Paramount)

FORBIDDEN
(Columbia)

Director Richard Wallace has done admirably in bringing this Philip Barry stage play to the picture screen. No one could possibly help being intrigued with the triangle tale in which Ruth Chatterton is torn between two loves.

Ruth, emotionally starved on a diet of casual affection from Mr. Ames, yields to the love of Mr. Lukas. Her son grows to boyhood, the counterpart of his real father. His illness brings about the necessity for one of those Chatterton sacrifices. Of course, Ruth meets the test.

Barbara Stanwyck does one of those age transitions in this, her latest picture, by which the Hollywood make-up men add decades to the years of our favorites. At first she is a young girl seeking love. She finds it in the person of Adolphe Menjou. And in the end she's left alone again. The film is reminiscent of a half-dozen others. In the story, you see, Mr. Menjou is married to another, so poor Barbara can share only his heartaches and none of his triumphs. There's not much fun in the film.

THE MENACE
(United Artists)

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE
(Fox)

This is the new title under which "Scarface" finally passed the censors. Paul Muni, one of the theatre's most distinguished craftsmen, plays the rôle of a vicious hoodlum who rises through murder to power.

Before the well-known just desserts are dealt out, however, there are reels of excitement which will make you clutch your chair. It's just about the top-notch underworld picture. Aiding and abetting Mr. Muni are Osgood Perkins, Boris Karloff and Karen Morley.

Perhaps it was Charlie Chan's absence from Honolulu on a New York vacation that accounted for the recent crime outburst in the pineapple islands. In any event, in this film, Charlie finds a dead cat under a chair in the apartment of a man pronounced dead by heart failure. And this gives him a clue in an amazing murder case. Inspectors H. B. Warner and James Kirkwood may get off on the wrong scent. But good, old Charlie tracks the killers through Chinatown and Park Avenue.

MODERN SCREEN

April, 1917

Theda Bara

How would you have liked MODERN SCREEN in 1917? On this and the following four pages we try to give you a slightly exaggerated idea of what it might have looked like. Amusing—?

The Greatest Magazine of the Silent Drama

Beautiful Viola Dana, the Metro star, whose next picture will be "The Mortal Sin." Prince Pierro Troubetskoy, the noted artist, is very anxious to do a portrait of Miss Dana (see Gossip section, page 62).

Editorial

April 1917

ONE is consistently astounded by the rapidity of the constant changes in all the multitudinous phases of the moving picture business. It is not so long since what we call today a full-length feature was utterly undiscovered. In those days the fascination of the shadow drama was brought to us in comedies, dramas and travelogues of one reel each. Think of it, one reel! Today we have our three- and four-reel dramas; our two-reel comedies and occasionally even a two-reel travelogue. And now comes the amazing news that one of the leading comedians is going to make a three-reel comedy!

MORE important than these drastic changes are the amazing metamorphoses which have taken place in the theatres where these movies are displayed. No longer is the nickleodeon popular. No, indeed! Today, America's young men and young women—movie fans all—sit in luxurious theatres and see their movies amid superlatively gorgeous surroundings, access to which costs anywhere from twenty to sometimes as high as thirty cents per person. Felicitations indeed to an industry which is capable of such a rapid climb. Away with everything pusillanimous hereafter!

And someone, the other day, even went so far as to say that the time is not far off when movies will show at regular theatres at regular theatre prices—giving only two performances a day. Frankly, we feel that this is merely the dream of someone full of reverberant hope. In fact, it is as foolish as saying that someday pictures will speak! Fantastic, is it not?

ALTHOUGH this is not the reviewing department, we feel we must step outside our editorial province for one infinitesimally brief moment. We do want you all to see Mary Pickford's latest film. It is called "Poor Little Rich Girl" and is one of the finest things she has ever done. (See picture below.)

MORE and more of the movie producing companies are migrating to the land of sun and flowers—California. Los Angeles seems to be the mecca of the industry at present, although one or two of the studios are beginning to congregate at a little place called Hollywood which is situated in the environs of the City of the Angels. If migration continues in this unprecedented fashion, before many more moons have shone New York and Brooklyn and Fort Lee will be quite bereft of the gay crowd of people who earn their livelihood by gesturing before the cinematograph camera.

WE are tempted to quote here one of the many splendid letters—so grateful to the editorial heart—which we receive from our readers. This letter (from Lucille S.) says: "I want to express my feelings for William S. Hart. His characterizations show him to be so fearless and yet so gentle. And his treatment of women in his films—ah, it cheers this old heart of mine to see him. He, at least, still understands the meaning of the word chivalry and the nobility of womanhood."

And, may we add, "How very true!"

Maurice Tourneur, the brilliant director, going over a scene for "Poor Little Rich Girl," the beautiful golden-tressed Mary Pickford's latest contribution to the silent drama.

AN INTERVIEW WITH VALESKA *Suratt*

By Gregory Middlebottom

I AM only a young gentleman and when the bewhiskered editor of MODERN SCREEN told me to interview Valeska Suratt I must confess, if I am to be completely and devastatingly honest, that my knees actually trembled. To think of being in the presence of such a great movie star! To think of actually conversing with her!

So terrified was I that for the small fraction of a moment I rather wanted to plead indisposition. But then my better nature asserted itself and I said, "Gregory, where is your courage?" So, catching hold of my hat, I literally sprinted out of the editorial sanctum and jumped on a passing horse-car.

Having leaped aboard the fast moving vehicle I noticed that the motorman at once accelerated the speed. Somehow, I believe, he must have known that I was on the way to interview a great personage and he was anxious that not one precious moment should be lost in transporting me thither.

As I was ushered into the presence of Miss Suratt I discovered her lounging on a luxuriously upholstered couch on which innumerable cushions rested; each and every one bearing her initials beautifully embroidered in monogram. (See picture below.) She smiled as she saw me and I quickly got out my little pad and pencil.

"What do you think of the future of the silent drama?" I asked.

Miss Suratt waved a beautifully manicured hand in the air. "Who can tell?" she replied with a charming smile. "Of course, while I am not a prophet, I do think that some day the silent drama will constitute the greatest force for entertainment that anyone has ever seen." She paused for one little moment. "And moreover," she continued as she toyed with one of the monogrammed cushions, "I think that they will be one of the most educational forces as well."

She wailed while I finished copying down what she had said. Then she looked at me, preparatory for the next question.

"Do you like being a 'vamp' (siren) on the screen?" I asked gently, not wishing to offend.

But of course she wasn't offended—she is far too good and noble a woman for that. "I like playing that sort of part," she said slowly, her eyes looking into vast distances, "because I am trying to do something different. Heretofore, 'vamps,' as you so expressively call them, have always been such totally impossible women; altogether too devilishly feline, if you know what I mean," she paused.

"And, now, one more question, Miss Suratt," I said. "What do you think of this new fangled woman's suffrage idea?"

Miss Suratt smiled. "For those that like it, I can't see anything objectionable about it. Some women seem to feel that it is necessary to vote. Personally, I shall always believe that woman's place is in the home; that is, of course, most women."

A little later tea was served and some gay friends of Miss Suratt's came to call. I left feeling triumphant that I had obtained such a peppy interview; feeling sure that the editor of MODERN SCREEN would be satisfied with my noble efforts.

(And you bet he is—The Editor.)

"I discovered her lounging on a luxuriously upholstered couch on which innumerable cushions rested."

DON'T MISS THESE FILMS

THE CLODHOPPER (Triangle-Ince-Kay Bee) Charles Ray, the newest cinema favorite with the ladies, is very good indeed in this comedy-drama of country life. Into the part of the bashful country boy, Charles pours all his artistry.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS (Selznick) An exciting drama of the Russian Revolution which will stir both your blood and your imagination. Don't miss the evil machinations of the arch-devil Rasputin. Edward Connelly, Alfred Hickman and handsome Conway Tearle are all excellent.

WITHIN THE LAW (Vitagraph) Winsome Alice Joyce once again proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that she is a superb actress in this tremendously effective photo drama of the famous stage play, "Within the Law." As the heroine who gets tangled up with those unpleasant crooked persons, Alice's characterization is the personification of heartbroken womanhood.

CLEOPATRA (Fox) This is Theda Bara's supreme achievement; the climax of a career full of tremendous achievements. As the famous figure of history, Miss Bara's portrayal is superb. The production is one of the most lavish to ever come out of a movie studio. It is said that this collossal contribution to the silent drama amounted to the staggering total of nearly a million dollars. Really, what are we coming to?

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE CLAN THAT ACTS!

J. Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson in a highly dramatic moment from their new photo drama which is cleverly titled "Weights and Measures."

This lovely lady with the superb tresses is none other than the Queen of the American Serial—Pearl White.

A NEW style of hairdressing has been devised and by none other than the girl who is interviewed on the opposite page, Valeska Suratt. It is called the Suratt bob. Here is how this new coiffure is achieved: Miss Suratt parts her beautiful hair in the middle, letting the luxuriant tresses droop over her shapely shoulders. Then they are curled (the tresses not the shoulders) until they fall no lower than the shoulders. In this way Miss Suratt's gorgeous tresses give the impression of having been bobbed without having really been bobbed at all. Clever?

Viola Dana, the charming Metro star, has been invited to sit for her portrait by Prince Pierro Troubetskoy. Prince Pierro Troubetskoy is a noted artist and is very anxious to do a portrait of Miss Dana as the Madonna. Miss Dana's youth, the clear beauty of her features and her spirituelle appearance in the robes worn in her new picture, "The Mortal Sin," has impressed everyone who has seen her.

Incidentally, since Miss Dana's recent stand against vivisection, her home has been besieged by children, bringing with them the unwanted kittens of the neighborhood. The dear kids decided that Miss Dana would see that the kittens' well-being and continued existence was assured.

Kathlyn Williams, the Morosco star, is an authoress as well as a movie star. Her name is among many illustrious others which comprise the roster of The Author's League of America. She has written, among other things, "The Strange Case of Talmai Lind" and "Bride of Baldoon."

According to Mary Miles Minter's press agent, the little Minter girl has never been kissed.

Doug Fairbanks, athlete supreme, has purchased a California home. It is located at the base of Los Angeles Hill. The man with the infectious grin is building a swimming pool in this home. He has plans for teaching his seven-year-old son to swim. Wonder if the kid will grow up to be a star like his dad—if the name Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will ever be as famous as Douglas Fairbanks!

Many people believe that thirteen is an unlucky number and many people believe that seven, or multiples of seven, is lucky. But it takes Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle to be original and say that, for him, number sixteen is the lucky number.

He started it off by weighing sixteen pounds when he was delivered by the stork. And the day was the sixteenth of March, 1886. He has been in the theatrical profession for sixteen years—was married to Minta Durfee on the sixteenth of the month. When he signed up with Joseph M. Schenck, negotiations started on the sixteenth of last December, were concluded on the sixteenth of January and the contract was formally signed on the sixteenth of February.

Furthermore, he left Los Angeles on the sixteenth of March for his journey across the continent to begin work on his first Paramount comedy, "The Butcher Boy." There are sixteen people in the company with him and one hundred and sixteen prints were made of the picture.

Oh, to be a movie star! Pauline Frederick is the proud possessor of a Stutz car and a gorgeous country home in Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.

Carlyle Blackwell

Marguerite Clark

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle

Priscilla Dean

Wallace Reid

Ethel Clayton

SHE BURNS HER BRIDGES

(Above) As she was in 1924, before even the movies claimed her. Her first job as an extra in the movies was really brought about by a coincidence. (Right) Today she is working for Fox.

By JEROME BEATTY

PERHAPS Marian Nixon is not the tiniest star in motion pictures, but I can't at the moment think of any who would cause less agitation of the beam when she hopped upon the scales. Certainly she appears to be the most fragile.

If you picked her up and dropped her on a concrete sidewalk, she'd shatter into a thousand pieces and it would take you all day to sweep her up. At least, that's what you think when you first meet her.

But stout hearts are not to be found in stout bodies alone, and Marian has heart and spine enough for an Amazon queen, with some left over for the Amazon queen's pet tigers.

She's a girl with a pet philosophy—"If you just keep plugging, everything will come out all right"—and that pet never has turned to bite the hand that feeds it.

Hers is a story of a girl who always traveled on her own power. She has had to work for everything she wanted.

"There were three children—all girls—in our family in

Alexander Kirkland and Marian Nixon in "Charlie Chan's Chance." This is Marian's first picture for Fox. Her next will be "After Tomorrow." Her present agreement with Fox is on a picture-to-picture basis. If they like her work in these two films, however, no doubt they will put her under long term contract.

According to this author—who is one of America's most prolific writers, particularly about Hollywood—Marian Nixon never looks back

Minneapolis, and my father, who was in the shoe business, didn't have any too much money," she told me.

"One of my sisters was taking violin lessons and the other was taking piano lessons, which used up about all the spare money. I wanted to be a dancer, an ambition which inspired no enthusiasm whatsoever at home."

Marian was known as one of the smartest girls in that part of Minneapolis. She had finished the eighth grade at the age of twelve years.

"You ought to be a school teacher, Marian," her friends advised. "It's a fine life and a bright girl like you would get along great. There's no telling how much money you might make. A thousand, maybe two thousand dollars a year—and a vacation all summer!"

A thousand, maybe two thousand dollars, sounded like a lot of money. It *is* a lot of money. But because she was a spunky little person and made up her mind that school teaching was not for her, motion picture producers now pay her a thousand, maybe two, a *week!*

MRS. HELEN S. NOBLE was, and still is a prominent dancing teacher in Minneapolis. Marian went around and found that lessons might be had for as low as one dollar each. That was perhaps ten years ago.

But how to get the dollars, particularly when one still was going to school?

She trod the streets and rode the elevators of Minneapolis until at last she found a job. A department store could use her every Saturday in the complaint department, taking care of the files, and they would pay her $1.25 a day!

That was a break! With the twenty-five cents, she could take an extra lesson every fourth week and she went back to Mrs. Noble's and enrolled.

As far as Marian was concerned, everything was settled. There was not the slightest doubt in her mind but that she was well launched on a dancing career. She learned quickly and almost before she knew it—certainly before the family had grasped the rather distressing situation—she had quit school and was dancing in prologues at Minneapolis and St. Paul motion picture theatres.

The family said it never would do, this dancing thing. She would come to no good end.

"They almost were right," she smiled.

If you ever have experienced a Minnesota winter you can understand that there was some consternation among the dancing troupe when one blizzardy day the ballet master announced that next (*Continued on page 111*)

THE BOY

. . . From Wallace Ford—the man who is considered by many as a screen "discovery"—comes this story, more amazing than any Hollywood scenario

Although he's a success now, Wallace Ford's boyhood and youth is unbelievable in its heartbreak.

People being what they are, Ford found his unknown parentage a handicap. But one believed in him.

WITHOUT A NAME

By HARRIET PARSONS

HOLLYWOOD has in its midst a true story more dramatic than the most breath-taking screen epic, more searing in its pitiless reality than a "Public Enemy" and more romantic than a "Seventh Heaven." There is in the film colony a young man who, until a year ago, did not know his name, his age, his parents or his native land. Back of him lay some thirty years of bitter struggle, years of wandering with the spectre of hunger always at his heels. Before him lay the fruits of a hardwon success in the theatre—a success achieved under a name he had arbitrarily chosen for himself. Beyond that he knew nothing of himself—nothing of whence he came or what his heritage might be. The name by which you know him is Wallace Ford and I tell you his story in these pages because, since his début in "Possessed," he has become a film personality to be reckoned with.

The story of Wallace Ford's childhood is necessarily sketchy for it must be pieced together from such fragments as remain in his own memory. There are few of us who cannot reconstruct our early years with the aid of parents or others who surrounded us from birth. But until a year ago Wallace Ford had no one to whom he could turn for such information—no one who could fill in the gaps for him. Even now that some of the missing fragments have been supplied the picture is broken and incomplete.

Until recently Wally Ford knew only that he had been an orphan from birth—a charity child passed from household to household, often unwanted, frequently mistreated, dependent always on people who were no kin to him. Think of what that means. He has never known a relationship with a single person of his own flesh and blood.

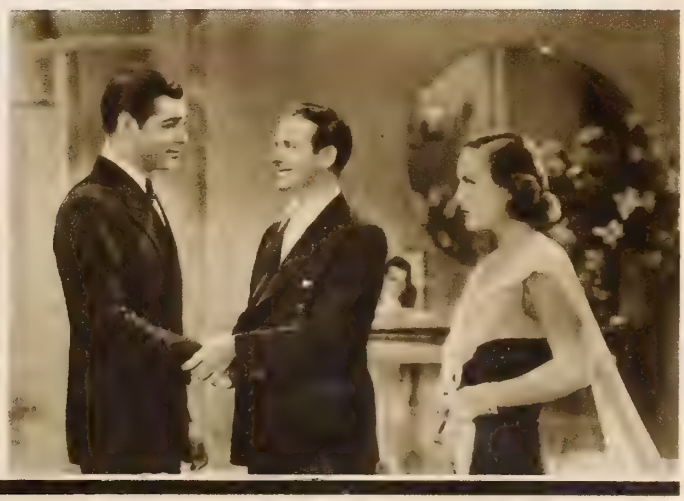
At the age of eleven he found himself on a farm in Ingelow, Manitoba, a God-forsaken Canadian village, the ward of an enormous, hulking farmer and his equally enormous wife. He remembered vaguely that he had been adopted some four or five times prior to that. And still more vaguely he seemed to know that first of all he had been one of many boys in Dr. Bernardo's Catholic Orphanage in Toronto. Because it was the custom of the institution to import a number of destitute and parentless lads each year from London and find them "homes" in the larger colony of Canada, he knew that he might very possibly have been English-born. In some inexplicable fashion he felt sure that such was the case—that he was an Englishman—but he had no way of making certain.

ONE thing he knew—that he was wretchedly unhappy. It was quite clear to him that his foster parents had adopted him in order to have a chore boy—someone to perform the menial tasks of the household without pay. They had no love for him nor he for them. At length, weary of beatings and harsh words and knowing from remarks overheard that his guardians were deliberately hiding from him the facts of his ancestry and birth, he ran away. He felt no gratitude or obligation toward the two towering bullies who demanded cringing obedience from him and gave him nothing in return.

An undersized, forlorn little boy, he cut himself loose from the only ties he knew and went bravely out to face an alien world—nameless, kinless, friendless. He called himself Samuel Jones because others had always called him that. But he believed it to be a name plucked from thin air and attached to him by the Catholic fathers because he had to be called something. Though small, the

With Jean Harlow in "The Beast of the City." This is his latest film, just recently released.

In "Freaks," the M-G-M circus picture. That's Coo-coo, the Bird Girl, with Wallace.



With Joan Crawford in "Possessed." It was this part which made Ford a success in a big way.

fact that he had to fight his way alone and that he was somehow cut off from the normal human circumstances that surround most children, made him feel older than he really was. Because he felt grown up, he decided arbitrarily that he was fifteen. He knows now that he was only eleven when he embarked on that solitary and difficult expedition into the world.

He walked miles to the ramshackle little railroad station at Ingelow. There a friendly engineer and fireman let him ride with them in the cab to Winnipeg. To repay them he shoveled coal and helped stoke the engine all the way, not because they demanded it but because there was firmly implanted in him the idea that he must earn his way through life—every step of it. Even at eleven, when most children take for granted the support and protection of their elders, Samuel Jones expected to have to pay for everything he got. Brutal that such knowledge should have been gained so young. Yet it brought Samuel Jones through a boyhood that would have turned nine out of ten lads into criminals, or at best beggars, and made him a man of honor, independence and integrity.

WHEN that engine puffed into the roundhouse at Winnipeg, young Samuel found himself plumped into the midst of a railroad strike. The strikers were holding the roundhouse as a fort, refusing the scabs entrance and the scabs—or strike breakers—in return were besieging the roundhouse and taking pot shots at any regulars who ventured out. Because he was only a child, Samuel could come and go without danger. He made himself valuable by bringing in food and cigarettes to the beleaguered railroad men, and when the strike was over he was awarded a job as call boy. It was his duty to wake the train crews and get them out on schedule. There were surprisingly few late trains out of Winnipeg during Sammy's few months on the job. When he couldn't rouse the weary men by pounding on their doors he climbed through the transom and went to work at closer quarters. Eventually he earned himself a railroad pass to Winnipeg and set out in search of bigger worlds to conquer.

In Winnipeg he remained until the outbreak of the World War, eking out an existence by means of any work he could find. No job was too hard or too menial as long as it brought in an honest penny. At one time he was an usher in the local stock company headed by the late Theodore Roberts. Whenever there was a chance for him to play a bit he did so—not because of any love for the theatre or any ambition to become an actor—but simply because it was another way to make money. Between shows he sold papers on the corner. In those days he had one starkly simple motive for everything he did: to ward off starvation. The sum of his ambition and dreams of the future was a square meal and a place to sleep. Thus, when the War broke out and Canada was calling for volunteers, he tried through every recruiting office within miles to get into the army. At that time he believed himself eighteen and was adding a couple of years for good measure. But he was in reality only fourteen and no medical examiner would pass him. He was desperate—not because of thwarted patriotism—how could he yearn to serve his country when he didn't know what that country was?—but because of hunger and the need for a steady job.

IT was at this time that he met a man named Wallace Ford. Ford was a man of intelligence and education

Wallace Ford played the hoofer in the famous stage play, "Broadway." Although that was made into a picture some time ago, Wallace didn't go movie till fairly recently. His first stage hit was made in the renowned "Abie's Irish Rose."

—but a born hobo. He believed the world owed him a living and would never pay for anything if he could beg, borrow or steal it. An American by birth, he was bumming his way back to the United States and young Samuel, hoping to find more prosperous conditions over the border, went along.

During the two years it took them to get from Winnipeg, Canada, to Iowa, Samuel was under the constant influence of the older man's radical beliefs and complete lack of ethics. Added to this, the desperate difficulty of getting honest work along the way conspired against Samuel's integrity. But his childhood realization that one got only what he earned in this world armored him against temptation—then and later. Today, looking back, the erstwhile Samuel Jones says he knows there must have been good blood and good character somewhere in his ancestry or he would never have come clean-handed through those soul-trying days.

In his wanderings with Wallace Ford, Samuel did every conceivable kind of work: harvested in the wheat fields, washed dishes, waited on the table in saloons. Sometimes he was paid in currency, sometimes in food. Always he was in actual want. He had a good voice and used to sing in the street for pennies. Occasionally he got a chance to sing or play a bit on the stage.

Toward the end of the trek, Ford heard that his mother was dying in Sioux City, Iowa, and turned toward home. They were riding the rods and a day's journey from Sioux City Samuel saw him fall to his death between the wheels of the train. With the only human life which had ever been close to him wiped out before his very eyes, the boy did not know where to turn. He and Ford had lived from day to day with no set destination or plan, until they headed toward Sioux City. Their companionship had been the only thing which remained constant as they wandered from job to job *(Continued on page 114)*

Photograph by Will Walling, Jr.

Whenever they can get away from studio work, personal appearance tours and all the other duties connected with the business of being a movie star, Joe E. Brown and his wife (although she is not a professional, she always accompanies him) retire to their lovely home up in the hills near Lake Arrowhead, California. It's the perfect spot to get rid of that tired feeling.

A black and white dinner ensemble which we think is awfully smart—and very, very original. The gown is black chiffon and black ciré satin. "There's nothing so effective as to use bright and dull materials of the same color in a dress," says Miss Lane. Diamond shaped pieces of the satin mark the hipline and form the upper parts of the pointed insets in the skirt. The almost tailored jacket is of heavy white satin and black broadtail. The diamond motif is carried out in a broadtail inset in the back, in the pointed collar and the banding at the bottom of the jacket.

The combination of blue and gray is going to be very much in vogue this Spring. And above is Jeanette's street coat in that very combination. The material is a spongy wool cloth in a brightish dark blue that goes marvellously with Jeanette's red-gold hair. The huge cuffs and shawl collar are gray squirrel. Notice how all the width is concentrated above the waist. All smart coats—and dresses, too—will be like that this season, so you people with broad shoulders will be right in style. Jeanette's hat is matching blue silk, stitched in gray and her shoes blue patent leather with gray trim.

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S WARDROBE

. . . Really stunning clothes for early Spring. And such tricky collars, cuffs and other details that you can copy yourselves!

We want to call your attention particularly to the pictures in this installment of the wardrobe series which show the detail of Jeanette MacDonald's frocks, hats and coats. They are most helpful, whether you sew or "buy ready-made." And note Miss MacDonald's words about tailored things!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

I SAW her first at a garden party. It was one of those parties where you walk miles over the same space of amazingly green lawn in a vain effort to keep warm in your flowered chiffon frock.

"Positively, the only warm thing around here is Jeanette MacDonald's hair." This from a perennial bachelor who has squired more Hollywood stars than any other living man. And Jeanette's hair really is the most glorious reddish gold. Add to that a very slim young figure, a creamy skin and deep-set hazel eyes and you have Miss MacDonald.

Jeanette is not one of your tailor-made young ladies who stride along in suede cloth military coats and brilliant

Above is the dress—and to the left is its very unusual cuff. The material of the dress is black crêpe and there are two tiny black ruffles at the edge of the higher-in-front skirt. And now for the trimming: white pleated organdie forms the collar and the V-shaped trimming under the crossed bands of black on the front of the blouse. The cuff starts with a pouf of black, shows a bit of white organdie, a dash of crimson silk and then finishes in organdie. There's sleeve interest for you!

(Right) Blue net, traced with blue sequins, and decked with a bertha that is caught at the waist with two large pink roses. Romantic? Well, rather! (Below) The large picture shows a very sophisticated Sunday night frock. The black chiffon which forms the dress is traced with a leaf design in (you'd never guess) patent leather. The lower skirt has a slight fullness. The fichu is of black chiffon velvet. And isn't the little hat cute? (You can see the detail of it in the small picture.) Pancake in shape, of the same material as the dress. And a cockade of ostrich feathers.

cravats. That type can be intensely interesting, but if Jeanette tried to emulate them she'd feel completely lost. She requires soft, smooth lines, delicate finery, that "magic touch of whimsy."

Since she has done quite a bit of globe-trotting, her garments bear various labels—Paris, New York, Hollywood. One and all they're cunningly contrived to *play up her hair*. It's her salient feature. Wise lady, she makes the most of it.

BUT there's a secret about dress that I've learned only recently," she confided to me. Tea was being served in her green, gold and white dressing room. "I've always thought I should go in for contrast. Everyone told me it was the thing to do. I had a hat a long time ago that blended with my hair and I liked it immensely. Others didn't, though. Dressmakers whose opinion I valued said, 'Dear, dear!' and looked pained when they saw me in it.

(Left) Black and white again in a strikingly original evening gown. Over a black velvet sheath, Jeanette wears a tunic of heavy white lace. A floppy bow of the velvet marks the waistline in back. (Below) The larger picture shows another of Jeanette's street dresses. This one is made of fine black corduroy—belted, and with just the suggestion of a tunic conveyed by a tuck below the hipline. The collar is of white fluted organdie. And white ermine edges the little capelet. (You can see these details better in the small picture.)

I began to think I was quite wrong about its becomingness. Then a short while ago in Paris, a famous coutourier told me that I must dress in monotone effects as near the color of my hair as possible!

" 'Dress around your hair,' was the way he expressed it. He told me to wear red fox—a fur I've always loved and never dared to use. Well, within the hour I bought a black suit simply *buried* in red fox. And at the same time I ordered a perfectly plain dress of golden brown satin following the Grecian style, and a pair of golden kid slippers. Both outfits proved a huge success. So much so that I'm having a new Spring evening dress made of crêpe roma in a henna-gold shade. I'll be like the stalk that had 'ne'er a flower on it.' You know—one solid color scheme.

"Have you ever taken a fancy to a hat and worn it and worn it and worn it?" she asked. "And then had it copied in other materials and colors? I have a hat that's more of a cap, really. It's one-sided and looks as if it might go

The large picture directly above shows another one of Jeanette's evening gowns. Very formal and very simple in design. Over a foundation of icy blue satin, pink lace in a block design is fitted. Only—and you can see this better in the small picture at the top of the page—the blue satin comes out on top for two rows around the waistline. Pink net forms the deep, full border of the skirt. And the only trimming is a blue satin bow at the center front.

The large picture shows a dressy suit of royal blue velvet and summer ermine. Notice that the tiers of the skirt slant upward a bit—a good line for the new season. The collar is deeply notched and very flattering. The small picture (above, left) gives you a close-up of it. The hat and purse are royal blue velvet, too. The hat is Jeanette's favorite—very tiptilted, with a rolled edge and a huge blue velvet flower perched on the left side.

sailing off my head at any moment. But I love it. I've had others made like it in a rough woven straw and in a corded silk. The original is in blue chiffon velvet and it has a rolled edge and a large flower of the velvet on the left side. I bought it along with an afternoon suit of the same material. There's a bag to match, too. The jacket of the suit has a rolled collar of summer ermine and the bottom is quite full. So are the tiers of the skirt. They all slant upward from back to front in a rather amusing manner and, of course, the hemline dips in the back as a result. (There's a picture of this suit above.)

Many of the new dresses, I notice, are longer in back than in front. A number of mine are. One is a beige tweed sport—very simple and the sort of frock you live in. It's self-trimmed and the belt is dark brown patent leather. The full length coat that accompanies it is collared with cross fox and belted with brown suede. The over-sleeves, trimmed with brown leather buttons, are its chief feature." (See page 75 for pictures.)

WE fell to discussing the Spring fashions—the braided scarf and belt ensembles in gay colors that give such a spirited air to white dresses; the vivacious velveteen jackets that come in every hue of the rainbow; the silk crocheted berets, many of which have funny, unrecognizable birds and animals worked in them; white novelty knitted bouclés with abbreviated coats that are so wonderfully popular for afternoons—you wear flared white doeskin gloves with them and impudent hats that sport a festive feather directly in front. Style interest seems to be centered in shoulders and at the wrists.

A clever street frock of Jeanette's, for instance, has wrist-bands of pleated organdie. Actually! They're headed with bands of bright red crêpe and more organdie. The dress, itself, is black crêpe with a pointed hip yoke and the skirt (longer in back (*Continued on page 116)*

(Right) Quaint and 1890-ish if you like—but wouldn't you love to have an ensemble like that? Brown lace forms the dress, with the four skirt tiers ruched in taffeta. The sleeves and collar of the brown velvet jacket are elaborately shirred and corded. (Above, left and right) A smartly practical beige tweed ensemble. The dress has an interesting skirt. The coat is trimmed with cross fox and huge brown leather buttons.

Photographs on these pages by Otto Dyar, courtesy of Paramount studios

LET'S TALK ABOUT

(Left) Tarzan of the Apes, known in private life as Johnny Weismuller, and Una Merkel. (Extreme left) Did you know Edward G. Robinson's wife is an actress? Here she is with her husband in "The Hatchet Man" make-up.

. . . Our Hollywood listeners-in bring another handful of entertaining chit-chat for your information and delight

YOUNG Howard Hughes has been having his share of tough luck lately. Aside from the bankruptcy of the Multicolor Company in which he was heavily interested—the three or four pictures which represented a goodly sum of his money have met with disapproval from the censor boards and their release has been help up. "Scarface" had to be slashed and several sequences retaken before the board would pass it. When that was done, Hughes thought his worries were over and was all set for a short vacation in Havana, but at the last minute the New York censors didn't like some scenes in "Cock of the Air"—representing about $800,000 of the Hughes bankroll. Howard finally convinced them that it was okay but he wasn't able to take the vacation.

Maybe the young producer didn't feel so badly, after all, about the interrupted vacation—because Billie Dove hit New York just about the time he would have sailed for Havana. Some say that Billie was the main reason for the trip's postponement—there are others, they say, who could have stayed behind to argue with the censors.

A telephone operator at one of the big studios was called to the boss' office and there given a severe lecture. At two o'clock in the afternoon the girl had answered, "Good morning, this is the Blank Studio."

FOR a while, Maurice Chevalier was doing a lot of hanging around Marlene Dietrich's set. It wouldn't be Hollywood if there had been no "rumors." But they proved to be false and died down. Now we have the real explanation—we hear that Marlene and Maurice may do a picture together, and that Ernst Lubitsch himself may

HOLLYWOOD

Did you know that Ann Harding has a sister? Edith is her name. Edith Gately. Her married name is Mrs. Robert Nash.

A distinguished young man adds his hand and foot prints to the cement at Grauman's Theatre. His picture, "The Champ," played there.

take over the megaphoning. May, we say. But wouldn't it be perfectly swell if it really came to pass?

MARION DAVIES did one of the most genuinely kind things during the Christmas holidays that we've ever heard about. A year ago, Marion's cook died leaving a seventeen-year-old daughter absolutely alone. The magnanimous star took it upon herself to send the girl to a private school—to give her all the advantages that any young girl could wish for. But with the coming of Christmas, there seemed to be no place for her to go. Without a moment's hesitancy Marion invited her to be a guest at her palatial home—the social gathering place for all Hollywood's famous.

This month's prize simile: As vague as a press agent when you ask him a question his star client wouldn't like.

AT a recent theatre opening a smartly dressed matron rushed up to Clark Gable. "Oh, Mr. Gable, will you autograph my evening bag?"

Clark gallantly replied, "I couldn't do that—it would ruin your purse."

Crestfallen, the woman returned to her party, but a few minutes later her husband, a successful local business man, approached Clark with the bag in hand. "Pardon me, Mr. Gable," he said hesitatingly. "It's all very silly, I realize, but would you mind autographing this bag? It's my wife's and I know I shall not have a moment's peace unless I can argue you into doing it. Do you mind?"

"Not if your wife doesn't mind having the bag spoiled," laughed Clark. And he and the man proceeded to have a long talk about business conditions, polo and so on. They found a great many mutual interests and made an engagement to have lunch together the next day!

LOOKS like Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas are in Hollywood for a good long stay. Melvyn is under personal contract to Sam Goldwyn and after a highly successful appearance with Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never," Paramount borrowed him for a couple of pictures. Mrs. Douglas (she is Helen Gahagan who starred in "Tonight or Never" on the New York stage) strangely enough was brought to the attention of RKO officials when she appeared on the Los Angeles stage in the same play. Now she has signed with that studio under a contract calling for one picture with an option for others.

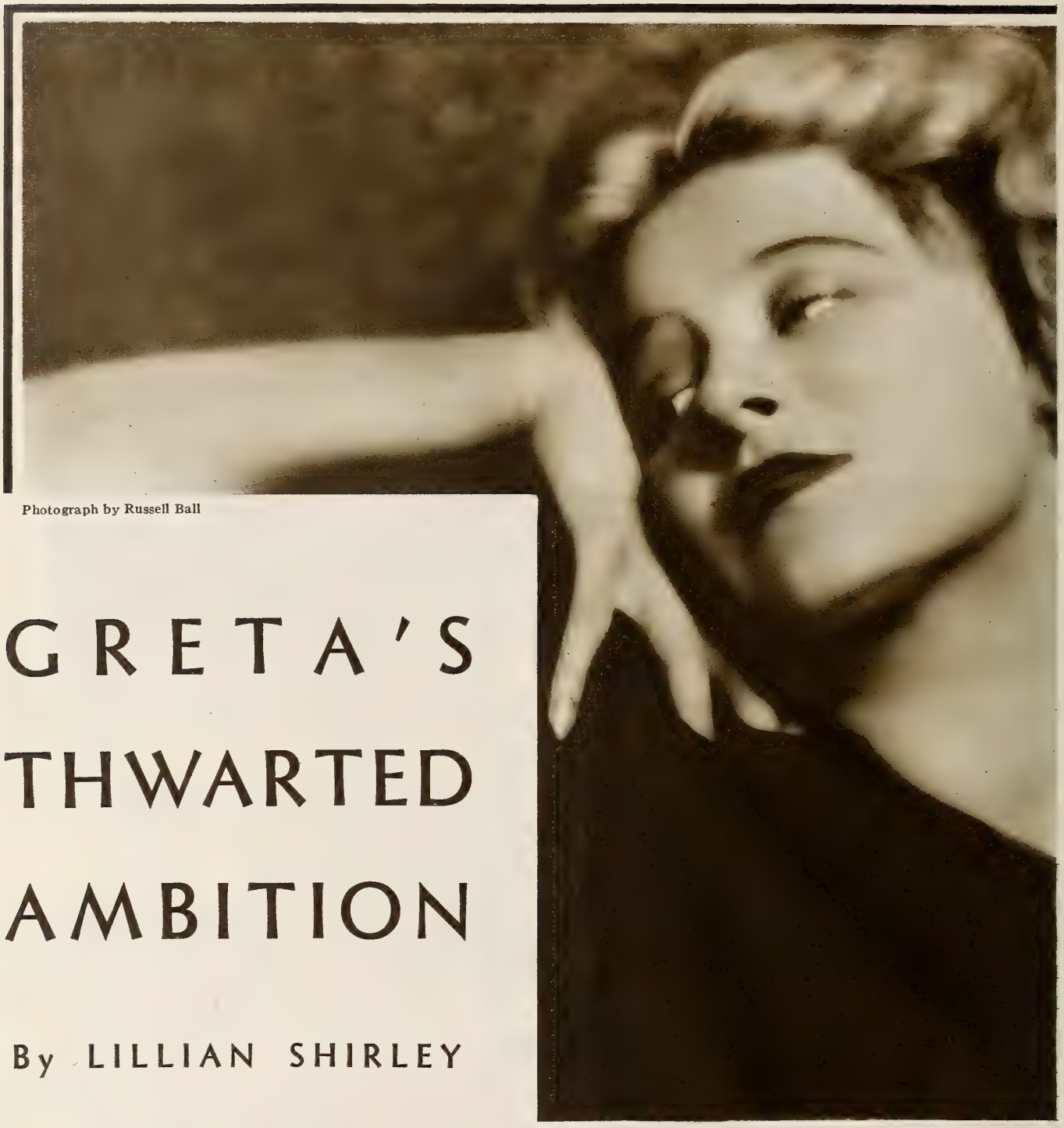
Sam Goldwyn met Howard Dietz, who wrote "The Band Wagon," and remarked: "I like your 'Bandbox'."

Dietz acknowledged by answering: "Thanks, Mr. Goldwyn, I like your 'Arrowroot'!"

This is as reported by the Hollywood Reporter.

UNA MERKEL surprised us all when she motored down to Tia Juana and became the bride of Ronald Burla, young aviation engineer, the second day of the New Year. The young husband is very handsome.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES, 6, 16 AND 92



Photograph by Russell Ball

GRETA'S THWARTED AMBITION

By LILLIAN SHIRLEY

For years Greta Nissen worked to perfect herself in one of the higher arts. All, apparently, to no avail

THE bright and golden things of life—success, beauty, money, position, adulation — don't always bring happiness; not even in Hollywood, the secret Mecca of Everywoman's desire. An old story, eh? Well, perhaps so, but there is Greta Nissen—

A born dancer, trained to it from the age of six, the dance fills Greta's soul, is close to being her religion, and the Fates have turned her into an actress with little or no opportunity to do the thing she fought and suffered to acquire. If that be tragedy, there it is. That's why she feels that somehow life has tricked her. That's why she chafes, rebels beneath her calm. That's why this lovely Norwegian of the deep blue eyes, the pale gold hair, the skin of the texture of fine-spun silk, carries with her the undercurrent of frustration that tinges all she does.

Not that she is grieving, sorrowful, gloomy, uninterested or lacking in her work. She's far from that with all her vivid energy, charm, gaiety and verve—but one can't be with her ten minutes without discovering the tiny canker at the core of her success.

"Why do you look at me—so?" she asked suddenly,

(Above) With Allan Dinehart in "Good Sport." (Above, left) Greta's one opportunity to dance—in the stage version of "Beggar on Horseback." (Left) "We Norse people take life acutely; we lean to the sombre." That is Greta's heritage.

looking searchingly at me across the luncheon table.

"I'm trying to see behind you," I replied. "Something that is half hidden. It makes you intriguing."

"Intriguing, eh?" she commented. "Why? Because I have no romance? Because I do not eat your salads—which I think is for rabbits? Because I do not go in beauty parlors and never use cosmetics?"

"No," I answered. "It's because you seem so young and to be so wise and to know so much that you could not have learned, and to look—so—so sibyl-like."

"Well, I am Norse," she said gravely. "And you know all we northern folk have much of the witch, the warlock and the mystic about us."

"And then—on the screen—you always seem to be looking—reaching for something that is not there," I went on.

"Yes?"

"It is either sorrow or experience."

"Well," she answered, "there has been experience and disappointment; sorrow."

"Of the heart?"

"I am not in love. I have never been. Oh, I don't mean the little passing emotions that young girls jump in and out of, like that, several times. Those are nothing but the feminine growing pains; the woman being born. I mean the serious affairs. We Norse people take life acutely; we lean to the sombre. I think we have never produced a great laugh-maker; a comedian; but tragedians, mystics, apostles of gloom—in every village. So when I experience a great disappointment, I am inclined to regard it intensely, and you see the effect of that."

NOW, no matter what the exterior—the superficial in Greta Nissen, she is a woman of great moods, with the glow of a hidden fire. She made herself clear in few words. This was no woman in love—with herself or with another. It was the spirit pulsing with the fervor to create, to express, to burst through the restraining flesh. And fate apparently has forbidden it, frustrated a great desire.

"I cannot help that I have in me a great urge," she went on. "It is a heritage, the same thing that drove Leif Ericson across the northern seas to find America five hundred years before that—that trader, Columbus, ventured. I cannot be content to sit down, to be just in the home. I must be what I must be."

And bit by bit, as something unfolding, the real Greta Nissen began to appear. Vital, dynamic, the urge to dance swells up in her. And she keeps herself up, keyed to "be what she must be." Three hours every day she rides; as nearly as possible every day she swims in the sea, and for a time of every day she dances—not on the dance floor with a partner, please, but the solo, interpretative dance to express a mood. Until recently she believed that to be her life work, and now she doubts if there is a place in the world for what *(Continued on page 110)*

Times became so hard for Mary Carr that she was forced into bankruptcy. Belle Bennett had to open a restaurant in order to earn a meager living. She has had one "bit" in over a year.

Claire MacDowell, with years of stage experience behind her, can only get tiny screen bits—and those not often. Vera Gordon's lot, too, is just as tragic. But she is not downhearted.

NOBODY'S MOTHER

By S. R. MOOK and JACK JAMISON

AL JOLSON gets down on his knees, yells "Mammy!" and a million handkerchiefs are drenched with tears. Nick Lucas sings "Put them all together they spell M-O-T-H-E-R," and the record sells into the hundreds of thousands.

In the silent days of films, there was a little group of women who played mother parts on the screen. We hardly ever knew their names—but we knew their faces! And seeing them in the early part of the film, we knew that right would triumph in the end. No son—or daughter—with a mother like one of these could be entirely bad.

Perhaps you recall reading in the newspapers three years ago of the young pickpocket who was hauled into a New York police station. Scarcely more than a boy, behind him lay a lifetime of crime. He had been reared in an orphans' "home" where cruel treatment had embittered him. Later, evil companions in cheap pool-halls and flop-houses had completed his ruin. It was not his first arrest, young as he was. But, as the police emptied his pockets before shoving him into a cell, they found a tattered photograph.

"Who's that, kid?" the officers asked jokingly. "Your best girl?"

The boy turned white with anger. "Keep your dirty mouths shut about her, see? She's my mother."

"Don't kid us," said a burly cop. "I've seen her in the movies. You cut this out of a magazine."

"That's all right—she's my mother just the same. She's the only mother I ever had."

WHERE are they now—these mothers? They wander about Hollywood—hurt, bewildered looks in their eyes. Today they are out of work—Nobody's Mothers.

One of the most loved of them all is Margaret Mann. No one who saw the picture can ever forget her as the dear old mother in "Four Sons." The picture won a gold medal for being the best of the year. She has a huge scrap book full of clippings and stories—Cinderella at Sixty.

She was placed under contract by Fox at a salary of $10,000 a year and everyone cheered. It is doubtful if there has ever been a more popular success in Hollywood. Everyone who knows her loves her, for on the screen Mrs. Mann was merely playing herself.

Feeling her future taken care of, and the need for pinching pennies past, Mrs. Mann sailed for her native Scotland on a visit to her sister whom she had not seen for twenty years. Life seemed sweet, indeed, just then after the years of heartache and struggle.

Several months later she returned to Hollywood. There was nothing for her at the studio and at the end of the first six months her option was permitted to lapse. She had collected, actually, $5,000 and had spent most of that on the strength of the promises made her.

"I believed all those things people wrote," she explained. "Had I known they were going to let me go so soon I'd have hoarded every cent of that money. Even after I started free-lancing again, I couldn't believe that I wouldn't be able to find work—in the face of the notices I had received and the compliments paid me by directors and producers for my work.

"Finally, the last of my savings was gone. I have a sick husband to support—and we had to live, so there was nothing for me to do but go back to playing extra parts and bits. People criticized me for it. What was I to do? We couldn't starve and my husband had to have attention."

SHE told us some of the things she has been up against. Insults suffered at the hands of assistant directors. It was not a plea for sympathy—it was a simple recital of one phase of Hollywood life. But it brought tears to the eyes of a couple of case-hardened reporters.

In "Transatlantic" there was a fleeting glimpse of her at the pier, clutching a child by the hand as the steamer sailed.

The pity of it is that there is no woman in pictures today more aristocratic in bearing and appearance than

Where are the movie mothers of yesteryear?

Mary Alden is having a hard time these days. It was published in a newspaper that she was broke. "I'm not broke," says Mary, "but I'm battling."

Margaret Mann at one time was a famous movie figure—today all she can get is little better than extra rôles.

Margaret Mann. Directors go groping for women who can play society dowagers while one of the finest actresses the screen has produced languishes in idleness.

And who can ever forget Vera Gordon's portrayal of the mother in "Humoresque"? Who can forget the sacrifices she made for her son to enable him to become a great violinist?

Mrs. Gordon, with years of stage experience behind her, works but rarely now. She began her career on the stage of the City Theatre in Ekaterinoslaff, Russia, at the age of twelve, in the plays of Tolstoi and Ibsen. "When I was thirteen," she said, "I was playing the parts of seventy-year-old women by way of training. When I was seventeen I came to America—steerage—on a boat which took twenty-one days to make the stormy crossing. But it was worth it. Abroad, we look on America as the Land of Promise.

"When I arrived, I played in theatres, first on the East Side and later on Broadway. And then the movies. Every *real* actress loves to play many parts. That was one reason I loved the movies. I could appear in so many more pictures than plays and reach so many more people."

"After all, it's inevitable that the public should tire of us old girls sometime," Kate Price says gallantly.

SHE paused a moment and sighed. "We don't belong to the public, we film mothers. We belong to about ten Hollywood executives. If they think the public wants to see only young and pretty girls—we're out.

"Everyone I talk to seems to think that 'Humoresque'—my biggest picture and a gold medal winner—would make a great talkie. But if only two or three of those executives think it won't, 'Humoresque' will never be made. But my spirit isn't broken. Perhaps some day I will get a chance again. But, until that happens, I must play in 'The Cohens and Kellys,' when Universal makes one of those pictures—which is seldom."

Mrs. Gordon's home life, the perfect love between herself and her husband, are things to bring thrilled tears to your eyes. And, like most of her race, she has a deep sympathy for everyone who has suffered. She will scarcely talk of herself for concern over others less fortunate even than she.

"Poor Belle Bennett," she sighs. "No one can imagine the wonderful ability Belle has. (*Continued on page 113*)

Forgotten and alone, they meet the bleak winter of life

MASTERS OF HORROR

It's more than curious that BORIS KARLOFF should be the successor to Lon Chaney

Here is the story of the man who played the monster in "Frankenstein"— a rôle which had a terrible effect on him while he was playing it. He didn't like the part—it was too gruesome. But, it was a stepping stone to the "break"—and, curiously enough, this Lon Chaney type of part bore out a prophecy which Lon Chaney himself made about Boris Karloff years ago —a prophecy which has come true in great part.

Boris Karloff as the frightful monster in "Frankenstein." During the making of this picture Mr. Karloff was horribly affected by the gruesome rôle.

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

IN Lon Chaney's old dressing room at Universal there sits a man who, but for that unpredictable thing called Destiny, might today be obscure, unknown and still driving a truck for a Los Angeles paint firm for a wage of $5.00 a day!

That man is Boris Karloff, the monster of "Frankenstein," now under contract to Universal and slated for stardom in "The Invisible Man" and other Chaney-esque portrayals which may carry him eventually to the heights achieved by that great master. Karloff, taking a day from his truck driving to play an extra in one of Chaney's pictures, had he not stopped his ancient flivver to pick up a man who asked a ride into Hollywood, might have known a different story.

Discouraged by his failure to get steady work in pictures, after thirteen years of screen and stage work, Karloff had taken this truck-driving job with the George L. Eastman Company of Los Angeles. Now and then an opportunity came for a few days extra work and although he clung grimly to his ambition, Karloff, as he left the Universal lot that day, was about ready to toss in the towel and forget pictures forever. As he drove out through the gates a stocky, shabbily dressed individual who wore a tattered cap well down over one eye, hailed him from the curb.

"Going into Hollywood?"

"Yes," replied Karloff, "climb in!"

"Left my car at home for my wife today," said the man and with a start of surprise Karloff realized that his hitch-hiker was none other than the star of the picture, the great Lon Chaney himself!

"Lon never knew how nearly he came being wrecked," smiled Karloff as he told me about it, "for when I saw who it was I almost ran that flivver into a telephone pole!"

AS they rolled over Cahuenga Pass, Lon, in his sympathetic and human way, (*Continued on page 120)*

—KARLOFF AND LUGOSI

BELA LUGOSI is haunted by the mysterious woman with yellow eyes

(Left) Bela Lugosi as he appears in the new Universal thriller, "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Sidney Fox is playing in it, too.

Author's Note: I am convinced this story is not a fabrication. Bela Lugosi is not the sort of man to make up things. Furthermore, he did not tell this story with the expectation of its being published. And the telling of it affected him so terribly that it was obviously true. Lastly, I have spoken to a man who remembers Lugosi's strange behavior during one of the performances when the woman appeared to Bela.

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

HER eyes are yellow, round and yellow with the unblinking stare of an owl or a cat and in their depths lies a mysterious and compelling something which I cannot explain—but it has wrecked my life! But in spite of her eyes, she is beautiful."

And that is how Bela Lugosi first described to me "the woman with yellow eyes." Four times she has come into his life; first when a mere youth, to give him three weeks of romance so passionate, so vivid as to make him her unwilling slave for life. Three times more she has appeared, once following each of his marriages and although she spoke to him but once, the mystery which lies in those yellow eyes tore him from the woman he loved. Bela Lugosi will never marry again. He is afraid—afraid of the woman with yellow eyes!

And does this sound like a page torn from a penny dreadful or one of the weird folk-tales, such as that of the Dracula, told beside peasant firesides in Lugosi's native Hungary? Perhaps it does, but unbelievable as it may sound, I had it from the lips of the man whose life's tragedy it is, told without the knowledge that it would be given to the world.

It all began in the little town of Abazia which lies on the shore of the Adriatic.

"I was only a youth then, in the year 1914," began Lugosi, "when I met her. At the time it struck me as unusual that she was introduced only by her first name, Hedy. I bowed over her hand, as is the custom of our land and glanced up into her eyes. It was as though I had received a shock of electricity. It is utterly impossible to describe the fire, the ecstacy which shot through my veins. I could see that she, too, had felt the same reaction and for what seemed hours, our glances held as we looked deep into each other's souls. Suddenly I found myself and, releasing her hand, I muttered some banal words and sat down. We talked for a while but I could

not keep my eyes from hers and each time they met that same mysterious current seemed to strike. It was not love, it was not even passion, at that time, but something deeper which I had never felt before. I cannot explain it, even now.

"I saw her home and hand in hand we walked," continued Lugosi, "and not a word was spoken. At the steps to her home, or apartment, we stopped and faced each other. In an instant we were in each other's arms and the world was lost."

Then followed three weeks of what must have been such a romance as those which have become classic in history.

When Lugosi was a young man, living in a little town on the shore of the Adriatic Sea. This was taken about a month before he met the woman with the yellow eyes.

THEN one evening I left her for a short time to attend to some errand. When I returned she had gone. Not a thing belonging to her was in the apartment, but on the table I found a scribbled note. It said, 'We may never see each other again but remember you are mine always.' I was like a madman. I wept, I flung myself on the bed and tore at my hair. She was gone and I could not find her and for weeks I could not eat, I could not sleep, I tell you I was crazy, stark mad."

Probably the call to the colors saved Lugosi from madness, for war broke out and he went to Galacia with his regiment, as a lieutenant of the Forty-third Hungarian Infantry. He was badly wounded at Rohatin on the Galacian front and again in the Carpathian mountains during the Russian advance. From the field hospital he was sent back to Budapest and there, while convalescing, he met the woman who was to be his first wife. Her name was Ilona Szmik, a society girl of Budapest who had come to cheer the wounded. Lugosi returned from the front in 1918, after the Armistice, to the Royal National Theatre and the stage.

"I tell you we were happy. Two people could not be more happy. I returned to my work with a fresh enthusiasm and the critics were most generous in their praise. My future seemed assured and I loved Ilona as she loved me. We began to think of children."

Then, for the first time, the woman with yellow eyes struck! One evening Lugosi went on for his performance.

"No sooner had the curtain risen than I knew that something was wrong. I was not myself. I forgot my lines, I acted like a dummy. Then suddenly my gaze seemed drawn to a seat in the front row. There, her great yellow eyes glowing like a cat's, sat Hedy! My blood turned to water in my veins and my limbs trembled so that I could hardly walk. Through me flashed that same mysterious current. My passion for her had gone and certainly I did not love her but as I looked into her yellow eyes, something happened to me. I managed to finish the play and when I hurried from my dressing room to find her, she was gone."

The woman with yellow eyes had gone without a word but she had no need to speak. From that moment Lugosi's interest in his wife waned. In a few days, after desperately trying to break the spell, he told her that it was all over.

STRANGE as it may sound, in view of what happened, my heart was broken. I loved Ilona, my wife, yet something which no man can explain had come between us. I remembered Hedy's note, left on the table of her deserted apartment in Abazia. That first wild passion was gone. I did not love her, I did not hate her, but—" Lugosi brushed his hand across his eyes as if to sweep away a sinister vision. "—I tried to find her but failed. At nights I lay awake trying to solve the mystery of this strange woman who, with her stranger power, was keeping her promise that we should belong always only to each other. I recalled the weird folk-tales which I had heard from the peasants on my father's estate in Lugos, stories of werwolves, of vampires such as the Dracula was. Knowing something of hypnotism, I realized that this strange power of Hedy's was similar to the second stage of hypnotism and yet unlike it. As for my wife, I never saw her again."

For several years Lugosi continued his work on the Hungarian stage. His fame grew and he was termed by an adoring populace "The John Barrymore of Hungary." Tours into Germany and adjacent countries were equally successful and then came the Bela Kuhn uprising. A political refugee, Lugosi escaped and after many adventures landed in New York in 1921. Soon afterward he formed his own company of Hungarian players, most of them refugees like himself and in New York, Cleveland and other large cities they played to Hungarian audiences.

"In my company was a girl of my own race to whom I soon became attached. Strangely enough her name, too, was Ilona. We became sweethearts and soon decided to get married. Once more I was in love and this time, I decided, no matter how many yellow eyes appeared in my audience, I would find happiness."

But he reckoned without his Nemesis. Two weeks after his marriage he walked on the stage in Brooklyn where his company was playing, to find the woman with yellow eyes in the first row of his audience. So great was the shock of those glowing yellow orbs that his company thought Lugosi had been struck by an attack of heart trouble. Somehow he managed to finish the show.

"The same mysterious power was there! Recovering, I went home and although the same thing had come between us that had broken my first marriage, I determined to fight through and continue to love my second Ilona. Two nights later when I went to my dressing room after the play, Hedy stood at my dressing table facing me, her yellow eyes seeming to melt the very marrow in my spine. She spoke to me in her deep, low voice:

" 'There must be no third time, Bela. I came to you in Budapest and you felt my power. Here, across the water, you will feel it again. You are fighting against it but there is no use. You belong to me and always will. Let this woman you have married go.'

" 'But, Hedy, why do you do this to me? We no longer care for each other and you have turned me away from two women I did love. Who (*Continued on page 124*)

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Marie Dressler for her endearing portrayal in "Emma."

Photograph by Irving Lippman

We honor good old Dick Barthelmess for his work in "Alias the Doctor."

Photograph by Don English

We honor Marlene Dietrich for her subtle glamor in "Shanghai Express."

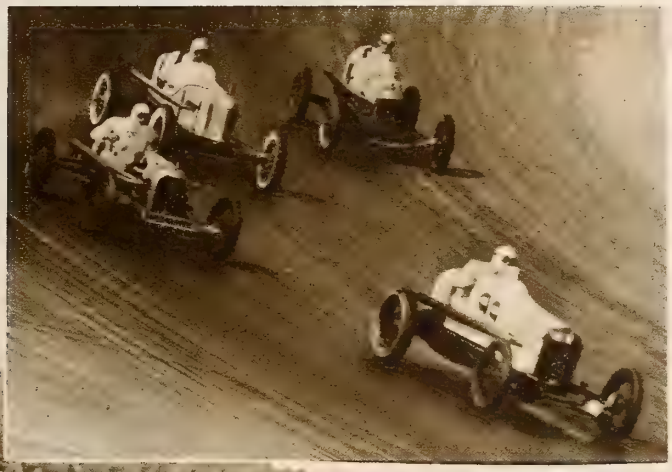
(Left to right) Clark Gable and Mrs. Clark Gable. Jimmie Dunn. Genevieve Tobin placing the winner's crown on Francis Quinn for the forty lap race.

AT THE

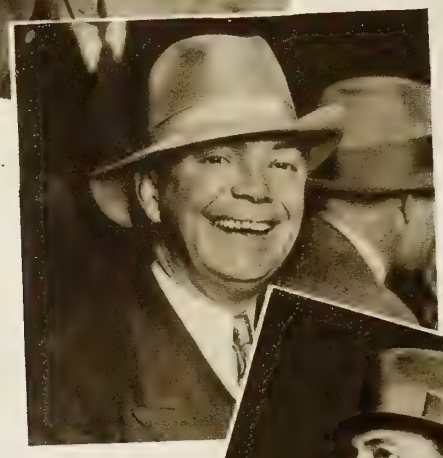
(Below) Goodness knows how many thousands of people attended the auto races—count them for yourself if you feel like it.

AUTO RACES

Some more of those fascinating intimate pictures of the stars during off-duty hours



(Top of page, left to right) Molly O'Day buying a program. Bessie Love and some of the Glendale Legionnaires who acted as ushers. Neil Hamilton deeply engrossed in a race. (Immediately above) Edward G. Robinson and his wife. (Left) Fighting for place around the curve. This is one of the thrilling moments.



Carroll Photo Service

(Above) No. 8 rounds the curve at breakneck speed. (Left) Hoot Gibson is an expert race critic—he used to be a race track driver himself. (Right) Ralph Graves is the man buying the bottle of pop.

(Above) Cliff Edwards, sometimes known as Ukulele Ike. (Right) Recognize that cleft chin and fine mouth? Righto—Richard Barthelmess.

Allow us to interrupt the races for a moment and introduce you to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye and his wife, née Constance Bennett. Did you see the picture of them on page 34?

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Time for the movies— No time for her gums and she has "pink tooth brush!"

You *bet* there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to *live* romance, as well as watch somebody *else's* romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your *gums* firm and healthy!

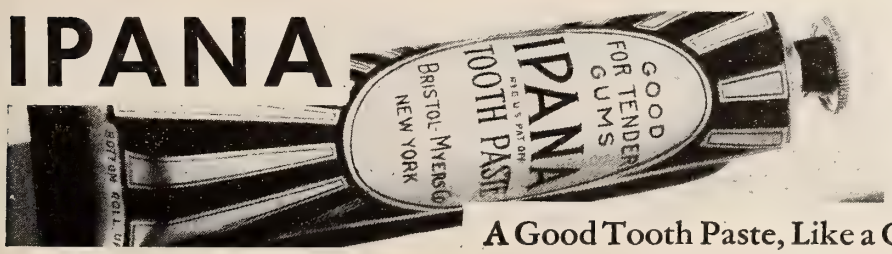
Your gums probably *aren't* firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to *stimulate* your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the corner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the *soundness* of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a little *more* Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle in your *teeth*. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and you'll be able to forget "pink" on your tooth brush!

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-42
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

© 1932, B.-M. CO.

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Nestle

COMBINATION HOT OIL TREATMENT AND SHAMPOO

Nestle Permanent Wave, long bob, Hair treated with Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

"Her Hair Grows Lovelier Every Day"

Leading beauticians depend upon this Hot Oil Treatment to revitalize lifeless hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new vigor and beauty. It also makes the ideal shampoo, as it is free from soap or alkali. Everyone in the family should use it.

Super Set

The superb Nestle waving lotion for finger waves or water waves. It makes every wave more glamorous and longer lasting. SuperSet is greaseless and fast drying. There is no deposit or sediment. The SuperSet wave is the finest wave you ever had.

ColoRinse

Use it after your next shampoo for the new tone color it will give your hair. It is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless, vegetable compound. It gives the hair a natural, radiant loveliness and restores its youthful sheen and glamour. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores large size at your beauty parlor.

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

SHH! SECRETS ABOUT THOSE MOVIE FOLK!

THE "Bird of Paradise" company, with King Vidor as the director, and Dolores Del Rio as the star, was all set to leave for location in Hawaii. But there was an upset in their plans when news came of the rumpus being raised in Honolulu on account of several attacks on white women by native islanders. As a result it was decided that Vidor would take the company to Florida, instead, for the exterior shots.

No sooner had the news of the change in plans been printed than the studio received telegrams from Washington assuring them that a motion picture company would be perfectly safe in Honolulu. So everything was once more switched around and director Vidor left for Hawaii with his technical staff, to be followed a few days later by Dolores Del Rio, Joel McCrea and others of the staff.

Even among Hollywood's biggest stars, a trip to Hawaii with all expenses paid by the studio, is much welcomed. In fact, it's a darned lucky break!

MACK SENNETT, creator of stars, has done it again—only it's not a bathing beauty this time, but Bing Crosby. Mr. Lasky, after seeing his work in the Sennett shorts, has offered Bing a contract whereby he will appear in a feature-length production with an option for two more if that's a success.

Lasky wants Bing's first picture to be "Wild Waves," from the stage play which is soon to open on Broadway, but Bing himself prefers another story, the locale of which is mostly a radio station. We don't know at this writing who will win but, at any rate, the story will be a light as well as a romantic one to show off all of Bing's talents.

HE has never played any but starring rôles.

That is the distinction enjoyed by Clarence Whitehill, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who was engaged by Vitaphone to enact the rôle of George Washington, in the two reel Washington Bicentennial Celebration film, "Washington—The Man and the Capital," which will soon be released.

When he was selected to play this rôle Mr. Whitehill, although this was his first attempt at motion picture work, continued his record as a star performer. However, what is even more unusual is the fact that Mr. Whitehill refused to take any compensation for his Vitaphone work. His contract with the Metropolitan forbids his singing or acting for anyone else for pay, so Mr. Whitehill volunteered to enact George Washington for expenses only. Lyon Mearson, author of "The French They Are a Funny Race," and other books, wrote the scenario for Mr. Whitehill's picture.

This month's bedtime story:

There once was an actor who never paid his bills. One day he took a friend downtown to help him pick out a new suit. The original price of the suit was $125, but after an hour of fast talking, the actor succeeded in getting the price lowered to $85.

"I'll take it at $85," said he. "Charge it to my account."

After leaving the tailoring shop, his friend asked, "Why did you waste the fellow's time getting the price cut? You don't intend to pay for the suit anyway."

"Oh, that was to ease my conscience," replied the actor. "I've known him for years and I didn't want him to lose any more than necessary!"

CLIVE BROOK felt sorry for his children awhile back and decided that another winter should not pass without their seeing some real snow. All the Brook youngsters were born in sunny California and had never enjoyed the sight of a snowfall.

So Clive ups and rents a big cabin at Arrowhead Lake for a month . . . pays a terrific premium rental because it happened to be at the top of the winter season—and all the little Brooks frolicked to their hearts' content in the snow. Then they returned to Hollywood—and the morning after they arrived back home, everyone in "sunny California" awakened to see a two-inch deep snowfall! (There are some pictures on page 43.) Clive suddenly realized that he had spent a few hundred needless dollars so that the kids might see real snow—and while he was pondering over the expenditure—*they were making snow men on the front lawn of his Hollywood home!*

THE huge party that followed the opening of "The Fall Guy" in which Jim and Lucille Gleason co-star was quite a bang. It brought together, in an informal way, a great crowd of celebrities. (See pictures on page 130.)

Bob Montgomery was one of the first to show up and unfortunately had to leave early . . . Mary Nolan was very much in evidence with her husband . . . of course, Mary Brian was there with Russell Gleason . . . Mary appears much more sophisticated of late and her gown of blush red was a lovely contrast to her rather pale complexion and dark hair . . . Dolores Del Rio took the invitation at its word and arrived informally . . . her dress, of dull gold and silver, in a zebra effect, would have been terrifically trying to the average run of movie beauty—but on our Dark Star it was a brilliant idea . . . Joan

(*Continued on page 98*)

Inside Story of "Grand Hotel"

(Continued from page 47)

JEAN HERSHOLT and Buster Keaton were two almost pathetically eager candidates for two other big rôles in the film. Hersholt, under contract to M-G-M, saw in Preysing, the German financier, his greatest screen opportunity to date. He didn't balk at the villainous, sensuous aspects of the character. He begged for the chance to do the rôle with its every unlikable, weak characteristic intact. In spite of Hersholt's pleadings, an official statement came from the studio that Wallace Beery would portray the part. *Yet Wally loathed the rôle of Preysing!*

Coming on the heels of such "sympathetic" hits as "The Champ," "Min and Bill" and "Hell Divers," Wally saw the rôle as detrimental to everything that had gone into the building of his present reputation with the fans. To him it was a step back to his "villain" days. For a week or two he went on a one-man strike, refusing to show up at the studio, threatening to walk out on his contract and retire before he would play the rôle. Hersholt had no greater booster than Beery. "Hersholt has the accent, the appearance, the capability," argued Beery. "In him they have a perfect man for the rôle. I will not play it!" Hersholt took heart at Beery's rebellion. He, himself, had put up every argument why he should be given a chance to be Preysing. And Beery (his rival) was backing these arguments. There was nothing to do but wait . . . and hope. . . .

BUT while the much contested rôle of the German financier is awaiting final word from the studio's front-office powers, let us look in on the scene of Kringelein, the pitiful accountant under sentence of a dread illness, reaching pathetically for just one taste of real life before the end. Buster Keaton loved this rôle. With something of Kringelein's own wistful avidity, Buster would report to Director Goulding for test after test. The rôle of the bewildered, half-comic, half-tragic accountant may have meant to Buster a chance to do something besides slapstick comedy. Keaton put so much heart and feeling into his efforts that for a while it seemed that they would be crowned with success.

Then on the horizon of Buster's opportunity loomed that great actor, Lionel Barrymore. From the front-office came reports that Lionel would play Kringelein, not Buster. With a stiff upper lip and a smile of good grace, the comedian, who hungered after this bit of real drama, waited. . . .

Simultaneous with these developments, Joan Crawford was holding up Flammchen's off-stage drama with marked dissatisfaction at being cast in the rôle of the little stenographer. Joan saw the stage play of "Grand Hotel"

(Continued on page 95)

Whiter, brighter clothes
without scrubbing or boiling

SEE how *snow-white* clothes can come from washing machine or tub—how thick and *lasting* suds can be.

"I just soak everything in those thick Rinso suds — and the clothes actually come whiter than ever!" says Mrs. Adam Montague of New Haven. "It's all I use —no bar soaps or softeners," writes Mrs. Joseph Heller of Milwaukee.

Makers of 40 washers say:
"Rinso!"

Change to the famous soap that the makers of 40 leading washers recommend! Rinso *loosens* dirt. You don't need to boil the wash or do a bit of hard rubbing. That saves the clothes; spares your hands, too.

***Brighter colors*—safely!**

The finest cottons and linens, white or colors, are safe in Rinso suds. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Creamy, active suds even in hardest water. Great for dishwashing. Get the BIG package.

Valuable Illustrated Book—*Free.* Send for your free copy of "Whiter Clothes—Easier Washdays". Packed full of information on every phase of home laundering. Just send your name and address to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 794, Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Traveling Husbands" and in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; and "Speed Crazy," Universal. Now appearing in musical comedy.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio; in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé; and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "24 Hours" and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Touchdown" and in "Wayward." Now working in "Skybride." All for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Millionaire," "Alexander Hamilton" and "The Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Reckless Living," Universal; in "Panama Flo" and "The Tip Off," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.

ARTHUR, JEAN; marriage to Julian Ancker annulled; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount; and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. After several months away from the screen, expects to make talking picture come-back soon.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Smart Woman" and "Men of Chance." Featured rôle in "Lost Squadron" All for RKO-Radio.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Jury," RKO-Radio; in "The Champ" and "Freaks," M-G-M. Now working in "Hold 'Em, Jail." RKO-Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M; and "Corsair," United Artists.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Starred in "Heaven on Earth," "Impatient Maiden" and "Spirit of Notre Dame." Next will be "Laughing Boy." All for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M; in "Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal; and "While Paris Sleeps," Fox. Now working in "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Baroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Scandal Sheet" and "Rich Man's Folly." Next will probably be "On the Black Sea." All for Paramount.

BANNISTER, HARRY; married to Ann Harding; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé; and "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "My Sin" and "The Cheat." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Mad Genius," Warner Bros.; co-starred in "Arsène Lupin," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Now starring in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelpia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Man I Killed," Paramount; in "Mata Hari," "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Last Flight" and "Alias the Doctor." Now starring in "Cabin in the Cotton." All for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Cisco Kid" and "Surrender." Now starring in "Scotch Valley." All for Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Shanghaied Love," Columbia; in "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox; in "The Drifter," Kent Prod.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Champ" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Grand Hotel."

BELL, REX; married to Clara Bow; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Battling with Buffalo Bill," Universal; and in "Forgotten Women," Trem Carr.

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Magnificent Lie," Paramount; and in "Surrender" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract Star. Starred in "Bought," Warner Bros.; and Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Right to Live," RKO-Pathé. Next will be "The Dangerous Set," Warner Bros.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox; born in Palisades, N. J. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hush Money" and "She Wanted a Millionaire." Now working in "Widow's Might." Next will be "Salomy Jane." All for Fox.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Generation" and "Men in Her Life," Columbia; and "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Ambition," Universal; "Thunder Below," Paramount.

BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Spirit of Notre Dame." Universal; in "Good Sport," Fox; and in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Blonde Crazy," Union Depot" and "The Crowd Roars." Now working in "The Famous Ferguson Case." Next will be "Saturday's Children." All for Warner Bros. Also, in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

(Continued on page 96)

Inside Story of "Grand Hotel"

(Continued from page 93)

and took particular note of the opportunities afforded Flammchen (probably comparing them with those afforded Grusinskaya, Garbo's part). And then, they say, she saw her lawyer! Though Joan's rebellion was intense—it was short-lived. Several conferences with the tactful and persuasive Edmund Goulding convinced her that the screen Flammchen enjoyed greater opportunity than the play and novel gave to the part, and that the rôle for the screen had been built up so that it took second place to none.

ON the cast sheet will be Greta Garbo as the dancer; John Barrymore as the Baron; Wallace Beery (not Jean Hersholt) as Preysing. Hersholt has been handed the smaller and less demanding part of the hotel clerk. He says no more of Preysing. He, like Keaton, can be a good loser. He will give his best to the rôle of the clerk.

Joan Crawford became reconciled to Flammchen; in fact, almost enthusiastic, once she fully realized the possibilities existent in the character of the pretty stenographer. Lewis Stone, who has been playing near-star rôles for several years, was cast as the philosophical Doctor of the piece—a small rôle, indeed, for this veteran of the stage and screen. The characterization of the Baron's unscrupulous chauffeur goes to John Miljan—another case of a small part for a big actor. And Tully Marshall, veteran character actor, enacts the rôle of Gerstankorn, Preysing's mercantile rival. Tully, who has been receiving top feature billing in recent years, will perhaps not even get screen credit in this melting-pot of stars.

Now that "Grand Hotel" is well under way, superlative peace and calm reigns on this set of many stars. Prophesied temperamental fire-crackers have not exploded. None are expected. Billing on this picture has been previously decided upon. Garbo's name heads a list of five to be "starred" in the following order: Greta Garbo; John Barrymore; Joan Crawford; Wallace Beery, and Lionel Barrymore.

Joan Crawford links arms with Lionel Barrymore in a quiet corner of the set, and they walk back and forth studying their lines. The famous John Barrymore is actually eager about his rôle. As for Wallace Beery . . . well, Wally still thinks Jean Hersholt would have been excellent. But Wally has been "ironed out," in the jargon of the studios. He will give the part all he has.

The hotel clerk, Jean Hersholt, cannot suppress a sigh as he must look upon another interpreting the rôle he wanted above all else.

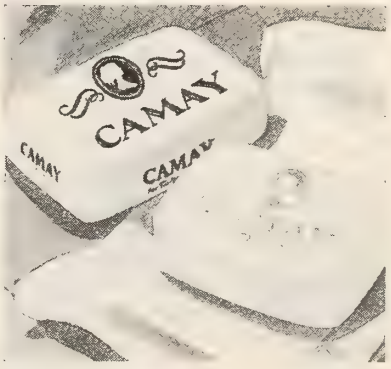
The drama of "Grand Hotel," with its myriad dramas, moves serenely on. Is it any wonder that it is the most discussed production in Hollywood?

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every hour of every day!

A CAKE of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will glow with new, deep cleanliness!

The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her Beauty Contest? Every man, from office boy to president, responds to clean, natural loveliness.

Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

YOU have only to *look* at a cake of Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—to know why 73 eminent skin doctors commend its use. Camay is creamy-white! There's no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. It is delicate, gentle, *safe* for that precious skin of yours. Luxurious Camay lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin has regained its natural shell-like beauty. It is soft, too—and smooth as flower-petals! You *are* in a Beauty Contest, every hour of every day. Let Camay help you win!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You can have them *instantly* by the simple magic of the new

NON-SMARTING,
TEAR-PROOF
MAYBELLINE

Dormant, in your eyes, is a soulful, bewitching kind of beauty that only dark, luxuriant, naturally long-appearing lashes can bring into play.

But, have YOU such lashes? They are easily acquired, and in just an instant, by the effortless use of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier. A few simple brush strokes and the marvelous transformation takes place.

You must be sure, however, to use genuine Maybelline—because it's perfectly harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and it actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Try it. You'll be amazed and delighted with the result. So will those who see you! Obtain the NEW Maybelline at any toilet goods counter. Black or Brown, 75c.

Maybelline

EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 cent stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Clip MAYBELLINE CO., 14-4
5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State_____

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 94)

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M; and "Women Love Once," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal; starred in "Good Sport," Fox. Now working in "Widow's Might," Fox.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in "No Limit" and "Kick In," Paramount. Returning to screen soon in a Sam Rork production.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Suicide Fleet," "The Big Gamble" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced from former actress; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "The False Madonna" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa.. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; and "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Pagan Lady," Columbia; in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio; and "High Pressure," First National.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio; in "Homicide Squad," Universal; and "It's Hell to be Famous," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Husband's Holiday," and "Shanghai Express." Now working in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." All for Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Broad-minded," "Local Boy Makes Good" and Fireman, Save My Child." First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Alabama. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Last Flight," First National; in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal; and "Yukon," Standard Pictures.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, Eng. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final" and "Expensive Women," First National; and "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Side Show" and "Manhattan Parade." Now working in "Beauty and the Boss." All for First National.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Blonde Crazy," "Taxi" and "The Crowd Roars." Now starring in "Saturday's Children." All for Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee" and "Palmy Days." Next will be "Kid From Spain." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Graft," Universal. Now making personal appearance tour.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles., Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal; in "Guilty Generation," Columbia; and "The Girl From The Rio," RKO-Radio. Now working in "The Broken Wing," Paramount.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Personal Maid," "The Man I Killed" and "Wayward," Paramount.

CAVANAUGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Radio; and "A House Divided," Universal. Now on the New York stage.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights." Now in Europe.

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract comedy star. Starred in "Hasty Marriage," "What a Bozo" and "Nickel Nurses." Now working in "Balmy Days." All for Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Once a Lady" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Paramount. Now starring in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros.

CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced from non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Girls Demand Excitement," "Trailin' " and "The Brat," Fox.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "One Hour With You." Next will star in "Love Me Tonight." All for Paramount.

CHRISTY, DOROTHY; married to Hal Christy; born in Reading, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Night Life in Reno," Supreme; in "Convicted," Manon Prod; and "Papa Loves Mama," Universal.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill" and "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé; and "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Final Edition," Columbia; in "Reckless Living," "Frankenstein," "Impatient Maiden," "Night Club," Universal.

CLYDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract comedy star. Starred in "Half Holiday," "Taxi Trouble" and "Shopping With Wifie." Now working in "Heavens! My Husband." All for Mack Sennett.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M; in "X Marks the Spot" and "File No. 113," Tiffany. Now working in "Yukon," Standard Pictures.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Secrets of a Secretary," "His Woman," "The Wiser Sex" and "Sensation," Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Street Scene," United Artists; in "Sporting Chance," Tec-Art; and "File No. 113," Tiffany. Now working in "After Tomorrow," Fox; "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.; in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono Art-Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith." Next will probably be "Cynara." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze, born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Three Who Loved," "The Lady Refuses" and "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skippy" and "Sooky." Now working in "The Miracle Man." Next "Love Me Tonight." All for Paramount.

(Continued on page 101)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MARCH AND APRIL— WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Lois Moran	March 1	Wallace Beery	April 1
Jean Harlow	March 3	George O'Brien	April 5
Edmund Lowe	March 3	Spencer Tracy	April 5
Dorothy Mackaill	March 4	Virginia Cherrill	April 12
Conrad Nagel	March 16	Charles Chaplin	April 26
Joan Crawford	March 23	Fifi Dorsay	April 26
El Brendel	March 25	Dorothy Sebastian	April 26
Warner Baxter	March 29	George K. Arthur	April 27
Eddie Quillan	March 31	Lionel Barrymore	April 28
Victor Varconi	March 31	David Manners	April 30

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 15)

Now, about brushing. (You must get awfully tired of hearing me talk about brushing.) I don't suppose I need to tell you that it will do no good to brush your clean locks with a dirty brush. On the other hand, continual washing of brushes softens the bristles. So try dipping your hairbrush in a bowl of bran every day or so. It will help keep the brush clean and if a few flakes of bran get stuck in your hair they won't hurt a speck—they'll brush right out. Even so, you really ought to wash your brush every week. In warm water and mild soap, and stick the handle in a milk bottle and let the brush dry in the sun.

If your hair is bleached, you ought to give it frequent rinsings in vinegar and water. Vinegar invigorates and strengthens the hair.

If you have white hair, a bit of blueing in the rinsing water will give it that snowy look. And there is actually a white brilliantine on the market for white hair. There is one, too, which combines brilliantine and blueing in some mysterious process. It's rather expensive but gives lovely results.

A tonic low in alcohol percentage, rubbed into the scalp after the shampoo and after the hair is thoroughly dry will close the pores (thus helping to prevent those after-shampoo colds) and also keep the oil glands from being overstimulated.

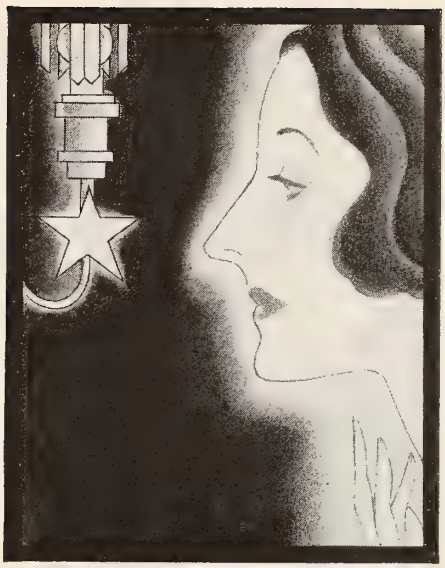
Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, Modern Screen Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Why I Hate Garbo

(Continued from page 45)

refused to move for a movie queen. I smiled, the boys were radiant, they all offered me their places, but I refused and sat quietly in a corner because the music had begun again. La Garbo is informal, a bohemian, she loves art and music, etc. . . . and so a little more was added to the Garbo legend.

AFTER the concert I waited for friends and I can say, without exaggeration, that until I turned my back on the crowds, every second person "recognized" me. A vehement woman, with several others in tow, all of Amazonian proportions, rushed up to me, assured she had met me before and introduced her friends in quick succession. They mumbled and continued to stare. I went to a restaurant, an old favorite



After this marvelous beauty bath,

instant improvement in your skin

Every woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath . . . Results are immediate—no waiting—a delightful bath—and the cost is trifling! . . . Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet . . . Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Prove it with this test!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

Linit

is sold by your Grocer, Druggist and Department Store

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

● *Little Miss* ALICE ANN BUTTGEREIT, *of Verona, Pennsylvania.*

BABY "WENT TO ALMOST NOTHING"

Then Eagle Brand saved the day!

"Here is a picture of our daughter, Alice Ann", writes Mrs. Joel Buttgereit, 132 Arch St., Verona, Penn., "to show you what Eagle Brand has done for our baby when three other baby foods failed.

"Our baby weighed 9 pounds at birth and went to almost nothing. Then we tried Eagle Brand, and with her first feeding, she seemed satisfied. She started to pick up right away and at eight months weighed 26 pounds and had 8 teeth.

"We can never express our gratitude for what Eagle Brand has done for our baby."

• • •

If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for free booklet. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod-liver oil, etc.—advised by doctors.

● *(Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.)*

FREE! Wonderful baby booklet!

THE BORDEN CO., Dept. V-7
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address plainly

of mine, where I learned later Garbo had dined a little while before. Three waiters rushed a table at me, that is all that I can call it, and even after I had spoken—and you must realize the utter dissimilarity in the quality of our voices to appreciate this—the stares continued, from men and women alike. I think the women are worst.

I met a friend at the Savoy Plaza and I was literally shadowed through all of the corridors by a newspaperman whom I recognized, though he did not know me. Soon a group of his fellows had gathered and as I passed them, I caught little fragments of the great discussion. "It's Garbo's eyes . . . and her mouth—but the A. P. said she was in Chicago by now."

If I were a person whose only claim to attention was her resemblance to a star, perhaps all this would not disturb me so. But I am a writer of reasonable intelligence. I have my way to make in the world and that is not Hollywood.

Yet, no matter what I do to my hair, no matter what clothes I wear, it still persists, this *leit motif* that is now so powerful that it has seriously interfered with my life and career. No one takes my literary pretensions seriously; no one believes me constant in love; and no one appreciates my sense of comedy, for I have been stamped the *"femme fatale,"* and that, I assure you, is fatal to la femme.

When I say that I "hate Garbo," do not misunderstand me. I have written too often of her amazing sensibility as an actress to say that convincingly now. But her reflected glow has lost for me that right to individual integrity that means far more than a shadow existence off the screen.

More About Hollywood

(Continued from page 92)

(Chubby) Marsh arrived with one of Hollywood's playboys . . . Joan seems younger each successive time she appears; she was all decked out in a dazzling creation of deep maroon velvet.

Along towards the end of the evening (when the photographers were running rampant getting their pictures), the party got real clever. Jack Oakie decided that the existing master of ceremonies was not up to par so he grabbed the baton to lead the orchestra as well as take over the duties of head-story-teller, pointer-out-of-big-shots and whatnot. It was at this time that Hollywood learned that Jack has been wasting his time in Hollywood, as he could no doubt make a great deal more money in Harlem. Really, if you had been there at the last minute, you would have heard some very strange things from the band-stand. All in all, a great evening.

Hollywood is telling that Billie Dove attended the New York Mayfair in the company of Charlie Lederer . . . and that Howard Hughes was seen with a gorgeous society girl from Walter Winchell's home town. Maybe it's just another tiff. Billie, it is also said, danced most of her dances with Jimmie Walker! If you will recall, a few issues back we gave the news that Billie and Howard were friends again! How quickly things change in Hollywood!

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., can give all the ladies (and men) a few tips on reducing. Several months ago Doug awoke to the fact that he wasn't photographing as well as heretofore—he had become jowly and heavy. This was a surprise, because a couple or three years ago Doug's worry about weight had always been in the other direction—because at that time he literally looked under-nourished and his greatest aim was to put on a few extra pounds. Then wife Joan Crawford took over the matter of his diet and insisted that Doug eat certain amounts of potatoes and other weight-increasing foods—and drink milk. Suddenly he found himself overweight (for the screen)—but he also discovered that he had grown very fond of dishes that certainly wouldn't be included on Sylvia's diet menus. The only solution was exercise—and plenty of it.

Now Doug is back at his best weight. He told us that most of the extra poundage came off when he and his dad organized a football team which played regularly over at the United Artists studio. Since the gang has discontinued the daily games, Doug goes through a systematic set of exercises every day, besides golfing and horseback riding two or three times a week.

"You can't keep your weight down, no matter how much you diet, unless you exercise!" advises Doug.

Irving Hoffman gets credit for dubbing Greta Garbo "America's Swede Heart."

THE report is that Rose Hobart will give the movies the big go-by—and return to the stage. Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton offered Rose the leading feminine rôle in the play they have bought (which Ruth will probably direct) and Rose accepted.

If Rose prefers the legitimate stage to working before the camera, she isn't the first. Kent Douglass, for one, left behind some swell offers of picture contracts when he made tracks for the Big City and the Broadway stage. Likewise Leslie Howard. Even Barbara Stanwyck has a yen to do a stage show and she has enjoyed tremendous success on the screen.

Acting before real footlights is like the Yellow Fever—they can't ever get it out of their blood, it seems.

LOOKS like Hollywood has grown international minded. The other evening at a local auditorium there was a heated debate on the Russian Soviet question. Among the movie folks we saw listening intently to both sides of the question were Kay Johnson, her husband, director John Cromwell, Paul Bern, and Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March). These folks seemed just as interested in the debate as other Hollywoodites are at the prize-fight stadium watching their favorite sluggers slug.

Don't feel sorry for yourself if sometimes you have to wait in line to see your favorite movie star on the screen. Jimmy Cagney waited exactly one hour and forty minutes before he could get a seat to see his new picture which was showing at a Hollywood theatre. And he admits that Jimmy Cagney isn't even his favorite actor!

A NEW Paris importation is the ring that Maurice Chevalier brought back to Hollywood from his last crossing. And it has Hollywood in stitches! The ring, it seems, is made so that when the wearer shakes hands with an unsuspecting friend, the inside of the ring vibrates. It is said that this is enough to scare the average movie star to an early grave. Those who have so far been the victims of Maurice's little ring all thought they were being electrocuted or something.

A friend borrowed the ring from Chevalier and proceeded to try it out on Tallulah Bankhead. She almost hit the ceiling of her dressing room. (By the way, Tallulah occupies the rooms that Ruth Chatterton had while at Paramount.) But immediately after she had discovered what the gag was, Tallulah was yipping all over the studio for a ring "just like *that* one!" It was found, however, that they are not to be had in this country, and so Tallulah has cabled an order to a friend in Paris. So, in the future, when you shake hands with Miss Bankhead (you lucky person), just remember we warned you.

Loretta Young went dancing the other night with Gloria Swanson's second ex —Herb Somborn, of the Brown Derby Somborns.

Evidently one try at the old marriage game is enough to last Loretta for some time to come. Since her divorce from Grant Withers she's been going with a steady list of different boy-friends, and before any really serious rumors can develop, Loretta has switched her affections. For awhile Ricardo Cortez threatened to become a steady suitor, but he and Loretta parted just friends.

LOOKS like Reno, the American divorce mill where so many famous picture players have had their marital knots untied lately, might meet its Waterloo in Chihuahua, Mexico In that small Mexican town it is now possible to get your divorce in exactly five minutes—without any previous residence in Mexico. One bright young fellow has in mind a complete airplane service from the large cities of the United States direct to this new divorce

Spring brings a

DOUBLE DANGER

TO THREATEN

Delicate Complexions

Play safe! Here is a simple, effective way to guard your skin from the treacherous extremes of the season.

● "BEWARE OF SPRING!" For years the foremost beauty specialists have sounded this warning . . . Sharp, blustery winds one minute. Cold, driving rain, the next. And then, indoors to the parching atmosphere of over-heated rooms and offices.

No wonder sensitive skins wither under the attack! No wonder complexions become dull and cloudy! . . . Luckily there is a way to withstand these extremes of weather and temperature. A simple 5-minute beauty ritual, now used daily by millions of fastidious women.

Famous Olive Oil Preparations

Everyone knows the beneficial effects of Olive Oil — its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won universal acclaim because of its marvelous Olive Oil base. Now, by a special patented process, this same famous ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

Begin tonight! Spend *two minutes* ridding your pores of dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Then spread on a thin film of the velvety Olive Oil Cream to nourish your skin while you sleep.

Lightex for oily skins in the red box . . . With *Olive Oil* for normal skins in the purple box

Tomorrow morning, start with a stimulating application of OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Follow with OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream, as a protection from the elements and a perfect powder base. Next rouge your lips, using Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder in any of its smart shades, if your skin is normal, or with the fluffy *Lightex* blend, if it is naturally oily. All this takes only *three minutes!*

Free Trial Packages!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two face powders. Crystal Laboratories, 134 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil*
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Death waited
for him at
every corner . .

. . yet she married him!

To her shame and sorrow she loved him—this reckless man of the underworld whom the police called "English." And then when the net began to close around him . . . when the Grim Reaper steadily stalked his steps . . . she married him, believing that to be the only thing which might save his life.

But what form did his gratitude take? Imagine her horror when he brought into their home a woman from out of his past!

What could his wife do then? What would most girls have done?

PEARL BOTSFORD

gives you the astounding answer in her most thrilling novelette:

"BRIDE OF HEARTBREAK"

You'll find it *complete*—with many other absorbing love stories in the March 22nd issue of

Sweetheart Stories

15c — At All Newsstands

ZIP 50¢

DEPILATORY CREAM

Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All Stores. Giant Tube 50c. Small 10c.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

(Formerly $5.00) Now in a new $1.00 size package

Permanently Destroys Hair

A NEW Perfume!

The most exquisite perfume in the world. Sells at $12 an ounce—$2.50 for bottle containing 30 drops.

ROMANZA—*the Aristocrat of Perfumes.* Single drop lasts a week. Never anything like this before.

Paul Rieger's Romanza is the most refined of all perfumes. Made from essence of flowers, without alcohol.

SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLE

Send only 20c (silver or stamps) for a trial bottle of this marvelous perfume—"ROMANZA".

Paul Rieger & Co., 131 First St., San Francisco

Mecca. He'd better make the Hollywood-Chihuahua service continuous. He'll get plenty of business from the film city. Hollywood can always appreciate a nice, clean divorce obtained in only five minutes.

This is under-cover stuff—but one of the larger studios is using an authentic rum-running fleet for a picture they are making! It's a story of racketeers and liquor smuggling—and the prop experts thought that getting the boats that actually are used by real rum-rummers would lend that "real McCoy" atmosphere to the production.

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., is going to give us an absolute innovation in one of his forthcoming Universal productions—*the Americanized version of a foreign picture!* How does that strike you? Of course, we've seen and heard a lot of foreign versions . . . but we never heard *English* used in a "foreign" talkie.

The other evening during a preview, the press were given a treat . . . just one reel of the picture made in the Swiss Alps. The rest of the production will be made here in Hollywood. We failed to catch the title used in the German version . . . but then, it will be changed anyway. Just remember, if you hear about a picture in which some of the action takes place in the Alps . . . rush to it! That sample we saw was great. The most beautiful photography and the most thrilling action we ever saw combined in one reel . . . *and we had no idea what the story was about—the dialogue was in German!*

AND no sooner had Helene Costello been bundled aboard the boat for Europe than we are all surprised to find our friend Mr. Lowell Sherman at the Cocoanut Grove in the company of none other than the famous star of the New York stage . . . Ethel Lind Terry!

The one-time relative of the Costello family didn't wait very long before finding someone to console him. He gave the beautiful lady his undivided, suave and polished attention throughout the entire evening.

"Pa" Arlen and "Ma" are back from the Big City after making their first visit in seven years. Dick wore tails to the Mayfair dance and did he have fun? Dropped his silk topper and broke his cane!

LEW CODY has a new practical joke that is working swell. When a friend phones Lew to say that he would like to call the next Sunday and bring a bunch of pals along, Lew explains that he's sorry . . . but he's arranged to go down to Hoot Gibson's ranch (ascertaining beforehand that Hoot won't be there.) He then invites the friend to call him at the ranch on Sunday . . . and maybe he can get permission to bring the whole crowd down.

Lew then arranges with the Gibson caretaker to telephone him as soon as the friend's call comes through to the ranch, having the caretaker advise the friend that " . . . Mister Cody is down at the barn and will call you back soon." A few minutes later Lew calls, saying he is 'phoning from the ranch, and proceeds to invite the whole gang down for the day. After a forty-mile drive—only to discover no one home—said friend is a bit put out. But he thinks twice before he invites himself and "a bunch of pals" so casually to Cody's place again.

Hollywood's new malady is the "Polo Widowitis." Its victims show much the same symptoms as evidenced in cases of golf widows—only their husbands spend a great deal of time riding horseback and knocking a little white ball up and down the polo field—instead of donning golf knickers and making off for the greens. Will Rogers was the first of the movie colony to get the polo bug—and was followed by Jimmy Gleason, Guinn Williams, Hoot Gibson and Ralph Forbes. More recent converts are Darryl Zanuck, Director Michael Curtiz, Reggie Denny, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable. Wives of these polo enthusiasts have threatened to form a club calling themselves "The Poor Party of Polo Widows," and Sally Eilers and Marian Nixon say they'll head it.

THE depression is over in Hollywood. Oh, yeah? Whether the answer is yea or nay, the fact remains that the Barrymore yacht, *Infanta,* has been sold! John probably caught so many fish the last trip that he couldn't see any reason for keeping such a costly trinket lying around. It has since been announced that the group of men who purchased the yacht (it generally does take a group of men to buy anything from a movie star!) are in the business of renting it—especially to motion picture companies. We don't want to discourage those boys, but we understand that movie companies already have a yacht!

TOM MIX is just about the most "recovered" man Hollywood has ever seen. Not many days ago he was finally pronounced out of danger at the hospital where he had escaped death by a miracle. And then the other evening he was conspicuously present at the Embassy Club—wearing a white coat, white, ten-gallon hat, and white shoes. We might add that Tom looked swell and is all set to make millions of kids happy by starring in that old-time Western thriller called "Destry Rides Again."

The month's most interesting sight: Marie Prevost dining at the Cocoanut Grove with her ever-present Buster Collier. And two tables away sat Kenneth Harlan with another beauty. Marie and Kenneth were once Mr. and Mrs. They acknowledged each other's presence with a friendly nod.

JACK HOLT is a big, he-man screen type. It seemed quite right when he announced not long ago that he had become associated with the cattle business in San Joaquin valley. Well and good, everybody said. Jack's just the type to take an interest in the ranching

(Continued on page 102)

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 96*)

COOK, DONALD; divorced from Frances Beranger; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Mad Genius," "Safe in Hell" and "The Man Who Played God," First National. Next will be "So Big," First National.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman" and "His Woman," Paramount. Now vacationing in Europe.

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Champ," M-G-M; in "Sooky," Paramount. Now working in "Limpy," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "White Shoulders" and "Men of Chance," RKO-Radio; and "No One Man," Paramount. Now working in "Symphony of Six Million." Next will be "March of the Nation." Both RKO-Radio.

COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Returned to talking screen, starring in "Expensive Women," Warner Bros.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "This Modern Age," "Laughing Sinners" and "Possessed," M-G-M. Now working in "Grand Hotel." Next will be "Letty Lynton." All M-G-M.

CRAWFORD, KATHRYN; divorced from non-professional; born in Wellsboro, Pa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Flying High" and "Emma." Featured in "Polly of the Circus." Now working in "Grand Hotel." All for M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Shanghaied Love" and "Maker of Men," Columbia, and "Emma," M-G-M.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Lover Come Back," "The Guilty Generation" and "The Man Who Dared." Now working with Ben Lyon in untitled prize fight story. All for Columbia.

DAGOVER, LIL; married to non-professional; born in Java, Dutch East Indies. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "The White Devil," UFA; and "The Woman From Monte Carlo," First National. Now in Europe.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; and French version "One Hour With You," Paramount. Now working in "He Met a French Girl," Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Maltese Falcon," "Her Past" and "Honor of the Family," Warner Bros. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Warner Bros. Studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; in "Juvenile Court," Tec-Art; in "The Menace," Columbia; and "The Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Working Girls" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount; and "Nice Women," Universal. Now working in "Sky Bride," Paramount.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio; and "Left Over Ladies," Tiffany. Now working in "Ambition," Universal.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Girl from the Rio," RKO-Radio. Now starring in "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in Surrey, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and "Private Lives," M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Morocco," "Dishonored" and "The Shanghai Express," Paramount.

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men In Her Life," Columbia; and "Lady With A Past," RKO-Pathé.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Public Defender," "Secret Service" and "Lost Squadron." Next will be "March of the Nation." All for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Mr. Lemon of Orange" and "Young As You Feel," Fox. Now appearing in vaudeville.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance

(*Continued on page 104*)

Date broken because of bad skin! Photo specially posed by Miss Alice Way

So ashamed of her Poor Complexion

she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts — but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps end constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "*beer yeast*"—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized*—treated with three distinct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet—almost unrivalled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It *ends* all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.

More About Hollywood

(Continued from page 100)

business. Probably do very well at it.

But when big, bad boy Charlie Bickford announced that he had opened an exclusive women's lingerie shop in Hollywood, it caused a furor, no less! However, the two-fisted actor claims that this lingerie business is just another financial transaction to him—no personal interest involved. The shop, which is called "The Bickstorm," is to be operated by a New York designer whose last name is Storm.

During the making of "Dancers in the Dark" the entire cast was kept in a continual uproar by Monsieur Jack Oakie. The big set used for the picture is a reproduction of a dance hall—you know the type. Included in the props was a real perfume-vending machine. Oakie discovered (much to his chagrin) that the machine was full of the vilest, cheapest perfume ever made—and that it worked without the usual dime in the slot! From that day on he utilized every spare moment toward inveigling different studio attachés and members of the cast into standing in front of the perfume machine. Then they'd be showered with a large dose of the "Lilac De Luxe." The last time Jack worked the gag, there happened to be an executive standing in front of the spray (must have been an accident!) The next day the machine had been mysteriously emptied of its odoriferous contents. "Anyway," says Oakie, "It was a grand smell while it lasted!"

ONE of the most distasteful aftereffects of Constance Bennett's marriage to the Marquis was the rumor that Joan Bennett didn't serve her sister as maid of honor . . . therefore, Joan and Connie could not be on friendly terms!

Whoever started these rumors overlooked the fact that the wedding which took place at the George Fitzmaurice home, was a civil ceremony—and that at civil ceremonies there aren't any official attendants—maid of honor, bridesmaids, or any of the others.

It happens that the lovely Constance is quite a superstitious young lady; that is, she has days when she feels lucky, and quite naturally it was one of these she chose for her wedding day. At that time Joan was still in New York and planned to return to Hollywood via the Panama Canal, which meant she wouldn't reach home in time for the marriage. However, at the last minute, she cancelled all her steamer reservations, packed her things hurriedly and took a fast train to Hollywood—all because she wanted so badly to be in attendance at Connie's wedding!

If the gossips are interested in the truth—Joan *was* Constance's first attendant. She stood next to her while the ceremony was being read. She wasn't the official maid of honor because there wasn't any maid of honor.

And so another of those much overrated "inside" stories that are circulated throughout Hollywood, dies an ignoble death. And bare fact is the executioner.

MR. and Mrs. Barney Glazer (Sharon Lynn) set a new style in Yuma weddings. They didn't even try to keep it a secret! Why, Barney and Sharon even re-enacted the whole ceremony for the photographers and one of the wedding party, Marshall Neilan, directed it!

Barney and Sharon boarded an airplane from Los Angeles and accompanied by Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons, Marshall Neilan, Carmelita Geraghty, Carey Wilson, Rex Cole and John Gilbert, arrived a few hours later in Nevada's famous Gretna Green. Jack, incidentally, was nearly mobbed by the Yuma citizens. When the wedding party reached the courthouse, they had been joined by so many interested spectators that the ceremony had to be performed in the superior court room to accommodate the crowd. Afterwards, the newlyweds and their friends drove to Algodones, just across the border, where they had the wedding breakfast before returning to Hollywood. Back in the film city Dolores Del Rio opened her beautiful home for a real celebration.

Lots of happiness, Barney and Sharon! With this unique start-off, your marriage ought to be just as unique, for Hollywood. We mean, it really should be a long and happy one!

Whether you liked "Freaks" or not, it might interest you to know that Marion Davies did. After the freaks finished the picture they made for M-G-M, most of them returned to their regular mode of livelihood—side shows. But Schlitze, the pin-headed lady, the favorite of the entire lot—and particularly Marion—got herself a job in Long Beach (about an hour's drive from Hollywood). Almost every day Marion finds time to dash down to the beach town to visit Schlitze.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH

Winnie Lightner doesn't say why she did it, Winnie doesn't tell all she knows. But she loves a practical joke, so we'll say she had nothing against the man. She was appearing at the Winter Garden in New York with a comedian who used to eat the knobs off her hat pins. The knobs were marshmallows. . . . Now Winnie, one day was in a frisky mood, and she coated every marshmallow with alum. . . . So the rest of the story is bitter. . . .

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 8*)

HER MAJESTY, LOVE (First National)—Romantic comedy with Marilyn Miller, Ben Lyon, W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling. **Good—okay for children.**

A HOUSE DIVIDED (Universal)—Realistic story of New England fishing village and the stark types which inhabit it. Walter Huston, Kent Douglass and Helen Chandler do well. **Very good—not for kids.**

LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE (Paramount)—M-G-M having done a prison picture last season ("The Big House"), Paramount decided they'd give the women's prison a break. Sylvia Sidney heads the cast of this thrilling tale. **Very good—but not for children.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (RKO-Radio)—Edna May Oliver and others in a comedy which revolves around a jury trying to reach a decision. Edna Mae will have you rolling in the aisle with her comedy. **Very good—kids will like some of it.**

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Radio)—Constance Bennett in emotional drama. Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—children will be bored.**

LAW AND ORDER (Universal)—Although Walter Huston heads the cast of this Western somehow the total effect is not what it should have been. The whole thing seems unconvincing and old-fashioned. **Poor—except for kids.**

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (Warner)—Funny man Joe E. Brown in a comedy about college life. **Good—fine for the young ones.**

LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix in adventure thriller. Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—okay for children.**

LOVERS COURAGEOUS (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in charming love story. Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent—but children may get restless.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore in another Chaneyesque rôle—this time as a slightly insane Russian ballet-master. Marian Marsh again plays opposite him. **Very good—children may like parts of it.**

MAKERS OF MEN (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell in a rather weak football story. **Poor.**

MANHATTAN PARADE (Warner)—Circus comedy with Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. **Fair—okay for kids.**

MATA HARI (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in a new version of the famous spy of France who ended her career before a firing squad. Although you may not agree that this Hollywood version is the accepted version of Mata Hari, nevertheless, you'll be thrilled by Greta Garbo's delineation of the character. **Excellent—not for kids.**

MEN OF CHANCE (RKO-Radio)—Race-track story with Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. **Very good—children will like some of it.**

THE MENACE (United Artists)—Underworld stuff. Reviewed on page 58. **Excellent of its type—leave the kids at home.**

MICHAEL AND MARY (Universal)—A British film, released by Universal. It is an adaptation of the famous stage play of the same name by A. A. Milne. A charmingly romantic love comedy. **Very good—children may be bored by it.**

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS (Educational)—Tom Patricola in a two-reel comedy with singing and dancing. **Okay for kids.**

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers in another beautifully cuckoo comedy. Groucho remains the most amusing of the four with Harpo running him a close second. **Excellent—take the kids.**

MORALS FOR WOMEN (Tiffany)—Bessie Love and Conway Tearle in the stenographer-employer story again. **Fair.**

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)—Bloodthirsty thriller type of thing. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good of its type—better not take the kiddies.**

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD (M-G-M)—William Haines in a modern version of the old famous story. Jimmie "Schnozzle" Durante is also in it. **Very good—suitable for kids but it will not exactly elevate their taste.**

OLD MAN MINICK (Warner)—Chic Sale in rural comedy. Reviewed on page 58. **Very good—suitable for the little ones.**

OVER THE HILL (Fox)—Talkie version of the silent which made such a tremendous hit some years back. James Dunn and Sally Eilers head the cast. **Good—okay for kids.**

PANAMA FLO (RKO-Radio)—Helen Twelvetrees as a gal of the Panama dives who has robbed a drunken gentleman and who, because of that fact, is faced with a difficult problem. **Fair—not much for kids.**

PEACH O' RENO (RKO-Radio)—Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey kid the Reno divorce racket. **Good—and it will amuse the children in spots.**

THE POTTSVILLE POLOOKA (Educational)—Harry Gribbon as a big but dumb amateur prize-fighter. **Very good—great for the kids.**

POSSESSED (M-G-M)—A highly emotional love story with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. Gable is a rising politician and Joan Crawford is the girl with whom he falls in love—but whom he won't marry, because his first attempt at marriage was a failure and he doesn't want to ruin his and Joan's happiness. **Very good—but better leave the children at home.**

PRIVATE LIVES (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in a delightful version of Noel Coward's brilliant light comedy. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

RAINBOW TRAIL (Fox)—George O'Brien in a drama of the great open spaces. **Good, if you're a Western fan—swell for the tots.**

RECKLESS LIVING (Universal)—Ricardo Cortez, Norman Foster and Mae Clarke in a racetrack story which could have been better than it is. **Fair—but not much for children.**

RICH MAN'S FOLLY (Paramount)—George Bancroft as a millionaire shipbuilder who forgets everything else in his race for power. There is, of course, the usual retribution. **Fair—children won't be crazy about it.**

THIS RECKLESS AGE (Paramount)—A simple tale of the young people of these days and their apparent wild goings-on. Charles Buddy Rogers and others are in it. **Good—little girls may like parts of it.**

THE RULING VOICE (First National)—Gangster stuff with a rather unusual twist to it. Walter Huston, Loretta Young, Doris Kenyon and David Manners comprise the leading members of the cast. **Fair.**

RIDIN' FOR JUSTICE (Columbia)—Buck Jones in a typical Western. **Okay if you are a Western fan—great for the young ones.**

SAFE IN HELL (First National)—Dorothy Mackaill as a bad woman who runs away to a South Sea island in order to escape justice. **Fair—don't take the kids.**

THE SEA GHOST (Peerless)—A story of the sea and ship salvaging with Laura La Plante and Alan Hale. **Good—okay for kids.**

SECRET SERVICE (RKO-Radio)—Spy story of Civil War days with Richard Dix doing well in the leading rôle. Plenty of romantic love-making and exciting fighting. **Very good—splendid for the tots.**

THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, of stage fame, makes her movie début in a rôle which concerns the fight of a mother to bring up her little boy. The mother has been deserted by the father of her child and her entire life is one struggle to obtain enough money to educate her son. In a part which could only too easily have been made into a sentimental holiday Helen Hayes is amazingly convincing. And her portrayal of the mother when age has crept upon her is astounding in its truth. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

SKY DEVILS (Caddo-United Artists)—Spencer Tracy, William Boyd and George Cooper as three musketeers of the air. There is a girl in it—Ann Dvorak—but most of the action takes place in and around planes. **Very good—great for boys.**

SOOKY (Paramount)—Percy Crosby's story, "Dear Sooky," comes to the talkies with Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl and Robert Coogan. **Very good for kids of all ages.**

SPEED CRAZY (Universal) — Frank Albertson, Louise Fazenda, Slim Summerville, Otis Harlan, Forrest Stanley and June Clyde in an automobile story which is highly reminiscent of the dear old Wallie Reid days. **Good—okay for kids.**

STEPPING SISTERS (Fox)—Louise Dresser, Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell in a comedy about three old-time burlesque queens who meet years after. **Very good—kids will like parts of it.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—The stage play in talkie form with Sylvia Sidney, Buster Collier and Estelle Taylor. **Excellent—but not good talkie fare for children.**

SUICIDE FLEET (RKO-Pathé)—Bill Boyd and others in a thrilling sea story with plenty of fighting and action. **Very good—okay for kids.**

SURRENDER (Fox)—A story dealing with love and war with Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams. **Good—parts of it will interest the youngsters.**

SUSAN LENOX—HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo and Clark Gable managed to make a thrilling movie out of this old-fashioned story which rambles on in a pretty aimless manner. **Very good—but the children will be bored by it.**

TAXI! (Warner)—James Cagney as a fighting taxi driver whose adventures will keep you thrilled and delighted. Loretta Young is the girl in his life. **Very good—exciting but interesting for kids.**

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW (Paramount)—Ruth Chatterton in extra-marital love drama. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—children will be bored.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)—A temperamental prima donna who is afraid of love, yet constantly seeking it. Gloria Swanson is the prima donna and Melvyn Douglas, a newcomer from the stage, is the man who finally teaches her about love. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

(*Continued on page 105*)

HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON YOUR SPRING CLOTHES

New SIMPLE PLAN shows you how to choose becoming Patterns, Fabrics and Colors and brings you FREE HELP in making your Spring Wardrobe

NO more tedious searching for just the right dress for you. Here is an entirely new kind of book that tells and shows you how to choose safely and quickly—patterns, fabrics, colors for all your clothes. It contains 50 key designs to guide you, selected by leading creators of fashion. Also designs and suggestions for children's clothes, draperies, slip covers.

This book "How to Save Money on Your Spring Wardrobe" is *free*. Simply take the coupon below to the Singer Shop nearest your home. You will receive the book at once without one penny of cost or the slightest obligation. Then let the Singer instructor help you make the clothes you want. She will show you how to adjust your pattern, how to do smartly the seams and edge finishes. Do not hesitate to take advantage of this *free* instruction service, now offered at every Singer Shop. Every facility is provided for your convenience, including the use of modern Singer Electric Machines.

SINGER
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
See telephone directory for nearest address

This coupon, when presented at any Singer Shop, entitles you to a free copy of "Your Spring Wardrobe."

Name _____

Address _____

R-143

Copyright U. S. A. 1932, by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries

"Girls, I've found that the secret of beautiful, lustrous, alluring hair is: Sta-Bac Curl Set."

LOOK—
4 Lovely
WAVE SETS
for 10c

The big 3½-oz. bottle of Sta-Bac Curl Set (twice as large as the illustration below), contains enough for 4 complete applications. Just think—for a couple of cents you can, in a few minutes, create a soft, lustrous wave which has all the smart, finished look of a "beauty shoppe" wave set—and lasts just as long! Sta-Bac Curl Set is a preparation of the highest quality—the *perfect* waving fluid for either finger or water waves. Contains no grease, oil or wax. Positively will not injure nor discolor the hair or scalp. Leaves no white flakes. Over 3 million bottles sold last year! Try Sta-Bac.

— at S. S. Kresge Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 101*)

player. Featured rôles in "Five and Ten," M-G-M; in "Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided," Universal. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga. Write him at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "Tonight or Never," Goldwyn-United Artists; and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "The Wiser Sex," Paramount; also "The Broken Wing."

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract star. Starred in "The Age for Love" and "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lightning," Fox; in "Caught," Paramount; and "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Politics" and "Min and Bill"; starred in "Emma." Next will be "Prosperity." All for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Next will be "The Little Teacher." All for Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Bachelor Apartment" and "Consolation Marriage." RKO-Radio; in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Now co-starring in "Symphony of Six Million." Next will be "March of the Nation," RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married to non-professional; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The New Wallingford," "The Cuban Love Song" and "The Passionate Plumber." Now working in "Are You Listening?" All for M-G-M.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; in "Juvenile Court." Tec-Art. Now working in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Sky Devils" and "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in "The Crowd Roars," First National.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Laughing Sinners," "Sidewalks of New York" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Bad Girl," "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Now working in "Disorderly Conduct." Next will be "After the Rain." All for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Magnificent Lie," "Working Girls," "Two Kinds of Women," "The Black Robe." Now working in "Sensation." All for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak," Fox; in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," United Artists; and "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M. Now working in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Chances," "I Like Your Nerve" and "Union Depot." Now working in "It's Hell to Be Famous." Will star in "Love's A Racket." All for First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Produced "Around the World in 80 Minutes," a travelogue. Now shooting second travel picture.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Heartbreak," "Delicious" and "After Tomorrow." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next will be "Have A Heart." All for Fox.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in Broadminded," First National; in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; and "Speed Crazy," Universal.

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Possessed," "Beast of the City" and "Freaks." Now working in "Are You Listening?" All for M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Under Eighteen," First National; in "The Girl From the Rio," RKO-Radio; in "Reckless Living," Universal; and "Alias the Doctor," First National. Now working in "Steady Company," Universal.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," "Nice Women" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Universal. Next will be "The Great Mouthpiece," First National.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town" and "The Black Robe," Paramount. Next will star in "Pleasure First," Warner Bros.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Susan Lenox," "Possessed," "Hell Divers" and "Polly of the Circus." Next will star in "China Seas." All for M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox" and "Mata Hari." Now working in "Grand Hotel." Next will be "Black Oxen." All for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Daddy Long Legs"; co-starred in "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next, "Have A Heart." All for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "The Hard Hombre," "The Gay Buckaroo," "Law and Order" and "Local Bad Man," Allied.

GIBSON, WYNNE; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "Ladies of the Big House," and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount. Starring in "Clara Deane," Paramount.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Gentleman's Fate," "Phantom of Paris" and "West of Broadway," M-G-M. Next will be "Candle Light," M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Free Soul," M-G-M; in "Sweepstakes" and "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.

GLEASON, RUSSEL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Homicide Squad" and "Nice Women," Universal.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Great Meadow" and "Shipmates," M-G-M; and "Secret Service," RKO-Radio. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany; in "The Great Lover," M-G-M; and "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI, child actress; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Skippy" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Now working in "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

GREENWOOD, CHARLOTTE; married to Martin Broones; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Palmy Days," United Artists; in "Flying high," M-G-M; and "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Just A Gigolo" and "The New Wallingford." Next will be "Turn to the Right." All for M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Mother's Millions," Columbia; in "Good Bad Girl," Universal; and "Sporting Chance," Peerless. Now on personal appearance tour.

HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Jacksonville, Fla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Local Boy Makes Good," "Her Majesty Love" and "High Pressure." Now working in "Mendel Inc." All for First National.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Great Lover," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Tarzan, the Ape Man," and "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Starred in "East Lynne," Fox; in "Devotion" and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé. Now starring in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Beau Hunks," "Helpmates," "Any Old Port" and "The Up and Up." Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II; born in Kansas City, No. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox; in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; and "Beast of the City," M-G-M.

HAYAKAWA, SESSUE; married to Tsuru; born in Japan. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Returned to American screen after long absence in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M; and "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now on New York stage.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Phantom of Paris," "Susan Lenox," "Emma," "Beast of the City" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "East of Borneo," Universal; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount. Now working in "Ambition," Universal.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy," "The Man I Killed" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now working in "The Flagrant Years." All for Paramount.

(*Continued on page 107*)

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 103*)

TOUCHDOWN (Paramount)—Richard Arlen, Regis Toomey, Jack Oakie, Charles Starrett and Peggy Shannon in a grand football picture. **Very good—great for the kids.**

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN (Paramount)—A pretty dull melodrama which endeavors to show once again the wickedness of New York. Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes head the cast. **Fair.**

UNDER EIGHTEEN (Warner)—A modern Cinderella story with Marian Marsh, Norman Foster, Anita Page and Regis Toomey. **Very good—girls will like it.**

WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)—Seth Parker, of radio fame, arrives on the talking screen with his brood of Maine folk. **Good if you're a Seth Parker fan—you can take the kids.**

WAYWARD (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen in young married love story. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—not exciting for children.**

WEST OF BROADWAY (M-G-M)—John Gilbert in something or other about the great open spaces. **Poor—children won't enjoy it.**

A WOMAN COMMANDS (RKO-Radio)—Pola Negri as the leading figure in a royal court story of a mythical kingdom. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—not for children.**

THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO (First National)—It's a shame to put Lil Dagover, the lovely foreign actress, in this ridiculously melodramatic and hokumfull melodrama. It can ruin her chances of becoming a favorite here. **See it for Dagover only.**

THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)—Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in a pre-revolutionary Russia story. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 13*)

SCREEN to contain lots of nice surprises.
MRS. J. H. BRINGLE,
Salisbury, North Carolina

Come again, North Dakota!

Gloria Swanson is a very beautiful, charming, adorable woman—yes! But why not let some beauty expert give her a hint on shaping her eyebrows according to her natural eyeline?

I hope this letter starts the North Dakota ball rolling as Curious started the Baltimore ball rolling.

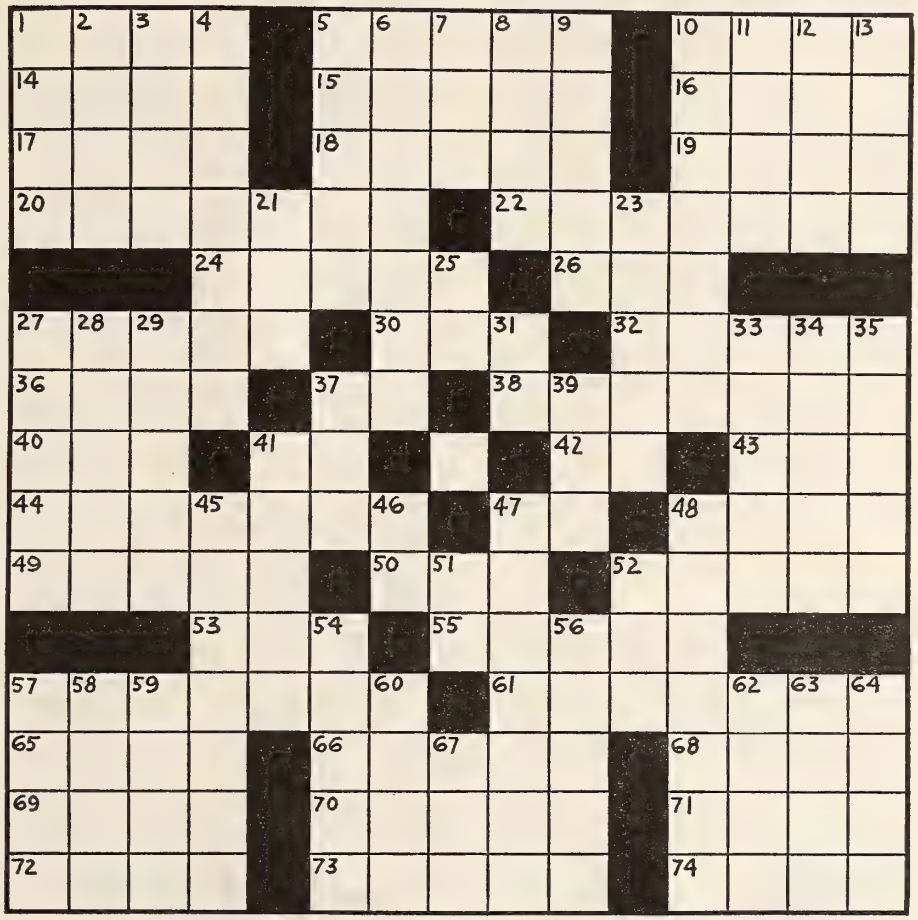
LOUISE MEHRER,
Mott, North Dakota

Well, Doris, we'll have to wait for another playwright as good as Elmer Rice to write another play as good as "Street Scene"

Isn't it refreshing to have stars such as Barbara Stanwyck and Sylvia Sidney in our midst—real, honest-to-goodness actresses who are clever enough to be natural and not copy some one else? . . . Give us more pictures such as "Street Scene"—something so true to everyday life that you live every minute of it.

DORIS HOWARD,
Chicago, Illinois

Quick, Watson, a Pencil!



ACROSS

1 Situation or office
5 Convulsion
10 Former Russian ruler
14 Poker term
15 One of the five senses
16 Govern
17 Chills
18 Malicious burning
19 An age
20 Epistles
22 Voluntarily accepted
24 Joint of the leg
26 Juice of tree
27 Grains fermented for brewing
30 Tree
32 Reimburse
36 One of the great lakes
37 Suffix signifying *in what manner*
38 A nation
40 Outer edge
41 Pronoun
42 Advertisement (Abbr.)
43 By
44 Loose flaps
47 Personal pronoun
48 Flowerless plant
49 To follow
50 Pronoun
52 Medicinal plants
53 Lieutenants (Abbr.)
55 Dinner course
57 Urges
61 Bouquet
65 City of Peru
66 Sudden pains
68 Flower
69 Leave out
70 Old womanish
71 A melody
72 Part of verb *to be*
73 One affected with leprosy
74 Incline

DOWN

1 Metal container for liquids
2 At one time
3 "Let it stand"
4 Having left a will
5 Rigid
6 Vegetable
7 Donkey
8 Portico
9 Repairs
10 Hunter
11 Beef fat
12 Wood of the Agalloch
13 Split
21 Existence, in its abstract sense
23 Paddled
25 The (Spanish)
27 European blackbird
28 Pertaining to Arius
29 Hobbles
31 Mother
33 One who plays on a bagpipe
34 Sharp, harsh
35 Worsteds
37 Permit
39 Girl's name
41 Encounters
45 Throb
46 Therefore
47 Noisy dispute
48 Governmental
51 Objective — personal pronoun
52 Possesses
54 Leaf or division of the calyx
56 One who suffers loss
57 Cultivate the ground
58 Hoar—frost
59 Arabian chieftain
60 Mentally sound
62 Stab deeply
63 A continent
64 To lamb
67 Pinch

For the Correct Answer

to this puzzle, ask your newsdealer for
"CROSSWORD PUZZLES—SECOND SERIES."

If you bought the first series of "CROSSWORD PUZZLES" you know what a great collection this will be. If you didn't, here's your chance to make up for it by capturing a copy of the Second Series before it, too, disappears from the newsstands.

There are 39 puzzles in it (and their answers, of course), to keep you and your pencil busy for hours and hours of fun. Get your copy today!

"CROSSWORD PUZZLES—2nd SERIES"

10c—AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

There'll be a story on Charles Starrett in an early issue of MODERN SCREEN

I want to say a word for Charles Starrett. I want to say how much I enjoyed that picture, "The Age for Love." I think he was grand. He has Clark Gable beat on acting and good looks, too.

KATHRYN HALL,
Christianburg, Virginia

We're printing this, Miss New Jersey Bell, in justice to all misrepresented "Hello Girls"

I've seen about six pictures lately in which there were telephone girls. "Five Star Final" is one instance. In every film the "Hello Girl" had a wad of gum in her mouth, made a number of wisecracks and altogether appeared as a very hard-boiled person. If you were to go into any exchange or stop at the board of any decent hotel, you'd find a very different girl from the one the pictures show. Charming manners, a gracious mien, a well-modulated voice.

MISS NEW JERSEY BELL,
Princeton, New Jersey

Maybe you'll like "Thunder Below," Tallulah's next talkie, better

In Tallulah Bankhead the screen has one of the most dynamic and the most potent personalities it has harbored for many years. However, it seems a crime to me to waste an actress of her unrivaled talents on the type of vehicle she has been appearing in since she made her screen début.

H. M. C.,
Pueblo, Colorado

Of course, Marion. Write as often as you like

Here are some of my ideas: Keep the Directory of Players. Get a story on Boris Karloff, telling how he felt when he played the monster in "Frankenstein." (*There's that very story on page 82 of this issue Marion—The Editor*). Ask Dareos if Mary Brian and Charles Rogers will ever get married. Write more about Clark Gable and James Dunn.

May I write again?

MARION LIEBERMAN,
Washington, D. C.

Yes, Miz' Barnes, a false Southern accent is even worse than a false French accent

To me, as a Southerner, nothing is more irritating than to go to a movie and see an otherwise good picture spoiled by an absolute misconception of Southern dialect. This is especially noted in the term "you-all," stuck in at the slightest provocation, and especially by the Negro in the movies.

This is entirely a wrong idea, and not even the most ignorant "Cracker" would say "you-all" except to mean more than one person; never, never, in the singular.

Aren't there enough Southern actors and actresses in the profession for these parts instead of having an outsider make himself ridiculous on the screen? The supervisors of dialogue evidently hail from Alaska or the Far East, so the big companies would do well to furnish their expenses for a trip South.

MRS. S. A. BARNES,
Ft. Pierce, Florida.

Bing is going to make a full-length talkie soon, Frances

Please give us something about Bing Crosby, the radio singer, and the Mack Sennett star. He is wonderful. I wonder why you don't publish his life story, as he is the most popular singer on the air. Millions listen to him nightly.

FRANCES THOMPSON,
Montgomery, Alabama.

We'll keep your request in mind

There is a young man in Hollywood who, I believe, is a blond and his eyes appear blue. I might add that he is a Britisher. Ever since I saw "Chances," I've waited for you to print an article about him. Not long ago I saw him in "Five Star Final," and I think he is a more capable actor than many of the glorified stars. His name is Anthony Bushell. Don't you think he is worth an interview?

A MODERN SCREEN FAN,
Buffalo, New York.

Nothing happened, Betty. But read your answer in full detail on page 48

There is one thing I would like to

(*Continued on page 108*)

"Tom said . . . my LIPS looked COMMON!"

"IMAGINE! And he was right, too. *Common* is just what any man would call tawdry painted lips. And my lips did look painted!"

You too may have painted lips! Colors that look well on others often seem cheap and garish on you. And that painted look is one thing men *can't* overlook.

Don't take chances. Discard your present lipstick . . . *Tangee* your lips!

Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It changes on your lips to the *one* shade most becoming to you! It brings you new beauty.

Tangee is permanent . . . waterproof. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips . . . prevents chapping and caking! Get Tangee at any druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

------- *Send 10c for Miracle Make-Up Set* -------

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO. MM10-4
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

TANGEE LIPSTICK *and* TANGEE ROUGE—
10c Trial Sizes at all 5c and 10c Stores

Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you...and ends that "painted look." When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 104)

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Winchester, Va. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "A Dangerous Affair," "Maker of Men" and "The Man Who Dared," Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Smiling Lieutenant," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now working in "Dancers in the Dark." All for Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg, Pa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé; in "Flying High," M-G-M; and "The Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lonely Wives," RKO-Pathé; and in "The Front Page" and "Age for Love," United Artists. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and "Five and Ten," M-G-M; and in "Devotion," RKO-Pathé. Now appearing on the New York stage.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Ariz. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Great Air Robbery" and "Unwanted," Columbia; and "Air Eagles," Darmour.

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness," First National; co-starred in "A House Divided" and "Law and Order," Universal. Now working in "Beast of the City," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The New Wallingford," "The Phantom of Paris" and "Freaks," M-G-M.

JANNEY, LEON; boy actor; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Doorway to Hell" and "Father's Son"; starred in "Penrod and Sam." All for First National.

JONES, BUCK; married to non-professional; born in Vincennes, Ind. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ridin' for Justice," "Justice Rides Again" and "South of the Rio Grande," Columbia.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Beloved Bachelor," Paramount; in "Hell Divers," M-G-M; and "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF, BORIS; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "Graft," "Frankenstein," "Night Club." Next will star in "The Old Dark House," then "The Invisible Man." All for Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Sidewalks of New York" and "The Passionate Plumber," M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Sundown Trail," "Freighter of Destiny" and "Partners," Now working in "Montana Rides." Will star in "The Saddle Buster." All for RKO-Pathé.

KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Indiscreet," United Artists; in "Freighters of Destiny" and "Partners," RKO-Pathé; in "Emma," M-G-M; "Vanity Fair," Tec-Art.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton" and "The Road to Singapore," Warner Bros; and "Waterloo Bridge," Universal. Now appearing on the concert stage.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; married to Beatrice Powers; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hell to Pay," "Over the Hill," "Charlie Chan's Chance" and "Cheaters at Play," Fox. Next will be "After the Rain." Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN, unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Millionaire," "Fireman, Save My Child" and "High Pressure," First National.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Now touring in vaudeville.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Wicked" and "The Yellow Ticket." Now working in "The Devil's Lottery." Next, "Disillusioned." All for Fox.

LANE, LOLA; married to Lew Ayres; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men Are Like That," Columbia; and "The Sea Ghost," Peerless. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, England. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Beau Hunks," "Helpmates," "Any Old Port" and "The Up and Up," Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspoliai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Bachelor Apartment," "The Gay Diplomat" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; in "Pagan Lady," Columbia; and "Galloping Ghost," Tec-Art.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Returning to screen after long illness in "Yukon," Standard Pictures.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Side Show" and "Manhattan Parade". Now co-starring with Loretta Young in "Love on a Budget." All for Warner Bros.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio; and in "The Crowd Roars," First National. Now working in "Veneer," RKO-Pathé.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; married to Paul Whiteman; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Smart Money," First National; and in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer-star. Starred in "Welcome Danger," "Speedy" and "Feet First." Next will be "The Gate Crasher."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Up Pops the Devil," "I Take This Woman" and "No One Man." Now working in "The Beach Comber." All for Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Everything's Rosie" and "The Woman Between," RKO-Radio; and in "Heaven on Earth," Universal.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Conspiracy," RKO-Radio; and in "Morals for Women," Tiffany.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "The Cisco Kid" and "Transatlantic"; starred in "The Spider," Fox. Now working in "Sensation," Paramount.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio; in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists; in "Emma," M-G-M; and in "Vanity Fair," Tec-Art.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Women of All Nations" and "The Black Camel," Fox; and in "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Next, "Suicide Club." Both Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal; in "Working Girls," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "No One Man." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Bought" and "Her Majesty Love," First National; and in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in untitled prize fight story for Columbia.

MACDONALD, JEANNETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox; featured in "One Hour With You," Paramount. Next will be "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Reckless Hour" and "Safe in Hell," First National. Now starring in "Love Affair," Columbia.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Last Flight," First National; in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists; and in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Beauty and the Boss." Next, "Pleasure First." Both First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "My Sin" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Now working in "The Black Robe." Next will be "The Broken Wing." All for Paramount.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final" and "The Mad Genius." Starred in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss." All for Warner Bros.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Over the Hill." Next will be "Governor's Lady." Both for Fox.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Young Sinners" and "Skyline." Now working in "Cheaters at Play." All for Fox.

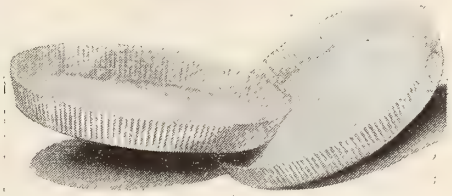
MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; in "Prestige," RKO-Pathé; and in "Forbidden," Columbia. Now working in a British-made picture in London.

MERCER BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio; in "Forgotten Women," Monogram; in "William and Mary," M-G-M. Now working in "The Devil's Lottery," Fox.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky. Write her at M-G-M studio.

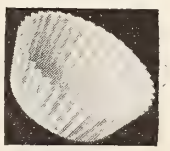
(Continued on page 109)

"This is How MY Baking's Done"



For layer cakes (2 sizes)

TAKE the advice of today's cleverest housekeepers and use Crinkle baking cases for all your cakes and muffins and many other baked dishes. No pans to grease, no pans to wash—these baking aids are specially prepared to prevent sticking and burning without the use of grease. For better baking, in half the time, keep all five Crinkle sizes handy.



For muffins

For cup cakes

For tea cakes

Use CRINKLE CUPS and CRINKLE BAKING DISHES

SOLD AT 5- AND 10-CENT STORES

Oldmill Paper Products Corp.
Dept. MA
Linden St., cor. Prospect Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose 10c for which please send me introductory package of Crinkle Baking Dishes for layer cakes. To fit □ 9 in. or □ 10 in. pans (by top measurement).

Name_____

Address_____

OFFENSIVE **Odor**

stopped for sure . . .

Clothes saved!

Armpit glands, because they're confined, perspire abnormally—cause odor repulsive to others (though seldom noticeable to oneself).

The one sure, safe way to avoid offensive odor is to use Odorono. Odorono is a doctor's prescription that prevents underarm odor and saves dresses from ruinous perspiration stains.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for use before retiring—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Three sizes, 35¢, 60¢, $1. Only Odorono has the New Sanitary Sponge Applicator.

ODO·RO·NO

He never noticed this BLONDE *until*

THAT memorable night when she looked so different—so lovely. Her blonde hair glowed like a halo—sparkled with thrilling golden lights. No wonder she won him!... Any blonde can make her hair irresistible the same easy way. Simply use Blondex regularly. This special shampoo—a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a creamy, searching foam—puts new life and lustre into drab, listless light hair. Restores natural blonde color—*without any injurious chemicals.* Delightful to use. Leaves hair soft—silky—manageable. For real hair allure—try Blondex today. At all drug and department stores.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 106*)

know and that is this: what really happened between Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell! I would like to see them play together again.

BETTY BOWMAN,
Reading, Pennsylvania.

A very sweet letter about Mae Marsh

After reading the story in the January issue by Muriel Babcock, entitled "The Price of Motherhood," I have a great respect and admiration for Mae Marsh. May her happiness be trebled. Mae Marsh is right. Three children, happiness, a greater appreciation of humans—every word is true, but only a mother and a good-living person can look at it that way. In time everyone knows what is real happiness but sometimes it's too late. I would rather live a life of poverty and sacrifice, with three children, than a life of glamor and splendor and luxury without the knowledge of how much happiness there is in bringing up children. I bow to you Mae Marsh, great actress. A good mother, an example to a young girl to live happily and make others happy.

I wish Mae Marsh and her family much happiness in the future and let's hope we have more actresses like Mae Marsh.

MRS. ELEANOR PHILLIPS,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gary's mother did answer, Laura—in our March issue. Have you read it?

In your November issue you had a story on Gary Cooper's boyhood days which I enjoyed greatly. Then along comes Lupe Velez's story in January which I did not enjoy. Lupe surely does crave publicity. I am wondering if Gary's mother will answer it. The whole thing seems such a pity, especially now with Gary's health not good.

I have looked in vain for a story on Gary by Faith Baldwin or Adele Whitely Fletcher; however, I trust you will give us one when he returns in the spring, if there is not one before. I think there should be something published to retract "Hollywood's Mystery Romance Solved." Best wishes for your magazine.

LAURA CARTER,
Westmont, Quebec, Canada.

Well, they're going to revive "The Miracle Man" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." There's two good revivals for you

I've read, in your magazine, remarks on the poor selection of stories in Hollywood. What is the matter with the producers? Why can't they revive some of the real good "silent" pictures, and give the new stars a chance at them?

B. N.,
Freeport, L. I., New York.

Read Ina's own confession on page 54, K. G.

I was, and am, an enthusiastic Gilbert fan and I am sure there are thousands and thousands of theatre-goers who will agree with me that John Gilbert is a wonderful and genuine actor. We have all seen how rapidly his voice has improved, and in "The Phantom of Paris," it was perfect. I am very sure that it will not be long before John Gilbert will "recapture that swagger" and show the cockeyed world that a little thing like voice cannot end his career as an actor, in spite of all those who laughed at him, including his ex-wife, Ina Claire.

K. G. GETOOR,
Royal Oak, Michigan.

Remember, Godiva, that people in the small towns don't see pictures as soon as you do in Toronto

You asked for criticism; well, here goes! In the first place, why do all the movie magazines knock Greta Garbo? Just because she prefers to keep out of the limelight, whether for publicity or not, is no reason for all the movie magazines to dish up the slams.

Why do you put all the old pictures in your movie directory? Some of them are so old that they are all past. Yet you make comments on them and give advice as to whether to see them or not.

If Gary Cooper weren't so busy holding himself aloof in a picture, and would wake up once in a while, he might be a good actor. Doesn't he ever get excited, except in a big, strong silent way?

"Susan Lenox" could have been a better picture than it was, and if it weren't for the people playing in it, it would have been a flop. Three cheers for Sylvia Sidney. She is the first young actress I have seen, barring Marian Marsh, who doesn't make me ill. She can act. When are they going to give Ronald Colman a good picture?

GODIVA,
Toronto, Canada.

MAY WE MAKE THIS POINT CLEAR—

The letters which we print in this department have nothing whatever to do with our own personal opinions. We may agree or disagree with the opinions expressed by our readers, but we intend to print all the letters we possibly can which are interesting, whether we, personally, agree with the thoughts expressed in them or not. However, some of the readers have been taking us to task for printing certain letters. "How can you believe such nonsense?" they write. "What do you mean by printing such statements?" We repeat, we may or may not agree. We may, ourselves, believe that some letters are biased—based on prejudice rather than calm judgment; but we do think that even violently prejudiced letters can be interesting. After all, they are expressions of fans' opinions and, as such, they belong in this department.

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 107*)

Contract player. Featured rôles in "Wicked" and "Sob Sister," Fox; in "Private Lives," M-G-M; and in "Impatient Maiden," Universal. In "Pleasure First," First National.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hell Divers," "Emma" and "Beast of the City." Next will be "Grand Hotel." All for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Sunny" and "Her Majesty Love," First National.

MIX, TOM; divorced from Victoria Mix; born near El Paso, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. After two years of circus work, will return to screen in "Destry Rides Again," Universal.

MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA; unmarried; born in San Sebastian, Spain. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," M-G-M; in "The Cisco Kid" and "The Gay Cabellero," Fox. Now working in "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Starred in "Man In Possession"; co-starred in "Private Lives"; starred in "Lovers Courageous." Now working in "The Truth Game." All for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKEY; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Union Depot" and "Old Man Minick," First National. Now working in "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Next will be "So Big," First National.

MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Heath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Penrod and Sam," First National; in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio; and in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MOORHEAD, NATALIE; married to Alan Crosland; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Deceiver," "Maker of Men," and "The Menace," Columbia.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Spider," Fox; in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; and in "Men in Her Life," Columbia.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Shame of the Nation," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Cuban Love Song" and "Mata Hari," M-G-M. Now working in "Arsène Lupin," M-G-M. Next "Are You Listening?"

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Corsair," United Artists; and in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in "The Miracle Man." Next "The Beach Comber." Both Paramount.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lover Come Back," Columbia; in "Night Beat" and "Sally of the Subway," Action Pictures.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," Fox; and in "Shame of the Nation," Caddo-United Artists. Now appearing on the New York stage.

MUNSON, ONA; divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Ore. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Hot Heiress," "Broad Minded" and "Five Star Final," First National. Now appearing in musical comedy.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé; in "Girls About Town," Paramount; and "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, England. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Wicked"; starred in "While Paris Sleeps"; featured rôles in "The Gay Cabellero" and "The Devil's Lottery." All for Fox.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," Universal; and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now working in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Reckless Hour," First National; and in "Hell Divers," M-G-M.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Bromberg, Poland. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Returned to American screen in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill" and "Good Sport." Now working in "Devil's Lottery." Next will be "Silent Witness." All for Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany; in "Fighting Back," Headline Pictures; and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox. Now working in "After Tomorrow," Fox. Next will be "The Little Teacher," Fox.

NOLAN, MARY; married to Wallace Macreary; born near Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Big Shot" and "Left Over Ladies," RKO-Pathé; in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany; and in "File No. 113," Tec-Art.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star-director. Starred in "Daybreak" and "Son of India"; co-starred with Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," Next, "Huddle." All for M-G-M.

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness" and "Local Boy Makes Good," First National; and in "A Fool's Advice," Columbia.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sadalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Dude Ranch"; featured rôle in "Touchdown." Now working in "Dancers in the Dark." All for Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel," Fox; in "Shanghai Express, Paramount; and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced from non-professional; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Starred in "Fanny Foley Herself"; featured rôle in "Ladies of the Jury." Now working in "March of the Nation." Next will be "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

OLIVIER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; and in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "The Rainbow Trail." Now starring in "The Gay Cabellero." All for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," M-G-M; in "Juvenile Court," Zeidman Prod.; in "Final Edition," Columbia. Now working in "Ambition," Universal.

O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Skyline," Fox; in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé; and in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gentleman's Fate" and "Sidewalks of New York," M-G-M; and in "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros. Now working in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town" and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Thelma Todd in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôles in "Papa Loves Mama," Universal; in "Shopworn," Columbia; and in "Steady Company," Universal.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy," "The Cheat" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now working in "The Miracle Man." All for Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Doug in "Taming of the Shrew"; starred in "Kiki," United Artists.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ladies' Man," Paramount; and in "The Road to Singapore" and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.

PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M; in "Reckless Living," Universal; and in "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

PURCELL, IRENE; unmarried; born in Hammond, Ind. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Just a Gigolo" and "Man in Possession." Now working in "The Passionate Plumber." All for M-G-M.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Starred in "The Tip Off," "Sweepstakes" and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; married to Francis Dubger; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Son of India" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M.

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Personal Maid" and "Ladies of the Big House," Paramount.

RICH, IRENE; divorced from David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Mad Parade," Liberty; in "Five and Ten" and "The Champ," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Five Star Final," "Smart Money" and "The Hatchet Man." Next will star in "Two Seconds." All First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Now organizing orchestra for appearance in Ziegfeld's "Follies" and for radio broadcasting. Last pictures were "Working Girls" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Okagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Business and Pleasure" and "Ambassador Bill," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Para-

(*Continued on page 128*)

HANDS ON REVIEW!

Be sure your hands can stand the limelight.

Let them have the transforming touch of Pacquin's Hand Cream and you can flaunt them unafraid.

For Pacquin's is a hand cream that actually *beautifies*. It takes the age, the roughness and the redness out of hands and substitutes youthfulness, smoothness, softness and whiteness.

Keep Pacquin's handy in three places in your home—kitchen, bath and boudoir—and you will avoid aged and neglected-looking hands.

Get a tube or jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream today and see what a difference three days' use makes in your hands!

At your favorite Drug or Department Store you will find Pacquin's Hand Cream in two sizes—A large jar at $1.00. Convenient tube at 50c. Also Pacquin's Hand, Cold and Vanishing Creams in 10c size at all 5 and 10c Stores.

Pacquin's HAND CREAM

JANE E. CURRAN, Inc., 101 W. 31st ST., NEW YORK

AN EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

•

that actually is

WATERPROOF

THERE IS one mascara that's *really* waterproof. The new Liquid Winx. Perspiration can't mar its flattering effect. Even a good cry at the theatre won't make Winx smudge or run.

It's easy to apply, too. It doesn't smart or burn. And instantly your lashes appear long and dark, soft and smooth. Your eyes take on a new brilliance—a new sparkle!

Beauty editors of the foremost magazines have voiced their enthusiasm over Winx in no uncertain terms... Now we invite you to try it. Just send 10¢ for the Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. M-9
243 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.

Black_____ Brown_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

NEW .... Sta-Rite Invisible Bobs are the latest sensation in beauty shops everywhere. They hold the hair in place, yet you'll never see them and the patented end means they'll never fall out. Buy them at your favorite store.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN COMPANY
Shelbyville, Illinois

STA-RITE HAIR PINS

Greta's Thwarted Ambition

(Continued from page 79)

she can do best. And that hurts.

When Greta Nissen tells of the weeks and months and years she spent in the ballet school of the Royal Opera at Copenhagen under Mikel Fokin it is almost epic telling. Six hours every day beginning at the age of six she practised and postured and poured grace and steel into her young muscles, despite the protests of the tortured flesh. Day after day, setting her strong white teeth, she drove herself with the lash of a savage discipline to be a dancer; a great dancer; "to be what she must be." And now she does not dance—after all those years of sacrifice—but must act. There's the hemlock in her cup.

Before Greta was eighteen she had appeared in half the great cities of Europe and had danced by command for nearly all its royalties. She was a cherished protégée of the Queen of Denmark, and governed a dancing school of her own at Oslo when she was barely seventeen.

"That was hard, eh? To live so? But in America you do not live so hard I think."

SHE does not whine, however, this Greta Nissen of the great frustration. She is entirely natural and courageous. Natural? Never has hairdresser or barber touched her head. She cuts that pale, blond glory herself when the need arises. Never has she set foot in a beauty parlor. And cosmetics—save for the necessities of stage or screen—are unknown to her. And this may startle some readers, though she regards it as frankly normal: she will wear pajamas when friends are in her home, but when she is alone—she takes them off, and she sleeps in nothing but her white ivory skin! Also, when the conventions do not prohibit, one should swim so in the open sea.

"I spent those years of training because I believed people would wish to see and enjoy the oldest form of interpreting human emotion. So I put all of myself into the dance, and I came to New York to do the lead in 'Beggar on Horseback,' understanding, believing, that most of my part should be expressed so. And then I learned that it was a mistake. Here, today, people are in too great a hurry to look long at something needing to be thought about. 'Show us quickly!' they cry. 'Come on! The next!' Now I wonder often why I have worked so hard to give something that is so little appreciated. Day after day I think of those terrible years in Copenhagen I spent in learning something I know is vital and that people care little for!"

There's Greta Nissen's tragedy.

It was inevitable that the screen should draft her. Remember, she had discovered the stage did not want the art she had to give. So, there was yet the screen. Here was a strong, virile, colorful personality of fire beneath ice, so Paramount sent her to the West Coast, to a kingdom entirely strange.

"In the beginning I disliked the screen," she says. "It lacked life and its silence depressed me. Besides, they had promised that they wanted me to dance. Oh, yes, that was what they said I must do. But I did not dance over much in 'In the Name of Love,' my first picture, nor in 'Lost, A Wife,' nor in 'The Wanderer,' nor 'Lady Luck' nor in 'The Lady of the Harem.' With each I would ask where I should dance, and with each I did not dance."

She shrugged her shoulders.

SHORTLY after I arrived they told me I must talk with a lady of the press—a quite famous lady, I assure you, and noted well for her brusquerie. From my slipper to my coiffure she examined me in detail and then, 'Now, tell me all about your love affairs; the men in your life,' she said. At first I did not understand, but she made it very plain what she wanted; too plain, in fact, and I jumped up so quickly I upset my chair.

"'Madame,' I cried, 'either you are a great fool or most insulting! I inform you there are no affairs, but if there were they should be solely my own business and none of yours!' And I left that dressing room in a rage."

Well, Greta can laugh at that now, realizing that her resentment was merely one of the products of her disappointment, but it required all the suave diplomacy of Jesse Lasky to patch the trouble up. But one learns of no love reminiscences from Greta Nissen for exactly the same reason that the guests of the famous Peoria hotel carried no fruit away from the dining table. There was no fruit.

Three years of Hollywood—without the dance—brought Greta Nissen to the silent version of "Hell's Angels" which never reached the screen because of the advent of sound. So back she went to New York to see if fate was as determined as ever. She did a play which was acclaimed an artistic success but a financial disappointment. Then followed in succession half a dozen other vehicles with an eye on a New York run, without success.

THEN, a few months ago Winfield Sheehan of Fox, in New York at the time, sent for her and invited her to come back to Hollywood for pictures. He promised that her dancing should be a feature of each picture in which she was cast. It began to seem that destiny was about to shove fate off Greta's control board.

"I came," she told me with a drop of two tones in her voice, "and it is the same story. One hundred thousand feet of film in 'Women of All Nations,' of which seven thousand was used, and there was little indeed of Greta Nissen's dancing. Raoul Walsh was most grieved, but there were other women in the story, and there was the story itself to tell—with dialogue, but not with the dance. That was not important."

In her present contract is provision that each year she shall have four months for devotion to dancing upon the stage. Doesn't that look as if her tragedy was about to disappear? Unfortunately it means nothing, Greta says. She would need three months of excessively hard work to get herself back in dancing condition after nine months of inactivity, and there would be one month left, which plainly wouldn't be worth while.

"So you see this frustration stalks me and hunts me down," she says. "Possibly it is needed for the formation of my character, the experiences, hardships, disappointments which are to make me."

Greta's father was killed in the World War when she was very small. There is a mother and a brother. Of the years between her father's passing and her own first success as a dancer there was—she makes very plain—a period of trouble and cultivation. But out of that came the Valkyrie maiden, sure, picturesque, competent, a creature of fierce fire under ice. And should her private tragedy continue to pursue her, should she be destined to act and not to dance, while she may grieve in secret, she will still manage to look that malign fate in the eye and challenge it as her sea-rover forbears challenged the foes of old.

She Burns Her Bridges

(Continued from page 65)

week they would put on a barefoot number in St. Paul—one of those classic affairs where the girls are garbed in about as much mosquito netting as a lunch counter man uses to cover the doughnuts.

The theatre was drafty and the floor was like ice and Marian came home with a bad cold that turned into pneumonia. When she recovered, the physician said that the Minnesota climate was likely to give her another sock on the chin if she didn't get away and build herself up, so the family gathered enough money to send Marian with her Mother to California for a few months.

This trip, the family physician said, undoubtedly saved Marian's life. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce please note.) Marian saw just enough of the movies to make a few wishes, and the minute she was strong enough to begin to think about calling upon the studios, her mother whisked her back to Minneapolis.

There, after a few weeks, she joined Paisley Noon's dancing act, which, touring the vaudeville theatres, found itself in need of another girl. Julanne Johnston, later to become a rather prominent movie actress, was a member of the troupe when Marian was with it.

The Secret of Beautiful EYE LASHES

For years, Spanish señoritas, famed for their alluring, bewitching eyes, have used a secret miracle liquid to make their eyelashes long and beautiful. Now American women may do likewise, for Pestañola brings to you, for the first time, this marvelous charm secret from old Spain. At all Kress, Kresge, Neisner, stores.

DE LOS RIOS & CO.
Detroit • • Barcelona

"Pestañola"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DRY SKIN!...

Helped overnight!

Correct your dry skin with Nivea*, the only creme containing *Eucerite**—the one creme to make face and hands soft and smooth as sheltered body skin—so good it is used for tender baby skin. It is the fastest growing creme for general skin care, for night creme, for cleansing and powder base. At the toilet goods counter or send coupon for trial tube.

free

P. Beiersdorf & Co., Inc., Dept. M. M., 200 Hudson St., New York, N. Y. Please send trial tube of Nivea Creme.
.....
.....
.....

*Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

KAPAK SANITARY NAPKINS
come in convenient packages for every requirement!

Kapak Sanitary Napkins meet the demands of millions of modern women who insist that a sanitary protection must be both safe and economical.

Kapak Sanitary Napkins come in convenient sizes for every requirement...whether it be for home use, week ends, travel or emergencies. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the finest sanitary conditions of high quality materials. Deodorant, highly absorbent, easily disposable, with close-fitting oval-shaped ends, Kapak Sanitary Napkins are the most convenient and economical sanitary protection you can buy.

Package of 1 doz. Kapak Sanitary Napkins, 20c
Package of 6 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 10c
Package of 8 Junior size Kapak Sanitary Napkins 10c
Package of 3 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 5c

Sold Exclusively at
S. S. KRESGE CO.
5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

SOFT COLLAR LAYRITE
Invisible gold plated device keeps soft collars tidy and free of wrinkles. Eliminates starching. Saves collars. Every man needs the Layrite for that smart appearance which women admire. 324
the CREST
Sold in ALL 10¢ STORES

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME
to play by *note* Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—or to sing. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A-B-C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only few cents a day. Over 600,000 students.
FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly.
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1444 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

The Noon act was going west—geographically and also in the vernacular of the late war, although none of the troupe suspected that the act was near death.

IT went west in Los Angeles, and Marian found herself with $100 and a ticket to Minneapolis. That was eight years ago.

She decided to enter the movies. Get that straight. She didn't decide to *try* to enter. She just made up her mind to become an actress. She knew somebody who knew Sid Smith, now dead, who was one of the Hallroom Boys. She went to him and he introduced her to the casting director at Warner Brothers studio. The casting director was very polite and took her telephone number.

"I went back to my room and sat down to wait for a call," said Marian. She was entirely confident that a job would come her way almost instantly. She knew nothing of the folks who waited for months for a call. She appreciated not a whit the terrific competition among the thousands of pretty girls who were seeking work.

"The next evening," she said, "the telephone rang and I was told to report at 8 o'clock the next day at Warner Brothers to work with the Monty Banks company."

Now here is the way it happened. By such trifling coincidences are pretty girls launched upon a career.

Sid Smith happened to be passing the stage where the Monty Banks company was working, and heard Banks say to his assistant director, "Get a girl for tomorrow."

"What girl?" the assistant asked.

"Any girl."

Smith stepped up. "I know a girl who will do," he said.

"All right," said the assistant director, relieved that he wouldn't have to bother any longer. "Tell her to be here tomorrow at eight."

And that's how Marian Nixon got in the movies.

"They paid me $7.50 for the first day's work," she said. "And the next day I worked only half a day and they paid me $7.50 just the same!"

She decided that she had discovered a gold mine and went down town and sold her ticket to Minneapolis for $30. There wasn't a suggestion of apprehension in her mind. Most girls would have kept the ticket tucked tight in a silk stocking as insurance. But not Marian. She burned her bridges and was warmed by the flames.

In the first year, as an extra girl, she made an average of less than $15.00 a week—much less than a school teacher earns. And hardly enough to buy sufficient food and clothing. But never did she get a lump in her throat. At times she was hungry but never did she wonder if, after all, something hadn't happened to the gold mine. Marian had made up her mind and she stuck to the job. Most girls would have gone back home.

Ten percent of her wages went to an agent, who now and then got her picture in the paper and who—fortunately for his landlord—had other clients whose ten percent was a good deal larger. His name is Jimmy Fidler and he believed in her.

AFTER a year as an extra girl, Marian suddenly found that for no reason at all, she was to become an actress in horse operas. She was given an ingénue part in Fox's "Kentucky Days" and casting directors began to think of Marian whenever they had a horse picture.

Probably it was the search for contrast that made them cast her opposite cow-puncher stars. Of all the persons in Hollywood Marian Nixon looks the least like a cowboy's bride, but she worked with Buck Jones in five pictures, with Tom Mix in two and with Hoot Gibson in three. And she can't ride a horse that goes faster than a walk!

They say in the movies that a girl who starts in Westerns never gets out of them, but Marian beat the jinx. Universal put her in "I'll Show You the Town" with Reginald Denny, and her Western days were behind her.

Then Warner Brothers signed her and she became a regular standby on the Warner and First National lots. She played with Al Jolson, John Barrymore and Richard Barthelmess, among others.

Then her contract expired and she decided to free lance. Right now she's signed with Fox for "After Tomorrow." She recently completed "Charlie Chan's Chance" for them.

No longer does the little girl, who worked for $1.25 a day in order to pay for dancing lessons, bother about expenses. When I saw her she was in New York on a vacation with her husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., son of a Chicago department store family.

If the movies want her, it's all right with her. If they don't, the answer is the same. She's worked hard for eight years, she has made her own way. She's not worrying. She has done her plugging, and everything has come out all right.

WE HAVE A WONDERFUL SURPRISE FOR YOU—LOWELL THOMAS, NEWS HOUND SUPREME, IS GOING TO WRITE FOR YOU IN MODERN SCREEN. UH, HUH, IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

DON'T FORGET, YOU LOWELL THOMAS FANS, YOUR FAVORITE WILL BE IN MODERN SCREEN, MAY ISSUE

Nobody's Mother

(Continued from page 81)

And look what has happened to her! She was so wonderful in 'Stella Dallas' that no producer believed she could ever be so splendid again. The very fact that she was so splendid in that picture kept her from getting another chance for a long time. Then, after the talkies came in, she gave just as good a performance in 'Courage' but even that hasn't helped her much."

And Mrs. Bennett, unable to find steady work on the screen she loves, has opened a little restaurant in the San Fernando Valley.

She had a small part in an Eddie Quillan picture. It was her first assignment in over a year.

AND Kate Price of blessed memory. On the stage since she was eight years old, a lifetime of hard knocks behind her such as only troupers can know, Kate meets her present disaster with a smile, as she has met the previous sadnesses of her life.

"Why cry because I can't get work any more?" she asks gamely and refuses to listen to the sympathetic expressions of her friends. "After all, it's inevitable that the public should tire of us old girls some time, isn't it? My only hope is that I'll be allowed to fade out of the picture gracefully, with a happy smile."

There's bravery for you! One can only hope that Kate, always generous with her money when she had it, has saved a little for herself.

And then there's Mary Alden.

For years she was one of the most sought-after mothers in pictures. It is doubtful if there is another actress who has played "mother" in as many important pictures as Mary has. The odd thing in her case is that she is still a very young woman. Once, she threatened to forsake mother rôles for fear of being typed. But a call to play the part of Barthelmess' mother in "The Bond Boy" sent her scurrying back to her wig and shawl.

"I played mothers from choice in the beginning," she explained, "because I think old people, when not warped by circumstance, have a glow of beauty coming from their knowledge, from the heartbreaks they have endured and the joys they have known.

"Now, although I have been one of them in more pictures than I can remember, I hope the old-fashioned, 'mushy' type of mother will never return. I think the pre-war mother is obsolete. She was a product of sentimentality. Women today want to stand on their own feet as women and individuals rather than as sentimentalized symbols of the mother or wife."

YET, strangely enough, it was exactly that symbol that Mary personified in her greatest picture, "The Old Nest." (It ran for a solid year at the Astor Theatre in New York.) In it, she struck the note of universal motherhood. She received literally thousands of letters from men all over the world, who, not knowing she was only thirty-three, promised her they would write to their own mothers weekly. Others swore upon their honor to help Mary, if she ever needed help. Today, unable to find work, she has never called on one of them to help her.

"Ah, yes," she said reminiscently, "we reached everybody's heart with 'The Old Nest.' I won't say I wouldn't like the wonderful joy of doing that once more. But the day of the sweetly 'gaga' mother on the screen is done! Women's emancipation after the War has also changed their characters.

"Unfortunately, movie executives cannot realize that *we* 'mothers' have developed and changed, too, so we go without jobs.

"I think, too, there is another reason why the sentimental type of film mother cannot get work now. It may sound strange, but I blame it on business depression. With good times, when everybody is feeling happy, almost anything in the way of entertainment will do, including sentimentality. But in hard times, when people have to work their brains out to keep themselves alive, they will not stand for mush—much less pay to see it on the screen!"

Mary Alden today lives in a low-priced apartment hotel—not in Hollywood, but in a section of Los Angeles that was fashionable twenty years ago. She has not worked in a long while and has no prospects for the future. Yet, she, too, is brave. A newspaper columnist recently printed that she was broke. "It was cruel of her," Mary says, her head high. "I'd never say a person was broke. Let's say that I'm—battling."

MARY is not the only one who is battling. There is Claire McDowell, too. She brushed the very edge of stardom after her marvelous characterizations in "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade." She comes from a family of actors who were treading the boards in Shakespeare's time.

But with the advent of the talkies, producers commenced a frantic search for actors with stage experience. Probably not a dozen people in Hollywood today know that for several years Claire McDowell played the leading rôle in "The Clansman" on the stage—the play from which "The Birth of a Nation" was made.

And Claire, with eighteen years of screen experience behind her, has been tossed into the discard. No one has bothered to find out that she was a leading lady on the stage for twelve years before she ever came near Hollywood!

Perhaps you caught sight of her in "An American Tragedy"—for about three seconds. A veteran with thirty years' stage and screen experience, the part she played—and it was her first in many long, long months—was so small it was hardly more than a flash. Thus does Hollywood reward loyalty.

SAVE MONEY
and keep your hair well groomed!

There is an S. S. Kresge Store right in your locality that sells Sensation Hair Nets. Every day, thousands of women are buying them... to keep their hair tidy and beautiful all day, to keep their waves in place at night, to act as a Sanitary safeguard in homes and offices.

Sensation Hair Nets offer the two-fold advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap Shape. Natural shades!

Buy a half dozen Sensation Hair Nets today at your neighborhood Kresge Store.

6 for 25c
5c Each
sold exclusively at
S. S. KRESGE CO.
5c, 10c, 25c AND $1 STORES

EYELASHES
AS YOU WANT THEM
lengthened instantly

REAL eyelashes attached individually to your own. Impossible to detect. Applied by your beauty shop, or you can *easily* put them on yourself. Leading department stores sell Ey-Tebs by the box—$1 for several complete applications. If not supplied we'll gladly send them C. O. D.

Ey-Shado is the *new* sensation. $1 for a dainty Palette containing three beautiful tints for the upper lid. Mention whether blonde, titian or brunette. Lash-Dark, 50c, non-run of course.

425 ON FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
EY-TEB
Luxuriant Lashes Instant—Secure

One Gray Hair today
20 Tomorrow

The worst of GRAY HAIR is that it gets GRAYER and GRAYER. Are you satisfied to see your pretty hair go to pieces when your friends are "touching up" theirs with FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, easy to use, clean, odorless, not sticky? Women make no secret of keeping ALL their hair one even shade. FARR'S is entirely harmless and leaves the hair soft and of a NATURAL, lively appearance. $1.35. Sold everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

-FREE SAMPLE-

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.P. 3
79 Subdury St., Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name.
Street.
City Stat
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

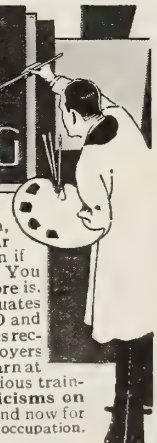
KANTSLIP

Just that— Will Not, Can Not Slip

At last there has been perfected a simple, easy to apply clasp that just won't permit that pesky annoyance of straps constantly slipping. What a relief—and how quickly the women of America have adopted them. Inexpensive, yet attractive, they combine utility with adornment —making an ideal as well as useful gift.
Kantslip comes in a varied price range, selling for 10c and 25c carded, 50c and $1.00 attractively boxed. On sale at chain, gift, novelty, and department stores everywhere. If dealer can't supply you, send direct to: Kantslip Mfg. Co., Point Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

KANTSLIP LINGERIE CLASPS

MAKE money DRAWING



If you like to draw, test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is. Many Federal Students and Graduates are making $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly. The Federal Course is recognized everywhere by art employers and buyers of commercial art. Learn at home in spare time, without previous training. **Personal, individual criticisms on your work.** Get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire. State age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
4298 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

And Mary Carr! How many of you remember her in that heart-wrenching opus that put the Fox Film Corporation back on its feet—the silent version of "Over the Hill"? Mrs. Carr scored a sensational success in that picture and for a time worked steadily. With the coming of the talkies there has seemed to be no place for her. She worked intermittently, but usually in some picture for a small, independent company that means little to her bank account and less to her prestige at the box office. She had a small part in one of the Masquers comedies—"Stout Hearts and Willing Hands"—but her services were donated in that picture.

Her story can be told in one simple sentence: "Recently she went into bankruptcy." But back of that sentence lies a whole volume of frustrated hopes and dreams—a tragic story of the futility of honest effort—the story of all these mothers whom everyone loved.

The Boy Without a Name

(Continued from page 68)

and city to city. Almost automatically, Sammy continued to Ford's home. There, before she died, he asked his friend's mother if he might take the name of Wallace Ford. He had always hated Samuel Jones.

BEARING the dead man's name, the self-christened Wallace Ford continued to struggle with the same problem of existence which had dogged the footsteps of Samuel Jones. Shortly before his namesake's death, America had entered the War, and, as in Canada, he tried in every city to enlist. At length, to his joy, he was drafted and hastened to report, seeing visions of a steaming plate of beans. The thought of death did not alarm him as long as he could eat regularly while risking it. But to his horror, the recruiting officer informed him he would not be called for thirty-one days. To his question, "How am I to live in the meantime?" the hard-boiled sergeant answered, "That's *your* problem," and gave him a quarter. As usual he managed somehow and when at last, a month later, he was called for service in the U. S. Navy he felt that his troubles were over. Two days later peace was declared and he was honorably discharged!

If memory serves him right, it was during the ensuing few years that Wally Ford first began to regard the stage definitely as his profession and to have glimmerings of an ambition beyond the next meal. Stock work in St. Joseph, Missouri, followed by a chance in Stuart Walker's repertory company in Indianapolis, launched him on his pursuit of a career. He scored as the lead in "Seventeen" and Walker sent him to New York. For the first time he had visions of something more than a hand-to-mouth existence but for a while it was a vision only. Even with his first Broadway breaks, the battle continued. There was the time he had to rehearse three weeks without pay. Broke and too proud to ask for an advance, he waited on table nights in Silver's cafeterias. When actors he knew came into the lunchroom he would invent excuses to stay in the kitchen.

EVEN after his hit in "Abraham Lincoln"—even while he was playing *Abie* in the sensationally successful "Abie's Irish Rose," he was living in a tiny, cramped hall bedroom that had been intended as an alcove. The bitter memory of past hunger was eternally with him and he saved every cent he could spare. He had never known what it was to have steady employment before and his past was not conducive to optimism about the future.

"Abie's Irish Rose" was generally conceded to be unadulterated hokum but it brought Wallace Ford an emotional experience of rare depth and beauty. For it brought about his meeting with Martha Halworth. She was playing a small part, he the lead. They fell in love and in a year's time were married. It sounds simple enough, a conventional enough romance—but when you know the background, the underlying currents and the barriers which stood in the way of their happiness it will seem to you as it does to me—one of the sweetest, finest and most dramatic of love stories.

Martha Halworth's father is Joseph Halworth who created the rôle of *John Storm* in "The Christian." The name stands for something in the theatre. Back of her were family, tradition, security. Mrs. Halworth wanted, naturally, to know who this boy was into whose hands her daughter was ready to entrust her future happiness. Wallace Ford could not tell her for he did not know.

But Martha Halworth knew that she had met the one man. She married him in spite of all parental objection—married him not knowing whence he came nor what his heredity might be. It was a brave thing to do. For all she knew, this Wallace Ford, who did not even know his name, might have sprung from stock polluted by crime, insanity . . . Heaven knows what. But Wally's fineness, integrity and courage were enough for her. She defied the darkly veiled facts of his origin to make him anything else.

In this splendid gesture on the part of the woman he loved Wallace Ford found restitution and solace for the bitter hurts which life had inflicted on Samuel Jones. For the first time in all his years of lonely struggle he had someone who belonged to him, who stood by his side and shared in his joys and sorrows.

WALLY did not take this great gift for granted nor treat it lightly. Before he would marry Martha Halworth he saw to it that he had twenty thousand dollars in insurance. If he could not give her the assurance of a known and honorable family background, he would at least bestow on her material protection. So, during their courtship, he continued to live in his single hall room, saving desperately. Even when he was playing the leading rôle—that of the hoofer—in the Chicago production of "Broadway," he would, when he and Martha dined together, limit their expenditure to fifty cents apiece. And she, knowing what lay behind his seeming frugality, loved and respected him more.

Their marriage, in spite of all the odds that were against it, has lasted five years, more than justifying Martha Halworth's trust. Wally Ford has proved himself both as a man and as an actor. Since his success in the Los Angeles production of "Bad Girl" provided the open sesame to the movies, he has been rapidly building a name for himself in this new medium. Under contract to M-G-M, he scored in "Possessed" and in "Freaks," and will be seen later in "The Beast of the City" and "Are You Listening?"

On the screen, the boy who never knew any of the happy life of the average American youth, somehow reminds you of the chap who lives next door, or the boy who was president of your senior class back in high school.

A year ago, Wally Ford came into possession of a valuable paper—a paper to which most of us never give a second thought save when securing passports, marriage licenses or other official documents. I refer to his birth certificate. Many years ago, his wanderings took him to Detroit. There he met a Catholic priest to whom he told his story. Interested in the boy's strange problem and eager to help him, the Father sought for twelve long years to unearth the facts of his birth. And he succeeded at last. Wallace Ford knows now that his true name is Samuel Jones Grundy. He was startled to find himself four years younger than he had believed . . . strange, indeed, to have four years suddenly lopped from the past and added to the future. His childhood instinct told him correctly that he was an Englishman—for his birthplace was Bolton, Lancashire. The facts reveal that his father died shortly after Wally came into the world—but there is a possibility that his mother may be alive somewhere today. It is believed that she was a street singer in her youth—one more dramatic touch in an amazing and colorful tale.

So Wallace Ford, who took a dead man's name, has at last a name of his own. No longer is he a man without a country, cut off from his heritage. But the shadow of lonely, half-starved Samuel Jones—nameless, kinless, friendless—still lurks in his eyes, a pitiful little ghost who will not be exorcised. Wallace Ford and Samuel Jones are one, but often when Wally's mouth laughs there are the ghosts of tears in Samuel's eyes.

"For 10c?..That beautiful window shade?"

... exclaimed June Collyer

when we showed her a CLOPAY Shade . . . . .

"WHY, it seems impossible!" Miss Collyer went on. "You're sure you are right? Well, that is one of the most astonishing things I've ever heard of!"

CLOPAY fibre window shades *are* astonishing—not only for their handsome appearance and amazingly low price, but for their wearing qualities. They will outwear shades costing five and ten times as much, as hundreds of thousands of users will testify.

In colorful chintz patterns, as well as solid tan, green, white, and blue. Attach to old rollers without tacks or tools. 10c each, at 5c and 10c stores everywhere. In Canada and Far West 15c.

Also: Complete with roller and brackets, 25c each.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

OLD WAY

... and the NEW CLOPAY Throw-Away Vacuum Cleaner Bag

A boon to housekeepers . . . this new attractive green fibre bag for vacuum cleaners. When it's filled you throw it away, with all its filthy germ-laden contents, put on a new bag in a jiffy. Only 10c each in home furnishings departments of leading stores. Or send 25c for one bag and metal fastening which attaches permanently to your vacuum cleaner. Be sure to specify make of your cleaner.

10c

NEW WAY

CLOPAY CORPORATION · 1240 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

CORNS-SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the *cause* —shoe friction and pressure.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
908 West Lake Street, Dept. 1312-D CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

FORM DEVELOPED

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands.

Yes, in just thirty short days you can increase your feminine charm and mould your contours to the firm, youthful shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

FILL OUT YOUR FORM this New Easy Way

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how undeveloped your figure may be, you owe it to yourself to try this wonderful method. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my figure fill out until now it is shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

FREE My valuable new Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form and how to fill out the figure to graceful, feminine curves.

Mail Coupon with only $1.00 and I will mail you large container of Miracle Cream, with complete instructions for developing shapely feminine form, together with FREE BOOK, all in plain wrapper. Offer limited. Send at once.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-4
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-4
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me large container of Miracle Cream with instructions and Free Book in plain wrapper.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Now... my hands are *Soft and White!*

Housework has no fears for the woman who knows and uses Landford PETROLIN. This superior quality white petroleum jelly protects the hands and keeps them soft, white and lovely. Just rub Petrolin into the hands before you start your housework—that's all. It's a simple, easy, economical way to prevent the hands from getting rough and red.

10c BUYS LARGE JAR

at 5 & 10c stores, grocery, department, and notion stores everywhere. If *your* dealer does not have PETROLIN he can get it quickly. Ask for it by name—

PETROLIN

Landford

The Geo. H. Nowland Co. Cincinnati Ohio

PETROLIN

NEW PERFUME!

CONGE' D'OR a subtle French odeur suggestive of the mysterious. Daringly fragrant yet not heavy. Gives an ever-lasting impression of loveliness. Creates a desire for an elusive something just beyond reach. Brings coveted admiration and popularity. Send 20c coin for generous sample. You'll be delighted! Send today. **JACQUES LA MONT CO.** P. O. Box-675 CLEVELAND, OHIO. *We offer purse size flacon $1.00. Bottles of unique design in handsome box, 1-oz. $2.00, 2-oz. $3.50.*

IT'S NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

• Every Deaf Person Knows That •

George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums, his own invention. Worn day and night, they stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No wires or batteries. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear," also interesting booklet on deafness, its causes and relief. Address

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

FREE

TO ANY CATHOLIC

Sending name and address, we will mail this handsomely modeled Sacred Heart of Jesus Ring, guaranteed Silver oxidized finish Absolutely Free without one cent of expense to you.

DALE MFG. CO., Dept. V-60, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

How to Obtain A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance

My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 307, Binghamton, N. Y.

FAITH BALDWIN
LOWELL THOMAS
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
In Our Next Issue
AND
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
SOON!

Jeanette MacDonald's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 75)

than in front again) is edged with two rows of tiny ruffles. A collar of the pleated organdie has a tie of black crêpe. The black patent leather belt matches the shoes. (See page 71.)

Black, by the way, is almost as important this spring as it has been in the past season. One of Jeanette's latest dresses is of fine black corduroy and it employs a shoulder cape bordered with ermine. Smart? Rather! The high round neck is collared with fluted organdie. Her hat, fashioned of the corduroy has a saucy bow on a direct line with the fascinating MacDonald nose. The black slippers she wears with the costume are trimmed with an underlay of kid. (See page 73.)

Her newest suit is a spongy tweed in a violet-brown shade (and you can imagine how lovely that is with Jeanette's coloring). It's complemented with a vestee, stand-up collar and pointed pockets of brown astrakhan.

TWO of her loveliest dinner ensembles employ the black and white combination. One, is of lace, ermine and black chiffon velvet—an unbeatable fashion triumvirate. The lace, very heavy and of an all-over pattern, creates the short tunic that slants down the back and the velvet beneath it follows the slant in the line of the décolletage. The black velvet skirt ends in just a suggestion of a train. A dangling velvet bow in back and buttons in front provide the trimming. (See the picture on page 73.) And, ah, the jacket! Amazingly short, surplice as to collar and expansive as to sleeves. It's of black velvet and ermine. The diminutive hat has a fluted upturned edge and a pompom of feathers.

The other sponsors black chiffon with ciré satin. (There's nothing so effective as to use bright and dull materials of the same color in a dress.) The satin is set in triangle pieces in the gown and black broadtail is set in similar fashion in the heavy white satin jacket. (See page 70.)

"These new dresses," said Miss MacDonald, "create for a woman that delightful air of mystery which is her chief asset. They have undulating lines and intriguing touches of trimming that add so to her appearance. I think if one *does* prefer strictly tailored clothes they should be given that subtle feminine touch by softening collars and flattering hats.

"Speaking of the change clothes make in a person, it was extraordinary to see how they transformed one girl I know. She was at the beach party I attended last Sunday and during the day she appeared in one of those new mannish shore outfits—blue turtle-necked sweater tucked in beneath belted white trousers. She was a typical young modern—restless, jerky in her movements, frightfully outspoken. And *then* in the evening she came in dressed as our grandmothers might have dressed. Her gown was of cobwebby white lace, very full at the bottom and trailing the floor, and it had a little shoulder cape caught in front with a cameo brooch. You could almost hear the men say 'Ah!' as she entered! Whether she realized it or not she had adopted different manners along with the dress. She no longer jerked about. Her walk was smooth and graceful and her voice much softer. Even her conversation was different—so very demure.

EVERY time I wear a certain ensemble, I'm almost tempted to use that 'old-fashioned bouquet' perfume with it. The dress is of brown lace, sleeveless and it's floor length. The amusing part of it is the ruffles, edged with a ruching of taffeta, on the skirt. They swoop from the front up the back giving a hint of a bustle that doesn't actually materialize. The brown velvet jacket that goes with it is hip length and has perfectly enormous sleeves and a huge surplice collar. Both the sleeves and the collar are shirred and corded. I wear brown satin pumps with it and a hat to match that sports a curled ostrich feather in back." (There's a picture on page 75.)

It's somewhat singular that so feminine a type as Jeanette should eschew jewelry, but off the screen she seldom wears it, even on formal occasions. When she *does* choose to don it, the pieces are very simple and very exquisite.

Evening frocks are acquiring the habit of having high necks as the weather grows warmer. Isn't style the perverse thing, though? We went to dances all winter with practically backless gowns and now that the first robin has trilled up goes the neckline. However, we won't have cause to complain if all of them look as dashing as a little black crêpe of Jeanette's. Both fore and aft, the décolletage is high and yet the dress gives you the impression of being extremely formal—all due to an ingeniously cut back that shows two bare diamond shaped expanses.

Another frock that features the lifted neckline is of pale blue net over satin. The net is traced with blue sequins and two large pink roses of panné join the clever little bertha. The skirt has a glimmering fullness that is most attractive. It's exciting—that dress—as well as demurely quaint. (See page 72.)

Of a distinctly formal genre and yet of marked simplicity is a gown of satin, lace and net. Sounds nice, doesn't it? It *is* nice. The lace has a fine blocked design and is pink like the net. The satin, set in triangles at the waist and hip, is icy blue and a small bow of the satin placed immediately in front, provides the only trimming. Points of the lace dip into the very full swirl of net at the bottom of the skirt. (See page 74.)

I HAVE a great deal of sympathy for hats—they so often perch atop the wrong heads! Hats that are lovely in

themselves become a nightmare when they're worn indiscriminately. There are certain fundamental rules that ought to be kept in mind when selecting what is undoubtedly the most important article of our whole costume. High crowns never should be placed above a long nose or a long thin face. The face with a sharply accented nose cannot carry a brim or crown that slopes backward from the forehead.

Very few women could wear as successfully as Jeanette that little cap of black chiffon and patent leather that lies as if plastered down to her head. If you *can* wear it, though, it's terribly smart. A cockade of ostrich feathers over the right ear gives it a sprightly air that catches—and holds—the eye. The black dinner gown that accompanies it is quite as interesting. Velvet forms the bodice that comes well down in the hip-yoke in points, and also the epaulets over the long chiffon sleeves. A roll of the velvet fashioned as a lei and knotted in front serves as a collar. The sleeves and black chiffon skirt are patterned in a small leaf design that is outlined with a tiny band of black patent leather. Novel and quite the latest in the way of trimming. (There are pictures of the hat and gown on page 72.)

The blue and gray combination, as I believe we mentioned last month, is very much the vogue in Hollywood this spring and, naturally, since blue is Jeanette's favorite color, she has a coat in that shade. A very swanky coat of spongy wool cloth, belted, and lavishly collared and cuffed with gray squirrel. To go with it she has a dark blue hat stitched in gray and her matching patent leather pumps have a gray trim. Her frock is a blue crêpe jumper model with crossed bands buttoned (in gray) to give a waistcoat effect. The sleeves are short and full.

And now, let me give you one sane tip from this attractive young woman: "To me, good taste is, essentially, making the most artistic use of current fashions," Jeanette says. "And to acquire it, you must learn to balance what you consider beautiful and appropriate with what others are likely to consider beautiful and appreciate." Truer words, my dear Jeanette, were never spoken!

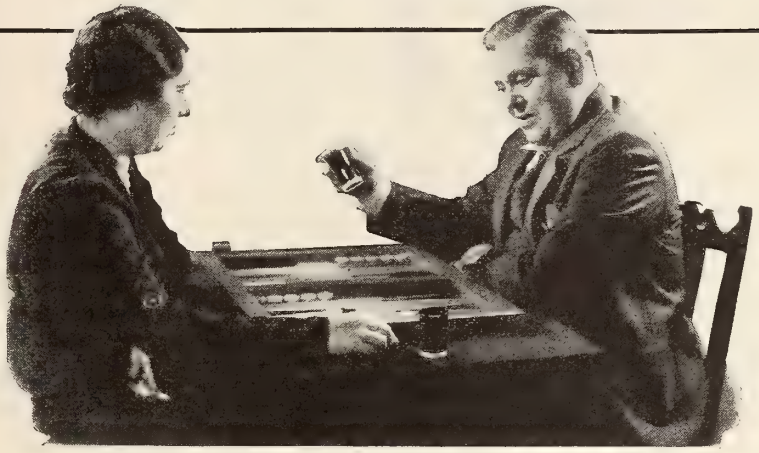
Joan Blondell

(Continued from page 33)

five years the Blondells returned to America to find that younger performers were replacing the old-timers, that motion picture houses were crowding vaudeville houses off Broadway and that "acts" were not nearly as easily booked as "specialties." But Ed Blondell was proud. He refused to accept engagements in New York at a drastically reduced salary, preferring to book the Blondells to play one-night stands in small towns.

The family once more pulled out of

Why Fat Folks Are Complacent



That Weak Gland

Science has found that a great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. And that same cause robs people of their vim. Too much food turns to fat, too little to energy, for lack of a gland secretion.

Now doctors the world over supply this missing factor in treating obesity. Thus vim comes back as the weight goes down.

This modern method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. A famous medical laboratory prepares them to present this treatment in its right form. People have used Marmola for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others the results. All folks know that excess fat, in those years, has been disappearing fast.

A book in each box of Marmola tells why it acts, and how. The formula is given, so users and their doctors may know all about it.

If you are over-fat, do what the best physicians now are doing. Fight the cause. Go get Marmola. Watch its effects on both weight and vim. Use until weight returns to normal and energy to par. No starvation can do much until that gland cause is corrected. Start this right way now.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Right Way to Reduce

At all Drug Stores—$1. Book and Formula in each box

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT! SOON—IN MODERN SCREEN

How Beautiful You Look!

She makes-up just once a day this way!

INSTEAD of rouging your lips and cheeks every hour or so, try this new make-up ensemble that lasts right around the clock—for 12 full hours! It costs but a mere fraction of what you are used to paying for cosmetics.

You'll find this smart, all-day make-up right there on the 10-cent counter . . . Heather Rouge and Heather Lipstick in a wide variety of shades—both as pure and fine as you could possibly want—both having rare permanency that weathers even kisses and caresses. Then for those who make up their eyes, Heather Cosmetiko, Eyeshadow and Eyebrow Pencil. Now keep your lips and cheeks perfectly made up without forever daubing them . . . Use this new Heather All-Day Make-Up.

HEATHER COSMETICS
Guaranteed Absolutely Pure
10 cents in U.S.A. . . . 15 cents in Canada

RETAIN YOUR CHARM

SHE KNOWS the secret of her own loveliness, and she chooses the true life color of PHANTOM RED Lipstick and Rouge because it assures the effect of naturalness. She follows the dictates of fashion and makes the eyes the color note of her face, and does not detract from them by the use of unnatural and exotic colors on her lips and cheeks. She has found that PHANTOM RED Lipstick and Rouge are both the same life-like color when applied. She has fallen in love with their transparency and phantom-like application. YOU will like this wonderful life color. Endorsed and sold by thousands of Beauty Specialists, also Department and Drug Stores. Purse sizes sold at most Chain Stores.

Send 20c for PHANTOM RED TEST SET Lipstick and Rouge

Carlyle Laboratories, 67 Fifth Ave., New York, Dept. 300

Phantom Red
LIPSTICK

PHOTOS ENLARGED
and BEAUTIFULLY COLORED
size 8 x 10 inches

Now, by an amazing new process you can have your photos enlarged on DOUBLE WEIGHT bromide paper and artistically hand colored. Our unequalled facilities enable us to make this introductory offer at the remarkably low price of 98c. And in any form: bust, full length, groups, or part of a group. Your original photo will be safely returned.

98c Formerly $2.50

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail your photo, snapshot or film with coloring instructions. Within a week you will receive your beautifully colored enlargement. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

CONSOLIDATED PHOTO CO., 7 East 42nd St., Dept. W-5, N.Y.

AN EASY WAY TO **SHAPE your NOSE**

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 87,000 users. Write for *FREE BOOKLET.*

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, Dept. 497
617 Central Ave., E. Orange N. J (formerly Newark, N. J.)

REMOVE FAT

A safe and sure way

from any part you wish reduced No diets, medicines, exercise, baths or equipment necessary.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

La Renee Reducing Cream has slenderized thousands of over-stout people when other means failed. A cream-like white preparation, a secret product of modern science, rigidly tested has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any other part of body, painlessly, harmlessly and absolutely without any inconvenience.

REDUCED PRICE ONLY $1.00

Send $1.00 or mail coupon today. This offer expires May 1st.

LA RENEE COSMETIC CO., DEPT. J
1475 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Please send postpaid with directions, large jar La Renee Reducing Cream. I agree to pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

New York and headed west—this time no special train bore them. Five of them were packed into a rickety Ford, with trunks tied on atop—headed for Chicago. Chicago is a central booking point—and if they could whip an act into shape in the Windy City, there was a possibility for good bookings out of there.

Once in Chicago the entire Blondell family moved into *one* hotel room. Blondell spent his days trying to find a cheap but good one-act playlet for them, but one-act playlets apparently did not come with these specifications. If they were to have new material—they would have to write it themselves.

Through a friend, Mr. Blondell learned that they could obtain booking for the act over a circuit playing through Texas. Once more the "big hike" was on.

"As I look back on it all, I don't see how any of us weathered that long jaunt to Texas in the Ford," relates Joan. "Wind and snow storms were only a part of the difficulties we encountered."

THE undaunted little band went from one small town to another with their act. Often the distances were so far that they arrived just in time to "go on," and immediately after the show they must push on to the next town. The act went quite well. Theatre managers seemed to like it, and they were invited to play return engagements after about six weeks.

One of the towns they played was Denton, Texas, home of the state University, and it was here that real calamity befell them in the form of Cupid with his bow and arrows. Ed Blondell, Jr., fell in love with a Denton collegian, and in spite of the protests of his family that an eighteen-year-old boy was too young to marry, he insisted on leaving the act to settle down to domesticity. It meant that the act was shot to pieces. The Blondells had no money to engage another juvenile to "patter" with Joan and without their *pièce de résistance* of the two young comedians it was not strong enough to stand up against the competition.

Upon investigation it was found that the Blondells were in possession of two hundred dollars. Instead of trying to push on into what was doomed to be the failure of the act, they rented a store in Denton across the street from the college and switched their activities from vaudeville to merchandising.

They did business in the front of the store and lived in the rear. Dad Blondell was the proprietor. Mrs. Blondell was the cashier. Joan and Gloria were salesladies and models. It was their job to mingle with the Texas collegians, wearing cute sweaters and skirts and caps—and then gently hint that similar merchandise could be had at the Blondell store. They had a piano in the shop and while the co-eds were selecting their clothes, Joan would entertain them dancing, while Gloria would play and sing. Blondell's Collegiate Store offered not only clothing—but entertainment while shopping.

Business was booming—when suddenly the college passed a ruling that the students must wear uniforms which could be purchased directly from the school!

Oh well, the Blondells tried to reason cheerfully, they *could* go back to vaudeville!

(To be concluded)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Be sure and read the concluding instalment of the "True Story of Joan Blondell" in our next issue. You mustn't fail to learn about Joan's meeting with romance. And there is a tragedy, too—unpleasant—but wonderful evidence of Joan's pluck.

Secrets of Fascination

(Continued from page 42)

extremely likely to develop curiosity to find out just what it is that those other chaps *see* in this girl!

"No man likes to think that any girl likes him merely because of what he can do for her. It is only natural that he should want to be liked for himself.

"Men like women who are neat and well-groomed. They like a woman of whom they can be proud when they take her places. They like to think that other men are looking at her and wishing that they were her escorts.

"If you have any little talents, develop them and then use them. If you can play a little or sing a little or if you are a good dancer or a good cook or good at anything at all—*work* at it and then use it to give pleasure.

"You don't need to be a brilliant conversationalist to be attractive to men. You hardly need to be a conversationalist at all! The best thing you can do is to agree with them.

"All this really boils down to being amiable and friendly. And that, really, is all you need to do!"

ALL of these lovely women stressed particularly the necessity for fastidious personal daintiness. Jean Harlow began at the beginning and ticked the items off, one by one, with a pink-tipped finger.

"The very first requisite of charm is the generous use of soap and water," she said. "If you can afford few luxuries, let one of those few be bath salts or toilet waters. If you can't have these, you can at least afford nicely scented dusting powders. See that your hair is always clean and sweet and thoroughly brushed and shining. See that your nails are always pink and

white and polished. Be clean—dainty—from your shining hair to your well-groomed feet.

"And *do* use sense about your make-up. Make-up adds immeasurably to your charm if you use it cleverly. But it isn't meant to be a sticky mask! I think men hate to see make-up put on in great gobs and rouge and powder smeared on a pretty little face until it looks grotesque.

"You can emphasize your good points and minimize your bad ones by the proper use of rouge and powder. Study your face until you discover where the rouge belongs to give it the right contours. Try to make yourself look as natural—as un-artificial as possible. Don't make up your eyes when you are going shopping. And don't make your mouth a funny little red blob just above a snow white chin. It will look like a cherry on a marshmallow and the effect will be merely ridiculous.

"I think men admire naturalness. And that is something to remember about your habits of thought, too. Men do not like affectation or pretense. They do not like small deceits, petty jealousies or cattiness. Never criticize another woman to a man, however justified you may be. It makes him uncomfortable and he thinks you are jealous of her for some reason or other.

"Feminine wiles and coquetry went out with the bustle and the girl who tries to use those things to attract men now looks silly. Men like *womanly* women. By that I mean kind, considerate, tolerant, sympathetic women. The hey-hey girl is passé. The day of the flip, brazen, startling girl is over. If you don't believe me, look about you at the girls who are most successful with men—and see if it isn't true!"

CAROLE LOMBARD, who was certainly one of the most popular and sought-after young women in Hollywood until Bill Powell dashed the hopes of a dozen or so admirers by marrying her, is another disciple of complete naturalness.

"You don't have to *do* anything about it," she averred, "except just be yourself! If you like people enough, they are almost certain to like you. This is true of both men and women. I think men like a woman who meets them on an equal basis. She doesn't demand privileges because she is a woman, she is sportsmanlike and as ready to give as she is to take. Men like a woman with whom they have *fun*—one who likes to do the things they like to do, be it swimming or playing tennis or dancing.

"Don't try to be a clinging vine unless it is your nature.

"Just try to be a regular person—friendly and amiable and kind. Enjoy yourself and try to see to it that the men enjoy themselves, too. You'll get along all right."

A crisp and forthright recipe!

Joan Crawford doesn't go in for any clinging, either.

"I think men like a woman who knows her own mind," she declared. "I don't mean an argumentative or aggressive woman. But a woman who, when she is asked a simple question such as, 'What would you like to do tonight?' knows the answer! A woman who hesitates and murmurs, helplessly, 'Oh, I don't know. What would *you* like?' gets to be a nuisance.

"Men like women who have a little character. They like decorative women, women who know how to choose and wear clothes well. Beauty is not nearly so important as a vivid personality, spirit and vitality.

"Let yourself go. Relax and don't be afraid to be interested in things, to be enthusiastic, to be intense. There is nothing more attractive than enthusiasm whether you register it over a football game or a box of candy or a pot of geraniums. Many a woman has won a reputation for beauty when her features were far from perfect. She seems beautiful because she is animated and sparkling and vital.

"Don't talk all the time. And never, never complain or moan or nag. If you have a grievance, state it, get it over and forget it. Nothing so disgusts a man as constant bickering over trifles. Never allow yourself to do it."

WHILE I was about it, I thought I'd ask Lucille Gleason, too. Lucille, twenty-five years married and the mother of a strapping, grown son, would not pose as a siren. But there is no one in Hollywood who is better liked by everyone and she has a wise, salty philosophy which makes her remarks always worth hearing.

And—guess what Lucille said! "I think a *lazy* woman gets along with men better than any other kind! If she is too lazy to quarrel, too lazy to nag, too lazy to look for a man's faults and to try to reform him, too lazy to demand more than he is willing to give her, too lazy to run after him—and if she is good-natured and has a sense of humor besides—he will probably think she is the most attractive woman he ever saw, whether she is beautiful or brilliant or just a plain little dummy.

"Cultivate a little laziness It's a grand asset!"

Thus the famous charmers of the screen reveal the secrets they have learned about the oldest and most famous art in the world. They may appear to differ slightly in their methods, just as they differ in the types of women they are. But if you study their remarks, I think you will find that they agree pretty well on the basic essentials.

YOU MUST READ "HAS TOM MIX LOST HIS JINX?" IT'S A GRAND HUMAN STORY ABOUT TOM. IN OUR MAY ISSUE—OUT APRIL 1 (NO FOOLIN')

Joan Foster Says:
LEADING BEAUTY CONSULTANT

with a BlueBird powder puff

CHANGE to a sterilized BLUE BIRD powder puff to-day and see the difference in powdering qualities. You can buy these soft downy BLUE BIRD powder puffs at the better 5 and 10c stores and department stores, in many enchanting pastel shades.

10¢ EACH
JUNIOR SIZE 5¢

Free!
This booklet on Beauty Secrets written by Joan Foster, will be sent to you, FREE when you mail this coupon.

JOAN FOSTER, Columbia Plush & Puff Co., 857 Broadway, New York City Z-1
Enclosed please find 10c for which you will send me a full size sterilized Blue Bird Powder Puff and a free booklet on Beauty Secrets by Joan Foster.
Name (Print)
Street
City, State
Kindly write here the name of your favorite store

PROTECTS the HANDS
CLEANS AND SCOURS POTS AND PANS

All copper—never splinters—cannot rust—easily cleaned. Made by the Springfield Wire & Tinsel Company. Sold in Kresge Stores

Scourite KNOB
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KITCHEN UTENSIL CLEANER

Be a Nurse
Make $30-$35 a Week
You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 32 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 60 years. Money-back agreement.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Please send me your free, fascinating booklet, "Splendid Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.
Dept. 1494 1601 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Name
City State Age

JILTED—

Too Bad She Didn't Know This Skin Whitening Secret

DULL, dark, blemished skin rarely wins a husband! That's why girls who want to *win* and *keep* admirers use this new discovery — for complexions that must remain youthfully white and clear, the year round. Prove for yourself that Golden Peacock Bleach Cream makes *your* skin shades whiter—in a night! Smooth it on your skin tonight. Next morning notice how muddy sallowness has given way to unblemished whiteness—*or your money back.* Freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—all imperfections that rob you of true loveliness—vanish, too. The transformation is so quick, so harmless, because Golden Peacock is the gentlest, fastest-acting of all bleaches that *work.* And it's more *economical* —you use so little. Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream TODAY. Over half a million women use it. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

REMOVE FAT *This* SURE WAY

From any Part You Wish Reduced. A New And Safe Way. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary.

Guaranteed to Satisfy

Thin-O-Creme

a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means.

THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a cream-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears.

SPECIAL OFFER LARGE JAR AT SPECIAL PRICE **$1.95**

THIN-O-CREME CO., Dept. K-7
395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send postpaid in plain wrapper, large jar of THIN-O-CREME with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

Name.....

Address.....

Improve your FIGURE!

Just Give Me 10 MINUTES a DAY

Are you dissatisfied with your figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full and embarrassing? **Creme Treatment No. 1** aids in filling out hollowness and developing round, graceful curves where needed. **Creme Treatment No. 2** helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs and hips. Send name, address for **FREE** sample and directions. **Mention cream number desired.** Enclose 10c for mailing costs.

FREE SAMPLE

Mme. Renee' Renault
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. D-25
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Why They're Still Pals

(Continued from page 49)

IT *is* a mysterious thing," added Janet, "and sometimes I wonder if my interest in lovers the world over, my consciousness of all the thousands of pairs of lovers who I know will be watching us on the screen, has anything to do with it. Do you believe so? You see, I also think a lot about the people who are starved for romance—who live their love-lives vicariously in watching lovers on the screen. I am so sorry for them! I'd like to give them the love that is their right, and so the acting of a love scene puts new life into me. Farrell feels it, too."

"I wouldn't be any good without Janet!" said Charley warmly. "Somehow I never feel I'm doing my best except when I'm acting with her."

"Nonsense!" snapped Janet, "I'm the one who feels like a cat in a strange garret without you, Farrell!"

Whew! I thought. And they are not in love!

Well, neither is every singer and accompanist in love, no matter how keen their mutual understanding of the harmonies they make. Neither is every pair of tap-dancers, synchronized to perfection though they may be; nor any other team who have brought their art to a high pitch of perfection. The teamwork of Gaynor and Farrell happens to be love-making. It's their job and they do a swell one. And that's all there is to it.

THE amazing and interesting thing about it is the friendship which enters into their efforts. I said before and I cannot resist saying again that true friendship is rare enough to be interesting in itself. We all like and admire and enjoy seeing true friendship between any two people. Between two men or between two women. Or between a man and a woman; for such friendships are far more common today than ever before in the history of the world, due perhaps to women's economic freedom. But as a rule such friendships exist between people in private life. The fact that Farrell and Gaynor are public characters, familiar and beloved by hundreds of thousands of fans, makes their case startling. The fans sense something unusual and wonder. And the fans are right. Friendship of such a real and splendid quality *is* unusual. And it's something to point to with pride.

How do these two manage to stay friends now they're married? Because they *are* friends, that's why!

Karloff and Chaney

(Continued from page 82)

drew Karloff into conversation. He learned of the discouragement that had engulfed the struggling extra. He learned of the ambition that impelled Karloff to struggle with heavy cement sacks and three-hundred-pound putty kegs in order that he might continue his extra work on the screen. And Chaney listened sympathetically and said:

"If you feel that you must act; if you feel that you've got something the other fellow hasn't; if the show business is in your blood so that you'd rather turn in one good performance than to make a million at anything else, then stick to it. As long as you believe in yourself and if you've got the stuff, the breaks will come."

"From that time on," said Karloff, "I never lost heart. I went home that night so excited I couldn't sleep or eat. Lon Chaney was a great man and he'd taken the time to put heart into a struggling actor. I made a vow before I went to sleep that I'd carry on. I never saw Lon Chaney again, in person, but I never forgot his words. When he died, I felt that I'd lost a dear friend and now that they're talking of me as a second Chaney, I feel that it is almost sacrilege."

Soon after his talk with Chaney, Karloff had an opportunity to go on location for ten days with Bert Lytell in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." It meant losing his trucking job but, inspired by Chaney's words, he decided to risk it. Returning, he obtained work at F. B. O. and soon after was given featured billing with Evelyn Brent in "Forbidden Cargo." Following that came a stage engagement in "The Idiot" and the leading rôle in "Hotel Imperial." These led to his being given the part of *Kregg* in "Congo" on the Los Angeles and San Francisco stages. It was a part in "The Criminal Code" with Walter Byron in Los Angeles which won him the same part in the picture of the same name in which Walter Huston was featured. And since then Karloff has risen steadily. The part in "Frankenstein" was, strangely enough, a part which Chaney had himself always desired to play.

BORIS KARLOFF was born in Dulwich, a suburb of London on November 23, 1887. His real name is William Henry Pratt, the name Karloff being that of his maternal grandmother who was Russian. He was educated in the public schools of London and entered King's College, where he was expected to prepare for the diplomatic service, following in the footsteps of his father and several brothers.

"I gave more time to cricket and other sports than to my studies," he admits, "and it became evident that I could never pass my exams. The diplomatic service didn't appeal to me, anyhow, so in 1909 I borrowed a little money from a relative and simply disappeared. It was the only escape."

He went to Canada, where he worked as a farm hand, first in Ontario and then in the western provinces. In Vancouver he obtained a job through an employment agency as a pick and shovel man. Unable to collect his wages, he lived for a week on twenty-eight cents and decided to become a real estate salesman. Failing in this, he went to work clearing timber land near Lilooet Lake. Returning to Vancouver he saw in the local paper an advertisement for an experienced character actor for a repertoire troupe. Inventing a reputation as an English actor, he applied and got the job. He became quite successful. Then followed years of trouping with stock and repertoire shows.

Once, when parts were scarce, he tried to enlist in the British Army but was turned down. More hardships. Then he secured a part with Belle Bennett in her road show, "The Virginian," and arrived in Los Angeles in 1917. More parts in stock with local companies and then the influenza epidemic which brought temporary ruin to the theatres. Karloff obtained work piling flour in the Speery Mills in Valéjo and later returned to Los Angeles. His first picture work was as an extra in a mob scene for Frank Borzage at Universal. Alternating between the stage and an occasional extra job, Karloff hung grimly on, for now he had formed the ambition to find a place for his talents in the fast growing picture industry. By 1922 he had become "typed" as a French-Canadian bit player and seemed on his way to success but a production slump sent him to the truck driver job at which he was employed at the time of his memorial meeting with Lon Chaney, which was such an inspirational factor in his life.

OFF stage Karloff is the typical, charming, well-mannered upper-class Englishman. He is more than six feet tall. His hair is dark, straight and sprinkled with gray and his eyes under heavy brows are that dark, liquid brown so often found in the Asiatic races. His skin, too, is unusually dark, perhaps from the Russian strain. He is married and lives in the Toluca Lake district.

When he spoke of "Frankenstein," his face took on a hunted, harried look.

"I don't want to be confined to parts like that in 'Frankenstein,' he protests. "It has been praised, but as a matter of fact any actor of large frame who knew the first principles of acting could have done it as well as I. I want a chance to do unusual character parts which depend upon real work, rather than hideous make-up for their effectiveness.

"But most of all, I do not want to play horror rôles because of the effect on myself. You cannot imagine how such a rôle can change one's perspective. I can understand now what Mr. Chaney went through. I didn't dare let my wife see me in character for I was afraid that she, poor soul, might want to make a trip to Reno! It was most uncomfortable and I lost some twenty pounds during the making of the picture.

"But the mental effect was worse than the physical. The strain of portraying that twisted brain and awful synthetic body caused me to lose sleep. I dreamed Frankenstein. I was afraid I would never be able to get away from the memory of that gruesome figure. It sometimes haunts me still!"

And you—remembering "Frankenstein"—can you wonder?

"I consider myself the luckiest man in Hollywood for I've been in the game long enough to know that it all depends on the breaks. I sometimes sit and wonder about my talk with Lon, that evening. Did something throw us together, something beyond our comprehension? Here I am, with a contract and an opportunity, making up in the same dressing room where Lon worked at the time we talked. Amazing, isn't it?"

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 10)

which suffuses the male mind when it comes to food preferences. But the dejected expression on our face must have touched him, for he went on, "The last time I had this dish, among those members of the vegetable family which were present I seem to remember peas, lima beans, broccoli and beets. But cauliflower, carrots, mushrooms, string beans or any other vegetables may be used, so long as there are three or four kinds. And of course potatoes."

"Does the potato have to be prepared in any special way?" we asked.

"No, but creamed potatoes or French fried or stuffed baked potatoes are best."

"Stuffed baked pork chops and stuffed baked potatoes—have you any idea how either one is prepared?" we asked.

"Not an idea in the world, but I'll find out for you, if you like," Mr. William volunteered.

"Oh, would you really?" we cried. "That would be simply marvelous.

"And now, by the way, you mentioned steak," we continued. "How do you like your steak?"

"I like it broiled," he answered, "and it should be almost done through, showing just faintly pink in the center. Sometimes I like it served with a mushroom sauce, but often I like it absolutely plain."

"Fairly swooning in butter, however?" we suggested and he nodded his agreement. "With lots of finely chopped

$1260 to $3400 A YEAR

PICK YOUR JOB

Men — Women 18 to 50

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

$1,900 to $2,700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks get $1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. $79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year. $112.50 each pay day

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. Many Spring examinations expected.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increase $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They have a 44 hour week and 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary $1,260 to $2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET $1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2,100 to $2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. N-314, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

- ☐ Railway Postal Clerk.....($1,900-$2,700)
- ☐ Post Office Clerk.....($1,700-$2,300)
- ☐ City Mail Carrier.....($1,700-$2,100)
- ☐ Rural Mail Carrier.....($2,100-$3,400)
- ☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk.....($1,260-$2,500)
- ☐ Inspector of Customs.....($2,100-$3,300)
- ☐ Prohibition Agent.....($2,300-$2,800)
- ☐ Immigrant Inspector.....($2,100-$3,000)

Name.....

Address.....

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

Gives You
ROMANTIC
FINGER TIPS

Beauty-wise women keep their nails flawlessly lovely with this romantic new nail make-up—**KWIK,** the manicure mode for giving nails *more* glamour, *more* allure. Costs less, too.

KWIK Perfumed Nail Polish. A super polish. Lustre increases as it wears. Smooth, brilliant, beautiful. Will not chip, peel or discolor. Free from that objectionable odor. Exquisitely scented Brush attached to stopper. "Personalized" tints—Ruby, Natural, Colorless.

KWIK Perfumed Liquid Nail White. The only nail white free of grease or oil. A perfect emulsion and a *natural* white. Cleanses and whitens under nail tips. Stick attached to stopper for applying.

KWIK Perfumed Cuticle Remover. Quickly softens cuticle which is easily removed with stick attached to stopper.

KWIK Perfumed Liquid Polish Remover. The superior method for removing old polish before adding new.

Only 10¢ a bottle *at all 5 and 10 cent stores*

Kwik
MANICURE TOILETRIES
Kwik Cosmetic Corp. • New York

New PATCH QUILT Book
Grandmother Clark's
Old Fashioned QUILT DESIGNS
Series No. 21
Complete cutting charts, large illustrations and easy to follow. 38 designs. Send 15c, or 25c for both Series No. 21 and No. 20.
Postpaid. W. L. M. Clark, 1998, St. Louis Ave., St. Louis

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR
New Easy Way
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.
JUSTRITE
PUSH-CLIP
10 Cents
At Kresge's
FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

ASTROLOGY 10 YEAR READING $1
Your good and adverse periods to 1942. Ten years forecast reading indicating favorable and unfavorable astrological periods in which to court, marry, speculate, invest, travel, change, expand business, obtain promotion, increase income, employment. Forecast prepared by expert and arranged in decanates for greater accuracy. Based on recognized scientific Astrology. This Forecast may enable you to plan your affairs with greater assurance of success and happiness. Send birth date and $1.00 today for your 10 year reading. *"Lucky" Day Chart Free!*
NATIONAL PUB. CO., Desk 809, HUNTER, N. Y.

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

PHOTO Enlargements
Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.
ONLY 49¢ EACH
Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 50c with order and we will pay postage.
BEAUTIFULLY Carved Frame FREE! To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.
NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 491 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

parsley mixed up in the butter," he elaborated, "and there should be boiled potatoes also swimming in parsley butter. Little French peas and carrots cooked so slightly that they are almost raw are good with steak, too, and of course there should be olives, both green and ripe. And plenty of thin white bread or Melba toast. I practically always have this sort of a dinner on Thursday," he finished wistfully, seeming to regret this was only Tuesday.

IF you would get some slight idea of the enthusiasm with which Mr. William attacks a steak, take a long look at the picture at the head of this article. And if you would bring a similar expression to the face of your man, remember this trick, taught us by the chef of a famous man's club: take the steak out of the refrigerator at least an hour before it is to be cooked and let it warm up to room temperature gradually. You will find that the steak will be far more tender.

We only wish that we had room to tell you right now of the other dishes which he described. But we must content ourselves with giving you here recipes for two of Mr. William's favorite dishes, and console you with the knowledge that we have had the recipes for his Pork Chops Bordelaise, Baked Ham Steak and Apples, Pot Roast Guillaume and Broiled Steak aux Legumes printed for you. Do fill in the coupon on page 10 and mail it in at once, so that we may send you these splendid recipes, each one conveniently printed on a filing card with the name of Warren William appearing on each one.

These recipes are supplied free of charge to readers of MODERN SCREEN.

AND here are the other two recipes, which we promised to give you here and now.

VEAL CUTLET WITH TOMATO SAUCE

2½ pounds veal cutlet
1 egg
bread crumbs
3 tablespoons fat

TOMATO SAUCE

2½ cups canned tomatoes
1 stalk celery, chopped
1 small onion, minced
½ teaspoon parsley, chopped
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour

Have veal cutlet cut into pieces of individual serving size. Dip cutlets in beaten egg, in fine bread crumbs and in egg again. Fry on both sides in fat in hot frying pan until brown. Meanwhile into a saucepan put tomatoes, celery, onion, parsley, salt and pepper. Cover and cook ten minutes. Strain. Melt butter, add flour to it, blend thoroughly, add strained tomato mixture and stir over low heat until smooth and thickened. Pour this tomato sauce over the cutlets in the frying pan, cover closely and simmer over low heat for forty-five minutes or until cutlets are very tender. Serve hot.

STUFFED ROAST LEG OF LAMB

STUFFING

2 cups bread crumbs
1 egg
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ teaspoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
1 onion, minced fine

Soak bread in water and squeeze dry. Beat egg, add other ingredients to it. Add egg mixture to bread and mix to a smooth mass.

Have your butcher remove the bone from a five and a half to six pound leg of lamb. Fill the pocket in lamb with stuffing and sew up, using large needle and white string. Place stuffed lamb in roasting pan. Sprinkle lamb with salt and pepper. Dust flour over lamb and liberally on bottom of pan. Place slices of onion on lamb. Place in hot oven and roast until lamb and flour in bottom of pan have browned. Then add two cups of water, cover, reduce heat and finish cooking in slow oven, allowing twenty minutes to the pound from the time it is covered. When lamb is done remove from pan. Place pan on top of range and make gravy in pan over low heat.

Do men like cakes? Next month, James Dunn, so popular since his excellent work in "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team," will answer this question.

If You Met Richard Arlen

(Continued from page 39)

Ralston—and in a sense he is probably right. But if he didn't have it in him to set his excellent teeth and his well defined jaw and make a come-back, no amount of influence and persuasion from all the girls in the world could have accomplished his second and sure success, after a bitter disappointment.

He is a young man with the normal amount of pride, which is merely self-respect, but he appears to lack entirely that quality of feline vanity which so many stage and screen stars, men as well as women, have in so high a degree. He lacks also the catty attitude toward the competitors in his profession which is so very prevalent. You can perfectly well imagine him disliking somebody or other and saying so in good and emphatic and even decorative English. But saying so straight from the shoulder, not by implication; not by saying, "So-

and-So is a good guy—but. . . ."

He has a very keen sense of justice. He has also a sense of something which for lack of a better term I call humanity. He liked his rôle in "Touchdown" because it was real and because it was human. It took courage, I believe, to like that rôle and to lose himself in it, for it was, until almost the very end of the picture, a rôle without any sympathy and appeal for the average audience. But it was a human rôle—not an all-noble nor an all-villainous one.

No story or sketch of him would be complete without a further mention of the tiny, pretty blond girl with the very fair hair and the friendly eyes who is his wife and who appears to prefer being his wife to a career of her own. She is, I fancy, the balance wheel. She probably is wise enough to manage him without managing him at all. She doubtless endeavors to put some curb on his impulses—and I imagine he has plenty—and if she isn't very happy and if she doesn't make him very happy—why, then I have missed my guess entirely.

They appear to be comrades. A couple of youngsters who have worked and laughed and played together; and who love each other very much. More power to them; I hope they always will; and I insist on being sure of it, even in this uncertain world.

ARLEN himself laughs easily; throws himself, I believe, as whole-heartedly into work as into play; keeps himself fit, not only physically but mentally; is keen about people and places and things; and, because of his underlying disposition, probably makes the best of things when they go wrong, as they often do even in the most successful or well regulated life.

It has been a little difficult to write about him. That is really because he is, as I have said, so *regular* a person. It is far easier to sum up or to try to analyze the person who is a bit eccentric, or whose character is perhaps overdeveloped on one side or the other. But a regular person, simply because he is pigeonholed as such, is harder to really pigeonhole than the eccentric. Arlen is, as everyone has said, likable. But I am not willing to let it go at that. He has character and I doubt if the sure success which lies ahead of him will affect that character. He believes in luck and in the breaks. But he believes in work, too. He won't stagnate. Given the opportunity and the proper vehicles—such as "Touchdown" for instance, he will go very far in his profession. Merely as a member of the audience who appreciates good and sound characterization I feel that it would be a tremendous mistake to relegate him to the rôles of the usual young lover of the screen, to the usual machine-made stories. For he is a real man and not a cardboard presentment. So-called sophisticated or sappy dialogue and the usual sort of man-girl-clinch story should be left to a lot of the others and Richard Arlen should be given parts in which he is permitted to make something of a human characterization and portray real growth of character upon the screen.

Oh, and by the way, I like him a lot. And it wasn't entirely the "likability" which did it. It was the man himself.

Ina Claire Confesses

(Continued from page 55)

and then, on the spur of the moment, turn around and do something else.

"I should have had brains enough to know," continued Ina, "that no one could be as charming all the time as Jack was whenever I saw him. I should have suspected that anyone so brilliant and flashing had to relax sometimes and that this probably happened at home. But Jack's charm overwhelmed me. There's the whole truth of the matter."

She didn't sound like a woman talking about a man with whom she was still in love. She sounded far more like a wise friend. There was, always, a half-humorous note in her voice. . . . It was as if she was talking about two people she knew who had been very foolish, very human.

"I discovered Jack Gilbert to be the most intensely human person I've ever known or ever expect to know," Ina said. "When he has moods he has moods. And it was pretty bad, I can tell you, when we happened to have moods at the same time. Of course, the fact that we were both going through pretty bad times, professionally, didn't help any. We were too much alike. Neither of us was capable of serving as a balance wheel. And how we needed a balance wheel! Two Irishers . . ."

Her hands, palms turned upwards, gestured the hopelessness of it.

"I did try to change when I found things getting heavy around the house. I did try to be what Jack's wife should be, what Jack had thought I was when he married me. I said to myself 'I'm in this now and I'll make a go of it.'

"Some women, I know, adore giving domestic performances. Every time their effects get over they become that much more convinced they are wasted Duses. But I happen to get quite enough acting in my work.

"I tried being submissive as a last resort. But I was miserable. And Jack is a sensitive person. He felt my unhappiness and that made him more wretched than ever.

"So we quit. We realized we had made a mistake. There seemed no point in prolonging it. We tried to be civilized. No one wants her marriage to smash. It's human enough to blame the other fellow. But we did try hard not to let any recriminations creep into the

WISE MOTHERS NOW INSIST ON STERILIZED POWDER

IN a recent test Scientists found germs in every baby powder they examined that had not been sterilized! If you use an *un*sterilized baby powder and your baby has a little raw skin . . . imagine what might happen!

Laco Baby Powder is thoroughly sterilized — a special heat treatment at 235° F. for six hours — right in the sealed container. This positively destroys all chances of germs . . . Makes it safe for your baby.

Laco is made of soothing ingredients, it is velvet-soft, waterproof — yet contains no stearate of zinc. Laco relieves diaper rash, sunburn, eczema. Strongly recommended also for after shaving, for rashes, sunburn and as a general toilet powder for all the family. To be safe buy no powder that is not marked STERILIZED. If you do not find Laco Sterilized Baby Powder send four cents for generous trial can. Ask for Laco Castile Soap and Laco Castile Shampoo at all ten cent toilet goods counters.

LACO

LOCKWOOD BRACKETT CO.
Dept. M-4, Boston, Mass.

Enclosed is 4¢ in stamps for a generous trial can of Laco Sterilized Baby Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
I purchase toilet goods at _____
Address _____

AMAZING New Way To LOSE FAT

Drink COFFEE and grow THIN

Startling Discovery! New Method of Roasting Coffee Produces Astonishing Results

Science has discovered that coffee contains a substance that turns the food you eat into energy instead of fat; it stimulates every bodily activity. You feel better, sleep better. Fatty tissue disappears and no longer forms. The slender figure comes like magic.

Make it just like ordinary coffee

Just drink this specially prepared coffee instead of the ordinary coffee you now use. It's good for everybody—the whole family. It is rich in flavor and appetizing. Use cream and sugar as usual. Enjoy your reducing method.

The secret is in the roasting

Slenderfine Coffee is 100% coffee—nothing else. But it is not like ordinary coffee. The secret is in the special blending and roasting which brings out the active natural ingredients that do the work. It is a more economical method of reducing. One package lasts for four weeks and besides, you save the money otherwise spent for ordinary coffee. Take off fat naturally, pleasantly, safely, without drugs, bath, medicine, rigid diets, or violent exercise. Begin NOW!

4-Weeks Supply $1.00; Money Back Guarantee

Send $1.00 for large package of Slenderfine Coffee. Results will amaze you. Full directions and information included. You take no risk. You can have your money back if not satisfied. Try this new, easy method. Endorsed by coffee experts as well as other authorities. Dont wait. Pin a dollar to the coupon, clip and mail today.

SLENDERFINE CO., Dept. MH, 303 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

SLENDERFINE COMPANY, Dept. MH, 303 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00. Send me at once 4 weeks' supply of Slenderfine Coffee. It is understood you will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Wake Up Singing!

IF, instead of a song on your lips, your day begins with a feeling of fatigue and a conviction that the world is all wrong, it is an almost certain indication that you have an organic irregularity that can be remedied.

Diseases which start with indigestion, gassy, sour stomach, dizzy spells or general lassitude have been overcome by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Thin blood and a run-down system also respond to this tonic. All druggists have it.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Dept. "H" Buffalo, N.Y., if you want a trial package of

Dr. Pierce's Discovery

Beautiful Complexion In 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days.* My method is so different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You're not obligated. *Send no money.* Get the facts.

DOROTHY RAY 646 N. Michigan Blvd. Dept. 3842, Chicago

Learn Radio in 10 Weeks TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES

Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by ten weeks of practical shop work in the great Coyne Radio Shops. Free Employment Service. Write today for our Big Free Radio and Television Book.

Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 42-9E
500 South Paulina Street - - Chicago, Illinois

BUNIONS
Now Dissolved

Pain stops almost instantly! Then lasting relief. Fairyfoot gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write for trial treatment absolutely FREE!

FREE TEST

Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill.
1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 1123

OUTDOOR JOBS

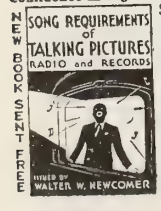
WANTED! Names of men desiring steady outdoor government jobs; $1,700-$2,400 year; vacation. Patrol parks; protect game. Write immediately.

DELMAR INSTITUTE
Dept. A-65 Denver, Colo.

SONG-POEM WRITER
Gets Thrill of Lifetime

When Large Audience of Friends Hear His Song, which we set to music, sung over the Radio.

The opportunities offered anyone having ideas suitable for successful songs merit immediate attention. Music Publisher's confidence in Big 1931-1932 Season, shown by paying writers $5,000.00 Advance Royalty on single song.



NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Don't Fail to Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—M.M. Newcomer Associates 1674 B'way, New York N.Y.

talks in which we arranged our separation. We both wanted to preserve a basis for friendship.

"And now, I ask you, could you imagine either of us wanting to re-marry? It's utterly absurd."

I ASKED if she and Jack admit to each other all she told me.

"Of course we do," she said, laughing. "And now that we're back on our old basis of friendship we have little jokes about the way in which we fooled each other."

Ina was stopping at Pierre's. Her drawing-room was quite like the charming, sophisticated stage settings against which we have so often watched her play. It was a circular room. A coal fire was burning. There was English furniture. Damasks. Yellow and white flowers. Cigarette smoke. All the new books were about. And a soft voiced secretary answered the telephone which rang incessantly in one of the adjoining rooms.

In her generous, sophisticated attitude about her marriage Ina was, at first, like one of the casual ladies she plays. But when she mentioned the attitude the press has taken about Jack Gilbert and her, she changed. Sparks lit her eyes. She didn't drawl evasive nothings about the chintz or anything else. She said what she had to say. Bluntly. You knew, suddenly, that she had it in her to make a scene. A scene you'd remember. A famous Ina Claire scene.

"The press doesn't flatter me, certainly," she declared. "I'm seen in the company of a man—Jack or any other man—several times, and immediately it is assumed a love affair is blazing.

"What is the matter with the world that it is so loathe to understand friendship, to accept it for its own blessed self?

"You'd think I was a sexy lady, incapable of offering a man interest, amusement, companionship. As a matter of fact I've always prided myself that I could be friends with a man without any other thought spoiling that friendship.

"It hasn't always been like this," she went on. "When I acted only on the stage, the press let me have my friendships without any scandalous headlines or insinuating stories. Friendships I find a pretty high price to pay for acting in the movies. And I'm not ambitious. I've never worked hard in my life for any reason except that I was having a good time. It isn't as if I anticipated being a sensational success in pictures anyhow . . . I wonder sometimes . . ."

Ina Claire is right. She isn't what she seems. She is what she was born, spirited, Irish. She is the little Fagan girl of Washington, D. C., grown up. And I like her better for it. Smooth, poised elegantes are effective enough on the stage. But they grow a bit wearying in reality. Ina never would!

The Woman with Yellow Eyes

(Continued from page 84)

are you and what is this thing you are doing to me?'

"'That I cannot tell you. I want to warn you, though, that there must be no third time. If there is, I shall strike harder. Some day, Bela, we shall be together as we should be, you and I.'

"She passed by me and opened the door. I tried to follow but something held me back. I still tried to fight against her power but it was no use. Within a week my wife and I were separated. We had been married four weeks!"

I WAS playing 'Dracula' in San Francisco at the time of my third marriage," Lugosi's lined face seemed to age as he began the ordeal of recounting this last tragedy. "Two nights after my marriage when the curtain rose, it seemed as if the world crashed at my feet, for there, just as it had been in Budapest, just as in New York, two yellow eyes held mine from the front row! I shall never know how I carried on that night. To me it is all a blur. The moment I saw Hedy, I knew that she still held me and that my marriage was again doomed. I shuddered for I remembered that this time she had promised to strike harder! This time I did not struggle against the inevitable. Heartbroken, scarcely wanting to live, I told Beatrice, my wife, that it was all over. There is no use probing the wound of that night, for what explanation could I offer that would be acceptable or even understandable to Beatrice? My first two wives had been Hungarian and we are a mystic people, a psychic race who feel. They at least had understood, if only that it was something I could not explain. Beatrice could not. My third marriage had lasted but a week and now Beatrice, upon her soul be peace, is dead."

WHERE is the woman with yellow eyes, with the face of a saint and the body of a wood nymph? Since that fateful night in San Francisco, he has not seen her again.

"I shall never marry again," Lugosi's voice was sad. "I am afraid to. I am convinced that Hedy's power over me, whatever it may be, cannot ever be broken."

In Hollywood you hear people say of him:

"Peculiar chap this Lugosi. Lives by himself, doesn't go to parties or even own a car."

Yes, Lugosi is peculiar—and no wonder. A haunted man. Haunted forever by the woman with yellow eyes.

Stars' Weirdest Stories

(Continued from page 29)

he bent a long ways down and kissed me on my forehead. *But, mamma, it was funny. Somehow . . . somehow I couldn't . . . feel his kiss. . . .*"

Mrs. Loew hurried into the little salon. From a commode she took an old box of photographs. They obviously had been stored away for a long time. A dozen odd things were piled on top of them. Indeed, she had to rummage before she found them.

"You may look at these, if you like, Jeanne," she said. "You, Emily, come along with me."

She felt she must know once and for all about the man who had, in her absence, come to her door. One of the photographs she had left with Jeanne was a group picture in which Emily's father appeared.

She had put her purchases away when Jeanne came running in. Triumphantly she held the group picture in her hand. Her eyes were bright.

"It is the one!" she cried with childish delight. "The man who was at the door!"

Jeanne and Emily never have been separated since. When Jeanne married the handsome George Chauchoin, even though the Chauchoin purse was slim and extra passage money a considerable item when they sailed for America, Emily came with them. Today Tante Emily has her own room in the beautiful Colbert apartment in New York.

AND now for mental telepathy. Pauline Frederick doesn't see how anyone can doubt it. She has had many personal experiences and on a number of occasions has troubled to check and recheck on those messages.

There was, for instance, the time Pauline was playing in New York with a dear friend whom we will call Michael Halley. Michael is a splendid actor, a manner of friend worth having, and a particularly heavy drinker.

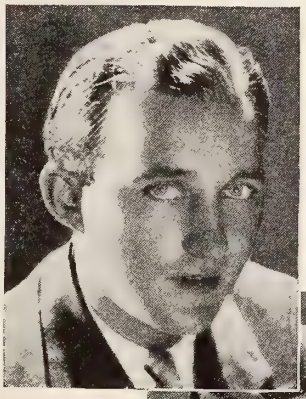
"Throughout that engagement," explains Pauline Frederick, "I worried about Michael. I felt looking after him to be as much a part of my job as being in the theatre on time.

"Drinking with this particular actor was and still is a most regrettable disease. And he always goes into a state after a drinking bout. Gets ashamed of himself and can't snap out of it. I've never been able to decide which does him the most harm, the actual drinking or the remorse he suffers afterwards."

One spring afternoon, in her suite high above Fifth Avenue's shuttling traffic, Pauline had finished writing letters in time for a short sleep before her early dinner. But somehow she couldn't quite fall off. She was, she knew, worried about Michael.

The night before, she had sensed he was nervous and distrait. And he, in turn, knowing she sensed this even

Know the Personality Behind the Voice!



BING CROSBY'S real name is Harry. And what's more, he never wears garters.

KATE SMITH'S first day at school was a riot. She tried to run out of the classroom four separate times.

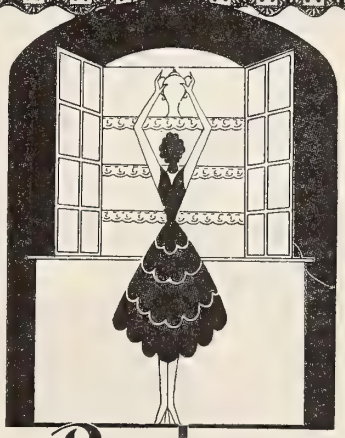
MORTON DOWNEY is very nervous when anyone else drives his car. When he drives, everybody else is nervous.

AND why does Rudy Vallee keep his eyes closed while singing? . . . What is the strange coincidence in the lives of Billy Jones and Ernie Hare? . . . What was the significance of wicker furniture in an earlier period of Ted Husing's life? . . . And how can Paul Whiteman handle a taxi?

Those folks you love to listen to on the radio—now you can really know them! Their little mannerisms, their human habits, their early lives, the forces which sent them on the way to fame and fortune, and their photographs. You'll find them all in

"PORTRAITS AND LIFE STORIES OF **RADIO STARS**"

AT KRESGE AND KRESS STORES—10c



Gay shelves . . . clean shelves

A French kitchen . . . a Dutch kitchen . . . an Early American . . . you can have any period kitchen for just a few cents.

Roylace Shelf Papers (as well as Roylace Doylies) come in a great variety of designs, exquisite as rare old lace. Beautifully printed on sturdy paper, to fit into any decorative scheme.

It's a matter of clever housekeeping to have several packages on hand . . . you can afford frequent changes because they are so inexpensive.

Write us for **Free** booklet on color schemes and shelf decoration—by the McCall Magazine expert on interior decoration.

THE ROYAL LACE PAPER WORKS, INC.
Dept. 34 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Roylace

shelf papers

Order Roylace Shelf Paper at 5-and-10c or department stores (stationery or housefurnishings dept.) Convenient lengths.

NEW WEAR SOLES
Save Shoes
20¢ PER PAIR WITH CEMENT
SCRAPE SOLE 1
APPLY CEMENT 2
PUT ON NEW SOLE 3
ADD MONTHS of WEAR to the FAMILY'S SHOES
When shoe soles wear out the uppers are still good for months of wear if you apply a pair of tough NEW WEAR SOLES. They make old shoes wear like new—give them a water-proof, non-skid, comfortable walking surface. Excellent for tired feet. Put them on yourself in 5 minutes, without tools.
OUTWEARS LEATHER
New Wear Soles are made of the toughest auto tire rubber, tested to outwear leather. Cuts shoe bills in half. Sole Grip Cement FREE with soles. Get a pair today!
Guaranteed to Stay On
For Men, Women, Children
All Sizes Sold at
5 & 10c STORES
BROWN RUBBER CO.
Lafayette, Ind.
LOOK for THIS LAMP on the Counter
Be Sure It's NEW WEAR

CLASS and CLUB PINS
FREE-1932 CATALOG-
SNAPPY DESIGNS
35¢
F.B.B.C.
$1.95
THIS NEW PIN, SILVER PLATE 35c EA., $3.50 DOZ, STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 50c EA., $5.00 DOZ., 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL, ANY 3 OR 4 LETTERS.
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 822 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

MOLES and WARTS
REMOVED PERMANENTLY
Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts.
Miller Mfg. Co., 2447 South St., Lincoln, Nebr

GRAY HAIR PENCIL
Instantly changes GRAY HAIR to youthful color. Latest method known to Stop Gray Hair from showing at roots, temples and parting—Send name and address
FREE SAMPLE PENCIL for Free Sample Pencil today—sure.
JUEL DENN, 1418 Elk Grove, Dept. 18 CHICAGO

TYPEWRITER
NOW ½ PRICE
All Standard Makes
Lowest Prices and easiest terms on World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc. Save over ½ Mfr's. original price. Your choice sent on 10 days' Trial. EASIEST TERMS EVER OFFERED—PAY ONLY 12c A DAY. All standard size—late models. Fully Guaranteed.
Also Portables at reduced prices.
Sent on 10 Day Trial
Send No Money—Big Free Catalog fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors tells of our refinishing methods making each machine like new. Also tells of our direct-to-you savings and easy-payment plan. Lowest Prices now offered. Send for Free Catalog at once, also 10 day trial offer. No obligation.
INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
231 W. Monroe St. Department 486 Chicago

though she had avoided giving any sign, had patted her on the arm and assured her that he really was going to be good.

HOWEVER, he hadn't come in for the combination breakfast and lunch most theatre people have when they're playing. He had half-promised. This made her uneasy.

"Finally," says Miss Frederick, "I dozed off. But it seemed almost immediately there was a great noise and I distinctly heard someone call 'Polly!' I had the feeling it was Michael. Then, even as I sat up, in that strange state between sleeping and waking, I saw Michael falling. He was on a sidewalk close to an iron fence. Behind the fence, in the narrow strip of ground between it and a church, there was a young tree, in bud.

"I saw it as clearly as if it was a huge photograph held up before me. And I knew as well as if I had been with Michael that he had been drinking . . . and had fallen. I reached for my telephone and called his number. It was busy."

She called his number again.

"That num-bah does not an-sah." She called again. And then again.

Finally, unable to endure another inactive minute of the suspense, Pauline Frederick rushed out of her apartment, gave frantic instructions to a taxi driver and drove to Michael's hotel.

Michael's man, who had been with him for years, opened the door.

"Mr. Michael?" questioned Pauline. You would have thought to hear her that someone had telephoned her there had been an accident.

"Nothing serious, Miss Frederick," the man reassured her, a little surprised to see her. "He's a bit shaken up, that's all. Sobered up, too, if I may say so.

"They telephoned me when it happened and I hurried right down. I'm just after getting him home and in bed."

"Hobbs," said Pauline Frederick, "I want you to get a pencil and paper and put down what I tell you . . ."

(If Michael wasn't badly off she would, she determined, check this experience for her own satisfaction.)

Hobbs came back with pad and pencil. And Pauline dictated to him the exact happening that had befallen Michael.

HOBBS recorded everything carefully. He was impressed. And delighted, too, when afterwards he was requested to be in the room while his Mr. Michael told Miss Frederick all that had happened. Told, in fact, the same story Pauline had told Hobbs.

"The worst part of it is, when I was falling I heard myself calling your name . . . Polly! If anyone heard me it will be a pretty mess. I might, at least, have left you out of it. . . ."

Polly reached over for his hand. "It doesn't *matter,"* she said. "Tell me, Michael, was there a little tree inside that iron fence . . . a little tree, in bud?"

Perhaps he thought it was strange of her to ask such a question, but decided she must be trying to place the church.

"I think there was," he said.

"I know there was," Pauline announced. "Give him the paper, Hobbs," she said.

"But this is unbelievable. Someone called you and told you," Michael insisted, after reading what Hobbs had written at Pauline's dictation.

Pauline nodded. "You did," she said simply, "and the bond between us is great enough and sympathetic enough for me to have heard you and to have caught the image you flashed me at the time."

IT was in substantiation of the theory of reincarnation that Melvyn Douglas told this true story:

Robin Hull was a little fellow, just five years old. He talked well for his age, for the most part. But often, visiting him in his nursery, his mother noticed him uttering strange sounds. She thought nothing of them at first. They were, she decided, an unintelligible abracadabra left over from his infancy. However, as time went on and Robin came to speak more and more fluently, she really thought it odd that he should continue uttering these same strange sounds. She made a point of listening to him carefully.

"I really don't understand it," she told her dinner guests one evening. "Robin really says these sounds as if they had definite meaning to him. Moreover, he repeats many of them so frequently that I have come to recognize them."

One of the Hull guests was a woman interested in reincarnation.

"Would you let me come and sit with you in the nursery one afternoon . . . just on the chance Robin might talk this way?" she asked.

"I'd be glad to," Mrs. Hull told her.

So the next afternoon found the two women in the nursery with Master Hull. He was extremely obliging. He said dozens of strange sounding words. His mother's guest was fascinated.

"I'm sure he is saying real words," she said. "Words which would mean something to someone . . . if we could only find the right someone. . . . Please let me bring a professor I know. He might help us. He is familiar with a number of the Asiatic languages."

Mrs. Hull agreed to have the professor come, although now she admits that she wished she hadn't mentioned anything about Robin's curious jargon. She didn't relish a lot of people with strange beliefs trooping into his nursery and proceeding to read their own meaning into everything he said.

A week later her friend came with the professor. The three of them went up to Robin's nursery together.

"He probably won't talk at all," Alice Hull said. Perhaps feeling things had gone far enough, she hoped he wouldn't.

Robin, however, talked as usual. He very evidently wasn't at all self-conscious about these strange sounds he made. He very evidently felt them quite as usual as words like "cat" and "dog."

The professor got down on the floor

and together he and Robin played with the electric train. Every now and then the boy would interpolate one of the strange sounds in his talk. And always the professor was careful to make a note of it on his little pad.

FINALLY, after more than an hour had passed, they left the nursery. The professor turned to Mrs. Hull.

"The words Robin keeps saying are from a language and dialect used in northern Tibet," he told her. "There's no doubt about many of them. Others I do not recognize at all. But all of them certainly are possibilities.

"Was he, by any remote chance, there as a baby? Have you or your husband, or any of your family, or any of your husband's family ever been there?"

To all of these questions Alice Hull shook her head.

Then the professor called Robin. They were good friends after their interlude of play and the child answered questions willingly.

"Where did you learn the words you say?" the scholarly man asked.

"In school," Robin told him.

"But, Robin dear," interrupted his mother, "you've never been to school."

"When I went to school—before," said Robin, his little brow furrowed.

"Do you remember what the school looked like?" the professor asked. He was, it was evident, tense with the feeling that they might be on the verge of an amazing discovery.

For a long minute Robin was thoughtful. Then he said "Yes, I remember. It was in the mountains. But they weren't the kind of mountains we went to in the summer, mamma. . . ."

"Was this school you went to made of wood or of stone, Robin?" prompted the professor.

"It was stone," said Robin.

"And tell me, what were the teachers like? Were they ladies or men?"

"They were men," Robin showed no hesitancy on this score. "But they didn't dress like you and my daddy. They had skirts. With a sash around their waist that looked like a rope. . . ." And Robin gave a detailed description of the school.

The following August the Hulls had a letter from the professor. From northern Tibet. He evidently had been so impressed by everything Robin had told him that he had gone there on his holiday.

"I have found the school about which Robin told us," the professor wrote. "It is in the Kuen-lun mountains, rocky and arid and, of course, not at all like the mountains where Robin now spends his summers. And it tallies with Robin's description in every detail. So do the lamas (priests) who teach there."

AND now, for our last story, let us consider an experience of Norma Shearer's. Norma tells this story simply, making no claims, believing what she believes. . . .

As a very little girl, Norma used to be delighted at the prospect of a visit with Auntie. Her Toronto house was a cheerful place. There were always flowers. Open fires. And rose jars which smelled divinely when you lifted their lids.

Through the years a deep bond grew up between Norma and this great-aunt of hers. Norma went to her with all problems. Auntie always understood.

Norma thought Auntie the loveliest, the most romantic person in the world. She made everything beautiful, really. Life. And now death. Norma knew Auntie was glad she was going. She expected her sweetheart, who had died many years before, to be waiting for her. They were to have been married, Auntie and her sweetheart, when he died.

Perhaps all of this accounted for Auntie's firm belief in spiritualism. She used to tell Norma that, when she sat in her little back garden at night, she never was lonely because her sweetheart's spirit sometimes came to her.

"Soon I won't be here any more," she told Norma one day. "But I'll always be watching over you, my dear. Remember that. And if ever you're in any danger I'll be there to protect you. . . ."

"But how will I know you're there, Auntie?" Norma asked. She was quite contained. Death, as Auntie saw it and as she made Norma see it, was nothing grim, nothing to be feared. It was, rather, a beautiful adventure.

"I'll send you a sign," her great-aunt promised, taking Norma's lovely young hands in hers. "I'll send you a flower. A rosebud, my dear. . . ."

As the leaves turned, Auntie went to join her beloved. . . .

THE February following, Norma graduated. And the night immediately following the graduation exercises there was a tobogganing party.

It was a very gay evening. Everybody was in the best spirits. The boys were a little masterful. The girls, wearing their graduation corsages, were a little consciously elegant. Gardenias . . . sweet peas . . . lilies-of-the-valley . . . one girl wore rosebuds. And, as always, these flowers, associated in Norma's mind with her great-aunt, made her a little sad.

The third time they started down something went wrong. The boy at the ropes tried pulling every which way. Perhaps that was the trouble. The toboggan skidded over the low walls of the slide. It was horrible. There were frightened cries. And when, after turning over and over the toboggan finally landed at the foot of the hill there were, far worse than frightened cries, little groans and then a most awful silence.

Everybody on that toboggan was injured, some more seriously than others, with the exception of Norma. Miraculously she was thrown into a soft, deep snowpile. She escaped with a few slight bruises. And when she picked herself up, a little dazed, tightly clutched in her gloved hand was a rosebud!

The girl who had been wearing the corsage of roses, however, was found unconscious many feet away, on the other side of the slide.

(*To be continued*)

BORIS DAWSON
POPULAR STAR

It's EASY to have LOVELY HAIR!

Who could help falling in love with hair that is lovely, lustrous....glowing with the subdued sparkle of thousands of tiny dancing lights? It's easy to bring love-lights to your hair. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will do it!

Golden Glint is more than a shampoo. Its special secret is a finishing sheen for every shade of hair—and what a difference it makes! You'll see sunshine and soft undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos. You'd never dream this little extra touch could bring such loveliness. At your druggists', 25c, or send for free sample and letter of special advice.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. D
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair _____

LAIZ-FLAT ELECTRIC OUTLETS

All You Need—Where You Need 'Em!

Enjoy benefits of half dozen outlets at less than usual cost of one. Be your own electrician. No experience needed. Quickly, easily, permanently installed. Lays perfectly flat against moldings, along walls, under rugs. Safe, simple, economical, efficient. Made in 3 colors. Send for FREE book, "The Home Electrician" to The William Herst Co., 818 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.
Laiz-Flat banding, 5c a foot
At KRESGE STORES—Everywhere

5¢ PER FOOT

GIRLS MAKE MONEY in ART

As fashion illustrators ... interior decorators ... fabric designers ... show card writers ... modern girls are making good money in art. Girls trained in art are needed. Many Federal Students are now earning $2500 to $6000 a year ... others more.

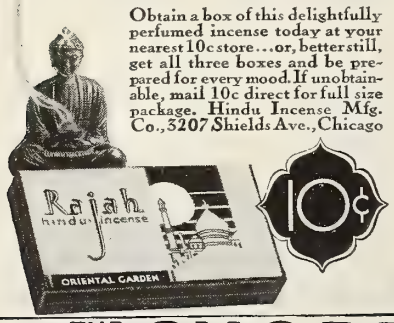
Through the Federal School of Illustrating you can learn the principles of drawing at home. More than fifty famous artists share with you their experience in Cartooning, Lettering, Illustrating, Designing, etc. Send now for Free Art Test. From it our artists will judge your drawing ability. "A Road to Bigger Things" will also be sent you free.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
4992 Federal Schools Building
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

...A FRAGRANCE FOR EVERY MOOD

Feel gay . . . or pensive. Feel dashing . . . or dreamy. Feel sophisticated . . . or romantic. The three alluring fragrances of Rajah Hindu Incense enable you to surround yourself with an atmosphere to suit your mood.

Obtain a box of this delightfully perfumed incense today at your nearest 10c store . . . or, better still, get all three boxes and be prepared for every mood. If unobtainable, mail 10c direct for full size package. Hindu Incense Mfg. Co., 5207 Shields Ave., Chicago



THE CHORE GIRL

Safe Quick Efficient

A continuous knitted ribbon of soft, springy copper is quick—safe—efficient for the cleaning of your pots, pans, oven and kitchenware. Rustless—can't shed splinters—doesn't hold odors—rinses easily.

For Sale near the Magazine Counter

METAL TEXTILE CORP., *Orange, N. J.*

Make Song Writing Pay You Big Money

New FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

WHY not send for this amazing book? Or better still, send poems or music for songs for free examination and advice. One of our Famous Writers who has ONE HUNDRED SONG HITS to his credit will revise, arrange, and compose music to your poems or poems to your music.

It obligates you in no way whatsoever. If we consider your work worthwhile, and compose music or write verse, fair assurance is given that it will reach the hands of one of New York's prominent publishers with complete copyright protection.

Don't wait any longer. Send for your FREE copy of this book today. It may be the answer to your financial independence.

MAHONEY ASSOCIATES, 4X-East 23rd St., New York, N.Y.

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 109*)

mount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Husband's Holiday," "This Reckless Age" and "One Hour With You." Now working in "He Met A French Girl." All for Paramount.

SALE, "CHIC"; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in numerous short subjects; also in "The Star Witness" "Old Man Minick" and "Competition." All for Warner Bros.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia; and "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

SHANNON, PEGGY; married to Allen Davis; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount. Now working in "Hotel Continental," Tiffany.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul" and "Private Lives." Next will be "Strange Interlude." All for M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Starred in and directed "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio; and "The Greeks Had a Word for It," United Artists. Directed "Ladies of the Jury," RKO-Radio.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," Universal; and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now working in "Mendel Inc." First National. Next will be "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Street Scene," United Artists; and "An American Tragedy" and "Ladies of the Big House," Paramount. Now working in "The Miracle Man," Paramount.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros.; and in "Forbidden" and "Shopworn," Columbia. Next will be "So Big," Warner Bros.

STARR, FRANCES; divorced from Haskell Coffin; born in Albany, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness" and "Five Star Final," First National; and "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Athol, Mass. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists; in "Touchdown," Paramount. Now working in "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal; in "The Phantom of Paris" and "Mata Hari"; also "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at Universal studio. Featured rôles in "Racing Youth" and "Papa Loves Mama." Now working in "In the Bag," two-reel comedy. All for Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Indiscreet," "Tonight or Never" and "Queen Kelly," United Artists. Now vacationing in Europe with new husband.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "Girls About Town" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Unholy Garden" and "Street Scene," United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to the former Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "New Moon," "The Prodigal Son," and "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now appearing on operatic stage.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Seed," Universal; in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; and in "One Hour With You," Paramount.

TODD, THELMA; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with ZaSu Pitts in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôle as Alison Lloyd in "Corsair," United Artists. Now working in Columbia's untitled prize-fight picture with Ben Lyon.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Craft," Universal; in "24 Hours" and "Touchdown," Paramount. Now working in "Sky Bride," Paramount.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," "The New Wallingford" and "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox; in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists; and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Next will be "After the Rain," Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "A Woman of Experience," "Bad Company" and "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathé. Now co-starring in "Veneer," RKO-Pathé. Next, "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel," Fox; in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; and in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Squaw Man" and "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now working in "The Broken Wing," Paramount.

WALTERS, POLLY; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," "Expensive Women" and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.

WARNER, H. B.; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; in "The Menace," Columbia; and in "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Arizona," "Range Feud" and "Maker of Men," Columbia.

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Robert Woolsey in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Widow From Chicago," First National; and in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany. Now touring in vaudeville.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married to non-professional; born in Aitken, Minn. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Woman from Monte Carlo," "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss." First starring vehicle will be "The Great Mouthpiece." All for Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Seed" and "Law and Order," Universal; and in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in "Old Man Minick," Warner Bros.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Daughter of the Dragon" and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," "The Road to Reno" and "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Bert Wheeler in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount; and in "The Unholy Garden," United Artists.

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Kept Husbands," RKO-Radio. Starred in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôle in "File No. 113," Tec-Art.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; co-starred in "Taxi!" and featured in "The Hatchet Man," First National. Now co-starring with Winnie Lightner in "Love On A Budget," First National.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; and in "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M; in "One Hour with You." Working in "He Met A French Girl." Both Paramount.

On the preceding page you finished reading about the stars' weirdest stories. Under no circumstances fail to read the next instalment of these supernatural anecdotes—in our next issue, dated May. Also, in our next issue, don't miss the thrilling life story of Helen Hayes

Did HE Know..

that she was really Sonia, secret service agent, set on his track by her superiors, seeking incriminating evidence?

Did SHE Know..

that the Duke of Charmerace who held her in his arms was really Arsene Lupin whose clever robberies amazed and amused all Paris?

Did They Both Know..

that the God of Love, who makes little distinction between lawbreakers and lawmakers, also had a trick or two up his sleeve?

Just as you will thrill to the superb acting of the talented Barrymore brothers and Karen Marley in "Arsene Lupin," the talkie, so will you enjoy the complete story of "Arsene Lupin" as it appears in the April SCREEN ROMANCES, which is now at all newsstands.

This famous, fast-moving mystery romance is only one of 10 complete stories of the newest and best talkies in the new SCREEN ROMANCES—all profusely illustrated with "stills" from the actual productions.

This month discover for yourself the delight of SCREEN ROMANCES. It's like 10 separate admissions to 10 talkie hits!

Screen Romances

At All Newsstands

How It All Started

A LITTLE STORY OF A LADY AND A NAME

NOT so many years ago there lived in the outskirts of Los Angeles a woman called Mrs. Wilcox. Her husband had a small ranch, as ranches go, near the southern outlet of Cahuenga pass. Cahuenga pass—for those who are not familiar with the geography of Los Angeles and vicinity—lies in a break in the mountains to the north of the city, and is the road to the San Fernando valley and points north. It is an old trail.

Now it so happened, according to the legends and folk-lore of the town, that Mrs. Wilcox was taking a vacation away from her Southern California Eden, and was traveling eastward on a train. She met an English lady with whom she conversed, as vacationists frequently do, especially Los Angelitos. The English lady, during the course of the conversation told Mrs. Wilcox of her charming home in England and mentioned the name of it. Mrs. Wilcox remarked that it was a pretty name. Whether it was the way in which the charming English lady pronounced the charming name or whether there was something peculiarly euphonious in the formation and arrangement of the syllables of the word, so that the sound produced a mystical effect, we cannot say.

For it is a fact that the name stuck. Hence there must be something in this sort of thing unexplainable by science, for when Mrs. Wilcox returned from her vacation, and rode out to the ranch by the pass with horse and buggy—the time of the episode being just prior to the advent of the petrol wagon—she had an idea. She retained in her mind, conscious or unconscious, the memory of a certain combination of syllables making a certain pleasant sound when spoken.

When she finally reached home she had a small sign painted—whether or not she consulted her husband, the legend does not state—but she had the small sign painted and had it placed in a prominent place at the front of the house near the road, so that those who passed might read. She had rechristened the place with a new name; a word of three syllables, a name of charm and a charming name. The name was HOLLYWOOD.

What would have happened if Mrs. Wilcox had missed the train?

—*"Don Roberto."*

LONG ISLAND MATRON LOSES 64 POUNDS OF FAT

THE SAFE WAY to REDUCE

A Kruschen figure depicting slenderness, physical attractiveness and charm.

Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—then watch ugly fat gradually vanish. Notice how skin clears—how eyes glow with a healthy sparkle—how new, youthful activity permeates your entire body.

Bear in mind Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a superb blend of SIX separate minerals which sweep poisons and harmful acids from your system—minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly. Many folks hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Harold Price of Woodside, L. I. writes: "A year ago I weighed 190 lbs. I started taking Kruschen and now weigh 126 and never felt better in my life."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold by leading drugstores throughout the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Has New Hair

Hair Health For You?

Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now. She used **KOTALKO.** **"My daughter's hair would not grow,"** writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. **We sent for KOTALKO** as a final test and thought it would be like the other things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using **KOTALKO** faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you'll see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible. Obviously the roots were alive!"

Men also report new hair growth. Many testimonials from men and women, whose hair health was improved through the sanitation and stimulation of **KOTALKO** and **KOTALKO SOAP.**

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX

To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for hair and scalp stimulation.

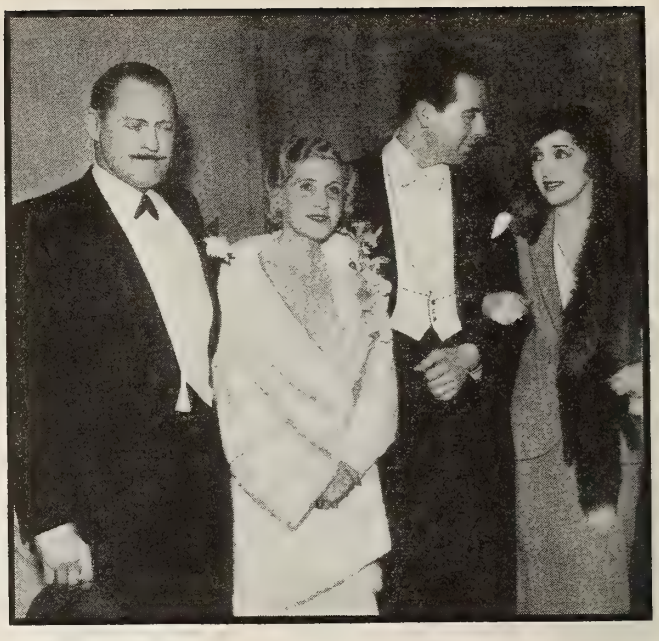
KOTAL CO., K-3, Station O, New York

Please send me FREE Box of KOTALKO.

Name_____

Full Address_____

_____



BEBE DANIELS' STAGE TRIUMPH

When Bebe Daniels appeared on the Los Angeles stage in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," it was a great night. The star-seekers got the thrill of their lives—for many of Bebe's friends were there. (Above) Lionel and Mrs. Barrymore, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. (Above, left) Norma Talmadge arriving. (Left) Mary Pickford, Ben and Bebe in Bebe's dressing room. (Lower, left) Ben Lyon trying to help Bebe out of their car on arrival. (Lower) Mary Pickford congratulating Bebe on her triumph.

Wide World

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

There's more Chicle in it

. . that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

There *is* something NEW under the sun

DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

Beech-Nut

CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.

Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"Luckies are certainly kind to my throat"

HOT TAMALE!

Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play ... But now she has nine fur coats, 15 canaries and the world's loudest lounging pajamas. We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years... There was no — what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement. *Gracias*, Lupe!

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a Lucky fan. There's no question about it—Luckies are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab."

Lupe Velez

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

JUNE

RETURN TO PERIODICAL DIVISION
NEWSPAPER REFERENCE ROOM (ANNEX)

Sylvia Sidney

lollywood Heroism by Albert Payson Terhune

so: FAITH BALDWIN • NINA WILCOX PUTNAM • LOWELL THOMAS

Color for Your Home!
Color for Your Wardrobe!

Tintex Instantly Brightens All Fabrics—
From Drapes to Dresses—
From Lingerie to Linens—
Quickly—Easily—Perfectly!

Springtime calls for bright, fresh color in your wardrobe and in your home! Frocks, sweaters, stockings, slip-covers, bed-spreads, curtains... whatever needs color...

Trust them to Tintex!

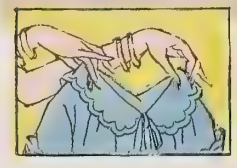
With the utmost ease and in a mere matter of moments, Tintex will restore all the original color-brightness to faded fabrics or will give them new and *different* colors, if you wish!

The Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter offers 35 colors from which to choose. Buy Tintex today and *try it.* You'll be delighted at the quick, easy and beautiful results!

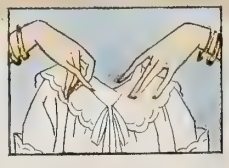
On Sale at Drug and Notion Counters Everywhere

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

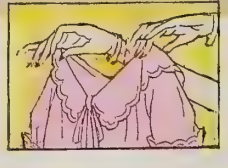
TINTEX COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark frock (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one...



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric...



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS
Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him...Daring! ...Tantalizing!...Smart!
Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture
JAMES DUNN
PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY
SOCIETY GIRL

MAY -2 1932 ©C B 153136

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

Hollywood Heroism — *Albert Payson Terhune* — 26
The film city has a courage all its own—says this world-renowned writer

What Marriage Has Done for Lew Ayres — *Nina Wilcox Putnam* — 29
A famous writer interviews a famous young husband

The Girl Who Has Hollywood's Number — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 30
Barbara Stanwyck refuses to be intimidated by the film city

The Most Thrilling Film of All (Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock) — *Lowell Thomas* — 35
The perfect movie—brilliantly told by this brilliant descriptive author

Your Taste In Men — *Faith Baldwin* — 38
How to win and hold the real life prototype of your screen favorite

Keep Your Eye On Ann Dvorak — *Jack Jamison* — 40
Here's a newcomer who deserves your attention

Family First — *Ben Lloyd* — 42
The amazing reason why Richard Dix was a bachelor for so long

Hollywood's Frankest Break-up — *K. Rowell Batten* — 44
The tragic announcement of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister

Because a Girl Laughed— — *J. Eugene Chrisman* — 46
—Johnny Weismuller is today champion of the world

Saying "No!" to Hollywood — *Walter Ramsey*
Sally Eilers Refuses to Be a Sob Story — 56
George Brent Refuses to Be a Clark Gable — 57

They Couldn't Stand Fame — *Carter Bruce* — 58
The tragedy of those whom success killed

Victim of Success — *Harriet Parsons* — 60
John Boles deserves more credit than he gets

Carole Lombard's Wardrobe — *Virginia T. Lane* — 62
Fascinating details and marvelous pictures of Carole's clothes

The Stars' Weirdest Stories (Illustrated by J. R. Flanagan) — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 66
Some more strange psychic and supernatural experiences

Open Letter to Bob — *Walter Ramsey* — 69
An intimate communciation to the much criticized Robert Montgomery

The Romantic Story of Helen Hayes — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 74
How she won both the man she adored and brilliant success

DEPARTMENTS

Beauty Advice — *Mary Biddle* — 6
Those little matters that are so easily neglected

Between You and Me — 8
Where the readers become writers

Modern Screen Directory: Pictures — 10
Players — 86
Information the fan can't afford to miss

Modern Hostess — 12
The dishes Edward G. Robinson prefers

All Joking Aside — *Jack Welch* — 13
Monthly amazing facts about the players

The Hollywood Times — 14
Modern Screen's up-to-the-minute miniature newspaper

Modern Screen's News and Gossip — 15, 72, 84
All the latest—straight from Hollywood

Modern Screen Reviews — 48
Telling about the new important pictures—in detail

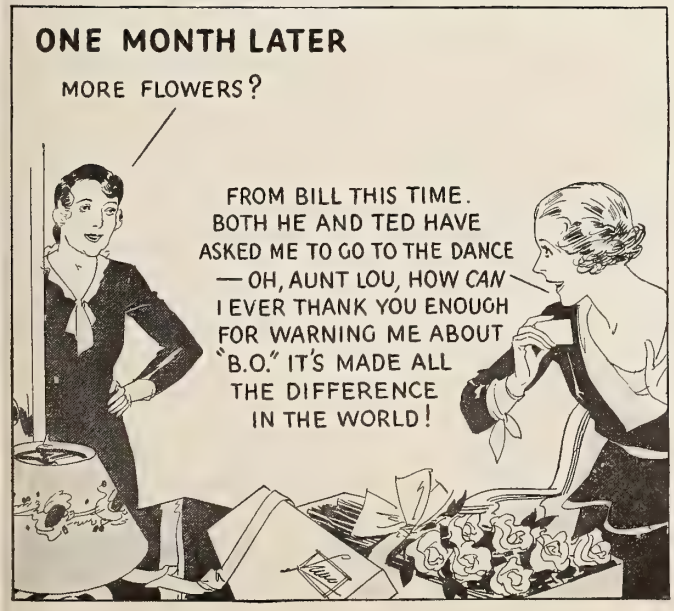
And also: Unposed Portraits, 24, 25; Domino's Revel, 32; On the Set with Harold, 34; At the Country Club, 51; Be Correct, 71; Gallery of Honor, 77; Artists' Model, 80; Scoops of the Month, 82

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* — Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative*

Published monthly and copyrighted 1932 by Syndicate Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 FifthAvenue, New York, N. Y. H. Meyer, President; M. Delacorte, Secretary and Treasurer. Vol. 4, No. 1, June, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscription, $1.70 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

WHO'S POPULAR NOW ?. . . by ALBERT DORNE

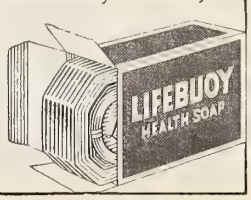


"B.O." (Body Odor) RUINS ROMANCE

A PRETTY FACE—an attractive smile—count for nothing against that unpardonable social fault—"B.O." (*body odor*). Don't take chances—especially now when warmer weather makes us perspire more freely. Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap. Its rich, creamy, deep-cleansing lather *purifies* and *deodorizes* pores—keeps you safe from offending. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you you're cleaner, *safer*.

Lovelier complexions—soon!

How quickly complexions respond to Lifebuoy's bland, soothing lather—its gentle, yet thorough, cleansing! Watch dullness and cloudiness vanish—clear, healthy radiance return. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

BEAUTY ADVICE

There's beauty in the tilt of a hat brim! We hardly recognized our own Sally Eilers in the racy Cavalier felt she's wearing above. Very attractive.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. She will be glad to help you. Be as definite as you can and please give details! Address Mary Biddle, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

By Mary Biddle

Sally changes her whole personality with the girlish, brimmed soft straw shown in this picture. Note how much more hair shows under hats these days.

I'VE been mulling over beauty problems this month and discovered a number of odds and ends of information. I think we all get more or less fussy as spring and summer approach. We have some new clothes—or we're *going* to have some new clothes as soon as we get some money—and we suddenly discover that our faces and topknots are not all they should be. And then begins a regular epidemic of peering into mirrors and trying new hair-cuts and new shades of lipstick and what-not.

There's one very important item I'd like to stress first. It's about the hair. Changes in the seasons cause changes in the hair. Mine falls out in the spring and summer—maybe yours does, too. Don't be alarmed, as I was when I first noticed it. You will observe that the hair falls out in long lengths—that is, it doesn't break off but rather comes out right from the roots. That means it's dead hair and you don't want it around any more anyway. Some heads shed their dead hair all the time; others go through the shedding process all at once. In the latter cases, the shedding is usually accompanied by a generally lank appearance of the hair. It won't look nice and a wave won't stay in it and it behaves very badly altogether. The thing to do is to give it a lot of extra petting and coddling until it feels better. Give it hot oil shampoos and egg shampoos. And for an egg shampoo, take note, you need six eggs. Sounds expensive, but when you figure up what you'd spend for a beauty parlor shampoo, it really isn't. Beat the eggs up, add a little water, get your hair thoroughly wet with warm water and rub in half the eggs. Rinse, and repeat the process. Then proceed with the soap part of the shampoo.

If you are troubled with sudden excess oiliness, try this: when you melt down soap for your shampoo, add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. If you use a liquid shampoo, you can do the same thing. And have you heard about dry-cleaning oily hair with alcohol? When you haven't time for a shampoo, soak a piece of gauze in rubbing alcohol, separate the hair into strands and wipe each strand with the gauze. Not advised for dry hair—ever.

A few more hints about the hair and then I'll talk about something else. Long-bobs please listen: you can't make those charming little neck ringlets unless your hair is tapered at the ends. A stubby, thick piece of hair just won't curl. Speak to your barber about it. *All* bobs please listen: be as particular about the back of your hair as you are about the front and sides. Back-of-the-head sloppiness is a menace. And—long-haired folks—be sure that the hair over the lower crown of the head, from the end of the part to the nape of the neck, is combed neatly. Incidentally, that's a much-neglected part of the coiffure. Girls with thin hair: brushing won't make your hair grow, but massage will. Brushing cleans and polishes the hair—that's all. New hair note for anyone who's interested: bangs are in. Leading hairdressers say they'll be the rage by 1933. People with high foreheads and thin faces look well with bangs. Coronets—that is, braids or twists of either your own or store-bought hair placed round the head—are also fashionable for evening.

HOW many of you have an annoying little vertical frown between your eyes? There—just as I thought! Altogether too many of you. Want to get rid of it? Then apply to it a thick layer of good, rich cream—tissue cream is best. Plant your thumb at the bottom of the frown and your first finger at the top—firmly. Keep the finger still. Rub the thumb (*Continued on page 110*)

Hints about those important small matters which are so easy for us to neglect

You loved her in "MADAME X"..."SARAH & SON"..."TOMORROW and TOMORROW"

Now see her in ALL her glory...

Miss Ruth Chatterton

HER LOVELINESS ENHANCED . . .
HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED . . . IN
HER *first* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!...A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs...Witty—naughty—gay!...A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives — and loves — and lies . . . Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

COULD THEY CHEAT THE MARRIAGE GAME?

with BETTE DAVIS
GEORGE BRENT JOHN MILJAN
Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

another FIRST NATIONAL *Hit!*

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

. . . In this department, the readers become contributors to MODERN SCREEN. Let's hear from you, too, whether your opinions are complimentary or indignant

Dear Friends:

This month I want to leave as much space as possible for readers' letters. But I do want to take this opportunity to remind you of one thing: namely, that this department is an open forum for all of you and not—as some of your letters indicate—a place for me to publish letters which necessarily express my opinions. I receive communications which upbraid me thus: "What do you mean by printing that terrible statement about so-and-so?" Or "I don't think you ought to print such letters as the one such-and-such a reader wrote about—etc." Well, I repeat, those opinions are not necessarily mine nor the magazine's. They are readers' opinions and as long as this is an open and unbiased department all letters which are interesting, amusing and informative will be printed to the extent that space permits.

More next time.

The Editor

We're mad, too, Janet Coats. We're printing your letter as a warning to others. Sorry we haven't room for your photo, also

I am as mad as a March hare and wonder if you will be so kind as to publish a warning against stars' doubles who take advantage of their resemblance to our beloved favorites of the screen in order to steal hard-earned money from unsuspecting victims like myself.

You see, having been secretary to Miss Mildred Harris for three glorious years, I wanted very much to again fill a like position and ran an ad in our Los Angeles *Examiner* to the effect that I would give anyone $100 who secured me a position as secretary to a film star.

I received a charming letter from a man who signed his name "Tom Christensen, cousin to Phillips Holmes." I answered his letter, agreeing to meet him in the lobby of the Biltmore. We waited almost an hour for the arrival of "Phillips Holmes" who, after a few brief questions, engaged me as his private secretary and, telling "Tom" to see that all his fan mail was forwarded to my home address for answering, hurried away.

"Tom" then took me to the Brown Derby for dinner and I was so thrilled and happy and grateful that I gave him ten crisp ten dollar bills. "Tom" drove me home and promised to phone me next day.

Late the next afternoon, I received a box of red roses and a note on which was written, "Good-by, Blondie. Thanx for the century. Better luck next time—Tom and Phil."

You will say that I should have investigated before parting with my bonus, but I had worked at Pathé at the same time Phillips Holmes played with Helen Twelvetrees in "Her Man" and flattered myself that I couldn't be fooled and, indeed, this young man, although extremely nervous, was remarkably like Phillips in every way.

JANET M. COATS,
Santa Monica, California

A few answers to our question, "Do you like tragic films?"

In your April editorial, you invite criticism of talkies such as "The Man I Killed." From a business point of view your comments are superfluous. The success or failure of a picture tells its own story at the box office. To invite criticism from the fans on the score that a picture is grim or gloomy is not an invitation to comment on its quality, but is rather a suggestion on your part that such a picture is over-estimated by the public. I have seen "The Man I Killed" and enjoyed the fine work of Barrymore. The only flaw I found in the production was that the other characters were over-shadowed by the artistic portrayal rendered by Barrymore as the doctor.

CHARLES E. GALTMAN,
Montreal, Canada

These gloomy talkies are very true to life and so I say let's have more of them. Surely you weren't knocking Phillips Holmes, as he played in each picture you mentioned?

ANITA OURSLER,
Louisville, Kentucky

What I can't understand is why the film folks want to produce pictures like "An American Tragedy." Don't we have enough gloom all around us?

CHIQUITA COCHRAN,
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Thank you, Reader. And Miss Wilde drops a curtsy

May I congratulate you on one of the most human articles I have read in any screen magazine—"Performance Interrupted" by Hagar Wilde—about Kent Douglass and his dog. Perhaps it's because I'm a great lover of dogs, but I just simply couldn't keep from crying over it.

AN INTERESTED READER,
Zanesville, Ohio

What sharp eyes you have, Adella

I am going to enumerate some inconsistencies I have noticed in some of the newer pictures. In "Shanghai Express," Warner Oland gets off the train in civilian clothes and the next minute he has on a uniform. In "Hell Divers," it is daylight—a plane is up in the air, about to come down. When the plane lands, it is dark. In "Forbidden," the clothes and vehicles are the same throughout the picture, even though the years advance.

ADELLA LIVGARD,
Anoka, Minnesota

Very pleased that our little stunt amused you, readers

I want to pat you on the back for the April issue. I chuckled hilariously over the pages of your 1917 tales. They were funnier than watching Walter Winchell's face when he meets Miss Garbo feet to feet some day. Won't his face get rosy after all he's said about them?

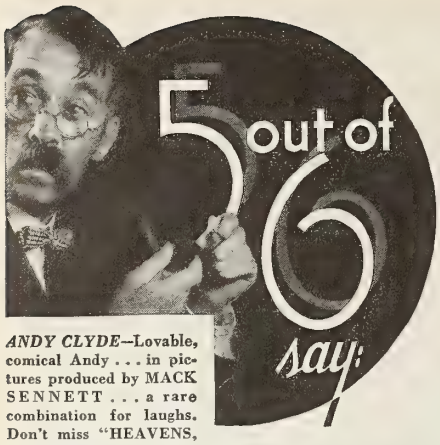
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE,
Madison, Wisconsin

Jes' between you 'n' me, I was simply crazy about the April MODERN SCREEN. "The Stars' Weirdest Stories" thrilled me; "Why They're Still Pals" settled a question I've often wondered about; "The Boy Without a Name" made me admire the spunk of Wallace Ford. "Why I Hate Garbo" was a human story and if it didn't discourage the gals who try to imitate the glorious Garbo it is not the fault of Miss Gerstein. I honestly thought I would burst when I read your "MODERN SCREEN 1917."

MARIE ORRELL,
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued on page 122)

TALA
BIRELL
A new
GLAMOROUS
UNIVERSAL
PERSONALITY
WATCH FOR HER
IN FUTURE
UNIVERSAL
PICTURES
UNIVERSAL PICTURES
CARL LAEMMLE, PRESIDENT
Universal City Calif. • 730 5th Ave. New York



ANDY CLYDE—Lovable, comical Andy . . . in pictures produced by MACK SENNETT . . . a rare combination for laughs. Don't miss "HEAVENS, MY HUSBAND!" and "SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES."

"Variety makes the best picture entertainment"

BING CROSBY—His roles in MACK SENNETT COMEDY FEATURETTES have made him as popular on the screen as on the air. Have you seen him . . . and heard him . . . in "ONE MORE CHANCE" and "BILLBOARD GIRL"?

THE Chicago Daily Times "Inquiring Reporter" recently asked six persons selected at random from street crowds if they liked "double feature" programs in picture theatres. Five out of six said they preferred *variety*.

Of course. The *perfect program* is always based on the principle of variety and diversified entertainment. One good feature picture, surrounded by a bill selected from news reels, cartoons, travel romances, sports thrillers and novelties. *And always a good comedy!*

At better theatres—on *perfect programs—Educational's* comedies provide the stimulating variety that guarantees the best entertainment for you.

HARRY BARRIS—Another popular radio star brought to the screen by *Educational*. This piano wizard and composer plays and sings his popular hits for you in AL CHRISTIE'S VANITY COMEDIES. He's a honey in "HE'S A HONEY."

Educational Pictures

"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . Don't just "go to the movies." Look over this list of the current pictures playing around the country and see which ones are best suited to your—and the kids'—taste

AFTER TOMORROW (Fox)—A sad but sweet love story with Charles Farrell and Marian Nixon. **Good—suitable for children.**

ALIAS THE DOCTOR (First National)—Dick Barthelmess as a young medical student who goes to jail innocently. When he comes out of jail he is forced to take his brother's place as a doctor and proceeds to do so and practise medicine without a license. From there on the story is sordid but dramatic. **Good—children may be bored.**

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox)—Warner Baxter and Marian Nixon. **Fair—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

ARE YOU LISTENING? (M-G-M)—William Haines as the unhappy husband of a nagging wife in a three-cornered love story. Karen Morley plays the nagging wife. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

ARROWSMITH (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel in talkie form with Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes in the leading rôles. A delightfully intelligent production. **Excellent if you like serious stuff—but children would be bored by it.**

ARSENE LUPIN (M-G-M)—Lionel and brother John Barrymore in a new version of the famous French crook story. **Very good—children will like it.**

BEAST OF THE CITY (M-G-M)—The policeman's side of the racket problem. Walter Huston, Jean Harlow, Jean Hersholt and Wallace Ford. **Very good—okay for kids.**

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warner Bros.)—Marian Marsh, David Manners and Warren William in another version of the homely stenographer who suddenly casts aside her drab costume and high shoes and turns into an alluringly beautiful woman whom the boss falls for madly. **Good—okay for the tots.**

BIG TIMER (Columbia)—Prize fight story—Ben Lyon, Constance Cummings. **Good—kids will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

BROKEN LULLABY (Paramount)—First released under the title of "The Man I Killed." Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll have the leading rôles. It's the tale of a sensitive French boy who, because he killed a German during the war, could never get over it. **A bit slow, but interesting—not for children, however.**

BROKEN WING (Paramount)—Romantic drama with Lupe Velez and Melvyn Douglas. **Good—children will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE BLOND CAPTIVE (Pizor)—Travelogue of the country and people of Northern Australia. Lowell Thomas gives an oral accompaniment. **Interesting—okay for kids.**

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers as an American manufacturer who gets mixed up with doings in the Far East in an attempt to further his business profits. **Excellent if you're a Will Rogers fan—children will like parts of it.**

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Nora Gregor in sophisticated story. **Very good sophisticated stuff—children may not like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

CARELESS LADY (Fox)—Joan Bennett and John Boles in romantic comedy. **Good—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in a story of a broken-down ex-prize fighter who makes a grand attempt to come back for the sake of his son. **Excellent—fine for the kids.**

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (Fox)—Warner Oland is here again as the oriental detective who can always solve the crime when everyone else has failed. As usual, the story is nicely punctuated by Chan's homely little philosophical touches. **Good—a little involved for children.**

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox)—Story of crooks and an ex-police chief which all takes place on a South America-bound steamer. Thomas Meighan is in it, among others. **Very good—okay for kids.**

COCK OF THE AIR (Caddo-United Artists)—Chester Morris and Billie Dove in a highly amusing comedy about a flying chap and the girl he was crazy about but who had great fun stringing him along. Don't be misled by the first reel or two—they're slow. But after that the action speeds up. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal)—Another one of the series with George Sidney and Charlie Murray. **Very amusing—great for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

DANCE TEAM (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers in a pretty sentimental tale of two small-town hoofers who come to the big city to make a success as a high-calibre dance team. **Good if you like sweet stuff—suitable for the kids.**

DANCERS IN THE DARK (Paramount)—Taxi dancer story with Miriam Hopkins, William Collier, Jr., and Jack Oakie. **Good—you can take the kids.**

DELICIOUS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a musical about a little Scotch immigrant gal and a wealthy New York boy. **Very good—children ought to like it.**

DISORDERLY CONDUCT (Fox)—Sally Eilers, Dickie Moore and Spencer Tracy in a story which depicts the police department's side of the gang war stuff. **Good—okay for children.**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—Fredric March's version of the famous fiction character. **Very good if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.**

EMMA (M-G-M)—The story of a lovable old housekeeper—beautifully played by Marie Dressler—and her troubles. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

THE EXPERT (First National)—Chic Sale's characterization as the naughty old codger who gets himself into various jams will delight you. **Very good—suitable for the young ones.**

FALSE MADONNA (Paramount)—Kay Francis as a crook girl who—put into the position of posing to be the mother of a blind boy—realizes the wickedness of her crookery and goes straight—to the infuriation of the crooks she was formerly working with. **Fair.**

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE (First National—Joan Blondell and Tom Brown in a mystery story. **Very good—not very suitable for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warner)—Joe E. Brown as a fire fighter whose chief interests and pastimes are baseball and blondes. Joe's antics will have you rolling in the aisles if you are at all fond of his type of stuff. **Very good—perfect for kids.**

A FOOL'S ADVICE (Frank Fay Independent)—Frank Fay's own talkie—written, acted and produced by himself. **Good—the children may like it.**

FORBIDDEN (Columbia)—Adolph Menjou and Barbara Stanwyck in a love story which will hold your interest in spite of its being a trifle old-fashioned. **Good—not suitable for children.**

GIRL CRAZY (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Arline Judge, Eddie Quillan and Mitzi Green in screen musical. **Very good—you can take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell as three fascinating gold-diggers. The story concerns their fights and goings-on over different men. **Very good—not for children.**

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young in a drama which takes place in Chinatown. You can just manage to recognize your favorites through the thick Chinese make-up. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE HEART OF NEW YORK (First National)—A story of New York's lower East Side and its inhabitants with George Sidney and Smith and Dale. **Good—okay for children.**

HELL DIVERS (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Wallace Beery in a story of two aviators in the air branch of the U. S. Navy. There are some thrilling air scenes. **Very good—and grand for the kids.**

IMPATIENT MAIDEN (Universal)—Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke in a story of a young hospital interne and the gal he falls in love with. **Good—okay for kids.**

KEEP LAUGHING (Educational)—Two reel comedy—slapstick in a night club. Very funny. **Good—great for children.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (RKO-Radio)—Edna May Oliver as a member of a jury in an amusing court room story. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Pathé)—In this story Constance Bennett who is really a simple little society girl pretends to have a past in order to impress the boy she adores. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)—A thrilling story revolving around the men who do the air stunts for the movies. Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Eric Von Stroheim and Mary Astor are in the cast. **Excellent—okay for the children.**

LOVERS COURAGEOUS (M-G-M)—Love story specially written for the screen by the noted English author, Frederick Lonsdale. Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans play the romantic lovers. **Excellent love story—but children may get restless.**

MAN WANTED (Warner)—Kay Francis and David Manners in business romance. **Fair—dull for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD (Warner)—George Arliss as a brilliant pianist who goes deaf through an accident and becomes embittered with life. Turned from suicide by his butler he realizes that life has still some things to offer and spends his time doing good to people. **Good, if you like sentimental drama—all right for the kids.**

MANHATTAN PARADE (Warner)—Winnie Lightner and Charlie Butterworth in a theatre story with Winnie as the noble sacrificing young lady. **Fair—okay for the kids, in fact they may like it.**

MATA HARI (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in a version of the famous Dutch spy story. The story does not follow the accepted biographies of Mata Hari but, nevertheless, you won't want to miss it. **Excellent—not for children**

MICHAEL AND MARY (Universal)—An A. A. Milne story produced in England with an all-English cast. It has a charmingly romantic story and is capably played. **Very good if you like English characters and speech—children may be bored with it.**

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris in talkie remake of famous silent picture. **Very good—children should like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warner)—Lawyer story with Warren William. **Very good—not for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)—A decidedly Hollywood version of Edgar Allan Poe's famous short story. In the movie there are six murders instead of two as in the original. And in many other ways the story has been completely changed. As a thrilling movie—quite apart from comparing it with the Poe story—you will find it interesting. **Very good if you like horror pictures—better not take the children.**

NICE WOMEN (Universal)—Sidney Fox, Frances Dee, Lucille and Russell Gleason in a story of young love, a scheming mother and wealthy old man. **Fair—children won't get much out of it.**

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin and Roland Young in a talkie musical version of the famous old silent picture called "The Marriage Circle." Ernst Lubitsch, who directed the silent picture, also directed this. **Excellent sophisticated stuff—children probably won't like it.**

PANAMA FLO (RKO-Radio)—Waterfront melodrama with Helen Twelvetrees, Charles Bickford and others. **Fair—not much for kids.**

THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante in amusing adaptation of famous stage play, "Her Cardboard Lover." **Very funny—excellent for children.**

PLAY GIRL (First National)—Winnie Lightner, Loretta Young and young Norman Foster in a "Bad Girl" type of story. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS (M-G-M)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a circus love story. You'll be somewhat surprised to see Clark Gable in the guise of a young minister. **Good—okay to take the offspring.**

POSSESSED (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a sizzling love story. Joan is the little girl from the country who thinks—for a while—that clothes, and jewels are everything. Don't miss the love scenes between Clark and Joan. **Very good—but better leave the children at home.**

PRESTIGE (RKO-Radio)—Slow story of a married couple who—because the husband is there on duty—are forced to live in a penal colony. Ann Harding and Melvyn Douglas have the leading rôles. **Fair—children will be bored by it.**

PRIVATE LIVES (M-G-M)—Delightful story of a divorced couple—still in love—who meet again on the first night of their respective second marriage. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery have the leading rôles. **Very good—but children may get fidgety.**

THIS RECKLESS AGE (Paramount)—The younger generation again—their doings and goings-on. Buddy Rogers is in it—among others. **Good—kids may like parts of it.**

THE ROAD TO LIFE (Amkino)—Story of the wild Soviet boys and how they were trained to be upstanding citizens. **Interesting.**

SCARFACE (Caddo-United Artists)—Gangster film with plenty of shooting and excitement—and also

(Continued on page 121)

Enter each day's BEAUTY CONTEST with a fresh, clear skin!

Eyes—Eyes—Eyes! Looking at you, judging you. Every day, all your life, you are in a Beauty Contest! Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay. Camay will keep your skin so fresh, so exquisitely soft, that you'll get admiration wherever you go.

This lovely bride has won the greatest Beauty Contest of all. Her precious veil is no lovelier than her exquisite skin. Keep **your** *skin soft and fresh with gentle Camay!*

Your other beauty aids will have a far lovelier effect if your skin is kept deeply clean with Camay — the blandest, most delicate of all beauty soaps!

Creamy-white, fine of texture —Camay is truly the Soap of Beautiful Women. No amount of money could buy a gentler, more luxurious beauty soap.

To take care of that precious skin of yours, take care what soap you use! Depend only on gentle, safe Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women — the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. Its pure creamy-whiteness is natural. It has no coloring matter — no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. Get a dozen cakes today. One brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water — a quick cold rinse — and your face is so clean, so satin-soft! With each day your skin will be lovelier — and you'll win each day's Beauty Contest!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

EDWARD G. ROBINSON DISCUSSES SOME DISHES FOR THE PERFECT, HEARTY, HE-MAN MEAL WITH

THE MODERN HOSTESS

Edward G. Robinson is a hearty eater. He likes dishes your own menfolk will like. And his wife, Gladys Lloyd Robinson, has given The Modern Hostess her own special recipes for a certain sauce, for Hungarian deep-dish apple pie, for French fried onions—and several other dishes.

DURING a long career spent in clattering from one celebrity to another in a determined effort to find out—and tell the world—what the famous like to eat, we have seldom met anyone whose ideas on food were more interesting, more appealing and more exciting and original than Edward G. Robinson's.

Do you remember the banquet scene in "Little Caesar"? Well, in real life every meal is a banquet to Eddie Robinson, for here is a man who understands food, who appreciates good cooking and who eats with relish and sincere enjoyment. The foods which Eddie Robinson enthused about were *men's foods*. Sturdy, substantial stuff that real he-men enjoy—and you will be wise to take a leaf from the book of Mrs. Robinson, who caters so lovingly to Eddie's likes, and treat *your* men folks to some of the dishes which Eddie told us about.

But to get on with the details of our luncheon with him! No sooner had the waiter placed his tomato juice cocktail before him (you can see him drinking it in the picture) than we plunged headlong into the subject closest to our heart.

"Mr. Robinson," said we, "what is your idea of the very finest of all possible ways to start off a dinner?"

"That's easy," he answered. "I like a nice big plate of hors d'œuvres."

"Featuring what?" we asked eagerly.

"Oh, all sorts of things," he replied. "Stuffed devilled eggs, ripe and stuffed olives, celery stuffed with roquefort cheese, pickled beets, rolled anchovies, sardines, alligator pear, fonds of artichokes, shrimp, tuna fish. . . ."

"Wait a minute," we interrupted, "that sounds like a whole meal."

"It can be," he assured us. "I can easily make a whole meal of hors d'œuvres."

THERE! How long has it been since you started off a meal with hors d'œuvres? Probably you think a plate of hors d'œuvres is too complicated to attempt, but as a matter of fact it is very easy indeed. Practically everything which goes to make it up can be purchased in a delicatessen or taken out of a can—and the various things can be arranged on a plate and put in the refrigerator to chill. Leave them in the refrigerator until serving time, then put them on the table. Hors d'œuvres can be served either arranged on plates in individual servings, or they may be passed on a large tray and the guests allowed to help themselves. And don't forget what Eddie Robinson said about being able to make a whole meal of them! They really do make a splendid Sunday night supper, with perhaps the addition of a salad or a plate of cold cuts.

"But let's assume, Mr. Robinson," we continued, "that you are *not* going to make a whole meal on hors d'œuvres. What do you like to have follow them?"

"Like ninety-nine men out of a hundred, I like steak! But steak with the special sauce which my wife makes. And the steak should be accompanied by French fried onions, and macaroni baked (*Continued on page 114*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for June—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....

.....

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

HALF OF JOAN BLONDELL'S RIGHT EYEBROW TURNED WHITE WHEN SHE WAS FRIGHTENED BY A BIG BLACK SPIDER

BUSTER KEATON RETURNED FROM THE WORLD WAR STONE DEAF, AND WAS CURED.... NOTHING, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN DONE ABOUT THE DUMB PAN..

LAWRENCE TIBBETT WAS TURNED DOWN FOR HIS HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB.

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Miniature Newspaper

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 4 HOLLYWOOD, MAY, 1932 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

GARBO EXPECTED TO QUIT THIS MONTH

Breach-of-Promise Suit Follows in Wake of the Fenton-Dvorak Marriage

Former Sweetheart Asks $250,000 for Hurt Feelings

No sooner did Ann Dvorak—one of Hollywood's newest stars—marry actor Leslie Fenton than her husband was sued by Julie Carter in a breach-of-promise action to the tune of a quarter of a million honest-to-goodness dollars. The suit was started during Mr. Fenton's honeymoon.

Leslie was going about with Miss Carter before he met Ann Dvorak and the two of them received quite a lot of publicity at the time—which, no doubt, is why the lady feels bad enough about it to bring suit. Incidentally, she has a remarkable resemblance to Estelle Taylor who had been seen in Fenton's company previously.

Leslie Fenton has been in pictures for some years. He played in "The Public Enemy," "The Hatchet Man," among others. His latest picture released is "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." After that you'll see him in "The Famous Ferguson Case."

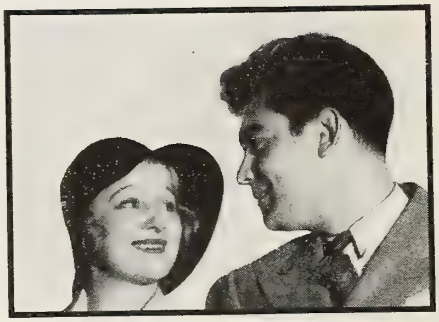
Ann Dvorak, his wife, recently scored a sensational success in movies after having been around the studios for some time in technical capacities. "Scarface," "Sky Devils," were her first before-the-camera efforts. She is with her husband in "The Famous Ferguson Case" and in "Love Is a Racket." All of these are Warner Brothers Pictures.

Fenton is well known for his individuality, having once disdained to sign a motion picture contract, deciding that he'd rather go to Europe on a cattle boat—which he did. He stayed some time in Europe, visited famous people, wrote a little now and then and, when he got good and ready, returned to Hollywood to take up his motion picture career again.

Bannister to Reno—to Avoid Collusion Charge

Divorce may be very simple these days, but it seems there are complications.

Just in case there might be some difficulties in the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister divorce if suit is brought in California—that state being strict on the collusion question—Harry Bannister will go to Nevada where he will file suit for divorce from Ann. It is believed that there will be no entangling difficulties if the suit is carried out in that state.



Greta Nissen Weds Weldon Heyburn in Tia Juana

Romance Started when they Both Played in Same Picture

Greta Nissen, blond Nordic film star, and Weldon Heyburn, stage and screen player, flew to Tia Juana and were married there by Justice of the Civil Court Ricardo Gilbert. Col. Wyatt S. Franks, U. S. A., father of the groom, was present at the simple ceremony.

Afterwards, the bride and bridegroom flew back to Hollywood where they spent their honeymoon. They met when they both appeared in "The Silent Witness," made at the Fox studio.

Extra! Extra! Gloria Swanson Gives Birth to Girl Baby

Well, it was true about Gloria Swanson's baby (Modern Screen, February, page 14).

A little daughter was born to Gloria at the London home of her husband, Michael Farmer. The baby weighed 7 pounds at birth.

The birth, according to Gloria, will not make any change in her plans. She will stay on in Europe for the summer—possibly making a picture in England.

Flashes from Here and There

The home of Constance Talmadge and her husband were visited by a burglar and relieved of valuables to the extent of $4,500.00.

Janet Gaynor balked at doing another sweet story with Charlie Farrell ("Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"). So Fox gave them "The First Year" instead. This was originally intended for Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers.

Young Wally Reid, Jr., is now appearing before the microphone. Radio work—not talkies. He's fourteen.

Aimee MacPherson and Walter Huston had a debate on Prohibition in Aimee's Temple. It was highly successful. Part of "The Wet Parade" (M-G-M) publicity. Swell stunt.

Marlene Dietrich has a bodyguard for her child now. Also the Ben Lyons. Josef Von Sternberg—among other grown-ups—has a bodyguard for himself. Just a great big kid?

Has Secured Passport—Refuses to Discuss New Contract with Executive

From All Indications She's Leaving Hollywood Forever

Garbo's M-G-M contract expires this month—or at the latest, next month. The great question is whether she is going to re-sign.

Naturally, M-G-M is all of a dither about it. And one of their highest executives recently arrived in Hollywood ostensibly on a regular business trip but actually to try to persuade Garbo to sign on the dotted line—at a salary of ten thousand dollars a week.

He waited twenty minutes in the background on Garbo's set for an opportunity to speak to her. When he finally managed to get her attention she said, "I have nothing to say to you." He tried again. Garbo said, "I will not talk to you." Once more the brave gentleman tried. Garbo turned her back on him, walked to the set telephone, called her manager and said, "There is someone on the set annoying me. If he doesn't leave, I will."

The executive left.

And that is as far as any or all of the M-G-M studio executives could get with the Swedish star.

It has also been reported that someone overheard her say, "I'll be damn' glad to get out of Hollywood and pictures and back to Sweden."

Garbo has made application for a passport to her native land. Of course, this could mean she was merely making a flying visit home, but—coupled with the fact that she will not say she will re-sign at ten thousand per and her statement about being glad to get out of Hollywood—it does look as if this time the oft-repeated rumors of her retirement are about to be realized. If she does, it will be the most extravagant gesture any movie star ever made.

Phillips Holmes Fractures Leg

Just as Phillips Holmes was ready to appear opposite Constance Bennett in "Untamed," he had an automobile accident and fractured his leg. He was bitterly disappointed as this would have been his best rôle in a long time. Luckily, however, RKO decided to have Connie do "The Truth About Hollywood" first. So by the time "Untamed" is put into production, Phillips will be well again. Nice break for him. And he deserves it.

MODERN SCREEN'S GOSSIP

A FEW months ago, when Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson were married, wise old Hollywood shook her head and said: "I wonder how long she will be able to hold him?" This question arose because of Hooter's reputation for being a story-book bachelor—money, Rolls Royce and a night air complex.

Soon, however, it became apparent that Hoot wasn't doing at all well with his latest business ventures . . . the Rolls was sold and other of the money-indications disappeared. This time, Hollywood changed her old tune to read: "How long do you supose *he* can hold *her?*" This bit of gossip was helped by the fact that Sally was making a very big hit with her Fox contract.

Now comes a last-minute development on the Eilers-Gibson relationships. It seems that Hooter failed to show up at a dinner party once last week. Sally was forced to wait about two hours for an escort home. She is reported to have been very mad indeed! Some of the citizens at the party even thought it was the end. But they had it all patched up by the next day. Now, last night there was another big dinner party . . . and *again* Hooter forgot his obligations until two hours after they were said to be necessary. It is reported that Sally laid down the law to him as follows: "If this happens once more this month it will be the last time you will have the chance to embarrass me!"

We sure hope that Hooter takes that hint very, very seriously . . . if the report is true . . . and begins showing up on time. There really isn't a nicer couple in the whole colony.

You'd be surprised if you knew the number of leading sheiks of the talkies who spend a few hours every week in a certain beauty parlor taking care of their hair! Bald sheiks would *be funny!*

WHEN a Bennett does anything—she does it thoroughly. And when Connie didn't want any representatives of the press, either reporters or cameramen, at her wedding—she had nary a one.

But at sister Joan's recent marriage to Gene Markey there was a special reception room for the newspaper boys and girls and the fellows with the cameras were treated like one of the human species. Joan and her bridegroom posed patiently for the photographers, and Joan threw her bridal bouquet into the crowd of fans who waited in front of the Town House, where the ceremony was performed.

However, she did put her foot down once in not allowing pictures to be taken of her wedding reception guests.

"That would look as if I were capitalizing on the names of those I had invited," Joan said.

Guess who is going to be M-G-M's "Red-Headed Woman"? No other than that famous platinum blonde, Jean Harlow. They will either have to get a new title for the picture, or a very large bottle of very extra red henna for Jean's crowning glory.

TIME was when Dorothy Jordan stepped out with Howard Hughes—and Donald Dilloway with Barbara Weeks.

But it looks like Dorothy and Donald are back together again . . . and for keeps. Don admits he's been trying to get Dot to marry him. They were at the opening of "The Wet Parade" together. Recently they were together at the Agua Caliente races. In fact, we never see the one without the other. Maybe Dot will tire of Don's proposals soon—and set the date.

Checking over a script with a writer, a studio boss objected to one of the player's lines which read: "I ain't going no place."

"With Will Hays and one thing and another," opined the boss, "we've got to be mighty careful of these mistakes in grammar. Better change it to 'I am not going no place.'"!

A BLOND actress, plus an automobile, plus another automobile, equals an unoptioned contract. Judith Wood is the actress, and it all happened when the car she was driving crashed into another auto. Judith suffered a broken nose as a result. After it had been set and healed, she took several tests out at Paramount who held her contract with option time coming around.

Don't know exactly what they found to be wrong with the new Wood nose—but the option wasn't taken up.

HOLLYWOOD'S latest indoor sport is to show party guests the reels of film taken when the celebrities "blow up" on the set. Although a retake is necessary for the finished picture, the cameras keep right on grinding after a scene has been ruined. And what they grind out is a riot!

Grand dames of the screen, when they slip up on their lines, aren't such grand dames, it seems. And they have a special vocabulary to be used on such occasions.

Studio executives so far are the only ones who have chosen this type of entertainment for their guests. And when one of the guests happens to be in the "blow up" reel, well—

STOP worrying about that double chin and don't waste your money having the old face lifted—for the oldish boys and girls are coming into their own in the movies. M-G-M paved the way with those two box-office hits, Wally Beery and Marie Dressler. Now Paramount is going to co-star Alison Skipworth and Richard Bennett. Both have a goodly number of years stacked away in their biographies.

The Mae Murray type of perennial youth is decidedly on the decline. Actors and actresses can now afford to look as old as they feel. Provided they are *actors* and *actresses,* of course.

WE'VE been wondering what caused all the rush to Palm Springs . . . and now it comes out that there is a new Gambling Casino about seven miles from the place. The reports are that it rivals Monte Carlo.

The other day, Jack Oakie had an appointment with the publicity department at the studio. He gave as an excuse that he wasn't feeling up to par and that he wanted to run down to Palm Springs for the *mud baths!* Now everyone knows that they really *have* mud baths at the springs . . . but no one has ever been known to run very fast from Hollywood to make use of them.

Ten days later Jack arrived home. He called up the publicity department and was immediately asked: "Well, how were the mud baths?" *"Mud baths?"* questioned the comic, "Oh, yah . . . gosh, I forgot all about 'em!"

Is the happiness of Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson imperilled?

International

(Above) Tom Mix and the new Mrs. Mix were remarried at Yuma, "just to make sure," since sometimes those Mexican marriages aren't valid. (Right) Corinne Griffith is making pictures again! In England, this time. This is a scene from "Lily Christine," with Colin Clive. Welcome back, Corinne!

It did our heart good to see it, too, because it was Marie's first day in the studio for a number of weeks. She has been quite ill. But now she looks like her old self for the starting date of "Prosperity" her newest comedy.

A fortune telling lady in Hollywood swears by her stars that Gloria Swanson's expected baby will be a boy. It was the same lady who said that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon would be parents of a "junior." Well, she can't be wrong all the time. The law of averages should count for something.

DO you remember Anita Stewart, the lovely Vitagraph girl who was the Norma Shearer of her day?

The other evening we saw Anita and her good-looking husband, George Converse, dining at the Cocoanut Grove, and not since Claire Windsor was our favorite Hollywood beauty have we been so impressed by any star's prettiness. Anita is simply grand looking. . . .

Of course, she is married to a very rich young man and probably doesn't have to think of the almighty sheckles any more, but it's a wonder that some smart Hollywood producer hasn't baited Anita back to the camera.

Just to occupy her time between social affairs Anita has been singing over the radio.

RUMOR has it that Marie Dressler will not be seen on the screen as frequently in the future as she has been in the past. Reason? . . . Marie's health is not good, and her studio, with great loyalty and respect for this wonderful woman, does not want to jeapordize her happiness and health by working her from one picture to the other, even though she is their biggest box-office "draw." Give M-G-M a big hand on this gesture . . . other studios have not always been so considerate of the physical condition of their best money makers.

THE penchant of Buster Keaton's dog Elmer for parking himself in strange autos in hopes of a free ride, has caused many a funny happening at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. One of the best is the recent event which befell Garbo's very dignified colored chauffeur. He was gazing at a paper while at the wheel of the glorified star's machine outside her dressing room when suddenly a jar from the rear seat startled him. Thinking his famed employer had bounced in, ready for home, the dusky driver stepped on the starter and put the car in gear. "Home, ma'am?" he murmured, without turning around. For a reply, he felt the side of his face and the back of his neck being licked exuberantly. Wondering if perhaps Garbo had suddenly gone crazy he whizzed around and saw Elmer, a giant St. Bernard, gracing the place where Greta should have been! Like Garbo, the St. Bernard said nothing.

YOU should have seen the party at the M-G-M lunch room yesterday! The high moguls of the American Legion were out for a bite of lunch and a quick look-see at the movie famous. The boys and girls at the studio were getting a huge kick out of the way in which Hedda Hopper was entertaining the good looking fellow who holds the highest office—when in walked Marie Dressler. You would have died if you'd seen all the boys scramble to their feet and stand in line for an introduction to the swellest actress of them all. Yes, Joan Crawford was there . . . and a flock of the others but it was Dressler who got the great big hand.

HOLLYWOOD has been getting a break in popular fiction lately. We'll step out of our rôle as newshound and become book-reviewer just long enough to mention four tales that we think you'd enjoy.

Here's a story no girl will want to miss—"Headed for Hollywood" by Homer Croy (Harpers). It tells how Pearl Piper wins a state beauty contest which carries her from a dreary Iowa town to Hollywood. Mr. Croy does the Hollywood life more vividly and amusingly than we've ever seen it done before.

Everyone knows, of course, that Elissa Landi has already written two novels which were published in England —"The Helmers" and "Neilson." The third, "House for Sale" has just been published by Doubleday Doran. A surprisingly mature novel for a writer as young as Miss Landi.

Dick Grace's "The Lost Squadron" (Grosset and Dunlap) is just as thrilling in novel form as the Richard Dix starring picture of the same name. An adventurous, fast-moving yarn.

James Woods Morrison—old time movie star—has written the story of April Morley—a girl who becomes a glamorous adventuress—and Hollywood's most glamorous star. The title is "April Luck" (Putnam). The scene

Garbo's chauffeur felt a breath on the back of his neck, and—

When Ronald Colman and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess met in Japan during their recent world jaunts, they visited the Nikitsu Studios where some of the Japanese films are made. Here they are talking to a couple of Japanese character actors. Cute, aren't they?

Wide World

Hollywood Newspictures

Joan Bennett's wedding was an event! (Above) Connie, Joan, Gene Markey, who happens to be the groom, and Capt. Clayton, best man. (Left) The bride and groom. After the ceremony, Joan and Gene stood on a balcony and bowed to the cheering crowds.

moves vividly from a small Connecticut town, to New York's theatrical whirl, over to Paris and then to Hollywood.

THE news that probably brought more joy to Hollywood than any other this month was the report from an Arizona sanitarium. It was good news, you can bet, when we heard that Rénée Adorée is really on the road to recovery. She's almost ready to leave the old sanitarium and move into a place of her own for a prolonged convalescence.

THAT old horse-opera maestro, Tom Mix, ain't taking no chances with a Mexican wedding. Not on your sombrero! No sooner did Tom get a day off from the studio than he and his bride of a couple of months hied themselves to Yuma, and went through a second ceremony. Lois Wilson, who is Tom's leading lady in his newest picture, and Tom's cameraman went along as witnesses.

What with all the hubbub about a possibility that some of these recent married-in-Mexico couples aren't really married (on account of technical requirements of the country) Tom wasn't taking any chances.

MRS. Brock Pemberton, RKO fashion specialist, selected a perfect duck of a hat for Irene Dunne. It was a black straw affair with two sassy bows on the crown. Irene was crazy about the hat, but (enter complications) so was Connie Bennett, queen of the lot.

In order to relieve Mrs. Brock Pemberton from any embarrassment in the matter, Connie proved herself a heck of a good sport by giving up the hat for Irene to wear on the screen in her next picture. She did ask, however, that she be allowed to have the charming *chapeau* copied in another color and she wore it with her bridesmaid's gown to sister Joan's wedding. (See picture at left.)

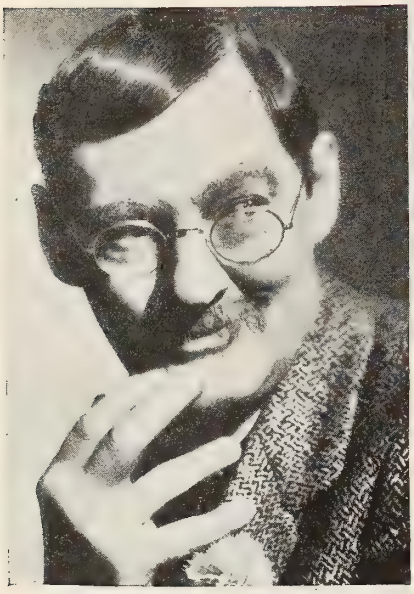
NO matter how you figure it, Tallulah Bankhead just hasn't registered as a "sensation" in Hollywood. For some reason or other the girl who set London and New York on fire hasn't quite clicked as a personality to gasp over. Even her enthusiastic newspaper reporter devotees who insist that Tallulah is more colorful than a desert sunset and more explosive than the Fourth of July can't seem to whip up the proper amount of interest in the drowsy-eyed Bankhead.

The other evening we saw Tallulah in a theatre lobby following a studio preview. While the two stars of the picture were being besieged by requests for autographs, Tallulah was allowed to step into her waiting automobile without a single tug at the sleeve.

What's happened to the famous Tallulah Bankhead fireworks?

THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!

JOHN
GARBO-BARRYMORE



JOAN WALLACE
CRAWFORD-BEERY
LIONEL BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

with LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

An EDMUND GOULDING *production*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Kay Francis doesn't look domesticated, goodness knows, but she really has become very much so since her marriage to Kenneth McKenna. Her husband's hobby is buying incidental pieces of nice, expensive furniture. Kay recently completed "Man Wanted" for Warner Brothers. Her next film (it is for the same company) will be "Street of Women." Marian Marsh is in it, too. Kay will have the opportunity to wear more gorgeous gowns than ever in the last named talkie.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Ann Harding has had her home telephone fixed so that only outgoing calls can be made. Just another little precaution that the busy star has to take against privacy-invaders. Ann's only hobby is still aviation. The famous Harding plane is the most bee-yootiful thing, with gold-plated gadgets and gold leather upholstery. Ann's next film will be "Westward Passage." By the way, be sure to read the sensational story about Ann on page 45 of this issue.

Photograph by Shalitt

Eddie Lowe is freelancing for the first time in nine years, having been under contract to Fox all that time. You'll see him in "Sensation" with Claudette Colbert. This film was made at the Paramount East Coast studios—and wasn't Eddie glad to get the part, for Lil was then in New York, you see, and he had been very lonesome. He and Lil had a high old time in the big city—went lots of places, saw lots of people, and bought lots of clothes.

Photograph by Freulich

This is Tom Brown who did so well in Warners' "The Ferguson Case." And whom you will be seeing shortly in "The Information Kid." He's just nineteen and has been on the stage since he could walk. His parents were old-time vaudevillians. His hobby is a pair of Boston bull pups that snore. After being in Hollywood for a few days, young Tom looked around and wise-cracked, "Join Hollywood and see the world—upside down!"

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Lily Damita, having completed "This is the Night" for Paramount, departed for Honolulu to meet Sidney Smith, her fiancé. Some say they'll marry out there. Others say they're already wed. Lily declines to enlighten the press or her friends on the subject. She has introduced bangs to Hollywood. And has recently lost ten pounds. You'll see her in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain" in which she'll have a chance to dance and sing again.

Marian Nixon and Warner Baxter, as you know, were both in "Amateur Daddy." Marian and Sally Eilers are the firmest of friends. Marian's wealthy husband, Edward Hillman, wants his wife to leave pictures and he's offered her a home in Southern France as a bribe, but Marian prefers to work. Warner Baxter plays tennis every day. He's famous for his spaghetti suppers.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Photograph by William Grimes

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Karen Morley's real name is Mildred Linton. Her dramatic career was started by her own interest in stage technique—but for playwriting, not acting. Karen lives with her parents in a modest little Italian bungalow. She says her rise to popularity in pictures proves the Santa Claus story. Her two most recent rôles are in "Arsène Lupin" and "Are You Listening?"

...This famous writer tells of the courage which is Hollywood's —a courage which remains unduplicated anywhere else in the whole world

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The elephants were stampeding! The trainer was not on hand to cow them! Hundreds of people would be trampled! Wallace Beery saw and—

It is an unwritten law that nothing must hold up a production. Even when death touches one's loved ones the picture must go on. Mary Astor knows this.

HOLLYWOOD

OF old, we unsophisticated screen-watchers used to gasp at the life-and-death chances taken by stars of the film. Then we were told that most of the hair-crackling stunts and risks were incurred by doubles. That made us ashamed of our early thrills—even though a double is a human and a risk is still a risk.

But we grew to discount our first impression that screen actors had the flashing daredevil courage of a d'Artagnan. Reaction from our spasm of admiration made us over-cynical as to the pluck of Hollywood actors.

Then one of us began—carelessly at first—to investigate. Presently a throng of instances was gathered; instances of flaming physical and moral courage; and none of them smeared by the publicity man's brush.

Out of the mass of evidence one truth stood forth, past all doubt—Hollywood has a brand of courage all its own.

It is a type of courage which seldom drifts into print. It is a quietly dauntless heroism such as is found in almost no other walk of life.

I am going to tell you a mere handful of instances of this. They are worth your reading; not only for their keen dramatic interest; but because such stories of bravery can do more good than a hundred preachments. To begin with:

Wallace Beery had made friends with the elephant trainer at the Selig Zoo. He had made friends with the elephants, too, and the trainer had taught him how to put the giant beasts through some of their simpler tricks.

One day Beery and his company were on location near the zoo. A swarm of idlers were watching. Many other outsiders were strolling around the zoo itself. Somebody yelled, "Fire!"

Black smoke and red flames were belching from one end of the menagerie buildings. Crowds came running from every direction, even before the alarm could be turned in.

The zoo was in a deafening uproar as the animals smelled the smoke. Should they break loose, there might well be wholesale tragedy among the packed mass of onlookers who surrounded the buildings.

THEN came a multiple bellow, followed by a screamed sentence from one of the attendants. The herd of elephants had stampeded!

They had broken out of their own enclosure, maddened by fear. They were starting to charge through the buildings and yards in a rush for escape.

That avalanche charge was due to smash down everything in front of it; and to open the way for the frantic lions and tigers and leopards to dash out into the helpless crowd. The trainer had gone to a restaurant down the street. He was presumably the only man who could curb the thundering herd.

Wallace Beery scaled the high fence surrounding the zoo; and dropped down into the enclosure. It looked like a deed of suicidal insanity. He flung himself instantly among the trampling and milling elephants.

Then the firemen arrived; and the trainer came sprint-

Robert Montgomery, too, knows by experience the tragedy of having to play a rôle at a time when tragedy is close. Worse, he had to act light-hearted.

Lew Cody's contribution to Hollywood courage was in sticking to an old friend—a famous movie star—whom the world had turned against.

Richard Arlen, too, knows that the picture must go on—even in the face of personal injury. During a picture he was badly injured—but stuck to his job.

HEROISM

ing back to the scene of tumult. But both would have been too late to check the charge and the escape of the other maddened beasts, if it had not been for the glorious pluck and coolness of that one film star.

The trainer and the firemen burst into the enclosure, to find Beery standing carelessly among the elephants. The giant beasts were kneeling—one of the tricks the trainer had taught Beery. Their murderous panic had been checked by the fearless presence and the calm orders of the man they had learned to like and to trust.

This was no screen stunt; no bid for publicity. It was the deed of a man who gaily staked his own life against big odds, in an effort to save the lives of others.

HOLLYWOOD is alive with "extras," all eagerly waiting for their chance; all willing to risk everything for that chance. Here is a tale of wholesale courage, performed by some of them in the effort to make good:

A shipwreck was to be staged. At the climax of the wreck the passengers and crew were supposed to dive singly and in groups over the side of a sinking yacht.

A hundred extras signed up for this diving job. They waived possible damage claims. One and all, they declared solemnly that they were expert swimmers. Therefore very few lifeguards were engaged to prevent disaster to such of the divers as might get cramps or find difficulty in keeping afloat.

As a matter of fact, nearly half of those hundred extras did not know how to swim a single stroke.

Most of the others were anything but the "expert swimmers" they had claimed to be. But the whole hundred played tag with death, by plunging into seventy feet of water; and had made false statements in order to do so.

They were looking for their big chance. Mere risk of drowning could not stop them when that shining goal seemed in view. By some miracle, the few real swimmers and the fewer lifeguards managed to rescue the floundering victims; and thus to avert wholesale tragedy. But the courage of the hundred extras was none the less amazing.

THE water-hazard seems to have scant terrors for fearless Hollywood. Dick Grace, the "stunt-flyer," was so anxious to outdo himself and to win success when "The Lost Squadron" was filmed, that he crashed his plane into the ocean.

The impact might readily have killed him. He took still greater risk of not being able to extricate himself from the machine, under water; and of drowning, pinned there and powerless. But gaily he took that double danger, and by rare luck he survived.

A "prop man," working in the "Broken Wing" company, was less fortunate in a flying venture.

The prop man never before had been in a plane. He knew nothing about aeronautics. But he volunteered to work the smudge pots for a stunt-flyer who was doing a spectacular bit of work in the picture.

The pilot lost control of the plane and it went into a

nose dive. He yelled and signaled to the luckless prop man to jump. The novice could not hear or else could not understand or else did not want to mar the picture by an unadvertised leap from peril. He was killed.

Lon Chaney courted danger in every make-up of his; including the risk of blindness in one picture wherein he gave his eyes the necessary wild aspect by pouring a deadly drug into them.

The climax of his dauntless risks came when he had to stand at the throttle of a fast-flying express train during a blizzard.

Chaney was ill at the time with a cold which had settled in his throat and chest. His system was run down by years of incessant stunt-work. His doctor warned him that the snow-and-wind machine used in the blizzard scene would increase his cold and might endanger his life.

But the star insisted on going ahead with the picture. Increasingly ill, he took every risk; staking his life, as ever, against his art. His death was reported to be the direct result of this gay defiance of his doctor's warning.

Maurice Chevalier for years has been running a like chance, in every vigorous motion he makes. He was sprayed with shrapnel, during the war. Some of this is still imbedded perilously close to his heart. He has been told that a sudden strain may kill him. He continues to laugh in the face of possible death by going ahead unsparingly with his strenuous work.

HERE'S another example of Hollywood heroism.

The entire "Carnival Boat" company was sent up into the hills on location. The work was rushed, because at any moment the winter snows were due—snows which would block all chance of egress, and keep the company there for weeks at a cost of many thousand dollars.

In the first scene Edgar Kennedy got a splinter deeply imbedded in his eye. This called for an emergency operation, which left Kennedy in acute pain and with his injured eye puckered up in a ludicrous squint.

Sooner than delay the picture he went on at once with his work. The director had had his rôle rewritten, overnight, into a comedy character called "Squinty." Thanks to Kennedy's unselfish pluck, the company was out of the mountains a day before the passes were choked with snow.

Dick Arlen was terribly burned by the accidental explosion of powder while he was working on a picture called "Gun Smoke." One side of his face was so badly injured that an eight-hour operation was needed. He refused to take ether. Then he went ahead with his part; keeping only the unscarred side of his face to the camera.

Hoot Gibson, in one sensational picture, had to jump from the cowcatcher of a locomotive to the running board of a motor car. The "timing" was bad. Gibson broke three ribs and sustained other hurts. As soon as he could get out of the hospital, he went back to location and made the daring leap successfully. Many a man, having tried that "stunt" once—and failed—would have lost his nerve.

GAVIN GORDON'S first big chance was an engagement to play opposite Greta Garbo in "Romance." On his way to the studio a motor car hit him and broke two of his ribs. He had himself encased in a plaster cast. Then, suffering intolerable pain, he went on with the rôle.

There is another brand of Hollywood courage which perhaps is as mighty in its way as the things I have been telling you. Here are just one or two instances of it from the many which could be cited:

Montgomery's adored little baby died on the morning of the day when the comedian's funniest scenes in "Private Lives" were to be played. Heartbroken, he played those scenes with such uproarious humor that spectators all over the world laughed themselves sick over his comic genius. You who saw that film will remember how killingly funny Montgomery's antics were. It was his job—and he did it well.

Mary Astor was just going on the stage, in a stage performance, when she received word that her husband had been killed. She gave a brilliant rendition of her part that evening, collapsing in a dead faint at the fall of the final curtain. Again—it was her job to carry on.

Lew Cody risked public favor, and thus risked his future, by sticking to Fatty Arbuckle when the latter was in universal disgrace. Loyalty to a chum meant more to him than financial success. But many another professional would have felt justified in ignoring Arbuckle—in public, at least.

Phillips Holmes staged a magnificent battle back to the water wagon after liquor had threatened him with utter ruin. James Gleason, who does not drink, hazarded his popularity with a large percentage of his public by talking prohibition repeal over the radio; merely because he believed repeal was right. The courage of one's own convictions is, apparently, another sort of pluck which Hollywood has in abundance.

Yes, in both physical and moral courage, Hollywood could teach life-lessons to most of the outer world. The half-portion group of instances I have cited here could be added to, a thousandfold.

But I think I have proved my point. Haven't I?

Hoot Gibson, for the sake of a picture, had to jump from a moving locomotive to an automobile. He misjudged the distance—landed in the hospital with three broken ribs. Yet, when he came out he, too, showed remarkable pluck. (Below) Chevalier's life is always in danger, yet he pays no heed.

"...Hollywood could teach life-lessons to most of the outer world."

(Above) Leona Powers and Genevieve Tobin in a number called "Out Like A Flask." (Above, right) Thelma Todd and Eloise O'Brien (wife of Pat O'Brien) in a black-out sketch called "Black-Outs à la New Yorker." It got a lot of laughs.

. . . The Dominos—a Hollywood amateur theatrical club—had a gay time when they held their annual revel. Many famous stars went

(Above) Pat O'Brien and Walter Catlett, famous stage comedian. Pat's wife was in the show, you know. (Above, right) Lois Wilson and Sally Eilers. (Below) Alan Hale and Pat O'Brien buying tickets.

(Above, right) May Robson, famous trouper, and Anna Q. Nilsson. When is Anna going to make that picture, everyone is anxious to know. (Below) Jetta Goudal, who deserted her shop to attend.

(Left) With his father between scenes.—Lloyd, Sr., always has a small part in Harold's films. (Right) With his leading lady, Constance Cummings, after a rain scene—and before a sneeze.

On the set with HAROLD LLOYD

(Above) A general view of a scene being taken at the Santa Fé Station. (Left) Harold being measured for camera angles. (Right) A close-up from one of the production's romantic moments. Much excitement for the Lloyd fans—it's the first picture he's made in some time. These pictures are exclusive to MODERN SCREEN.

THE MOST THRILLING FILM OF ALL —but one which will never be made . . .

By LOWELL THOMAS

Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock

ON the screen flashes the dramatic sequence of ships, sailing ships, soaring masts and spreading canvas. A fair wind is blowing. And white sails spread like the wings of a bird, and the graceful hulk goes racing upon the water of a balmy sea. Then the next thing you know a storm is blowing, shrieking wind and gigantic seas, a West Indian hurricane, or a China sea typhoon.

The men in this favorite motion picture of mine are

(Below) The hero of the story, Count Luckner, The Sea Devil. (Right) The famous author of the story, Lowell Thomas.

You hear everywhere today that there is a shocking shortage of good material for movies.

Lowell Thomas, radio favorite and well-known author of "With Lawrence in Arabia," "Beyond Khyber Pass," etc., was discussing this shortage with me recently.

"I know the most amazing story—a story of adventure, romance, countless thrills!"

He told it to me—virtually the life history of Count Luckner, "Sea Devil." And, reluctantly, we decided that no producer could make this picture—the reason will be clear when you have read this fascinating article.

But could this film be produced, how we would rush to the box office!

—The Editor

THE PERFECT MOVIE MUST HAVE ROMANCE, SPECTACLE, THRILLS

sailors, hardy old Jack Tars, salt bitten veterans of the sea. The villains are half-castes, or Malays, fierce slinky fellows.

The hero is a magnificent burly sailor man, born to the gentility of palaces, but reared to the hardy life of canvas and the wind. He is jovial, a great spinner of yarns, a man rich in the tang and splendor of the seas. And then there's the beautiful blond heroine.

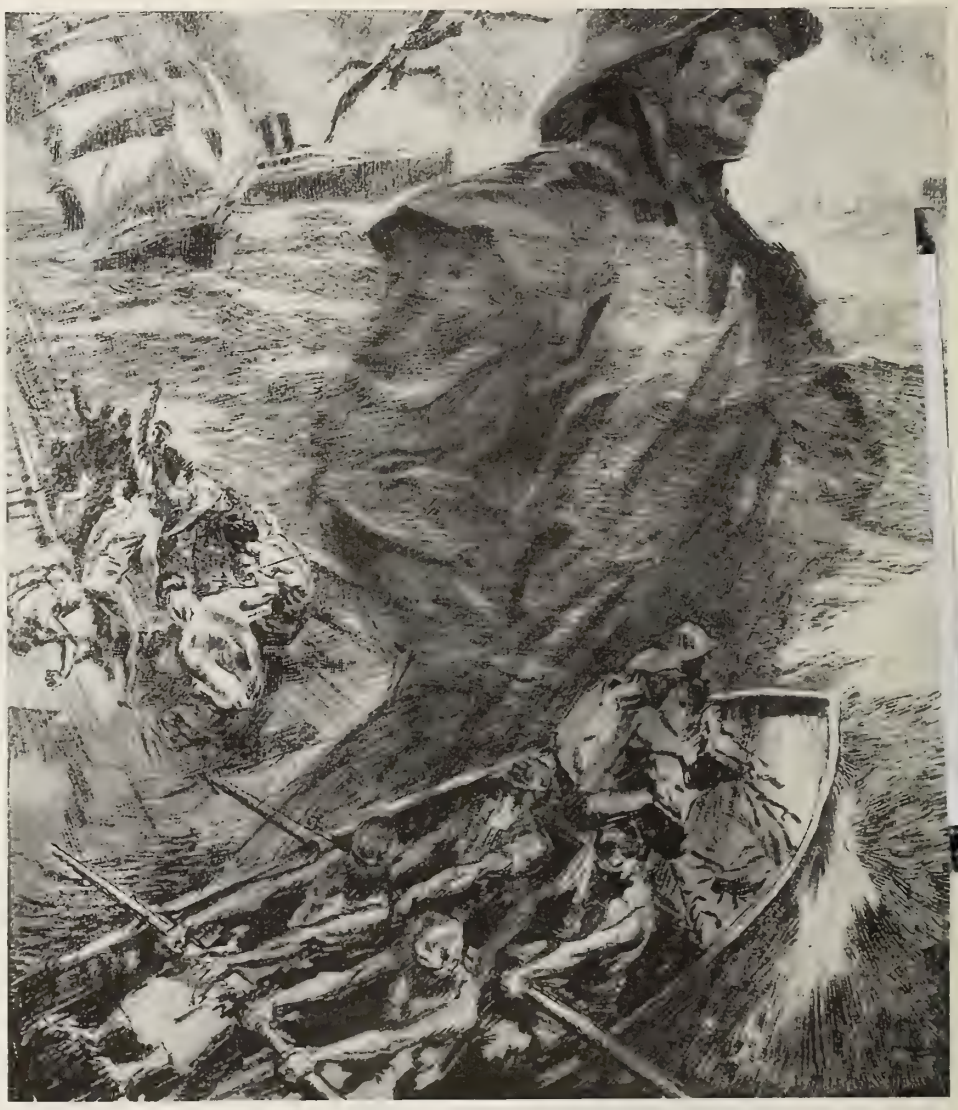
Yes, that's my favorite motion picture, only it has never been produced. The actors have never played their parts while the camera grinds away. No audiences ever sat gazing at the screen on which this romance of the sea is being enacted.

During the past several years one big motion picture producer after another approached my friend, Count Luckner, the Sea Devil.

"Count," they said, "you have movie material here. Let's see if we can't get together on a picture."

That sounds like a good beginning, doesn't it? In fact, there are mighty few stories in this world that will seem to be such inevitable material for the motion pictures as the story of Count Luckner, the Sea Devil. It's a natural. What better could you want than a nobleman who ran away to sea as a boy, lived the life of a sailor before the mast for years, then returned to his aristocratic home, became a naval officer and raided the seas in a sailing ship during the World War. The only instance on record of a windjammer raider in this modern day of dreadnaughts and submarines. Romanticize that a bit, fictionize it with a love story, and that's movie stuff.

Then the Count himself is a prodigious fellow, with an inborn genius for theatricals. He is by nature a superb actor and would make a magnificent hero for a screen drama. So it's no wonder that motion picture producers have gone after him time and again. Then, always, one most impressive difficulty has cropped up:—expense, with a capital *E*.



THE modern colossus of motion picture producing doesn't pinch his pennies. He invests hundreds of thousands in big pictures, and yet the most lavish of them, in talking to Count Luckner, have been stopped in their tracks by that word—expense. It would simply cost too much money to produce his picture. And that's very easy to see when you think about it for a moment.

In his sea raid the jolly Count never took a life. He did sink ships, many ships. That is the central thrill and climax of his story. Now it's mighty expensive to sink ships. Any producer might well grow pale at the idea of buying a dozen sea-going vessels and then blowing them up with bombs and sending them down to Davy Jones' locker for the purpose of producing a spectacle for the motion picture screen.

That is why my favorite motion picture has never been produced, that is why what, to my mind, would make one of the greatest of all screen dramas, has never been filmed. So all I can do is fall back on imagination, and make believe that I am in a picture show, and let my fancies go roaming and build a romance of the sea that is being enacted on a mythical screen. Let's see how it would go.

We have a romantic old castle in Central Europe. The overgrown boy, Felix, of a nobleman's family, hates to study, and runs away. Like many a boy before him, he runs away to sea.

The Hamburg waterfront with its forest of masts. The runaway signs on a Russian schooner.

The full-rigged, three-master Niobe sails for Australia. It is a bad ship. The cabin boy is made custodian of the pigs. He cleans the pigsty, is forced to live with the pigs, and is called "the pig" by the Russian seamen. The captain

is a tyrant, the men brutalized. He is starved and beaten.

Off the West coast of Africa a beautiful isle comes in view, a green isle that looks like paradise, with its white cottages and leaning palms. The wretched boy gazes entranced—it is his first sight of land after weeks of misery aboard ship. How he would like to be on that enticing shore. In imagination he sees a fairy princess over there among the palms. He day dreams of her, but is brought back to the realities of life at sea by a curse and a kick. The captain orders the pig boy back to the pigsty.

At the first port of call in West Australia, at Freemantle, he deserts.

BUT he gets a job as a lighthouse keeper's assistant on the Australian coast just to be near his beloved sea. The head lighthouse keeper has a pretty blond daughter. In a dreamy moment it seems to the lad that she is the fairy princess and they are on the green island. He kisses her. The father sees it and kicks him out of the lighthouse.

This time he becomes a kangaroo hunter. Later he joins a troupe of Indian fakirs as a sort of strong man to peg down their tents. A Malay girl attached to the troupe secretly teaches him a few of the fakirs' magical tricks. His immense size and magnificent physique attract attention everywhere. His dreams are still of the sea, and when an English sailing ship, the Pinmore, sails into Brisbane, he signs on. Perhaps on long voyages he may catch sight of the green island where his fairy princess lives.

He has drawn a fine ship with a fine skipper. He rapidly develops into a full fledged A.B. There is no life like a sailor's life. The Pinmore sails for San Francisco and then steers south for a long storm beaten trip around the Horn. Once Felix is nearly swept overboard by a giant wave. Then there are calms under a blazing tropical sky. Hunger and thirst and scurvy aboard the Pinmore. The young sailor, scarcely able to stand, still is able to cheer his comrades with laughter and stories and songs and the magical tricks he learned among the fakirs. Finally the Pinmore makes port. She is a staunch, good ship. All the ills of ocean had beset her, but she had weathered them all bravely, sheltering and protecting her crew.

Then on around the world from ship to ship he sails, on voyage after voyage. He is always popular because of his rollicking manner, his tremendous strength, and his gift at spinning yarns.

But in all his voyages before the mast he gets not one glimpse of the dream isle where the fairy princess lives. Nor has he ever learned just where it was that he passed the green island on his first voyage.

IN the captain's cabin aboard a windjammer, he spies a copy of the Almanac de Gotha, and curiosity impels him to venture in, take the book, and look down the list under the L's for his own name. He finds: "Count Felix von Luckner, missing." A longing for home comes upon him. But he recalls his vow never to return until he has fought his way into the Imperial Navy and gained the rank of an officer. He is in a reverie, when the Captain, finding a sailor in his cabin, very formally gives him a shove and kick out the door.

He has saved enough money for a course in a school of navigation. But he is so clumsy and stupid that the professor and his whole family, who like the genial young giant, although his lapses into nautical profanity give them many a shock, are obliged to coach him before he can squeeze through the examinations. He passes them and becomes an officer in the naval reserve.

Then he returns home to the old castle, where he has long been given up as dead. (*Continued on page 111*)

YOUR TASTE IN MEN

(Above) The Fairbanks type is a bit of a dreamer. A man of moods—which you must anticipate! (Left) Bad-boy Jimmy Cagney—just the opposite of Fairbanks. Do you want to know how the clever girl would "manage" his type?

. . . This brilliant, discerning writer analyzes five decided types of screen heroes. In real life, what types of girls could win—and hold—the love of these types?

By FAITH BALDWIN

I HAVE been wondering for some time just how much influence our screen heroes have upon the girls in the audience. Quite a big influence, I think. Not only do these heroes provide vicarious thrills and an opportunity for hero worship, but they also aid in forming a girl's taste in men. For instance: perhaps you admire one of these heroes so much that you will unconsciously seek a man to marry who resembles him. And you can learn a great deal about winning and keeping the love of the man *you* love by studying your favorite screen hero. There are little tricks about understanding and pleasing every type of man—tricks which cannot be called deceits. They are absolutely vital to happy love and marriage and every wise woman has practiced them since the beginning of time.

Perhaps you are thinking, "Dear me! I certainly have my work cut out. There's my boy friend admiring Marlene Dietrich (or Garbo, or Crawford, or Swanson) until I almost hate to go and see her pictures with him. Now I not only must try to live up to a Dietrich ideal, but I must also figure out what type of movie hero *he* resembles and act accordingly." Well, I think I can state with a fair degree of certainty that you needn't worry much about his current screen ideal. Men are much less influenced by the beauties of the screen than girls are by the men of the screen. Your boy friend may secretly—or not so secretly

—adore Dietrich or Joan Crawford *while he is watching her on the screen,* but when it comes down to facts he is generally pretty well content with the girl who goes to the pictures with him and slips her palpitating hand in his own at the most exciting part of the shadow adventure. Men are the real romanticists, after all, and they find their romance in your own self, even though the roving male fancy—and it will rove, so you might as well make up your mind to that—is now and then casually attracted by a lovely face on the screen. Such casual fancies prevent no man from falling in love with and marrying the girl whom he has known all his life, or whose desk is next to his at the office, or whose brother is his buddy.

So much for men's ideals. But you—suppose you, for instance, should meet, in your own world, a man who is very like the man you most admire on the screen. How would you set about to win him? More important, having won him, how would you go about holding him?

LET'S take two widely different types. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and James Cagney, for instance. They are so different, as types, that they are at either ends of a scale, so to speak. Remember—I am speaking of the *screen* Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and the *screen* James Cagney. They may be entirely different in real life—but we won't concern ourselves with that.

The junior Fairbanks represents, as perfectly as any man today upon the stage or screen, the dreamer, the man of poetic and artistic nature. The girl who is naturally attracted to such a type will find her ideal expressed in him. He will embody, for her, culture, gentle birth, temperament—which is merely another term for a sensitive stubbornness of the soul. Such a man is perhaps not as hard to win as difficult to hold. The girl who is attracted by the Fairbanks type and who meets with such a man in her own life must be perpetually on her guard. She must surround herself with glamor, she must keep the high, clear flame of romance burning. She must occasionally be evasive—must not let him be too sure—all the time. A little uncertainty will intrigue him.

This Fairbanks type will be a man of moods. I don't mean that he will be *moody* or sullen. But he will swing from highest gaiety to deepest gloom. He will certainly not be a placid, even-dispositioned person. And you—like a good accompanist playing for a temperamental singer—must learn to *anticipate* his moods. Such a type demands not only an ardent sweetheart but a girl with something of the maternal spirit; a girl willing to efface herself in order to meet his demands and his moods. With this type you need not only a simplicity of nature, but the sort of cleverness which is Eve-cleverness—not a surface thing. A cleverness which warns you when he's had enough of coddling and when he needs a lot of it. How can you do it? Oh, little signs will point the way. Close association with a person—seeing him every day—teaches you to recognize those signs almost before they appear. For instance, there's the irritability which is inevitably part of the make-up of this type. You may, one evening at dinner, express an enthusiastic opinion about a book the two of you have been reading. He will rather snappishly reply that your opinion is all wrong and that, furthermore, the book isn't up to much anyway. And only yesterday he was raving about the book himself! Well, don't let the snappishness affect you. It isn't directed at you in the first place. It is simply an indication that he has tired of the book—that his mind has found an interest in something else. Drop the subject—and find out what the new interest is. With this type of man, a girl, by apparently submitting, really achieves the upper hand.

AND now, the Jimmy Cagney type—so different! Cagney is as modern as tomorrow. He is the tough boy who travels with a chip on his shoulder and a twisted grin on his lips; who would as soon knock you down as look at you; but whose daring and courage and laughter, whose bravado of the out-thrust chin and clenched fist has its own appeal. This type has its feet on the ground and is mighty quick on those feet. It also has its chin in the air. Impulsive, eager, a little mad, a sort of love-'em-and-leave-'em chap, perhaps.

In this respect, the Cagney type and the Fairbanks type do not differ, save in degree. Young Fairbanks would also love 'em and leave 'em, but he would do it poetically, with a gentle cruelty—a box of roses and a regretful note. Cagney would grin and say, "So long, Baby. I'll be seein' you." Only he wouldn't be seein' you and that would be that. (*Continued on page 119*)

(Above) The girl who admires the Gable type will find such a man hard to win. This type of man loves his own liberty. But the right tactics will convince him that love is more important! The Gary Cooper type—strong, silent and yet sensitive—needs sympathy and intelligent understanding. (Right) The sophisticated Colman type finds its match in equal sophistication—or a completely genuine simplicity.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON ANN

"I didn't think I'd photograph well," Ann said to herself when they wanted to make tests of her. "I'm not good-looking enough . . . and, anyway, I'm young and self-conscious. I'm no actress."

(Below) After her effective work in "Scarface," Howard Hughes gave her a part in "Sky Devils." It happened, though, that "Sky Devils" was released first and is now playing around.

Photograph by Irving Lippman

DVORAK . . . !

. . . She's going to be a big success on the screen. Yet, for a long time she thought she couldn't act

(Above) With Richard Cromwell in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Her fourth picture. And Ann's work in it makes it seem pretty likely that she'll soon be a star in her own right. And she wanted to be a writer!

(Below) With Paul Muni in "Scarface,"—Ann's first venture into a real movie part. (Right) With James Cagney in "The Crowd Roars" for which she was lent to Warners by Howard Hughes.

By JACK JAMISON

TWO months ago none of us had ever heard of Ann Dvorak.

Now her name is headline material. When she married the young stage and screen actor, Leslie Fenton, on March 17, her photograph and her name appeared in all the papers. The young couple did not intend to make a splurge at all. They slipped away quietly, without telling their friends, and flew to Yuma, Arizona. They were married in the Methodist Church in Yuma by the Reverend Herbert Brooks and then they flew to Agua Caliente to spend part of their honeymoon.

Two months ago, Ann Dvorak was unknown to the fans. Now, suddenly, she bursts onto the screen in five pictures: "Sky Devils," "Scarface," "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "The Crowd Roars" and "Love Is a Racket."

An over-night success, a sensation. What is the story behind her smashing rise? She is pointed straight for stardom, goal of a thousand hopes. What did she do to get there? Is a tale of long yearning, long striving; of burning ambition to rise to the height of stardom on the screen? No. As a matter of fact, she did not want to be a star. The goal of thousands was no goal for her. She had stardom literally thrust upon her.

Five years ago, at the Page School for Girls in Los Angeles, there was a thin, quiet girl the others called "different." She was not beautiful, according to schoolgirl notions of prettiness; the only thing at all noteworthy about her face were her high forehead and her big eyes with their high, sweeping, slender brows. She was very serious, diligently getting good grades in her studies. Few of the girls knew that she was working her way through school. Few knew that she wanted to be a newspaper woman. To be a newspaper reporter, not to be a movie star, was Ann's earliest ambition. Her only connection with the drama was that she occasionally helped in the staging and directing of school plays and pageants. She liked that, but she never felt any desire to be in them as an actress. All the time she could spare from studies she gave to the school newspaper, "The Pagette," becoming its editor, finally, which meant that she had to write nearly all of every issue herself. She supported herself by teaching French and dancing to the younger girls in the school. "I couldn't dance myself, but I could teach others," she says.

LEAVING school, Ann was faced with the necessity of getting a job. She was fifteen. Newspapers are not in the habit of giving staff jobs to fifteen year old girls just out of school. She tried and tried—and got no job. "I wore myself out looking for the kind of work I wanted. Then I tried reading the want ads in the paper, and following them up every morning. Nothing came of that either. (*Continued on page 100*)

FAMILY FIRST

By BEN LLOYD

. . . Now it can be told—why Richard Dix put off marrying for so long. It wasn't that he hated women—nor marriage. It was because of a fine promise he made to his elder brother

THERE'S no simpler way of making Richard Dix roaring mad than to ask him about his love-life.

That used to be true, even before he married Winifred Coe. In those pre-marital days of his, when he was reputed to be Hollywood's champion heartbreaker, Dix'd offer to punch the nose off any interviewer who wanted to know about his heart affairs, if any.

"Those stories," he'd fume and snort, "about this girl and that girl and me are just a bunch of blankety-blank-blank-blank lies, and I'm blankety-blank sick and tired of 'em!"

That was Rich's attitude when he was one of Hollywood's outstanding bachelors.

But now—now that he's a married man—now he's ten times worse, as far as interviews are concerned! Interviews about marital happiness, and that sort of thing.

He simply will not talk about his wife, his love, his married life. You'll never get from Richard Dix himself the story behind his much-publicized reputation of being a heartbreaker, behind his recent marriage, behind his present belligerent attitude of I've-nothing-to-say-about-it.

But there *is* a story.

It's the story of Rich Dix's devotion to his family and his obligations as he saw them—a devotion that was the real cause of his long bachelorhood. It's a story that reveals, better than anything else, the real Richard Dix—who years ago promised his brother on that brother's deathbed that he'd never marry until he'd first taken care of his own family, and had enough left over to provide for a wife "in the best possible way."

Richard Dix kept that deathbed promise.

YOU see, the family instinct has been one of the strongest factors in shaping Dix's life. The Brimmers—that's the family name, you know—were a clannish group. Family solidarity was a fetish with them—handed down from generation to generation, from 'way back in that early period of America's history when one John Brimmer and his wife, Elizabeth Manchester, came from England and hewed a living out of the forests of New England. And this clannish feeling was handed down as a family tradition to Richard Dix.

Not that Richard Dix was not an individual. There must have been terrible struggles within him—struggles between his own very definite individuality and the family tradition that was part of him.

That struggle reached its fiercest point when young Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Jr., decided he wanted to be an actor. And when he told his folks that his aim was the stage, they were simply aghast. There were scenes, naturally. His father tried to beat down the lad's determination. But that determination was too strong—and so, eventually, the old folks gave in.

Then there came a perfect manifestation of the family solidarity. With all the intensity with which they had tried to dissuade the lad from his intent to become an actor, the family suddenly began to back him up. An aunt thought up the stage name under which he was to become famous—the name of Dix. The Richard was his own idea. His folks got back of him and boosted him and helped him in every way they could—encouraged him when he needed it, advised him when he wanted it. And particularly helpful was his elder brother Archie, now a physician, whom Dix worshipped.

"Archie was the greatest single influence in the shaping of my career," said Dix once, talking about that family tradition. "He aided and encouraged me more than anyone else."

HAVING won his point in the greatest family battle of his life, Richard Dix has devoted himself ever since to "making amends" for his stand. Not that he has felt he did wrong and had to be a good boy to make up for it. Rather, there was the feeling inside him that he had been right and could best prove it by taking care of his family.

With a single-purpose intensity that is strange nowadays, Dix's every thought, as his career developed, was to give his folks the benefit. He subordinated himself and his wishes, always, to his family. His earnings went, from the very beginning, to making more comfortable the lot of his parents, who were not well off.

(*Continued on page 103*)

Dix with his wife, the former Winifred Coe. Dix once said, "When it comes to selecting a wife, I shall certainly compare her with my own mother. . . . I think of a wife as a mother of children—and the kind of mother my own mother has been."

Wide World

Photograph by Bachrach

Dix was born Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Jr. The Brimmers were the most devoted of families. Despite their first disapproval, they helped Dix to win a stage success. And he has repaid them many times over in money, devotion and self-sacrifice.

HOLLYWOOD'S

. . . The failure of the marriage of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister is one of Hollywood's major tragedies

(Above) The sad break-up of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister can be charged directly to the great fame which came to Ann. (Right) The very frankness and understatement of Ann's letter heightens the sadness of it.

By

K. ROWELL

BATTEN

ANN HARDING

March 21st, 1932.

Mr. Walter Ramsey,
Modern Screen,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Ramsey::

The following statement, together with a statement from Mr. Bannister, is being delivered simultaneously to the general Press:

We, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce, because, during our three years in the motion picture industry, we have been placed in a position which is untenable.

Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own, he is gradually losing his identity, becoming a background for my activities, and looked upon as "Ann Harding's husband".

We have decided that the only way for Harry to re establish himself in his profession, is to cut the Gordian knot, to set forth on his own - quite apart from me - and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the Theatre, before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us, and destroy the love and respect we have for each other

We have found courage to preserve the thing we have in the way that seems best to us.

Ann Harding Bannister

THE two letters reproduced on these pages tell—with amazing and unusual frankness—one of the most poignant tragedies which has ever happened in Hollywood. In those letters—plain and utterly without verbal trimmings as they are—one can see the heartbreak and disappointment. Here, indeed, is one answer to the ever-present question of whether it is possible for love to exist in Hollywood.

Much has been written about the price of fame—a good deal of it absolute hokum, some of it true. This break-up between Ann Harding and Harry Bannister really does prove that there is a price for fame—and a high one. For Ann did love her husband tremendously—and does. That is no publicity story. Anyone who has ever been to Hollywood will tell you how she always tried to make her husband more important than herself—at their home and at gatherings. She always tried to show that he was master of the house—that he was no Mister Ann Harding. She never made a decision without asking his advice—whether in public or private. She did her best to make it clear to everyone that he was the head of the household.

Hard as she tried, though, Hollywood and public opinion was too much for her. When she and Harry first came to Hollywood they were two professionals of equal standing. Then the movies, with typical unreasonableness, cast Ann to the top of the heap and left Harry buried in obscurity at the bottom. He's a good actor—Ann herself will tell you he's every bit as good an actor as she is an

FRANKEST BREAK-UP

actress. But Hollywood sometimes does strange things.

Very few men with any pride at all can weather the ignominy of being merely the husband of a famous woman—no matter how much that woman tries to show that her love for him is far greater than her pride of fame. For it isn't the feeling between them which causes the strain, it's the gossip, the malicious insinuations, the thousand tiny hurts which come from their friends, their acquaintances and the world at large.

And it is impossible to shut out the world—especially if you live in Hollywood and are a prominent figure in the movie industry.

Ann and Harry tried it—and failed. Fame has exacted its price—and the price is their married happiness. Not their love. For that is why they are going to be divorced—in order to save their love. A truly brilliant move, since they have learnt by bitter experience that if they stay married, their love for each other would be ultimately doomed.

Is it possible to be happily married—when both parties are professionals, and one of them—particularly the woman—gains greater fame?

Twice, John Gilbert found it unendurable. Once with Leatrice Joy—when he became suddenly famous and she began to slip, and again with Ina Claire—when he was sliding from fame and she was going to greater glory.

Rumors insist that Ruth Chatterton is going to divorce Ralph Forbes. Another case where the wife tried hard to hold happiness. Ruth has done everything to make Ralph as popular—but the fates said otherwise. And so their marriage may be endangered.

Gloria Swanson and Wallace Beery couldn't make their marriage last—when she became a great star. For in those days Wallace Beery was not nearly as important as he is now.

Some women have been wise enough to give up their career when they married an actor. Jobyna Ralston, now Mrs. Dick Arlen, did. Lola Lane is content to be Mrs. Lew Ayres. Dolores Costello tried one picture since she has been Mrs. John Barrymore—but only one. Perhaps her intuition told her

(*Continued on page 115*)

HARRY C. BANNISTER

March 21st, 1932.

Mr. Walter Ramsey,
Modern Screen Magazine,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Ramsey:

The following statement, together with a statement from Mrs. Bannister, is being delivered simultaneously to the general Press:

During the five and a half years I have been married to Ann Harding, I have had the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife.

Therefore, in order to preserve this in its entirety, we find the apparently drastic course of divorce, the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness.

There is nothing further that I can add to Mrs. Bannister's statement.

Harry C Bannister

(Above) Harry Bannister's letter, too, is quiet and dignified—but that doesn't lessen the unhappiness which the events leading up to it must have caused. (Right) Baby Jane—the Bannisters' lovely child. She, too, must suffer.

BECAUSE

—Johnny Weissmuller was hurt as only an impressionable kid can be hurt. He never saw her again, yet that girl's laugh changed his whole life and brought him supreme happiness

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Johnny Weissmuller was girl-shy, anyhow. And when that girl laughed at him on the raft years ago you can imagine how crushed he felt.

A MIGHTY voice awakens the echoes of the silent jungle; a moment of suspense and then a hush as a magnificent sun-bronzed figure, lithe muscles rippling, swings into the picture. Tarzan the Ape Man, lord of the African jungle, is here and a million women will get such a thrill as not even Clark Gable ever gave them.

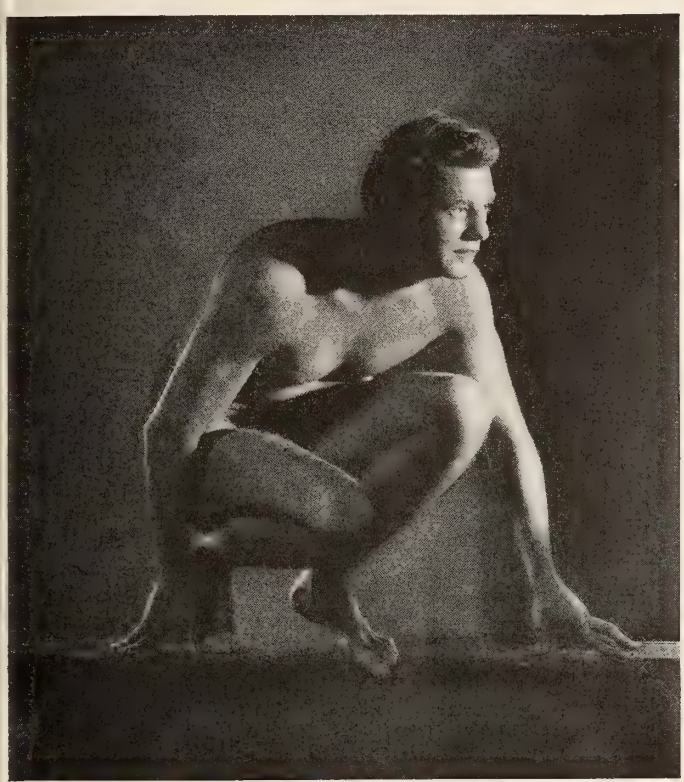
It is doubtful that any other man in the world has the grace, the strength and the physical perfection to measure up to the superman of Edgar Rice Burroughs' imagination. For weeks director Van Dyke combed the country for a man to play the part. Dozens of Hollywood's "he-men" were tested and found wanting. Van Dyke simply couldn't find the right physical specimen for the rôle until he met Johnny Weissmuller.

Most of the world knows the story of Johnny Weissmuller, the thin, emaciated young Austrian lad whom doctors sent into the water to cure a withering illness. What the world does not know is that it was not a search for health which drove the shy, sickly youngster to a regime of Spartan rigidity but the unthinking laughter of a girl. To that peal of girlish laughter, into which

Mr. and Mrs. Weissmuller. Mrs. Weissmuller is Bobbé Arnst, musical comedy star. If there is an acme of cuteness, she is it.

A GIRL LAUGHED—

(Right) With Maureen O'Sullivan and an "extra" in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Johnny is hoping that his work in this picture will secure for him a permanent place in films. (Below) Dozens of Hollywood he-men were tested and found unsuitable for the rôle of Tarzan. No wonder Johnny got it.



was crowded the casual contempt of a girl for a man with an unprepossessing physique, Johnny Weissmuller owes his place as a world's champion swimmer, his selection for the rôle of Tarzan and the culmination of his romance with Bobbé Arnst, the beautiful girl who is now his wife and his love. Let us go back a few short years to the crowded lake front beaches of Chicago where it all began.

"I will never forget that afternoon," said Johnny, his white teeth flashing, "if I live to be a hundred. I don't even remember the girl's name now but if she reads this, she'll know how grateful I am to her.

"When the doctor told my parents that swimming was the only thing which might give me back my health and put some flesh on my bones, I'd never swum a stroke in my life," continued Johnny. "My parents were Austrian and neither they nor any of my ancestors had ever swum a stroke either, so far as we knew. I was afraid of the water but I did manage to paddle a bit in the Des Plaines river, near where we lived. My brother Peter had become quite a swimmer and had a job as a life guard on one of the beaches on Lake Michigan and as I learned how to swim a little, I began hanging around the beach where Pete worked. I was tall for my age but I looked like a bean pole in my bathing suit and although I began to take notice, as a kid will, of the good looking girls who came there to swim, I didn't get a tumble from them. All the girls were crazy about Pete who was husky and better looking than I'll ever be.

THERE was one girl on whom I got quite a case. Of course, I didn't let her know it for I was ashamed of my thin body. She used to hang around Pete a good deal and I would watch her and worship her from a distance. I had become a pretty fair swimmer by that time, even if I didn't look like much out of the water, and whenever I'd get a chance, I'd show off in front of this girl. She wasn't but maybe a year older than I was but she was a good looker and well matured for a girl of her age.

"Then, one day, she and a group of boys and girls had swum out to a raft not far from shore. I swam out and pulled myself up on the raft beside her. Somehow I managed to mumble:

" 'Gee! You've certainly got beautiful hair!'

"She looked quickly at me and *laughed.* Then, when she realized she must be hurting my feelings, she cut short her laugh and made some polite remark like, 'Do you think so?'

"I dove off that raft and struck out for shore—that thoughtless laugh still ringing in my ears. I never had anything hurt me like that did. I dressed and went home. Up to that time I had been swimming because the doctor told me to and I was beginning to enjoy it a little. But when Pete came home that night I asked him:

" 'Pete, if I stick to my swimming and train hard will it make me big and husky and give me hard muscles like yours?'

" 'Sure kid, if you stick to it,' said Pete, 'why?'

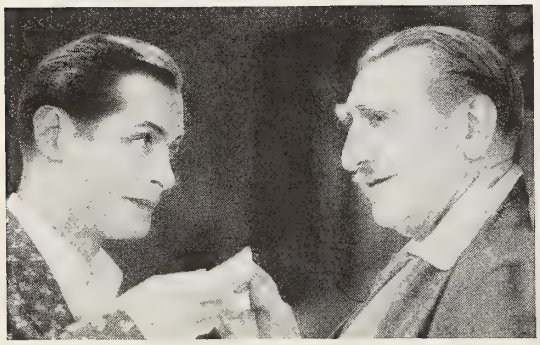
" 'Oh nothing,' I told him, 'only I was just wondering.' "

Johnny Weismuller began to swim in earnest. Soon he began to frequent the city pools and so sincerely did he devote himself to the sport that he began to attract attention. Still tall, lanky and shy, he went through high school with the fear of being hurt again still preventing him from having much to do with girls. He finished high school and entered college. Soon after this, he met William Bachrach, head coach of the United States Olympic swimming team. Bachrach was searching for a youth whom he could develop (*Continued on page 102*)

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warner Bros.)

Warren William in this, his first starring picture, portrays the lawyer who becomes a "mouthpiece" for the underworld after the disillusionment of sending an innocent boy to the electric chair while acting for the District Attorney. William is exceptional in his sincerity and smoothness.

The picture is crowded with incidents from the life of New York's famous mouthpiece, Fallon, and some of them will leave you breathless. Sidney Fox, the typist in his huge office, shows him the error of his ways. The scene in which William "drinks poison" to convince a jury of his client's innocence is enough in itself to recommend this picture for your preferred list.



BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M)

In this spicy comedy-drama, originally "The Truth Game," Bob Montgomery is the penniless but attractive son of an impoverished Englishman. Father and son's only material salvation lies in Bob's marriage to a wealthy English noblewoman, but love steals a march on their well-laid plans in the person of beautiful but poor Nora Gregor. As the sensuous Russian prince, Nils Asther proves that his slight accent can no longer be considered a handicap to his career.

You may come away with the feeling that Bob Montgomery is becoming too William Haines-ish—with his insistent buffoonery—but don't let that keep you at home.

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)

A good cast, under intelligent direction, with convincing dialogue, sufficiently animates the somewhat outmoded story of the regeneration of four crooks, in its talkie revival. You will probably remember the plot from the story's silent version. Of the underworld foursome's plans to make "easy money" by capitalizing on the reputed healing powers of the miracle man (Hobart Bosworth). This quartette is ably portrayed by Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, Ned Sparks and John Wray.

Naturally you will want to see how the portrayals of these actors stack up against those of Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney in the silent-day filmnization.

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE (First National)

Certainly there have been better pictures depicting the devious practices of unscrupulous newspapermen. However, there are a few new twists in the plot.

The murder of a famous financier at his summer estate in a quiet village brings a flock of big city reporters swarming to the scene of the crime. Before they return to the fold of the metropolis the lives of guiltless persons have been wrecked.

Tom Brown is the youthful editor of the village paper who comes through with some real newspaper work, and some commendable acting. Joan Blondell as the city sob-sister proves she can be depended on for good performances.

GIRL CRAZY (RKO-Radio)

When the girl-crazy Eddie Quillan converts an old Western rancho into a night club and imports Woolsey, Wheeler and a score of beautiful girls to help him put it over—he also introduces a goodly number of farcical situations. Especially when the town's bad man, who shoots prospective sheriffs on sight, learns of Wheeler's candidacy for that office.

Mitzi Green's imitations are grand. Wheeler and Woolsey caper through a lot of footage in their fast and furious manner and can't be held culpable if some of the lines prove not uproariously funny. The scene showing them posing as Indians *is* uproariously comical. Dorothy Lee and Arline Judge are good.

REVIEWS

Make sure it's the sort of a picture you'll like!

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (RKO-Radio)

Hail Ricardo Cortez, the star! In Fanny Hurst's gripping story simmer from the Ghetto, Cortez earns stellar honors.

The son of a Ghetto tailor he strives to become a great surgeon so that this skill can be dedicated to the suffering humanity around him. Feeling a duty to family, he forsakes his charity patients to practise in fashionable circles and earns fame and wealth.

Somewhat reminiscent of Dick Barthelmess' "Alias the Doctor" is the scene showing Cortez operating on his aged father. More palatable, however, is the sequence in which his surgeon's hands must manipulate to heal his crippled sweetheart, Irene Dunne.

CARELESS LADY (Fox)

The metamorphosis of one Sally Brown (Joan Bennett) from a drab wall-flower to an alluring sophisticate, is the theme of this frothy drama. Like sister Constance in "Lady With A Past," Joan believes Paris will cure her wall-flower complex. By mistake she picks up a coat, during a speak-easy raid, belonging to one Stephen Illington, whose name she adopts for her Paris sojourn. Imagine her embarrassment when Mr. Illington turns up at her hotel and meets his "wife"! That is when things begin to happen.

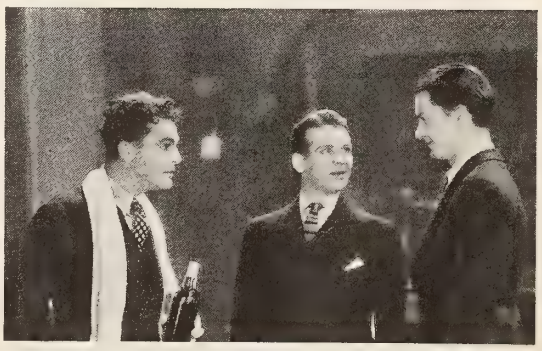
You will like the youngest Bennett daughter as the careless lady. Also, the personable John Boles as Stephen Illington.

THE BROKEN WING (Paramount)

First-class hokum done on a lavish enough scale with such of your favorites as Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas. Carillo ees one bad hombre ruling an isolated section of Mexico and wants the ravishing Lupe for his veree own. But she will have none of heem. Her romantic preference runs to Melvyn Douglas who arrives on the scene when his airplane crashes right in Lupe's patio. Plenty of complications develop when Carrillo becomes jealous and decides to shoot his rival.

You know that he won't succeed in this dastardly attempt. And Melvyn and his Lupe presumably live happily ever after.

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)



Has the Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment to the Constitution accomplished any part of its original purpose? That is the problem which "The Wet Parade" forcibly presents.

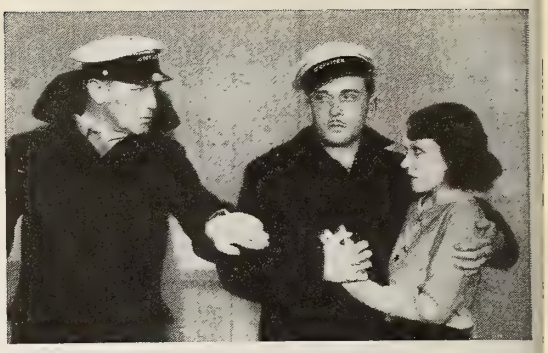
Overlooking the wet and dry propaganda contained therein, this picture shines brightly with outstanding characterizations. Walter Huston as a political-minded city drunkard, and Lewis Stone in the rôle of a gentleman down South who comes to self-destruction through alcoholic cravings, both offer unforgettable portrayals. And mark it down on this year's calendar—Robert Young is climbing right into the star class. Jimmy Durante, as a brother prohibition agent, adds plenty of laughs.

SO BIG (Warner Bros.)

Barbara Stanwyck, so to speak, puts the words in the mouth of Colleen Moore in this famous Edna Ferber story. The consensus of opinion is that she doesn't add much to the memory of the silent version. But all agree that it is a picture worth seeing and that her acting is good.

The story, so well known to all, need not here be retold. Miss Stanwyck brings a real sincerity to her part as the young school teacher who marries a farmer and grows old before your eyes. In the last few scenes she has white hair, but the sparkle of her eyes and the crispness of her voice fail to show a corresponding aging. George Brent, Dorothy Peterson and Alan Hale are also in it.

YOUNG BRIDE
(RKO-Pathé)



STOWAWAY
(Universal)

Take a nice, sweet girl (Helen Twelvetrees) who marries a four-flushing wiseguy (Eric Linden) who falls for a gold digger (Arline Judge). Mix with this some wisecracks, some pathos and a dash of comedy. Presto! "Young Bride."

Helen supports her shiftless husband until she simultaneously discovers she's expectant and hubby is stepping out on her. Life doesn't seem worth the struggle. But tragedy is averted when friend husband reforms and gets a steady job.

Fay Wray is a beautiful but good taxi-dancer who stows away on a freighter between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The First Mate on the ship believes she is just another dance-hall lily but his mistaken impression is soon rectified. Beside the subsequent romance, the plot thickens around narcotic smuggling, a murder and a secret service agent *incognito*.

Leon Waycoff as the First Mate shows himself to be a promising leading man. Fay Wray is gorgeous. You may have some difficulty in overlooking the plot.

MAN WANTED
(Warner Bros.)

AMATEUR DADDY
(Fox)

Herein is a new angle on the boss-secretary love theme, for this time the boss is beautiful, brunette and alluring, and the secretary is a handsome ex-college athlete.

Kay Francis is the magazine editor wife of a society play-boy. Personable David Manners progresses from the job of selling rowing-machines to a glorified secretaryship in the magazine office.

Kenneth Thomson appears as the polo-playing husband, and Una Merkel as the secretary's fiancée who, needless to say, doesn't become his bride.

Warner Baxter merits a better fate than this rôle of a male Pollyanna, who undertakes the care of four orphaned children out on a California ranch. The naïve older sister-mother of the little brood is Marian Nixon, and she is more surprised than you will be to find herself in love with her "Daddy Long Legs." Marian is another who should not have been sacrificed to such unconvincing, story-bookish material.

Frankie Darro as the young brother, and David Landau as an old-time Western heavy, are good.

THE BIG TIMER
(Columbia)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD
(Universal)

A fight yarn with some new twists to its plot and a satisfying cast. Ben Lyon is the prize-fighter whose manager doesn't smoke cigars or wear a derby because she is pretty Constance Cummings, his wife. There is a break in the fighter-manager team when a beautiful society girl (Thelma Todd) falls for the up-and-coming slugger. Dazzled with the attentions of the wealthy miss, he recovers just in time to stave off disaster.

Ben Lyon has done better in recent pictures but he won't entirely disappoint you in this.

Perhaps you won't like this as well as previous Cohen and Kelly comedies, with those old favorites, George Sidney and Charlie Murray.

The Kellys have a daughter, June Clyde. The Cohens have a son, Norman Foster. Both families leave their small-town homes to invade Hollywood. Miss Kelly becomes an actress; young Cohen, a theme-song writer. There is ample opportunity for laughable situations when the two families come to Hollywood. The dialogue is not as amusing as it should have been.

Darryl Zanuck

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Lucien Hubbard

Raymond Griffith

Bob Montgomery

AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

. . . On this and the following pages, come to the Riviera Country Club and watch the movie stars play polo while their movie star friends look on

(Above) At the edge of the field. Bob Montgomery, Henri de la Falaise, Constance Bennett and Guinn Williams. David Manners in background (with dark glasses). (Left) A general view of the field itself with Constance Talmadge and her husband, Townsend Netcher, and Johnny Mack Brown and his wife, arriving at the polo match.

Photographs in this feature by Hollywood Newspictures

After the game there was much business of autographing the polo balls. At the top of the page, Bob Montgomery is signing on the stitched line. Constance Bennett, Mrs. J. Thompson, Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye and David Manners are also in the group. (Center) And now Constance adds her famous signature. (Right) Ruth Chatterton presents Guinn Williams with the Branders Trophy. Ruth's husband, Ralph Forbes, was there, too. You'll find pictures of him on the opposite page.

(Above) Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Jack Lawrence, Guinn Williams (back to camera), Johnny Mack Brown and Will Rogers. (Center) Mrs. Jack Lawrence, Constance Talmadge and Matt Moore. How do you like the girls' new polo costumes? (Left) Ralph Forbes and Will Rogers. Must be sort of fun to hear Ralph in his very English accent carrying on a conversation with the ultra-American Mr. Rogers. Incidentally, Forbes is going to appear on the Hollywood stage in a play his wife is producing.

(Above) Nora Gregor and Robert Montgomery. During the play a player broke his wrist and Bob changed his clothes and took the injured player's place on the field. (Above, right) General view of a critical moment of the match. (Right) Guinn Williams, Dr. Wilson, Harry Branders (with broken wrist), Robert Montgomery helping him off the field.

Ralph Forbes standing at the trophy table. That's Neil Hamilton, seated, with the soft hat and the dark glasses. Behind him is Spencer Tracy.

(Above, left) Guinn Williams and Robert Montgomery during an exciting moment of the match. (Above) Sidney Fox, Universal contract player, and a friend in a box. (Left) Rochelle Hudson, Ivan Lebedeff, and friends. Rochelle Hudson is still under contract to Radio. Ivan Lebedeff used to be but he isn't any more. He's going to try free-lancing now.

George Brent and Ruth Chatterton. George Brent, as you may have heard, is the latest he-man star to rise in the cinema heavens. See the story on him on page 57. That's Bob Montgomery's mother at Ruth's left.

SAYING "NO!" TO

SALLY EILERS REFUSES TO BE A TYPICAL STAR

(Above) Sally with mother and father Eilers. Sally says, "I'm afraid I'm not very good human interest material. I'm not bored, nor tired, nor unhappy." She's just having heaps of fun and isn't a bit ashamed to say so!

IF you should happen to meet Sally Eilers walking down Hollywood Boulevard one fine spring morning, you would not, in the strictest sense, be meeting up with a typical movie actress. And this remains true in spite of Sally's recent screen hits, "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team."

Yes, Sally is under contract to a studio . . . she owns an ermine coat . . . she is a confirmed "first nighter" . . . she is married to an actor—Hoot Gibson . . . she has a swanky motorcar . . . a ranch, with dogs and horses . . . she owns an apartment in town . . . two diamond bracelets . . . one diamond ring . . . a wrist watch and sables. In other words, Sally has all the necessary accoutrements of Hollywood stardom. But the point is, that unlike other ladies similarly blessed by these trinkets of movie fame, she is neither bored nor indifferent to them. Sally gets the same kick out of fame that you . . . or *you* . . . or you would if you had the same chance at motors, diamonds, ranches and sables and a nice fat movie contract.

Where Constance Bennett is just a trifle weary of fame with its accompanying sidewalk cheers and autograph-seekers, Sally is crazy for it! Where Joan Crawford is beginning to find the routine of the celebrity too invading on her privacy, Sally is reaching for more of the same with eager, ambitious hands. Interviews, portrait sittings and the hundred and one other items demanding daily attention may tire Gloria Swanson—but to these the Eilers spirit is indefatigable. In short . . . *Sally is having fun!*

AFTER years of meeting ladies with the fame complaint, it is a genuine kick to run into someone like Sally. As to those ladies who profess to be "just a little tired of it all," Sally has her honest doubts. "Take it all away from them," giggled Sally, "and you'd hear a real holler. It just isn't natural for a woman to be bored with an ermine coat—or even *two* of them.

"No," said Sally, "I'm afraid I'm not very good human interest material. I'm not bored *(Continued on page 101)*

HOLLYWOOD

By WALTER RAMSEY

GEORGE BRENT REFUSES TO BE A CLARK GABLE

Meet George Brent the first—not Clark Gable the second. Did you know that Brent was the Abie of the stage "Abie's Irish Rose"? (Above) The attractive Mr. Brent with Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

GEORGE BRENT doesn't even look like Clark Gable!

That is the first point of interest when you see him, for the gossips and writers all have stamped him "The New Clark Gable." True, he has the same ruggedness . . . the same virility . . . the same "something-as-gets-the-gals"—but George Brent will never be a second Clark Gable; he will no doubt be the *first George Brent.*

Brent is barely twenty-seven, but his hard life makes him appear about thirty-two. (Gable *is* older than Brent *looks.*) Brent says he hopes he gets good enough to "earn as many potatoes a week as my friend Clark!"

And if he *does,* he'll be a millionaire pronto because he is a savin' type of an Irishman. Yes, George was first shown the light of morning in Dublin, Ireland.

During a rather hectic childhood, he learned to like stew and detest kings, like all good Irishers. His father owned and edited one of the larger newspapers in Dublin. He attended the National University in Dublin. Here he added his six feet and one-hundred-and-seventy pounds to the football team and did the family name proud.

AFTER that the real fun started.

George liked adventure and hated routine jobs. Since all his ancestors had been army officers, he decided that nothing would do but that he should don the armor and do likewise. His opportunity came sooner than he expected.

It seems that a very famous Irishman, Michael Collins, decided to overthrow the English rule and place De Valera in office as president of the Irish Republic. Civil war! George was a good friend of Collins . . . and since he could pass for an American tourist (which is not meant as a slam), he was chosen to run dispatches for the rebel forces. This was right up George's alley, since he had a craving for adventure. He got it!

The King of England sent forty thousand English soldiers and prepared to maintain *(Continued on page 91)*

Jetta Goudal's uncontrolled temperamental outbursts kept her from holding success. Fame was too much for Barbara La Marr. And Sally O'Neil's rise to sudden stardom and importance made her extravagant and impaired her career.

THEY COULDN'T

By
CARTER BRUCE

TO most of us who plod along in the well-beaten paths of life it is the achieving of fame that appears to be the most difficult hurdle. After recognition has come, to the majority of us, it seems that the rest of the way must be smooth—clear sailing ahead. It means the end of hardship and struggle, and in their place come power and riches for those lucky enough to make the grade.

Yet various histories of Hollywood have proved that those who have had the stamina to fight their way up from the bottom, suffering every hardship the long pull demanded of them—those who have walked through the valleys with courage and high heart, have not been able to stand the achievement of their goal on the hilltop.

They could not stand fame!

For fame, in many respects, is like champagne. It is sparkling, thrilling, exciting, the most heady stimulant in the world . . . and therein lies its danger . . . especially to women.

The mental hazard . . . the physical strain . . . the rumor and gossip angle . . . the flattery . . . the sudden fortune after months and years of privation . . . the even more sudden use of power . . . the danger of blackmail . . . the sycophants . . . all these have proved obstacles far more dangerous to cope with than those encountered in the struggle for recognition.

The "too beautiful" Barbara La Marr could not stand fame. Neither could Wallace Reid, nor the unfortunate Roscoe Arbuckle. But perhaps the most telling example of them all is Clara Bow—poor, big-hearted little Clara who proved that she could cope with life in all its bitterest defeats and still smile on. It was the ease and luxury of success which whipped Clara.

The history of her childhood reveals the stuff Clara is made of. She watched an invalid, sick-minded mother die in her arms. She was a spectator at the battle of her incompetent, bewildered father to wring a bare living from the world. Her entire childhood was filled with ugliness and injustice. She learned the meaning of responsibility when most children are cutting out paper dolls. Her education consisted of one or two years of grade school. She knew hunger and privation for many years. At thirteen she was "out on her own," looking for any kind of job that would help keep the wolf from the door. All these things the brave little Clara could master.

At the very beginning of her career there was no smarter and more clear-headed girl on Broadway than the little red-haired miss who was later to become the world's "It Girl." She kept her feet firmly planted on the right track toward her ultimate destination. Yet when fame finally burst upon Clara, so brilliantly, so unexpectedly, so overwhelmingly—it proved too much for her.

Clara Bow could fight her enemies in the open . . . but she could not distinguish those smiling, deceitful foes who entered her life under the guise of friends.

She had learned early in life the bitter lesson that one hundred pennies make a dollar but she could not sanely manage money, quick money, that came in thousands.

Gossip and rumor hounded her from the top of the

It's hard enough to get to the top in the movie game—but

Mary Nolan's love of life was too much for her success. Clara Bow did well enough in her struggle for fame, but when it came to holding it—. Nancy Carroll's career is just now at the crucial point. Can she keep on top?

STAND FAME

ladder to the sanitarium where she eventually landed at the climax of her career—and she knew no protection against it.

It would have been easy for her to have hired an expert to handle her financial problems . . . but she allowed her twenty-three-year-old secretary to manage her $8000 weekly income.

She trusted anyone who came along. She was generous to a fault with money and friendship and love.

BACK in the days when Clara was just a cute kid an affluent but elderly gentleman had tried to make love to her under the promises of "helping her along with her career." Her young mind was a little too quick for him. She recognized him as the *bad man* in the drama. But she could not guard herself against younger, and far more dangerous men who professed to love her. To one of these she paid $30,000 blackmail money.

Clara knew how to work—but she did not know how to play. In short, she knew how to pull upgrade . . . but she could not coast with safety! For many months it looked as though the fame game had whipped Clara. Her health and her career hung in the balance. But now they say she is coming back with the wisdom of a "burned child." She is going to be careful what she says for publication . . . what she does in public . . . of those whom she chooses for friends. If she is able to come back into the picture business it will be because she has learned the bitter lesson of fame.

ONLY slightly less hectic than Clara Bow's screen career is that of Mary Nolan. One of the most beautiful women the screen has ever known, she started at the bottom just as Clara did, worked up via the stage and artists' model route to stardom. But the heights were too dizzy for her. She did not have the moral stamina nor the strength of character to protect herself. Her headline lapses have delayed and halted her career from the very first.

It is not generally known, but Mary Nolan could have been a well known movie star in Hollywood three years before she actually began her film work. Douglas Fairbanks had seen Mary in the Follies. He was tremendously impressed with her fragile, haunting beauty. She was put under a personal contract to Doug and Mary, and it was settled that she was to leave immediately for the West Coast. Two days before the time set for her departure the Frank Tinney scandal broke. Due to the ugly blot against Mary's name, Fairbanks and Miss Pickford cancelled the contract.

Eventually the Hays ban against Mary's appearance was lifted and she came to Hollywood and stardom. She promised to lead a sane, healthy life; but Hollywood meant fame and fortune, and Mary was not up to it. Ugly charges involving the use of drugs were laid at her door. She was proved innocent, but the charge was too ugly to be easily forgotten. During the luxurious existence of her Hollywood stardom she allowed herself to get fat, her health reached the breaking point. She spent money recklessly without a thought of safeguarding her future, and the inevitable outcome was bankruptcy! The very contract that paid her thousands a week contained a clause that allowed the studio to break the agreement if her moral char- (*Continued on page 88*)

it's harder still to stay there. How would you face that struggle?

VICTIM

When the talkies came to Hollywood, John Boles was swept to the very heights because of his glorious voice. Then, when the musicals were suddenly banned by the producers, John Boles found himself left high and dry. That was when his real fight for success came—after having been enormously successful once.

ALTHOUGH in these dismal days it seems hard to believe, there is such a thing as too much success. The trouble with success is that you have to live up to it. If you make a huge hit and then don't manage to carry on at quite as high a level thereafter, people are apt to say you're slipping. You may be doing a nice workmanlike job—but if the result is less spectacular than your highest point of achievement, it looks, comparatively, like a downward slide.

All of which leads up to John Boles and his present peculiar situation. John is in a sense the victim of his own too spectacular success. Not that he isn't doing very well at the moment, with a brand new Fox contract in his pocket and a promising schedule ahead, but in comparison with the sensational popularity which he enjoyed two years ago his present less colorful—although more solid—position looks like a fall from glory.

John Boles was swept to fame on the talkie tide, and more specifically, on the tide of screen musicals. At a moment when people who were never meant to sing outside their own bathrooms were assaulting the ears of millions of harassed movie-goers, John Boles came along with his glorious voice and his striking good looks and caused a box-office landslide. The old-guard handsome hero of the screen sounded like a defective radiator when he burst into song. And most of the imported stage voices had faces that were anything but the answer to a maiden's prayer. No wonder, then, that John, who had a face and physique in keeping with his vocal chords—and vice versa—became over night a cinema sensation.

"Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" shot him up like a skyrocket to the very top of the Hollywood heavens. From an obscure leading man he became the most talked of male personality in films. I know whereof I speak because at the time I was on the editorial staff of a fan magazine whose offices were daily deluged with letters praising and panning screen players. Prior to "Desert Song" you could have left John Boles' fan mail lying on the floor for months without even mussing up the office. But after "Desert Song" and more especially after "Rio Rita," we contemplated taking an extra room just to accommodate the frenzied tributes which poured in bearing his name. For lo! in the postman's daily bundle John Boles' name led all the rest.

For the next few months John Boles looked like the best bet in pictures. Universal, to whom he was under contract, made epic plans for him—plans in which the word *star* was writ largely. He was a star already in the eyes of the public and Universal meant to lose no time in making his official status match his box-office standing.

BUT before the transformation could come to pass something happened which was most unfortunate for John Boles. The public wearied of screen musicals and the nervous producers with their fingers eternally on the audience's pulse put the ban on all microphone music. The ironic part of it is that the public was not weary of singers like John Boles. But they had had so many

OF SUCCESS

. . . There is such a thing as too much and too sudden success. That's the variety which John Boles tasted—much to his regret. It made a really deserved success all the harder for him to acquire

By HARRIET PARSONS

With Joan Bennett in "Careless Lady." John has a nice contract with Fox now and is one of the most solidly popular leading men in Hollywood. But in order to be so he had first to overcome his over-inflated success.

pseudo-singers crammed down their throats that the mere sight of an actor opening his mouth wider than was necessary for speaking purposes threatened to empty the theatre. In their frenzied attempt to follow the shifting popular taste the producers as usual went too far. They dispensed with the good as well as the bad. They silenced the golden voice of John Boles.

But Boles was entirely too popular to be dispensed with altogether. Future pictures were planned for him—but without benefit of music. Primarily a singer, he was suddenly compelled to rely solely on his secondary talent —that of acting. It was a rotten break and would have turned a less sanguine and determined man a deep depressive indigo. The situation was particularly ominous in view of Boles' earlier experience as a non-singing film actor. His introduction to the screen as Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Loves of Sunya" had been anything but auspicious, and would not have led even the most optimistic to proclaim him an actor. Nor had the various other silent films in which he appeared prior to "Desert Song" revealed any histrionic gift. Thus, when screen musicals went out the odds were very much against John Boles.

In the Boles blood, however, is a combination that is hard to beat. His forefathers endowed him with a granite vein of good Scotch stubbornness and a golden vein of untarnished Irish optimism. John was in the movies. He liked the movies. And he meant to stay in the movies.

On his side was the fact that, although he might not sing, he could use his charming speaking voice. Silence had been a severe handicap to him in those early films. He cannot be at ease, express himself fully, without the aid of his voice. Pantomime is not his talent.

Those who saw "Seed" know that John, with the aid of his aforementioned Scotch, his Irish and his speaking voice, triumphed over the difficult situation that faced him. Screen musicals went out—but John Boles stayed. In "Seed" he played a straight dramatic rôle—without the aid of a single chanty, ditty or carol. His was not an epoch-making performance—but it was a good performance and it proved that John had something to offer the screen besides an enchanted set of vocal chords.

But John's success in "Seed" lacked the sensational quality of his phenomenal leap to fame in "Desert Song" and "Rio Rita." In a personal sense it was an even greater triumph for him—but it was dimmed by the romantic glamor and public frenzy that had characterized his earlier success.

HAD John Boles followed a gradual, unspectacular upward path to the top of the cinema heights, "Seed" would have seemed a high place and John's present status in the talkies—that of featured player—would appear in its true light; that is, a good solid spot among the ranking featured players of the screen, earned by steady and consistent effort. But because his voice rang out in "Desert Song" and "Rio Rita" just at a certain moment and under certain unique conditions with sensational results, he appears now to have fallen from stardom to a lower rank.

Such is not the case and that it should seem so is most unfortunate for John Boles. For John's status now is exactly what it was in the first feverish days of his success. He has not been demoted from stardom, for he was never a star—nor does he want to be. Through no desire of his own he achieved (*Continued on page 90*)

CAROLE LOMBARD'S WARDROBE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

. . . It isn't only what Carole wears—it's the way she wears it! Study these pictures and read her advice about clothes

(Left) If you are slim and long-waisted, you can wear a suit like this one of Carole's. The material is steel-gray light-weight wool. The style is strictly tailored—notched lapels, cinched-in, one button closing, bound diagonal pockets and a single button to finish off the sleeves. But note the feminine touches Carole has added: the white satin waist, with its imitation-of-a-jabot collar, fastened with a diamond and sapphire brooch—present from husband Bill Powell. The gray suede pumps are bow trimmed. The gray felt hat has two bands and two bows in two tones of gray. (Above) Let's see how many fashion notes we can get from this evening gown of Carole's. Material, dull white crêpe roma. Very good—dull materials are best, you know. The circles of brilliants are very new. Observe how sparingly they're used on the bodice. No jewelry at all—it would be too much.

A flesh satin evening gown best described by the word classic. Those graceful sleeve-like affairs swing over the shoulders and keep right on going until they form a train in back. The lower skirt, too, which is a bit full, ends in a train. The V-neckline would have been spoiled by a necklace. A cluster of bracelets is good with this sort of gown.

Miss Lane calls this dinner gown a gem. Not only because the bodice is a solid mass of pearls, but because it is so unusual without being the least bit tricky. The skirt is black crêpe and floor length. Long ties of the beaded material fall from the surplice closing. This would be a good gown to copy. You could use dull white crêpe for the bodice.

TEN to one if you met Carole Lombard on a desert island, draped in fig leaves dashingly trimmed with red berries, you'd say: "Now *there's* chic for you! I must have a dress like it!"

I know I would. Because this clever young Carole gives any costume she chooses to wear a style all its own. A style you want to copy. When I interviewed her I had to remind myself that steely-gray, the shade of the suit she had on, isn't my color and that I'm too short-waisted to have a cinched-in coat anyway. Otherwise I would have driven straight over to my dressmaker and gone into a deep, dark conference. The suit made that much of an impression. (You'll see it on the opposite page.)

It was strictly tailored. Narrow collar, single-buttoned coat and of a light-weight wool that was smooth and wonderfully cool looking. None of that wooden soldier effect our suits used to have. Now they're trim but softer in appearance.

Carole had added to it those feminine touches which are indispensable to modern suits. A white crêpe-satin waist with a fluttery imitation of a stock collar (it was half-way between that and a jabot) and she had fastened it with hubby Bill Powell's gift to her—an exquisite diamond baguette and star sapphire pin. Ordinarily such a pin would have been out of place, but this one was of so severe and heavy a design that it fitted in perfectly. Her gray pumps were bow-trimmed and her tilted hat was banded with a two-tone ribbon in gray. Grays, as a

(Left) Carole's pajamas are beige satin—beige is one of her favorite shades—and they're made in Russian style, with a high neckline and tiny stand-up collar. The trousers are just normal width, as most well bred pajamas are these days. Below you can see the detail of the top of the pajamas. The row of covered buttons with loop button-holes is nice. The hat is one of beige straw, with a brown bow in the back.

(Below) A very useful all-round suit of mottled gray tweed, banded with caracul around the capelet, sleeves and jacket edge. Note the novel little hat of the tweed and caracul. And the buttons on the front of the coat. You can see the detail in the small picture, below, left.

Write to Virginia T. Lane about your own wardrobe problems. She can help you a great deal, for she is in close contact with the head designers of the Hollywood studios. Address Virginia T. Lane, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please, for the reply.

rule, are difficult to blend well but she had succeeded beautifully.

IT doesn't really matter," said Carole in that way she has of seeming to be tolerantly amused at herself and you and me for taking life seriously. "Where you live or where you shop has no bearing on whether you'll be smartly dressed or not. It limits the range of your wardrobe probably, but it doesn't effect the style of it. You can be quite as interestingly gowned in Podunk as you can in New York or Hollywood *if you want to be.* You've got to care! To care enough about your personal appearance to give plenty of thought to it and to work out the colors and lines that belong to you. To you personally—not just your type in general. It's easy enough to find out the latest trend of fashion from the various magazines. To apply it to yourself is a different matter. That requires concentration and study.

"We were passing through an isolated western town

(Below) Carole's favorite bathing suit is corsair blue and white ribbed silk. It has practically no back. The beach sandals are washable crêpe. (Right) This is probably the most useful garment in Carole's wardrobe. It's a three piece ensemble. A straight skirt and hip-length, double-breasted jacket. Large buttons trim the jacket which has a narrow belt of leopard skin to match the sleeves.

(Left) The detail of Carole's green and leopard skin top coat. Don't you like those sleeves, cut in one with the leopard skin yoke? A very new fashion note and very smart, this.

Photographs in this feature by Otto Dyar, courtesy of Paramount studios

on our way to location not long ago and it struck me how many of the girls were extraordinarily well dressed. There wasn't a hint of the 'grab-bag' dressing you so often see in larger cities where the stores display a wide variety of things to choose from. These girls wore nicely matched ensembles, neat sport clothes, hats at just the right angle. We stopped at a drug store for lemonade and I asked one of them about it. She was a vivid brunette and she looked charming all in blue and white.

"'Fifty miles from nowhere like this, how do so many of you manage to keep up on fashions?' I inquired.

"'Well, we're lucky, I guess,' she replied. 'We have a high school principal who is the most smartly dressed woman I know and she's made a point of teaching us the value of good clothes and how to combine colors. Of course, she gets all the latest style publications and some of us get them too, and then there's the radio. . . .'

"Which made me realize once and for all how little locality has to do with style sense. They ought to erect a statue or something to that school teacher—making girls happy that way. For if there's anything that brings peace of mind and contentment and a feeling of security to a woman it's the knowledge that her clothes are *right*.

IF I hadn't turned to acting I'd like to have been a dress designer. It opens up a tremendous field. A fascinating field. *You never can know too much about clothes!* And it *is* fun plotting and planning for your wardrobe. Discarding this trimming and that. Learning that two gardenias on a black dress are (*Continued on page 107*)

"You boys be careful about that lake," the old hermit said to young Dick Arlen and his three friends. "Last night a woman came to me with a message for you boys. . . . Her name was Aunt Edna." Richard Arlen had an Aunt Edna—but she had recently died!

. . . We bring you another fascinating group of amazing experiences—supernatural, psychic, ghostly—from the reminiscences of your favorites

THE STARS'

DO you believe in reincarnation? Do you believe that we come to this earth more than once and that sometimes a very real memory of things we have done and places we have lived in during a previous existence survives?

Do you believe in ghosts? Do you believe that disembodied spirits are all about; that at times they even succeed in communicating with the more psychic among us?

A third time I ask these exciting, imagination-stirring questions. For a third time I bring strange and supernatural stories from the stars . . . stories strange and supernatural but stories that also are true!

When Dick Arlen was a little boy an old hermit who had what the neighborhood called "visions" gave him a timely warning. . . . There is the startling discovery made by Pola Negri when she visited the apartments in Versailles which were Du Barry's. . . . There's Barbara Stanwyck's touching, poignant "dream". . . . Natacha Rambova tells of Rudolph Valentino's automatic writing and relates how she knew of his tragic death before the cable arrived telling her the dire news. . . . Lewis Stone has a blood-curdling story, told him by the first mate aboard the ship upon which he crossed to Shanghai. . . .

Every one of these stories is true. They cannot be dismissed with "Such things cannot be!" They actually are! And if no natural explanation for them is to be found, then a supernatural explanation for them must be accepted.

Not many years ago the world scoffed at mental telepathy. Today Science accepts it, absolutely! Reincarnation and ghosts Science does not accept—yet! But Science does keep an open mind regarding them. And it behooves every one of us to do the same.

Dick Arlen was a little boy when the old hermit gave him that dramatic warning. But he never has

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Illustrated by J. R. Flanagan

WEIRDEST STORIES

forgotten it. Neither have his mother and his father. In the memories of all them it remains an experience which never has been explained.

The winter before this amazing warning was given, Dick's Aunt Edna died. Dick always had been her favorite relative. It was her proud boast that on his visits to Washington to see her Dick never had grown homesick.

Aunt Edna was one of those people who are a living proof that age isn't a matter of years. She had lived long but she was young. It took more than a grimy baseball glove and bat thrown on a newly upholstered sofa, more than a great wedge cut from a loaf of gingerbread set to cool to distress Aunt Edna. No wonder she and little Dick got on so beautifully. No wonder little Dick was suspiciously red-eyed every morning for weeks after the arrival of that terrible telegram telling them Aunt Edna had died.

It was some months later, on a breathless midsummer morning that Dick and his gang started out for a swim in a nearby lake. They went across fields even though this way led close to the cabin of the old hermit.

But they did make a detour around that little copse where his cabin stood. And it was then, as with one accord they quickened their pace, that the old man called after them.

With obvious reluctance they obeyed the beckoning command of his crooked finger. After all, even the local grown-ups were a little uncomfortable about this old man and his "visions" which came true too often to be dismissed.

"You boys be careful about the lake," the hermit began. However, it was upon Dick that he centered his attention. "Last night a woman came to me with a message for you boys that swim in the lake. Her name was Aunt Edna. . . ."

"Aunt Edna is dead!" exclaimed Dick, his eyes large. Immediately there was an instinctive backward motion among the gang.

"Aunt Edna said," the old man continued, "that you boys were to stay away from the lake today, otherwise something would happen . . . something terrible. Mind now!" And shaking his old, gnarled finger at them ominously, he turned and walked towards his little cabin.

DICK dug his heel into the dirt. Another boy made a great pretense of throwing his bathing suit into

the air and catching it on his head. They were stalling for time, every one of them. And clearly the interest in swimming wasn't what it had been.

"He's crazy," one of the older boys said, finally. "That old lake's safe as my back yard. C'mon. . . ."

It was sheer bravado but it influenced another boy to trail along. Dick and the fourth boy turned back home.

"I don't see," said Dick, "how he knows about my Aunt Edna. 'Tisn't as if she lived here in town. You know she lived in Washington, D. C."

"Some say he has the power to see the dead," the other boy announced soberly.

They met Dick's mother in the village and interrupted each other telling her all about their encounter with the hermit and his strange warning.

"It's just as well you came back," she said. "It looks as if it was going to storm." And then, hoping, no doubt, to help them forget the old man's disquieting "vision," she gave them money for sodas.

An hour later the rain came down in torrents that drenched the dry fields and roads and gardens. Accompanying it were twisting, squally winds that left grass and flowers flattened against the ground and broke great branches from the trees.

When it abated, at last, an overturned canoe on the lake and two lost boys told too eloquently how wise little Dick Arlen and his friend had been to heed the old hermit's warning.

IT was in Paris, a few years after poppies in crimson profusion grew again in the war-torn field of Flanders, that a party of visitors from Germany and Poland were stopping at the Ritz. Among them, paying her first visit to the world's gayest capital, was the glamorous young Countess Dombeski, known in the theatrical world as Pola Negri.

Since her arrival in Paris, Pola had had an inexplicable feeling that she had come home. In the old streets especially, in the Rue Popincourt, the Rue de Charonne, and in their little shops and restaurants she experienced a great sense of familiarity. She didn't actually know her way about but, time and time again, she had the feeling she had been there before.

"Strangely enough, I am more at home here than in Poland," the lively countess told her friends. And because she was so charming and so beautiful the men found this very interesting, while the women thought it all very silly.

The day her party was to visit the Palace of Versailles Pola was very excited. They were planning to see the entire palace. They even had a special government order to admit them to the apartments of DuBarry and Pompadour. These apartments are not open to the public and it is only through influence in the highest circles that a special dispensation to visit them can be secured. Even the most seasoned travellers do not suspect these rooms remain in a state of preservation which permits them to be seen.

On the drive to Versailles Pola sat on the extreme edge of her seat. And several times as they passed an old chateau or turned into an ancient cobbled road she again experienced the same sudden sense of familiarity.

When they alighted from their motor in the great courtyard embraced by the wings of the palace, Pola immediately started off towards a little door in the left wing—too excited to wait for the rest of the party.

"No, no," laughed their special government guide, "we go in the other way. That, I understand, is the entrance Louis' favorites used."

Dutifully Pola followed her party through the handsomely decorated corridors and rooms. Excitement lit her eyes. In the Hall of the Mirrors she listened obediently to a long harangue about the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, attending the details of where every individual statesman had stood. It was an endless description of the gardens below as they had appeared on fête days with all of the fountains playing which snapped her patience.

"I know better than he how they looked," she told one of her party. "Why can't we go on to the apartments of DuBarry?"

FINALLY they all climbed those steep, narrow stairs situated behind the throne room which lead to the charming rooms in which DuBarry lived.

"This," said the guide, "was her boudoir. And there's the little salon where she and her bewitched Louis spent evenings together . . . over cards perhaps . . ."

"I have such a strange feeling," Pola murmured, "I cannot explain it. It grows upon me. I used to know these rooms . . ."

Pola Negri had an eerie experience in Versailles—where Du Barry lived.

It is safe, I think, to assume that the ladies smiled a little condescendingly. Perhaps now the men would realize how silly she was behaving. And undoubtedly if Count Dombeski was with them he wished his wife would hold her tongue.

"The tapestries on the walls are priceless," droned the guide.

Suddenly, raising one hand to her throat, Pola pointed dramatically to one tapestry in particular. *"Behind that," she said, "there is a door. Am I not correct? And there are little steps leading down . . . only down . . . I have been down those steps . . ."*

She turned to the guide for confirmation.

"You are right," he said. "But, of course, madame has been here before. However, I find it hard to believe that madame is so old that she has been down those stairs. For long they have been in decay. They have not been shown, in fact, for many, many years."

However, even the ladies had to assure him that Pola was in France for the first time.

He was an elderly man and this may account for his surprising resistance to Pola's black eyed charms.

"Well then," he said, "since madame is so well informed about the most secret things in this palace it may be she even can tell us where those stairs lead." He laughed. Obviously he thought he had her trapped. "Only a very few in France know," he said.

Pola nodded. She had the (*Continued on page 109*)

OPEN LETTER TO BOB

From His Friend
WALTER RAMSEY

According to this writer, Robert Montgomery has never been high-hat, and isn't now. (Right) With his wife, Betty, at Grand Central on a recent trip which the two of them took to New York.

This brilliant writer—exclusive contributor to MODERN SCREEN—has some pointed comments to make to Mr. Montgomery in reference to recent rumors

DEAR BOB:

Not so long ago I came across a story in a magazine which said you had turned into quite a "high-hat young man" since you've become a star. The article went on to say that you had let your rise to fame in the movies go to your head . . that you had nothing whatever to be so darn proud about and that your attitude was silly to say the least.

Well, Bob, to tell the truth I was a bit surprised by this little journalistic outburst. I've known you ever since you first arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and I must confess that I always thought you a whale of a nice fellow. You always had a smile on your effective pan. You seemed to understand the spirit of the rest of the gang at the studio and went out of your way to be regular to everyone who came in sight . . . from prop boy to stenographer and up to the heads of the departments. And so, when I read this yarn I just said to myself, "Either they have run out of things to write about the fellow or else a few in Hollywood have got a wrong impression of Montgomery!"

But as time went on I began to hear other reports about you, Bob. Some were heard to say that you were impulsive and irresponsible! They said that you were taking your fame to yourself and leaving your wife out of it . . . even that you were going out in public without her. That you were forgetting your old pals! It sort of got me down to hear all this stuff going around. A lot of these reports

are being used as a basis for stories at the present time . . . but whether or not they ever come out in print, I want you to know what I think about the whole thing.

Since this all started, I have watched you religiously whenever I had the opportunity. I've seen you around the studio on various occasions . . . at the Grove . . . down at the Mayfair Club . . . over at the tennis matches. And each time I see you or talk with you I am only more firmly convinced that there is a misunderstanding somewhere . . . and that it should be cleared up.

I'll never forget that night at the Cocoanut Grove. We had adjoining tables, remember? You were there when we arrived, but the moment we were seated you came down to the table to say "Hello." And I recall wondering who the beautiful little girl was who was walking in front of you towards us. You introduced her as "Betty, my wife," and I was quite surprised to see you with her (after all the reports about your going around without her) and after we met her, I made a little mental note of the fact that she was one of the sweetest girls I had ever met. And her manner was so gracious and altogether delightful. Betty is a marvelous girl, Bob.

Robert Montgomery with Leonora Gregor, the new M-G-M featured player, and Edward Everett Horton in a scene from "But the Flesh Is Weak," Bob's next. This was a famous stage play.

AWHILE later in the evening I noticed that Janet Gaynor, who was one of the guests in a huge party nearby, came over to your table. And I heard you introduce your wife to Janet and Lydell Peck. And then Janet left. No sooner had she gone when you came down to our table again, remember? And you said that you couldn't understand why a big star like Janet should come way up to where you were sitting just to say "Hello" to you . . . you were flabbergasted at her recognition! And that same morning I had heard you referred to as "high-hat"! I couldn't understand it. You seemed about as modest as anyone could possibly have been under the circumstances. And right then I wished that those who thought of you as ritzy could have been there to see what I had just seen.

And remember how you and Betty sat with us for about an hour and took turns telling about the thrilling honeymoon . . . and about what happened and all that? How you got married without a dime in your pocket . . . and borrowed enough for a short trip . . . and how you went to that little small-town hotel the first night . . . and got a room . . . for two dollars . . . and how you went up there . . . and that on account of the fact that you were so deliriously happy, Betty and you, you failed to notice that the room had just been freshly painted . . . and after a lot of self-conscious stutters on both your parts . . . you decided to get ready for bed? Remember telling us that? And then . . . after you had both donned pajamas . . . you were suddenly taken violently ill . . . and then Betty got sick too . . . on account of breathing the odor of the fresh paint . . . and then how you had to stay up with each other all that first night?

WHY don't you ever tell that story to someone who comes for a story, Bob? It's so darn human and it seems to explain so much about you. It shows that it is your very nature to act impulsively . . . and consequently be a wee bit irresponsible. You haven't got that way just since you came to Hollywood, as some of them say!

And I want to tell you, too, that I've checked up some of those stories about your being "irresponsible" and the most I can locate is the fact that you have failed to show up to one or two dinner parties . . . that's all. What the ho . . . maybe you get so many invitations that you tell 'em you'll come out of self-defense. Personally, I don't care any more for them than *you* do—so I don't blame you!

Another thing I'll never forget (and I'll bet you won't either) was the night at the Mayfair Club when you begged Neil Hamilton's wife to take you over and introduce you to Marlene Dietrich. That was another time I happened to be seated near you . . . and I heard the whole thing. And I watched you as you started out, following Mrs. Hamilton, on your journey across the intervening floor space to where Marlene was sitting. And, Bob, you ought to have been ashamed the way you were blushing! Why, you could see it way over to my table! You'd have thought that Dietrich was the Queen of England . . . and you were one of the royal gardeners. You were so flustered when you shook hands with her that she almost had to hang onto you to hold you up! What was the matter? You who are said to be so "high-hat."

And all this business about your leaving your old pals flat when you got up in the world. That's a flock of bunk! You and I both know that your best friend from the start has been Eddie Nugent . . . and that you *still* spend about half your time chasing around with him! I, myself, have seen you with him on more occasions than with any other one person.

And no sooner did I have all that stuff settled, than I started to hear another rumor. This time it ran something like this: "You ought to see Montgomery burn up at the popularity of Clark Gable on the same lot! I guess that will hold the fellow for a while! He will learn now that he isn't the biggest shot in the world! Boy! How he hates that fellow Gable!"

I DIDN'T know what to think at first. All of the other rumors about you had been proven unfair . . . but this idea of Gable getting your goat . . . I could almost understand how it might have happened. At any rate I determined to keep a watch and see for myself. A few days later I was in the publicity department of the studio and you came in. I casually mentioned that I thought Gable was having the biggest run of popularity I had ever seen in the industry. I remember you said: "You think he's big *now?* Wait a year . . . just wait a year! Clark is going to be the biggest bet in pictures. You wait and see!" It stunned me at first, Bob, because I was prepared to have you say the opposite. Still I gave the rumor hounds the benefit of the doubt . . . I decided that maybe you were putting on a bit of a show for my particular enjoyment.

But the next day I was out at the studio trying to dope out an angle on a story on Clark. You had made such an impression on me with your sales talk on your "rival" that I figured we should have another story on him. I recall that I was sitting in the publicity office when you came in. And before I knew it, you were enthusiastically walking up and down the floor *trying to dope out a good angle on a Gable story for me!* And you did! And Clark liked the idea you suggested and he gave me a swell story on that subject . . . and I want to thank you for that, Bob.

All these things that I have mentioned about not taking Betty out, and getting the swell-head and ignoring your friends, and being jealous of your studio rival . . . these things you've taken with a big (*Continued on page 115*)

BE CORRECT

It doesn't matter whether the boy friend owns a Packard or a humble Ford, his manners when he comes to call for you should be right. Above you see the correct way—he should get out of the car and walk to the door to meet and greet you—not sit in the car (below) and casually wave and wait for you to walk to him. And don't forget that he should take off his hat.

If he, in the car, meets you on the street when you're walking and he stops to give you a lift he should always get out and open the car door for you as shown above. Only the most mannerless sort of cad would sit in a car and let a li'l girl open the door herself (below). The cigarette in the mouth is, of course, unforgivable. Don't say we didn't warn you, boys.

Dorothy Jordan and Neil Hamilton demonstrate automobile etiquette

LET'S TALK ABOUT

(Above) Charlotte Henry is her name and she's one of the newest Hollywood discoveries. You'll see her first in Tiffany's "Lena Rivers."

(Right) The Grand Old Man of the Producers and some of his henchmen. Left to right: the director, James Whale, Bela Lugosi, Carl Laemmle, and Tom Mix.

IT appears that Warner Baxter bears a charmed life! All of the film colony was shocked the other day when his chauffeur was killed in a car accident. He stopped to get gas and his car was standing still when a huge truck hit him. Warner might have been in the car save for the fact that he had been ill at home with the grippe. It will be recalled that Warner also had a narrow escape from death a few years ago when he was scheduled to go up in the airplane (but at the last moment he didn't) that carried director Kenneth Hawks and several other film people to a tragic death.

Many Hollywood folks go in extensively for collecting this and that—their hobbies ranging from first editions to dressed fleas—but for some reason no one ever imagined Greta Garbo to be in this category. However, it's come to light that Garbo does collect—stills and portrait studies. But they are all of herself! She has several great albums in her library and these contain copies of every single picture she has ever posed for.

THE kidnapping of Colonel Lindbergh's baby son was definitely reflected in Hollywood with added anxiety for the film city's screen star mothers and fathers. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister probably head the list of worried parents. It is Ann's little golden-haired daughter, Janie, who has been threatened on several occasions by kidnapping notes. So Janie has a special bodyguard and you can't get near the kid unless you happen to be a personal friend of the family. And if the bodyguard isn't enough to ward off would-be kidnappers—Harry's big German police dog watches Janie every minute of the day.

And when Mitzi Green left Hollywood for vaudeville appearances, she was accompanied by a private detective. Mitzi's folks said that they didn't anticipate any kidnapping trouble—but there's nothing like being prepared.

Wally Beery, who just recently legally adopted eighteen-month-old Carol Ann Priester (the youngest of the three children Wally and his wife have taken into their home) says that no kidnappers better make a play for any of his kids—or they'll have to settle with him first. And when he says it Wally looks menacing enough to scare off the most hardened of kidnappers.

Harold Lloyd is another star who has been bothered by threatening messages and phone calls. And just in case any trouble should pop up, Harold keeps a couple of able-bodied guards at his home all the time to watch over the Lloyd kiddies. A little farther down the beach from the comedian's home lives Norma Shearer. You never see little Irving Thalberg, Jr., on the beach for a second unless there are at least two grown-ups by his side.

RONNIE COLMAN hasn't been so enthusiastic and talkative about anything for a long time as he is

HOLLYWOOD

From the Harold Seton Collection

(Left) Rose Wood, famous old time actress and grandmother of the Bennett girls, who recently died in Tenafly, N. J. (Right) He's the son of Lon Chaney but he won't let himself be billed as Chaney, Jr. He'll be Creighton Chaney.

All about Warner Baxter's charmed life; Greta Garbo's pet collection; Eddie Cantor's latest gag; and other movie news and gossip

about the four-and-a-half-month trip abroad that he just returned from. No, he didn't see any actual fighting in Shanghai, but he did hear a lot of heavy bombardment not far off. No, he wasn't arrested for not obeying the Chinese city's curfew law. And *no,* he didn't get a Paris divorce from his estranged wife.

The first thing Colman did—that is, after he had satisfied all the people who fired questions at him about his experiences in the Orient—was to visit his tailors and order a batch of new suits. The second was to straighten out his income tax. And there were a lot of odds and ends to be taken care of, chief among them acknowledging Christmas gifts.

The rumored romance of Ronnie and Thelma Todd has rumored itself out. In fact, everyone had so long forgotten about it that they didn't remember to ask him if there really had been a romance.

Greta Garbo turns platinum blond in her new picture, "As You Desire Me", and even though it will be only a wig—look out Harlow!

REMEMBERING reports that drifted back to Hollywood of the flop that was Colleen Moore's first legitimate stage tryout in the East—if Colleen's newest play, "Church Mouse," plays in Hollywood, it will show to a critically curious audience.

Flop or no flop in her first venture, everyone thinks that the "Church Mouse" is just the thing that Colleen (or Mrs. Al Scott) could do best.

It may even lead to a movie engagement. And that, we guess, would make Colleen happiest.

Of course you know that Lydell Peck, ex-lawyer husband of one Janet Gaynor, is no longer acting in an executive capacity for Paramount studios.

The latest dope on Peck's vocational activities is that he may get some executive berth at Fox, Janet's own studio.

JACK OAKIE'S *formal* evening attire is going from bad to worse. First it was a tuxedo jacket with white flannels. Then the tuxedo, jacket and trousers, with a white sweat shirt underneath. And now it's a tuxedo suit—with a *red* sweat shirt! That's exactly what Mrs. Oakie's little boy wore to Jeanette MacDonald's party given in honor of her fiancé, Bob Ritchie. It was the same party that had to be postponed some weeks ago when Jeanette was called to New York for retakes on "One Hour With You." Celebration came a little late for Ritchie's birthday . . . but everyone had a grand time, including Maurice Chevalier and wife Yvonne, Genevieve Tobin, Una Merkel and husband Ronald Burla, Claudia Dell, Ginger Rogers and Mervyn LeRoy, John Gilbert and plenty of others.

EDDIE CANTOR almost brought down the house the other night at the fights. It seems that the American Legion, in whose stadium the boxing bouts always take place, decided to have a drawing for a prize just before the main event. The ticket stubs all bore numbers corresponding to hundreds of numbers placed in a hat.

The holder of the lucky number was a very attractive young lady. She was asked to step into the ring to receive the prize, and the announcer called: "The winner is Miss Rosie Brown of 541 South Main Street!" As the applause died down, Eddie Cantor yelled from the fifth row: "Telephone number, please!"

LOOK FOR MORE NEWS ON 14 AND 84

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF HELEN HAYES

International

International

. . . The fascinating story of how Helen met Charlie MacArthur—so brilliant as to seem a little mad. Of how they fell in love and married. And also of how Helen's dreams of a career were realized

(Above, left to right) 1. Helen Hayes' mother, whom Helen Hayes' husband calls, delightfully, Brownie. 2. The late Jack Conway—his death cast a shadow over Helen's honeymoon. 3. The first Mrs. Charles MacArthur who played an important part in Helen's romance.

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

HELEN HAYES met Charlie MacArthur at a studio tea. He was eating peanuts. She liked him immediately. But he apparently wasn't bowled over by her. She invited him to come back stage some evening at the theatre—she was playing "Caesar and Cleopatra" at the time—but a whole week went by and he didn't appear. Then, one evening, a knock came on her dressing room door.

"Come in," she called.

Charlie sauntered in and flopped into the easy chair.

"Like the play?" she asked him via the big mirror before which she was taking off her make-up.

He nodded. And, at the same time, he got up, preparatory to leaving.

"Just dropped in to tell you I think you're great," he said. "I'll be around again some time."

And before she could think of anything to say to prolong the conversation he was gone.

She always hurried into her make-up after that so she could go out on the stage and survey the audience through the peep hole. Looking for that face with an unmistakable woodland quality to it, the face which she had decided was the grandest face in all the world.

Helen Westley was also in "Caesar and Cleopatra." And Helen Westley, for the benefit of those who aren't theatre-going New Yorkers, is one of our finest actresses, considerably older than Helen Hayes, and known, among other things, for her utter and complete frankness and independence.

Night after night she watched Helen look out over the house and then turn from the peep hole, all the light drained from her young face.

"Looking for someone in particular?" she asked finally.

Helen gave a jerky little nod.

"A young man? Someone you like a lot?"

Helen gave two jerky little nods.

"Why in thunder don't you telephone him?" Helen Westley asked.

"That wouldn't be quite the thing," Helen demurred. She had thought of it herself.

To Helen Westley this was just too modest. She shook her head.

"I call them when I want to," she said. "I call them until they move!"

Helen was sorely tempted to take the Westley advice

(The pictures at the left. Starting at top and reading down.) 1. With G. Albert Smith in "Coquette" (stage production). 2. With Arthur Sinclair in "Mr. Gilhooley." 3. With Walter Connolly in "The Good Fairy." 4. With Robert Young in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." 5. With Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith."

(Above) Charlie MacArthur, the man who spins such marvelous tales —sometimes with a touch of the macabre. (Right) At the dressing table in the boudoir of her New York home.

but something restrained her. Born at the turn of the century, there was and still is a faint Victorianism about her. It is this, I think, commingled with her lovely modernity, that is responsible for much of her charm.

At any rate, like Jimmie Durante, she held her attitude. It wasn't easy. On the street she'd spy a man ahead of her who walked like Charlie MacArthur and she'd bump into a dozen people catching up with him. Anyone in baggy tweeds and a felt hat pulled hopelessly out of shape made her heart go acrobatic.

Painful as it was, however, life had a fillip it had lacked before.

Spring came. "Caesar and Cleopatra" played on. Every night Helen drove out to Syosset, Long Island, where she and her mother had taken an old farmhouse for the summer.

Then one evening in June when she had almost despaired of Charlie's ever coming again, when she had begun to wonder what she was going to do to fill all the years stretching ahead of her, he dropped in for the second time.

"You're better than ever in the part," he told her. "I've just been out front."

This time Charlie didn't get away. It was Saturday. Helen threw reticence to the wind and insisted he drive out to the country with her and stay until Monday night when she would be driving in again in time for the theatre.

An hour or two later, when Helen turned the car into the little lane that led from the main road to the house, Mrs. Brown was waiting. She had tall lime drinks ready.

"This is Mr. MacArthur, mother," Helen said, "you'll remember that I've told you all about him before."

"That," Mrs. Brown explains, "was to impress him, of course. She'd never mentioned his name to me. Until that moment I hadn't known there was such a person in the world."

They sat up late, Helen and Charlie on straw mats on the low steps, Mrs. Brown in a wicker chair on the porch. The moon was high over the apple orchard. Honeysuckle was heavy in the soft air. There were hundreds of fireflies. No stage director ever had given Helen a more advantageous setting.

Charlie told one fascinating story after another. As always his stories were fantastic, some of them having a macabre touch.

Later, Mrs. Brown knocked on Helen's bedroom door.

"Helen," she told me, "sat mooning before her mirror. I knew I was in for a session. But what a session I didn't dream!"

"Do you like him?" Helen asked, rapt.

"He seems very nice indeed," Mrs. Brown began cautiously. "But, Helen, don't you think he's a little—well, strange?"

Helen laughed. "You mean mad," she accused. "It's that he is a wonderful romancer, a wonderful raconteur, mother dear. That's all."

"Just what does he do?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"He's on a newspaper," Helen explained. "But he's writing a play. 'Lulu Belle.' He told me all about it on the drive out and I'm perfectly convinced it will be a great success."

"H-m-m," said Mrs. Brown. "Well, good-night, my dear."

"Good-night," replied Helen, but her mind was obviously far away. *(Continued on page 93)*

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

Photograph by Ferenc

We honor Warren William for his sincere and smooth performance in his first starring film, "The Mouthpiece."

Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Norma Shearer for the intelligence of her acting in the film version of "Strange Interlude."

Photograph by Hal Phyle

We honor Spencer Tracy for his persistent excellence, culminating in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Young America."

DOROTHY JORDAN PORTRAYS FOUR TYPES OF GIRLS

ARTISTS'

(Left) The charming, slightly aloof girl made popular by Harrison Fisher. (Above) Ah, the Gibson girl! Who can ever forget her? She made Charles Dana Gibson world famous. (Above, left) The fluffy ruffles of the Nell Brinkley girl make Dorothy look cute.

Photographs by Hurrell, courtesy M-G-M

MADE FAMOUS BY FOUR VERY WELL KNOWN ARTISTS

MODEL

On this page we have Dorothy as the John Held, Jr., creation—the peppy, slim-legged bit of femininity so dear to us and pictured by John Held himself in the illustration at the right.

This illustration specially drawn for this feature by John Held, Jr.

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

Aha! "And so the poor, defenseless specimen of outraged womanhood was carried away by the great big bear—or possibly it's an orang-outang—" A supreme moment from that outstanding melodrama, "The Private Life of an Eskimo Pie." The lady being carried away is Alice Calhoun. The gentleman is not Clark Gable. The lady at the left, taking a nap on a mandolin, was the original mandolin-napper—the forerunner of that famous sport, flagpole-sitting. It's Ina Claire.

From the Harold Seton Collection

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Pays $5 for perfume . . . Spends nothing on her gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you *smile*?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

If you'll get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in Ipana (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) *aids* the massage in firming the gums.

Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the *gums* hard and healthy. Ipana with massage *protects* your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-62
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

COPR. 1932, BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

More About Hollywood

MORE TITBITS, CHIT-CHAT, AND WHAT HAVE YOU

GEORGE ARLISS is the main character in a little story that is now going the rounds in Hollywood.

It seems that during the making of "The Man Who Played God," in the scene where the bomb goes off while Arliss is playing the piano, the director wanted to be sure that no one was near the bomb when it exploded and asked a prop boy to make a last check-up. When the boy returned to the director he said: "Everyone is out of the way except an old bird sitting at the piano!"

George Arliss overheard the remark and said in his quaint way: "That's just like life and fame . . . to some folks you'll always be just an old bird sitting at the piano!"

We understand that Columbia is planning to borrow Lil Tashman for the next Eddie Lowe picture! That's the newest team under the Hollywood sun. Might be a swell idea, at that.

THOSE of you fans who have seen "Shanghai Express" will be glad to learn that a new Dietrich picture is going into production. This time she will play an American woman . . . starting in as the wife of a poor man and eventually being forced through circumstances to take a job as a cabaret singer. Those who guide the destinies of the German charmer seem to recall that Marlene was at her best when she was singing for the talkies . . . hence the change from her recent characterizations to one that allows for a bit of lung expansion.

A NEWS story on Greta Garbo is a good story even if it later develops to be untrue.

One day headlines read: "Ivar Kreuger, Swedish Capitalist, Kills Self."

The next day's paper contained a front-page story letting us all in on the fact that Garbo had lost a great portion of her huge fortune in the Kreuger bankruptcy. With, of course, a beautiful picture of the Swedish actress.

Naturally, Greta didn't have a word to say on the subject—or if she did she probably wouldn't have said it anyway. But her manager stepped forth to assure all the newspaper scribes that, as a matter of fact, Miss Garbo didn't have a penny invested with Ivar Kreuger. Further—that her money is all in good old American government and municipal bonds with a Swedish investment to show her loyalty to her native land. Or, as Jimmy Durante would say —she's got a million in 'em . . . a million!

A well-known polo-playing studio executive refused to match his team against the one on which Guinn "Big Boy" Williams plays.

"Williams is too rough," was his ultimatum.

AH HA! In duster and veil and a long grey beard we discovered Greta *the* Garbo does her horseback riding down at the new Riviera Polo Club. A few mornings ago she felt hungry after a sprightly canter. But go to the club house lunchroom for a bite? Not Garbo. Curious eyes might find her out. Instead she had the boy in attendance at the stable drive her to a Beverly Hills sandwich and steak house.

But when she saw that there were others in the eating place, Greta stayed in the car while the boy ran in and got her a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

When anything out in Hollywood is very, very exclusive, they say, "That is very Garbo!"

CHARLIE FARRELL is a very excellent example of what might be called: *A very loyal citizen, indeed!* Some Hollywood actors are loyal to the profession . . . and others are not so inclined.

Last evening we saw one of the poorest pictures released to the public. As we walked from the theatre, whom should we see but Charlie Farrell! Said we, kiddingly, "Gee, it's too bad that we didn't come to the early show . . . then we could have seen that picture through *twice!*" To which our loyal friend said, seriously, "Yah, it was a swell picture, wasn't it?" After we had had our laugh, Charlie said he always tried to be that way . . . ". . . never can tell when someone is going to see one of *my* performances, you know."

WHILE in San Francisco last week, your correspondent happened to attend a showing of "The First Mrs. Frazer" . . . and who should be sitting right in front but Colleen Moore! In fact, the whole cast of her next stage venture was with her. Of course you knew that Colleen was trying the stage again? Yes, sir! She is appearing tonight in "The Church Mouse" and after a run in the Golden Gate Town, she will bring the offering to Hollywood for an appearance before her best friends and severest critics.

There are many who supposed that Colleen would never attempt the stage again after her dismal flop in the East . . . but they failed to remember the Irish spunk. Make 'em like it, Colleen!

SOME years ago Betty Compson arrived in San Francisco . . . broke. So she got a job as nursemaid.

A few weeks ago Betty was in the city appearing in her vaudeville skit. She was tendered a dinner party by the family for whom she had worked those lean years before, and the young girl Betty had cared for is now a beautiful society débutante.

(Continued on page 115)

Leslie Fenton and his new bride, Ann Dvorak, snapped on Hollywood Boulevard. They were married in Yuma and spent their honeymoon at Agua Caliente. Don't miss the story on Ann—page 40.

Hollywood Newspicture

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF MRS. JOHN H. LYNCH

Thousands write to praise this easy, thrifty method

LIKE Mrs. Lynch, *millions* have discovered that it's thrifty to use Rinso—the soap that soaks clothes whiter. *Thousands* write us of the amazing amount of work one box of Rinso will do in tub, washer and dishpan.

Try it yourself—and see! Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water*. No softeners needed. These rich suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing and boiling—save the clothes. These creamy, *lasting* suds make dishwashing and all cleaning easier.

The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso for whiter, brighter clothes. Get the BIG handy, household package today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn., February 2. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; "Speed Crazy," Universal; and "Huddle," M-G-M.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Penn., December 16. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "So Big" and "A Successful Calamity." Now working in "The Jewel Robbery." All for First National.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 26. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé; in "High Pressure" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "24 Hours," "Two Kinds of Women" and "Sinners in the Sun." Now working in "Come On Marines." All for Paramount.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," "Wayward" and "Skybride." Now working in "Come On Marines." All for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Alexander Hamilton," "The Man Who Played God" and "A Successful Calamity." All for Warner Bros.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 20. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Panama Flo" and "The Tip Off," RKO-Pathé; in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; in "Radio Patrol," Universal. Now working in "Is My Face Red?" RKO-Radio.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "But the Flesh Is Weak" and "Letty Lynton." Next will be "As You Desire Me." All M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Smart Women" and "Men of Chance"; featured rôle in "Lost Squadron"; for RKO-Radio. Now working in "A Successful Calamity," Warner Bros.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Jury," RKO-Radio; in "Freaks," M-G-M; in "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé; and "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Starred in "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World." Now working in "Laughing Boy." All for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M; in "While Paris Sleeps" and "Cheaters At Play," Fox. Now working in "They Never Come Back," Al Mannon.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavis Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Rich Man's Folly" and "World and the Flesh." Next will be "The Challenger." All for Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "My Sin," "The Cheat" and "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Now starring in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Co-starred in "Man I Killed," Paramount; in "Mata Hari," "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Next will be "The Claw," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Last Flight" and "Alias the Doctor." Now starring in "Cabin in the Cotton." All for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Cisco Kid," "Surrender" and "Amateur Daddy." Now starring in "Man About Town." All for Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Champ" and "Hell Divers"; co-starred in "Grand Hotel." Now working in "Flesh." All for M-G-M.

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Surrender," "Disorderly Conduct" and "Young America." Now working in "Woman in Room 13." Next will be "What Price Glory?" All for Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise, born in New York City, October 22. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Bought," Warner Bros.; and "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Unmated," RKO-Pathé. Next will be "The Higher Ups," First National.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "She Wanted a Millionaire," "Careless Lady" and "Trial of Vivienne Ware."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married to non-professional; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Bought," First National; in "Arrowsmith," United Artists; in "This Reckless Age," Paramount. Now working in "Countess of Auburn," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; in "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathé; in "Hot News," Universal; in "Thunder Below," Paramount.

BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, July 11. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Good Sport," Fox; in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany; in "Cross Examination," Supreme Prod. Now working in "Phantom Express," Educational.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried, born in New York City, August 30. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Greeks Had A Word For Them," United Artists; in "Union Depot," "The Crowd Roars" and "The Ferguson Case," Warner Bros. Now working in "Miss Pinkerton," Warner Bros.

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Fea-

(*Continued on page 92*)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MAY AND JUNE—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Bing Crosby	May 2	Clive Brook	June 1
Mary Astor	May 3	Hedda Hopper	June 2
Gary Cooper	May 7	Bill Boyd	June 5
Richard Barthelmess	May 9	Walter Byron	June 11
Billie Dove	May 14	Ona Munson	June 16
Robert Montgomery	May 21	Ralph Bellamy	June 17
Dorothy Lee	May 23	Ivan Lebedeff	June 18
Doug Fairbanks, Sr.	May 23	Jeanette MacDonald	June 18
Paul Lukas	May 26	Irving Pichel	June 24
Jack Holt	May 31	Lois Wilson	June 28

Now . . 10¢ WILL BUY PARK & TILFORD BEAUTY AIDS IN CONVENIENT SIZES AS PURE AND FINE AS THE WELL-KNOWN BRANDS PRICED FROM $1.00 TO $3.00

Faoen Cosmetics are the biggest beauty value ever offered to American women. Equal in purity, quality and texture to the most expensive—and only 10c. Sponsored by Park & Tilford, who introduced many of the most distinguished French perfumes and cosmetics to this country. No wonder Faoen Beauty Aids are already the favorites of thousands of fastidious women.

A famous firm of chemical analysts tested every Faoen product. Here is a part of their report:

"—and after a complete and careful chemical analysis and investigation, we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00."

The purity of Faoen Products needs no further proof than this!

Every Faoen Product has received the Good Housekeeping Institute seal of approval.

Tested and Approved 466704 by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of Good Housekeeping Magazine

10c each

at S. S. Kresge Co. Stores

PARK & TILFORD

NEW YORK . . PARIS

FAOEN *Beauty Aids*

Release the enchanting Beauty in your Eyes

by the simple magic of the NEW, improved NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

It's in *your* eyes right now—that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

But, be sure you get *genuine* Maybelline, for this preparation is non-smarting, tear-proof and very easy to use. And *perfectly* harmless! Its continued use actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Black or Brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter.

Maybelline

EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Special Purse Size for trial, on sale at all 5 and 10c stores or sent postpaid for 10c and coupon below.

Clip MAYBELLINE CO., 14-6
5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ State_____

They Couldn't Stand Fame

(*Continued from page 59*)

acter faded in the public eye. Mary Nolan was warned but her fame-bedazzled eyes couldn't see the writing on the wall of success.

She says she is innocent of all charges—and now, she too, is going to try to come back. Has failure taught her the full meaning of character and personal strength? It is up to Mary to prove that she can *handle fame!*

Mary Nolan and Clara Bow are bitter examples of beautiful women who have been subjected to bitter lessons in the rules of success. But there are several others who have proved that they are far more successful in the discouraging period of struggle than they are after glory has burst upon them.

SALLY O'NEILL failed at the fame game—not through maliciousness or scandal or lack of moral fibre, but through an enthusiastic, almost childish ignorance of the tough job of *keeping* famous.

Sally was like a kid with too many Christmas presents to open. Overnight she was wafted from the dance floor of the Cocoanut Grove to a studio contract and a publicity campaign that put her name far ahead of Constance Bennett's and Joan Crawford's, two girls who started at the same time.

Within a few months Sally's salary jumped from $150 a week to $1,500. To the little Irish girl who had never had many of the good things of life this seemed like a fortune. She spent money too carelessly. She owned the longest and greenest automobile in town. She never appeared in the same expensive garment twice. She entertained lavishly and often. Fame, to Sally, was not a hard job of keeping one's feet on the ground—it was an easy one of letting one's feet fly as one jumped the silken hurdles. Celebrity, to Sally, meant being recognized in night clubs and wearing lovely and costly clothes and being pointed out by envious girls wherever she went. In time her play life began to show in her screen work. But Sally did not foresee the pitfalls. Her screen shadow became less spirited, less buoyant. The reason was clear to everyone but Sally. She was usually very tired after an evening of dancing. She drifted into an unhappy love affair that kept her generally miserable. When the crash came, when that magical $1,500 weekly salary was not renewed on contract—Sally found herself bankrupt financially with a broken romance and very, very few real friends left. It was a bitter lesson for a little girl who did not realize where her path was leading her—perhaps too bitter, for Sally's only sin had been a consuming love of fun. Recently, she told a reporter: "I know what this game is all about now. I shan't make those old mistakes over again, believe me. I've learned my lesson." Only time can tell whether this little Irish girl who has been badly burned once will play with the fires of success again. Let us hope not.

I SOMETIMES wonder if Nancy Carroll realizes that she is dangerously near a precipice in her own career. In Nancy's case the blow has not yet fallen. Yet Nancy is not standing the gaff of fame so well.

When this little redhead was working her way to the top she was one of the best loved people around the studio. Everyone adored her. She coöperated with the slightest whim of her fellow workers—from the director to the prop boy. Little extra girls who weren't onto the ropes got plenty of sage advice from Nancy. Then: stardom, fame.

Overnight she must have come to the conclusion that everyone on the studio lot was working against her, for she made a definite effort to counteract their advice at every step. Temper, or temperament, became a byword of her productions. She forgot a great many people she used to speak to. She constantly bickered with her director.

Recently her career has been a topsy-turvy affair. For some reason or other she developed an objection to working with Phillips Holmes in "Broken Lullaby." Even the opportunity of working with the great Lubitsch did not impress her. She walked out on the production, delaying her company for several weeks, and it wasn't until Nancy received some very sane and logical advice that she consented to return to work. Even then her attitude was petulant, and Lubitsch became so angry with his star that, it is said, he made scenes for an entire week that did not include Miss Carroll.

Real, lasting fame is not built out of such chaos as this, and already Hollywood is wondering if Nancy can stand the pace. Or if she, like many others, will learn her mistakes only through bitter experience.

It is too bad that Jetta Goudal cannot warn Nancy of the dangers of too much temperament. This particular problem was Jetta's own in the days of her stardom.

Fame brought Jetta stardom . . . and stardom went to her head. She quarrelled violently with people who had her best interests at heart. She, too, walked out on productions. *And for three years she did not make a picture. No studio would sign her.* Yes, Jetta is another one who is back trying to live down the mistakes of her days of glory, and there are those who will tell you she is a very changed young woman.

This fame thing is tough going all the way, and to such women as Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and many others who have proved they can withstand the dizzying pace—all the more glory. They have proved that they can handle the most difficult phase of their careers . . . success . . . fame . . . wealth!

"NOTHING EVER HAPPENS In Grand Hotel"

So Says the Doctor— But Behind Its Doors . . .

A beautiful, famous dancer is eating her heart out with loneliness.

An under-dog clerk, doomed to die, takes one last fling at life.

A rich man faces financial ruin—and murders a Baron.

A lovely young secretary finds herself the plaything of men.

OF course you know "Grand Hotel"—hailed by the world as a soul-stirring novel—the most successful stage hit of a Broadway season—and now on the screen with probably the greatest cast ever assembled in one picture!

Greta Garbo is the dancer, loved by John Barrymore who plays the Baron. Lionel Barrymore is the poor clerk, Wallace Beery the rich man, Joan Crawford the young secretary, and Lewis Stone the doctor. Imagine what a story "Grand Hotel" is, to deserve a cast like this!

This thrilling story in complete fiction form, profusely illustrated with scenes from the picture, appears in the June SCREEN ROMANCES!

Every month 10 of the best stories that come out of Hollywood are fictionized in SCREEN ROMANCES. Here are some from the June issue:

SO BIG, that beautiful story of mother love with *Barbara Stanwyck* as Salina.

THE CROWD ROARS, a *James Cagney* and *Joan Blondell* story of an auto racer who loses his nerve, and wins—?

MAN WANTED. *Kay Francis* is the boss and *David Manners* her secretary! But when he falls in love with her she's just a woman. . . .

WET PARADE. *Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Jordan,* and *Walter Huston* are stars in this Upton Sinclair story—the cinema's challenge to prohibition.

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION with *Ricardo Cortez* and *Irene Dunne.* From the Ghetto to Park Avenue is a long journey and Felix Klauber loses something on the way.

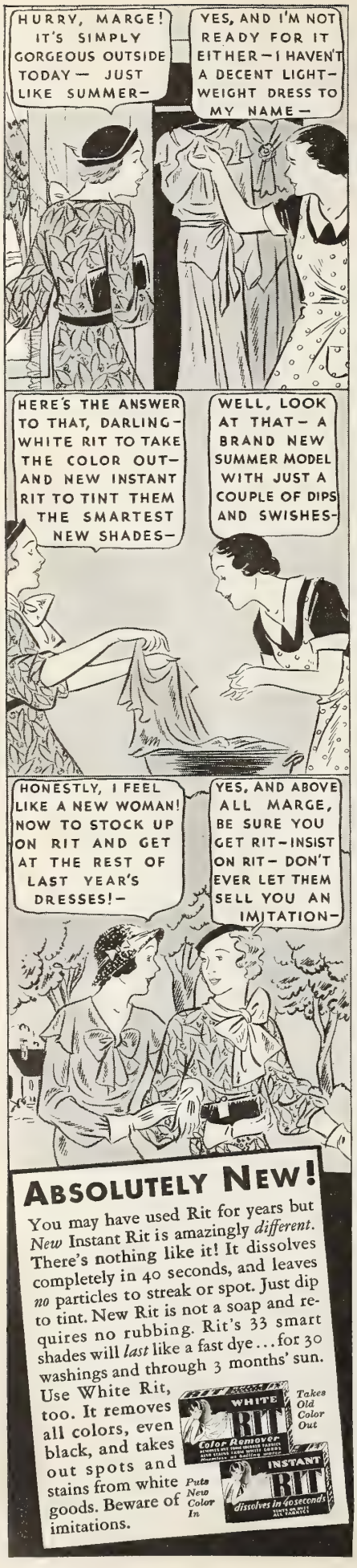
And Five Other Fine New Picture Stories— Abundantly Illustrated.

SPECIAL IN THE JUNE ISSUE:

A beautiful rotogravure section of native Hawaiian scenes, full of the languid tropic glamour of this romantic island —from the new RKO production, "The Bird of Paradise."

Thousands of movie fans and lovers of good stories are discovering the thrills, laughs, sorrows, and romance packed between the covers of SCREEN ROMANCES—the only All-Screen-Fiction magazine. Find out for yourself this month—at the nearest newsstand.

10 Complete Stories in Every Issue — **Screen Romances** — **On Sale At All Newsstands**



Victim of Success

(*Continued from page 61*)

temporarily a false aura of stardom due to the timeliness of his success. It was a deserved success—but inflated by the abnormal condition of the industry—like the stock market before the crash. It placed too high a value upon John Boles, an inflated value which he would be the last person to accept as accurate. And it was too much to expect him to live up to.

For Boles is not a he-Garbo—one of those rare, glamorous phenomenons who can keep the public imagination at a fever pitch over a period of years. Nor does he think he is. He is a capable, intelligent trouper. He has a nice flare for comedy. He has the type of romantic good looks which make him an authentic screen lover—but not a sensational one. His goal should be (and I believe is) to achieve for himself a consistent record of good performances as a featured player, without any ballyhooed stardom. In other words, he is a reliable, reasonably versatile, better-than-average leading man—with one exception. And that exception is a really distinguished gift as a singer. When he sings, John Boles does attain a romantic level that brings him close to star calibre.

HIS life, too, has had its romantic aspects. Not comparable to the glamorous past of Ivan Lebedeff or the amorous front-page adventures of John Gilbert—but distinctly more colorful than the average existence. Born in the sleepy little village of Greenville, Texas, he was destined by all the laws of environment and heredity to become a cotton broker or a small town banker like his father. But events—either precipitated or taken advantage of by his Scotch persistence and his Irish adventuresomeness — tore him from his leisurely Southern setting and catapulted him into the outer world.

The war, tearing him loose from the normal, placid back-ground of family and college, took him to France, and his knowledge of the French language, gained as a child, put him at the exciting business of spy-chasing in the Intelligence Division. When peace was declared he returned to his native village and went to work in the bank. But like millions of other young men he was no longer the same. He had gone out from the portals of Greenville and glimpsed a larger world. He was restless and he thirsted for adventure. A British musician had heard him sing on an A. E. F. entertainment program in France and had urged him to train his voice. So John took lessons while he worked in the bank.

Thus, when Oscar Seagel, in Texas on a concert tour, begged him to go to New York to further his studies the advice fell on willing ears. Boles borrowed a thousand dollars and embarked on a career. With his departure for New York he cut himself off definitely from all that life in Greenville signified. It took courage because—for there had been no musicians in his family—there was no precedent to back him up. Only his own faith and determination.

Sheer, dogged persistence and a buoyant spirit which refused to be downed by anything carried him through some difficult days. When his money was gone he got a job as French instructor in a girls' academy and continued with his vocal lessons. When he felt that he needed more advanced instruction and realized he could only get it abroad he did not sit back and bewail the fact that he lacked funds. Instead, he organized a band of musical students and earned his own passage and tuition by acting as business manager for the party.

When he came back to New York his troubles were just beginning. For three months he tramped Broadway, looking for a job on the stage but refusing to consider anything but leads.

Eventually the Boles persistence won out and he landed the lead in "Little Jesse James." That long-awaited chance was all he needed and he scored thereafter in a succession of Broadway musical hits. But with his introduction to films he found a new battle on his hands. He came to Hollywood under personal contract to Gloria Swanson—but his début opposite her in "Loves of Sunya" was such a dismal flop that the contract was allowed to expire quietly after six months. Later on, as it happened, with the aid of the talkies he achieved a success beyond his wildest dreams.

He's a nice chap, this John Boles, with a persuasive Southern graciousness spiced with Celtic gaiety. He has a reputation for being serious-minded—which is hard to understand in view of the numerous crinkles at the corners of his eyes and the unmistakable twinkle in their brilliant blue-gray depths. Married to a non-professional for a considerably longer time than is stylish in these days when all roads lead to Reno, he lives rather quietly. He has two attractive small daughters.

With the renewed vogue for screen musicals you will undoubtedly hear him sing again in the near future. And it is more than likely that his fan popularity will enjoy a second boom if he is given even an occasional singing rôle. But that dizzy and turbulent period when he appeared to be a singing Valentino is gone forever. John Boles has found his proper niche as a popular featured player. Given varying rôles which afford him a chance to show his versatility—in other words his romantic appeal, his flare for light comedy and his really splendid voice—he should maintain a sizeable and steady following. For John Boles was no flash in the pan—although the brevity and sensationalism of his hour as an idol made him seem so. His is the unique misfortune of being an ex-star without ever having been a star.

George Brent Won't Be Another Gable

(*Continued from page 57*)

order at all costs. Someone had to get through to the various headquarters of the Collins' forces so that communication could be continued. George Brent! Posing as a sightseer from America, George would rush from headquarters to headquarters with important news and dispatches. It was only after he had been in the service a month that he learned he was in a class with the spies! That if he were caught he would be sent before a firing squad without a moment's hesitation.

ON several occasions he was stopped and questioned, but he always wore out the guards with so many inane questions typical of the tourist trade that they let him go his way just to get rid of him. But with all the adventure and close scrapes he had, there is only one thing that stands out in his memory as a beacon light of that particular period of his life: *he had an unlimited expense account!* He often finds himself startled out of a sound sleep (even now in Hollywood) to discover that he has been dreaming about the marvelous advantages of an unlimited expense account.

Then Collins, his friend and employer, was shot. This should have given George a cue to fold up his activities, but he went blithely on until he returned one day to his hotel room to find that all of his luggage had been examined and the entire suite searched! Rebel papers which had been carried in the false bottoms of the bags were missing —and so was George within the hour. The red coats almost caught up with him in Scotland so he fled to England. He figured that the last place they would think to look for an Irish spy would be in England . . . which is like a gangster hiding in the police station. Finally he shipped on a cattle boat for America.

Immediately upon arriving in America, he was faced with the terrific problem of getting money without doing routine work . . . which field is so overcrowded that he is lucky to have landed a job at all! He had a bright idea: why not go on the stage? He had done a couple of parts in the college dramatic class and no one had ever told him he was terrible. So that's just what he did—got a job with a stock company and went to work the following Tuesday. The first performance he became paralyzed with fright in the middle of the stage. The leading man ad-libbed for fifteen minutes and then merely shrugged his shoulders and walked off with this line: "I shall leave you to reflect!" This, however, woke our friend up and he finally got his legs working enough to get off the stage and into the sheltering wings.

Sisters have weight race ...gain 7 and 8 pounds

on milk served new delicious way

"I CAN get my little girls to do almost anything and eat almost anything, too. But how they both disliked milk!

"And no one knew better than I how they needed it! Week after week their weight remained the same, though they kept shooting up all the time.

"One day my girls told me about a wonderful drink a friend had given them. They said that it was called Cocomalt, and it was mixed with milk.

"I began giving both my daughters Cocomalt—and their weight has gone up steadily ever since. One has gained seven pounds, and the other eight pounds already!"

Children need Vitamin D

Mothers everywhere are finding how beneficial Cocomalt is to growing children. This delicious chocolate-flavor food drink actually adds 70% more nourishment to milk—almost doubling the food value of each glass. It supplies the *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

Cocomalt also contains Vitamin D—the important "Sunshine Vitamin" that aids in preventing rickets and helps build strong bones and sound teeth.

Give *your* children Cocomalt with their milk. Served hot or cold, it's *delicious!*

Special trial can sent free

Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk. It is as beneficial for adults as for children, quickly helping build new strength and health in rundown, nervous conditions. In ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail coupon for a generous trial can, *free.*

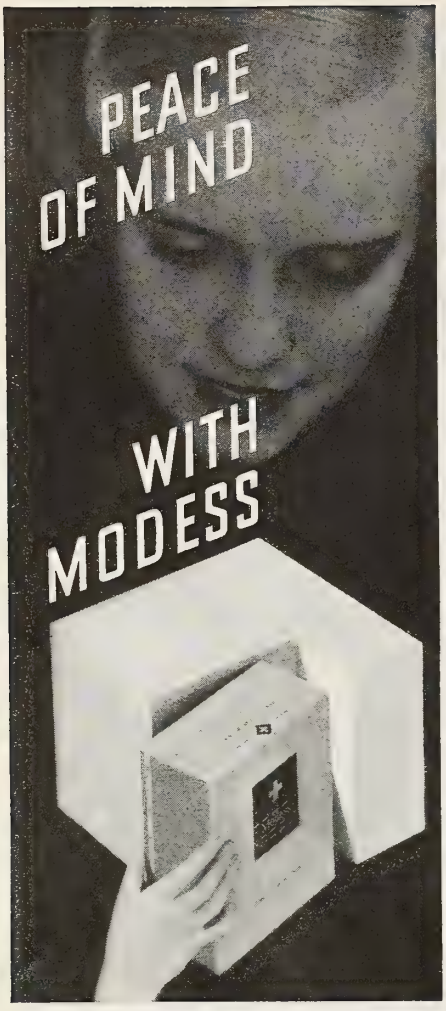
DELICIOUS—HOT OR COLD

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 39F, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me, free of charge, a generous trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name_____

Address_____ State_____

City_____



AT A PRICE ANY WOMAN CAN AFFORD

WHEN you buy Modess—you buy peace of mind for *the* fifty trying days of the year. Its safety backing assures protection. Cotton, meshed in the gauze, prevents irritation. Modess is inconspicuous—surgically clean.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. And the price is most decidedly in your favor.

Try Modess. If it isn't completely satisfactory, write your name, address, and the price paid, on cover of box, and mail to us. We will refund your money.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N.J., U.S.A.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

GEORGE worked for the next five years in stock companies all over the United States. He had ripe tomatoes thrown at him from all angles . . . rehearsed one play while he was playing in another . . . fell in love and got married for one month . . . fell in love again and stayed single . . . stayed up all night with a cold towel around his head learning lines for the next play . . . and every Saturday night played poker with his salary.

After five long years of this he obtained the rôle of Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose." After he had played it for a year he found it hard to convince the folks that he wasn't born in Palestine.

We forgot one thing that happened just before "Abie." George made his Broadway début in a little number starring Alice Brady. In the same company was another young stock leading man by the name of Clark Gable! You see? There *is* room for both of them . . . even in the same play! George says: "I like the fellow, too! He's a good actor and a smart business man. And furthermore, he knows his place . . . at the top!"

However, let's not give Gable too much of a break in this story. Brent's stay on Broadway was studded with great performances and he became well known as a fine actor. This is said to be the reason why the movie moguls asked him to come to Hollywood (but, of course, it is only hearsay). Anyway, at last he was on his way. *And he was here one solid year without working in a single picture!* This sort of treatment made George rather discouraged. And well it might, after the spy job and the tomatoes and all that! But suddenly Warner Brothers placed him under contract, and now all seems to be well with George Brent.

He went into a huddle with the bosses at the studio and told them all about his experiences — and nothing happened. But when he happened to mention that he liked polo—he was immediately placed on the roster as a potential star. He was to be built into another he-man of the screen. You see, the bosses at Warner Brothers all play polo (at least they all bought a lot of horses and mallets and belong to the Club), and so when George mentioned polo everything was jake. They probably figured that if he turned out to be a bad actor they could get him to teach them polo until his contract ran out.

But that's where George fooled 'em. He didn't know a darn thing about polo. And in the meantime he turned out to be such a good actor—in "So Big" with Barbara Stanwyck, and in "The Rich Are Always With Us" with Ruth Chatterton—that they all forgave him, and he is going to stay with them anyway! His next rôle will be that of Joan Blondell's leading man in "Miss Pinkerton."

In order to make this a really complete story on Mr. Brent, I suppose we should have his views on love and marriage . . . just so the girls won't feel slighted.

"I have been married," he said with a smile, "and I shall think twice before I marry again. If I do, I shall marry a woman older than myself . . . just like my old friend C. G. I believe," he continued, "that too little stress is placed on the idea of finding a person who is mentally companionable."

There! How do you like the chap?

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 86*)

tured rôles in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M; and "Women Love Once," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Frankenstein," Universal; in "Good Sport" and "Careless Lady," Fox. Now working in "Back Streets," Universal.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in "No Limit" and "Kick In," Paramount.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Suicide Fleet," "The Big Gamble" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced from former actress; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The False Madonna" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount. Now working in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BRENDEL, EL, married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; in "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Now touring in vaudeville.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Pagan Lady," Columbia; in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio; and "High Pressure," First National.

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "So Big," "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "Miss Pinkerton." Now working in "Week End Marriage." All for First National.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio; in "Homicide Squad," Universal; and "It's Tough To Be Famous," First National. Now making personal appearance tour.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, England, June 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Husband's Holiday" and "Shanghai Express." Now working in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." All for Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Broadminded," "Local Boy Makes Good" and "Fireman Save My Child," First National. Now working in "The Tenderfoot," First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Last Flight," First National; and "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Famous Ferguson Case," First National; in "Information Kid," Universal. Now working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, Eng., May 19. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; and "Vanity Fair," Hoffman.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Side Show," "Manhattan Parade" and "Beauty and the Boss," First National. Now working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried; born in Leicester, England, June 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Blonde Baby" and "Feathered Serpent," Columbia; in "Vanity Fair," Hoffman; and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Co-starred

(*Continued on page 94*)

Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 76*)

The next day was really almost too wonderful. Helen and Charlie walked through country lanes to the old schoolhouse where Walt Whitman once taught and which is now a book-shop. And when they came home their arms were loaded.

They spent the afternoon swimming and lying on a lonely beach in the sun.

Monday it was the same. Positively elysian. They were so late getting into the city there was no time for any prolonged farewell at the stage door.

"I'll see you again. Soon," Charlie MacArthur promised. He wasn't as casual as he'd been before.

"Do!" Helen said. She wasn't casual at all.

Sitting at her dressing-table she was conscious of being insanely happy. Because she knew Charlie meant it when he said he would see her soon. With that fine intuition women have she knew that now her mark was upon his heart, too. That he wouldn't be the independent, casual young man about town in the future that he had been.

Helen's happiness, however, wasn't to be unalloyed.

Charlie MacArthur proceeded to fall as madly in love with her as she was with him. On that score nothing was left to be desired. But Charlie was married. He hadn't lived with his wife for a long time and she had begun a suit for divorce. But, when she heard Helen Hayes was in love with Charlie and that Charlie's play "Lulu Belle" promised to be a great success, she withdrew this suit. And then Charlie had to start proceedings.

Fortunately for both Helen and Charlie during the next year and a half they had their work. Helen was busy in the theatre. And, overnight, Charlie found himself a famous and successful playwright.

However, every night when the final curtain rang down, Charlie was waiting outside Helen's dressing-room. Arm in arm they'd slip out through the stage door and stroll through streets busy in the daytime but now deserted.

THEN early one morning, August seventeenth, 1928, to be exact, Charlie telephoned. He had his decree. His first wife had twenty-four hours in which to take it to the highest court at Springfield, Ill. They might uphold her, of course. But in the meantime he was free.

"If we hurry we can be married before she gets a stay," Charlie fairly shouted over the wire.

"I'll be ready," Helen told him.

He kept his taxi downstairs. True to her word, Helen was waiting. They dashed down to City Hall where a license was issued them. Then back to the apartment where Mrs. Brown had laid out Helen's things. There was nothing new. Helen had, in fact, chosen a particularly old dress because

(*Continued on page 95*)

Professionally posed photo of Mrs. Rachulles' true experience

So thin, haggard-looking

she hated to have her picture taken!

But *today* she's added 23 lbs. —cleared her skin, too

SHE'D pretended not to mind—*laughed* when they called her "skinny". But she drew the line at being photographed. For no one can laugh off a scrawny face and shapeless legs, when they are *printed in black and white!*

Today, thanks to 23 pounds gained, she's *no longer camera-shy!* Read her thrilling story:

Looks a "different" woman

"I was sick and rundown from childhood. I weighed only 104 pounds and looked just 'skin and bones'. In fact, such a sight I didn't like friends to take snapshots of me.

"But since taking Ironized Yeast I have put on 23 pounds. It improved my skin, too. I look like a *different* woman!" Mrs. J. E. Rachulles, Red Cliff, Colo.

Many quick results

If you, too, are a bit self-conscious about your figure—if you, too, worry over your complexion—why not profit by the experience of *thousands?* Gain pounds of healthy flesh, clear complexion — *plus* sound sleep, regular elimination, steady nerves, tireless energy. Get these quickly, *inexpensively*—with Ironized Yeast.

Concentrated 7 times

In perfecting Ironized Yeast, no expense has been spared. It contains a remarkably rich yeast—imported *"beer yeast"*. This specially cultured yeast is *concentrated* by a process so new and so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations officially recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Seven pounds of "beer yeast" are required to make just one pound of this yeast concentrate that goes into Ironized Yeast. And three distinct kinds of iron are required to *ironize* this concentrate. Thus Ironized Yeast not only brings you all the body-building benefits of yeast—*many times multiplied*—but it also wonderfully enriches your blood, increases strength and pep as it adds firm flesh.

RESULTS TRIPLE-TESTED: To make sure you get the utmost in weight, strength and health-building qualities, the *genuine* Ironized Yeast is *triple-tested* — by our own chemists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college. Beware of imitations which may discolor teeth and upset stomach. Insist on the *genuine* Ironized Yeast.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and send it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts about Your Body", by an eminent health authority. Results from very first package–*or money refunded*. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. **36** Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder In Pleasant Tablet Form

WHY IS
MARIE DRESSLER
THE SUBJECT OF
A STORY CALLED
"HOLLYWOOD'S
CRUELEST STORY?"
See why in our next issue

THRILL! THRILL!
A marvelous picture section. Unusual intimate pictures. Different from anything you've seen yet—in this or any other magazine

MODERN SCREEN'S
INTIMATE ALBUM
Look for it in our next issue

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR PERSONALITY?
If you are—and who isn't?—you'll not want to miss

"IS YOUR PERSONALITY AWAKE?"
You'll find some wonderful personality pointers in it direct from the stars. You can't afford to miss it

And of course there'll be our regular departments—beauty, recipes, reviews, gossip and loads and loads of fascinating pictures of your favorites

IT'LL BE A BANNER ISSUE, MOVIE FANS, GET IT—MODERN SCREEN for JULY

"Read Modern Screen and Be Movie-Wise"

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 92*)

in "Blonde Crazy," "Taxi" and "The Crowd Roars." Now working in "Winner Take All." All for Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee" and "Palmy Days." Now working in "Kid from Spain." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill., October 30. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Graft," Universal. Now making personal appearance tour.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Generation," Columbia; in "Girl from the Rio," RKO-Radio; in "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Now appearing on legitimate stage.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Personal Maid," "Broken Lullaby" and "Wayward," Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in New York City, February 1. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Radio; and "A House Divided," Universal.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 29. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Starred in "What A Bozo," "Nickel Nurser," "Balmy Days" and "First in War," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Once A Lady" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Paramount; in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Smiling Lieutenant" and "One Hour With You." Now working in "Love Me Tonight." All for Paramount.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill" and "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox. Now on New York stage.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé; and "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," Goldwyn-United Artists.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Reckless Living," "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World," Universal.

CLYDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland, March 18. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract comedy star. Starred in "Shopping With Wifie," "Heavens My Husband" and "Temporary Butler," Mack Sennett.

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Speed Crazy," "Steady Company," "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," "Radio Patrol." Now working in "Back Streets." All for Universal.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mable Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "X Marks the Spot" and "File No. 113," Tec-Art. Now working in "The Tenderfoot," First National.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "His Woman," "The Wiser Sex" and "The Misleading Lady." All for Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "File No. 113," Tec-Art; in "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount; in "Handicap," Chadwick. Now working in "Phantom Express," Educational.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City, August 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.; in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono-Art-Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England, February 9. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith." Now working in "Brothers Karamozov." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah, March 18. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Three Who Loved," "The Lady Refuses" and "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio. Now touring in vaudeville.

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married to non-professional; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "No One Man" and "Strangers in Love," Paramount. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skippy," "Sooky" and "The Miracle Man." Now working in "Sky Bride." All for Paramount.

COOK, DONALD; divorced from Frances Beranger; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Heart of New York," "Safe in Hell" and "Man Who Played God," First National; in "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Now working in "After All," M-G-M.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman" and "His Woman," Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Champ," M-G-M; in "Sooky," Paramount. Now working in "Limpy," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria, July 7. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "No One Man," Paramount; co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Is My Face Red?", RKO-Radio.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Possessed"; co-starred in "Grand Hotel." Now working in "Letty Lynton." Next will be "Promiscuous." All for M-G-M.

CRAWFORD, KATHRYN; divorced from non-professional; born in Wellsboro, Pa., October 5. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," "Emma," "Polly of the Circus" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Maker of Men," Columbia; in "Emma," M-G-M; in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "I Surrender Dear," "One More Chance," "Dream House" and "Bill Board Girl." All for Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Generation," "The Man Who Dared" and "The Big Timer," Columbia; and in Harold Lloyd's new comedy. Now working in "Criminal Court," Columbia.

DAGOVER, LIL; married to non-professional; born in Java, Dutch East Indies. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The White Devil," UFA; and "Woman from Monte Carlo," First National. Now in Europe.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; and "This Is the Night," Paramount. Now working in "Kid from Spain," Goldwyn-United Artists.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyons; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Maltese Falcon," "Her Past" and "Honor of the Family," Warner Bros.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," M-G-M. Next will be "Three Blondes."

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Man Who Played God," "So Big" and "The Rich Are Always With Us." Now working in "The Dark Horse." All for Warner Bros.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Working Girls," "This Reckless Age," "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount. Now working in "Come On Marines," Paramount. Next will be "Love Is a Racket," First National.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas, January 10. Write her at RKO-Radio studii. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Left Over Ladies," Tiffany; in "Hot News" and "Destry Rides Again," Universal.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Girl from the Rio" and "Bird of Paradise." RKO-Radio.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in Surrey, England, November 20. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Featured rôles in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and "Private Lives." Now directing comedies. All for M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Morocco," "Dishonored" and "Shanghai Express." Next will be "Velvet." All for Paramount.

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé; in "Miss Pinkerton" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National.

DIX, RICHARD, married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Public Defender," "Secret Service" and "Lost Squadron." Now working in "Roar of the Dragon." All for RKO-Radio.

DORE, ADRIENNE; unmarried; born in Fort Sherman, Wash., May 22. Write her at First Na-

(*Continued on page 98*)

Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 93*)

it was Charlie's favorite frock.

She changed her clothes. She was ready. But Charlie wasn't. He sat at the telephone trying to find a minister who would marry them in spite of his divorce. Again that charming strain in Charlie came to the surface. A perfectly good magistrate was waiting to marry them. But Charlie felt a wedding should be consecrated by one of the cloth.

Helen was afraid to wait, to take any chances. Any moment Charlie's lawyer might wire him the divorce had been contested. What then? All the waiting must begin again.

"Charlie," she told him, "I don't mind a magistrate marrying us. All I want is to be married."

Charlie gave her a loving smile and called another number.

Returning to the living-room after a minute's absence, Helen heard him say jubilantly, "All right then, we'll be right over."

Then a pause.

"Divorced? One of us is," he admitted dolefully.

"Oh, Charlie," Helen said, "please let us go to the magistrate.' '

When he began running his finger down the directory page again, looking for another minister, she was in despair.

Then the doorbell rang.

"It was Mr. MacArthur's man," said the maid. "He's brought a telegram. Thought as how it might be important, Miss."

Charlie's face paled. Mrs. Brown, unable to bear looking at either of them, turned to the window.

Charlie slit the thin yellow envelope.

"We shouldn't have waited," Helen whispered. "We shouldn't have waited, Charlie . . . "

BUT as he read that wire Charlie MacArthur's face became reassuring. Helen took a deep breath again. Mrs. Brown turned back from the window. The wire was from Charlie's lawyer; they still had time. No action had been taken yet.

They called no more ministers. They hurried over to the Times Square office where the magistrate waited.

Reporters and news photographers waited in droves, in spite of Charlie having done everything in his power to keep it secret. The magistrate, it seems had political ambitions and, knowing the publicity the marriage of such a famous couple would receive, he had notified every paper and photographic service in town.

However, Helen and Charlie had waited too long for this to let anything mar their happiness.

There was no honeymoon. That same night Helen was at the Empire Theatre playing the little Southern flirt in "Coquette," the story Mary Pickford later made for the movies.

It wasn't until "Coquette" closed its long run at the Empire that the man-

Now! Actually Get Rid Of Arm And Leg Hair

Banish Completely the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

***By** a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.*

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. *282A*

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

"THE CRUELEST STORY IN HOLLYWOOD!" WHOSE STORY IS IT? IS IT THE STORY OF SOME FAMOUS STAR—ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES, PERHAPS—WHOSE BREAKS HAVE BEEN FEW—WHOSE TROUBLES HAVE BEEN LEGION? OR IS THE STORY OF SOME ONE-TIME POPULAR STAR WHOM POPULARITY HAS DESERTED? WE DON'T THINK YOU COULD GUESS. IT'S MARIE DRESSLER! ADORED AS SHE IS, FAMOUS AS SHE IS, SHE HAS ENEMIES. WHO ARE THEY? JACK JAMISON HAS WRITTEN THIS REVEALING STORY FOR YOU AND IT WILL APPEAR IN THE JULY ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN. DON'T MISS IT

agement gave Helen a two weeks' holiday and she and Charlie went away together.

They sailed on the S. S. *Bermuda* for that coral strand lying in a deep blue sea.

The morning they landed, Charlie, going into the smoking-room, noticed a young man reading *Variety*. Since all those who read *Variety* are brothers and sisters under the skin it wasn't strange that Charlie went over and spoke to him.

"I'm Charlie MacArthur," he said. "What is your name?"

"I'm Jack Conway," the young man replied. "I recognized you and Miss Hayes on deck, but Mrs. Conway and I thought we wouldn't intrude by introducing ourselves."

Charlie's hand shot out in a warm greeting. "I've read your stuff in *Variety* for years," he said. "And admired it tremendously. You've enriched our language with your slang, you know, Conway. And no mistake about it."

Naturally Conway was pleased.

"We'll be at Elbow Beach," he said. "I've got a bad pump," touching his heart. "Have to take it easy for a while."

"It'd be nice to see something of you," Charlie said.

So a dinner engagement was arranged for that evening.

Resort hotels being utterly impossible for honeymooning couples when one of them is a great Broadway star, Charlie and Helen took a small pink cottage, the color of a sea shell, on the grounds of Pomander Walk.

Every morning Helen and Charlie climbed into a small boat. One of them tended the engine, an outboard motor, while the other rode the aquaplane.

Afternoons they spent driving in a Victoria. Their horses' hoofs going cloppety clop on the coral roads.

Oh, they had a beautiful time . . .

Until that night neither of them ever will forget. Until that night when a tropical rain beat against their roof with such malignant intensity that that they feared the roof would fall.

They slept only fitfully. And the snatches of dreams they remembered when they awoke were grim and ominous.

It was one o'clock when the knock sounded at their door.

"Charlie," said Helen, "I'm really frightened. I've a feeling something is awfully wrong . . ."

Charlie, of course, would admit no fear. But it would be very strange indeed, with that tropical rain beating on their roof and that unknown hand pounding on their door, if anyone as imaginative as he didn't experience misgivings, too.

Going to the door, Charlie pulled on his bathrobe. Helen sat up in bed and listened. He opened the door and she heard the wind and the rain, the waves breaking angrily against the little road that ran beside the shore. Then she heard a woman's voice. There were tears in it. And Charlie's "God, no . . ."

He returned to the bedroom looking stricken. He spoke gently to Helen.

"It's Mrs. Conway," he told her, "Jack's . . ."

There was no need for him to finish. Helen knew. She was out of bed and into her kimono. She flew into the other room and put her arms about the bereaved woman waiting there.

MRS. CONWAY and Helen stayed in the cottage while Charlie drove off through the rain and the night. Things at Elbow Beach needed a man's attention.

"You'll stop with us until the boat leaves," Helen insisted. "We'll go back together."

"She was such a soldier," Helen explains. "The Broadway kind of a soldier. She did everything in her power to keep from overshadowing our holiday with her grief. She kept venting her resentment on little alien things. On the hotel charge for bicarbonate of soda. On Bermuda officials.

"I hope I'd be such a soldier . . ."

It seems a pity after Helen and Charlie had waited so long for their honeymoon that it had to be marred by death. Others in their places might have shunned the responsibility they were so quick to accept. It is a tribute to them, I think, that in her dark hour Mrs. Conway sought them. They are the kind who know and practise the good, old-fashioned meaning of friendship. Their friendship is fellowship.

Immediately their ship reached New York, Helen had to entrain for Chicago. There "Coquette" began what

"Some Day...I'm going to CLEAN THOSE LIPS!"

"JIM was trying to be nice about it...but that painted look really *repulsed* him. He just had to say something."

Painted lips are one thing a man will *not* stand for. And it's so easy to offend. Colors that you think look well by themselves may look *common* and *cheap* on you.

Be safe. Don't run the risk of having painted lips. Forget your present lipstick at once. From now on, *Tangee* your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a new discovery that changes on your lips to the *one* color best for you. It brings you new loveliness and charm.

Tangee is permanent—waterproof. Its special cold cream base prevents chapping.

Get Tangee at your druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. And it ends that painted look.

Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . ends that "painted look"! When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

Tangee Lipstick and Rouge—10c trial sizes at all 5c and 10c stores

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send 10c for Miracle Make-Up Set

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO. MM 7-6
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

promised to be another record run. Charlie stopped off for a visit with her on his way to the Coast. But he couldn't remain long. The movies with their gold had beguiled him to spin his yarns for them.

Helen looked forward to matinée days after he was gone. On these busy days time went faster. However, they were a tax. Her rôle was an emotional one. One afternoon after a final matinée curtain Helen fainted on the stage.

The doctor they called was firm. "You'll have to rest until your baby comes," he told her. "You mustn't keep on any longer."

So, perforce, the company that had played together for so long, that had enjoyed an extraordinary engagement, disbanded several weeks before they had expected to. And immediately those made richer and, by the same token, more avaricious by "Coquette's" long engagement, sued the producer for the additional salary they would have received had the play run its full time. The producer claimed they had closed because of "an act of God," and that he, therefore, was not responsible.

It was because of this contretemps that the anticipated Hayes-MacArthur baby was ballyhooed in the newspapers as an act of God and that Mary MacArthur is to this day known as "The Act of God Baby."

"I can only hope," says Helen Hayes, "that by the time Mary is grown, this incident will have been forgotten in the light of more amusing things."

It was in California, in a rambling house cradled in the foothills, that Helen rejoined Charlie. And, when the time came for the baby, Charlie and her mother journeyed back to New York with her.

Then once again the delightful MacArthur apartment on East End Avenue was occupied. Again cheerful fires burned on the hearth. Again friends took to dropping in at that intimate hour when the lamps were lit and the tea tray brought in.

Then on February fifteenth, 1930, Helen went to York House. Charlie did his best to wait at home with Mrs. Brown; to sit quietly until they telephoned him it was time to come. But finally he couldn't endure another minute of it.

"I'm going down, Brownie," he announced to Mrs. Brown.

At the door of York House the head nurse greeted him.

"It's a girl," she said.

"Helen?" questioned Charlie.

"She's fine, too," the nurse reassured him.

In a little while they let him in to see her. He reached for her hand.

Helen crinkled her nose indulgently. "Why don't you go out and get drunk?" she whispered weakly. She knew by his face how he had been suffering. And there was still maternity in her heart for Charlie, too.

Mrs. Brown came soon after that. And they brought the baby in. Charlie didn't say much. Men don't about red, newborn babies. But both Helen and her mother noticed the same look in his

(*Continued on page 99*)

Actual photograph of Miss Catherine Andrews after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

Does a home run set your waves WILD?

Keep them looking their best with* VANKAI *Wave Set

See yourself as others see you. If your hair is wild as a rookie pitcher, remember this way that others have found to keep their hair always beautifully wavy, attractively curly, any time . . . anywhere.

The secret is VANKAI Wave Set. This new wave-aid makes hair lovely and keeps it so—rippling, lustrous, and silky-soft. VANKAI makes perfect finger waves, and longer-lasting ones—gives permanents a new lease on life—shortens morning make-up time ten whole minutes. It contains no grease or wax; leaves no discoloration or sticky white flakes. In thirty thousand beauty parlors they use and recommend VANKAI Wave Set.

Buy a bottle today. Most 5 and 10c stores sell an extra-large 10c size; drug stores, the 25c size. For trial bottle send 10c, stamps or coin, to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

VANKAI WAVE SET

Adele Whitely Fletcher, who has such an uncanny ability to put on paper what every girl wants to know about beauty and charm and poise, has written a story about that elusive thing—personality—for our next issue. It's entitled, "Is Your Personality Awake?" And if yours isn't, this story will be its alarm clock!

You can't get more for your money
in quality or in size

It's a real bargain—this Heather Cosmetiko. Like the other Heather Beauty Aids—the rouge, lipstick, powder, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow—this mascara is as pure as can be, generously sized as you can see—and it adorns the lashes with the smart loveliness you desire. To think it only costs ten cents (fifteen cents in Canada)—the mascara cake and brush in a dainty box! Try it and you'll discover it's such a bargain in beauty that you'll try other Heather Cosmetics. Sold in all five and ten-cent stores.

HEATHER COMPANY, New York

HEATHER COSMETICS
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE . . . TRY THEM

JEAN HARLOW SAYS:

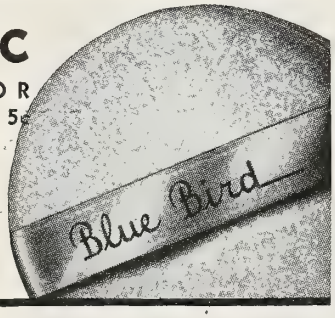
Freshen Up! with a Blue Bird POWDER PUFF

SECURE that healthy freshness for your complexion today. Use a Sterilized Blue Bird powder puff that will enhance and magically accentuate your own beauty. You will find that you will be able to apply your face powder with indescribable smoothness.

Blue Bird powder puffs may be purchased at the following leading chain stores:-

Kresge Co. *McLellan Stores* *Grand-Silver Co.*
McCrory Stores *G. C. Murphy Co.* *Neisner Bros.*
J. J. Newberry Co. *W. T. Grant Co.*

10c JUNIOR SIZE 5¢



Obtainable also at other leading chain and department stores.

The fun of the SUMMER OUTDOORS is often spoiled by PAINFUL SUNBURN and WINDBURN . . .

NIVEA CREME *Protects the Skin*

Nivea* Creme protects, soothes and smooths the skin. No stickiness or greasiness—no danger of collecting sand or dirt. No interference with work or play. Send for a trial tube—free!

**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

P. BEIERSDORF & CO.
Dept. M6 200 Hudson St., New York City

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 94)

tional studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Expert," "The Ferguson Case" and "The Rich Are Always With Us." Now working in "Two Seconds." All for First National.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Mr. Lemon of Orange" and "Young As You Feel," Fox. Now appearing in vaudeville.

DOUGLAS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., October 29. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided," Universal. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Prestige," RKO-Pathé; in "The Wiser Sex" and "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Now working in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract star. Starred in "The Age For Love" and "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Politics" and "Min and Bill"; starred in "Emma." Now co-starring in "Prosperity." All for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Now working in "Society Girl." All for Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage"; co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Back Streets," Universal.

DURANTE, JAMES; married to non-professional; born in New York City, February 18. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Passionate Plumber," "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." Now working in "It's Got To Be Big." Next will be "Speakeasily." All for M-G-M.

DURKIN, JNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City, July 2. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; in "Juvenile Court," Tec-Art.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Sky Devils" and "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Crowd Roars" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National. Now working in "Love Is a Racket," First National.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo., June 14. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sidewalks of New York" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M; and "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé. Now touring in vaudeville.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Over the Hill," "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Now working in "After the Rain." All for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Two Kinds of Women," "Strangers in Love" and "The Misleading Lady." Next will star in "Merton of the Talkies." All for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried, born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak," Fox; in "Greeks Had a Name for Them," United Artists; and "Lovers Courageous," "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "I Like Your Nerve," "Union Depot" and "It's Tough to Be Famous." Now working in "Love Is a Racket." All for First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR., married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Produced "Around the World in 80 Minutes," a travelogue. Now in Papeete shooting "A Tropical Knight."

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Heartbreak" and "After Tomorrow"; co-starred in "Delicious." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." All for Fox.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Producer-star. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in Lafayette, Ind., June 17. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Broadminded," First National; in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; and "Speed Crazy," Universal.

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in New York City, birthday unknown. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Beast of the City," "Freaks," "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." All for M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Girl from the Rio," RKO-Radio; in "Alias the Doctor," First National; in "Reckless Living," "Steady Company" and "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal. Now working in "Week End Marriage," First National.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," "Nice Women" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal; and "The Mouthpiece," First National. Now starring in "Out in Style," Universal.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Strangers in Love," Paramount; in "Man Wanted" and "Street of Women," Warner Bros. Now working in "Jewel Robbery," Warner Bros.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Possessed," "Hell Divers" and "Polly of the Circus." Now working in "Strange Interlude." All for M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Susan Lenox" and "Mata Hari"; co-starred in "Grand Hotel." Now working in "As You Desire Me." All for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." All for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "Law and Order," "Local Bad Man" and "Spirit of the West," Allied.

GIBSON, WYNNE; unmarried; born in New York City, July 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now starring in "Strange Case of Clara Deane." All for Paramount.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Phantom of Paris" and "West of Broadway." Now working in "Downstairs." Next will be "Candle Light." All for M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sweepstakes" and "Suicide Fleet." RKO-Pathé. Now working "The Information Kid," Universal.

GLEASON, RUSSELL, unmarried; born in Portland, Ore., February 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Homicide Squad" and "Nice Women," Universal. Now working in "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Stepping Sisters," "Good Sport," "After Tomorrow" and Careless Lady," Fox.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia; and in "Limpy" and "Huddle," M-G-M.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Skippy" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio. Now appearing in vaudeville.

GREENWOOD, CHARLOTTE; married to Martin Broones; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 25. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Palmy Days," United Artists; in "Flying High," M-G-M; and "Cheaters at Play," Fox. Now working in "It's Got To Be Big," M-G-M.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Just a Gigolo" and "The New Wallingford"; featured in "Are You Listening?" All for M-G-M.

HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Jacksonville, Fla., December 29. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "High Pressure" and "Heart of New York." Now working in "Miss Pinkerton." All for Warner Bros.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade," M-G-M. Now working in "Woman in Room 13," Fox. Next is "Unmated," RKO-Pathé.

HARDING, ANN; separated from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Devotion" and "Prestige," all RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Westward Passage."

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "The Up and Up," "The Chimp" and "County Hospital," Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox; in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; and "Beast of the City," M-G-M. Now making personal appearance tour.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Madelon Claudet," M-G-M; and "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now appearing on New York stage.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Susan Lenox," "Emma," "Beast of the City" and "Grand Hotel." Now working in "Night Court." All for M-G-M.

(Continued on page 116)

Romantic Life of Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 97*)

eyes they had seen there before, the look that had been in his eyes that day he had tried so hard to get a minister to marry them . . . a poignant kind of look, searching and tender.

WHEN Helen got home from York House all her Washington friends had to come for a visit and to see the baby. Most of them were young mothers, too.

However, growing strong again, Helen began to miss the theatre. Her house, staffed with well-trained servants, ran smoothly. Mary was in the capable hands of the French Anna.

There was "Mr. Gilhooley" and "Petticoat Influence."

Then the movie producers became importunate about Helen's signature on one of their flattering contracts. She signed finally with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to make "Lullaby" during the summer months when she wouldn't be engaged in the theatre. Charlie to do the adaptation.

It was last spring the Hayes-MacArthur ménage journeyed West. This time, of course, they had to rent a house larger than the one they'd had before, a house with quarters for Mary. They found an old ranch house which had been done over with unusual charm.

In midsummer "Lullaby" was finished. And a nearby suburb chosen for the preview. Helen went, of course. With Charlie and her mother. It was all very exciting. On the strength of the rumors based on the rushes of this picture Samuel Goldwyn had signed Helen to play in "Arrowsmith."

The little theatre in which the preview was to take place went dark. And the next thing Helen knew she was watching Madelon, the lovely French country girl, on the screen. Madelon, unable to resist the honeyed coaxing of her sophisticated lover from Paris.

It wasn't long, however, before she realized something was radically wrong. The scenes in themselves viewed in the projection room had been effective. But joined together they missed fire. The audience took to laughing at the wrong places.

Sitting there in that dark theatre Helen Hayes died a little death. She was faced with the humiliating fact that her first picture was a fiasco. The hand she slipped into Charlie's was deathly cold.

"If only," she said, "I could crawl out of here on my hands and knees and not face all these people."

The next day those in power at the studios during Irving Thalberg's absence intimated "Lullaby" would be shelved. Only when a company feels a picture is bad enough to jeopardize their reputation will they actually discard it.

WORKING on "Arrowsmith" Helen, naturally, was very unhappy. She had the feeling that having heard about "Lullaby," Mr. Goldwyn would much rather she wasn't in this new picture of his but that having signed her to a contract he didn't know how to get out of it. And likely enough she was right.

Then Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer came home from their European meandering. Helen and Charlie met them at Ruth Chatterton's house.

"I really feel I ought to apologize to you," Helen told Thalberg in her honest little way. "You had me come out here and you spent lots of money on my picture because you thought I'd be good. And now . . ."

Irving Thalberg smiled indulgently. It must have been a relief to him to meet a great artist so practical-minded and so humble. At any rate he said, gently, "I can't discuss 'Lullaby' with you yet. Because I haven't yet seen it. But I'm going to have them run it for me tomorrow and then I'll telephone you."

Waiting for the telephone to ring the next day Helen Hayes didn't act at all like an assured celebrity. She was frankly a young woman discouraged and a little ashamed. She was

(*Continued on page 117*)

This should be your constant day-time or night-time precaution against underarm perspiration discomfort and possible offense. Colorless—odorless—safe to use. **Instantly** and lastingly effective.

50c and $1 at drug and department stores

Introductory size on sale in 10c stores

Carolyn Heck's Instant HECK DEODORANT

HECK-CONARD COMPANY, INC., MM6-32
919 E. 21st St., Kansas City, Missouri.

I enclose ☐ 10c for generous introductory size or ☐ 50c for regular 2-ounce size. *To be sent postpaid.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____
Please print plainly.

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.
JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP
10 Cents
At Kresge's

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

WHY IS IT HOLLYWOOD'S CRUELEST STORY? SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE. IMPORTANT

Whitens While You Sleep

Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches, Vanish too!

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night . . . or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that *work*. Perfected by 30 great specialists . . . absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast . . . you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Keep Your Eye on Ann

(Continued from page 41)

And I had to get a job. I tried to think of something else I could do. What was there? Just French and dancing and I was a poor dancer. Against my will, I was forced to try to earn money the way all Hollywood kids earn it, during vacations and so on—I had to try the studios whether I wanted to or not." Ann's mother was an actress for years, Anna Lehr; and she, possibly, could have found work for her daughter; but Ann didn't want to go about it that way. She changed her name to the one she now uses, and went out on her own hook. M-G-M wanted some dancers for a chorus sequence. Ann tried out, got thrown out of the line, wormed her way back in, got thrown out again, got back in, and finally landed a chorus job that lasted three months.

Ann didn't want success as an actress. It didn't interest her. When musical pictures went out, and the hundreds of pretty dancing girls were discharged, Ann was the only one the studio kept. They had discovered that she taught dancing better than she did it. She taught Joan Crawford the dance Joan did in "Dance, Fools, Dance." She taught a girl a Spanish dance in a foreign version which Ramon Novarro directed, speaking French entirely because the girl knew no English, and to this day Ramon doesn't know that Ann is American. Already, although she didn't know it, the studios were beginning to guide Ann into their own channels. Fate had stepped in. A few months earlier, reporting for chorus work the first time, she wore no rouge, no powder, and her rehearsal costume was so ridiculous the director laughed and asked her what on earth it was. A modest little girl, Ann didn't want to show her legs. The other girls had on scanty, skin-tight trunks. Ann's dress had a long skirt. . . . But that was past. Against her will—very much against her will—she was conforming to the pattern of the studio. She commenced to use make-up. Instantly it brought out what her plainness had concealed before. She was a real beauty.

BUT she wanted to be a writer. With a studio job, offering her contact with actors and actresses, she chose for her friends the writers and musicians on the lot. They used several of her ideas. Emboldened, she tried once more to break away from the movies. She collaborated on a revue to go on the stage of a downtown Los Angeles theatre, writing words and music to several numbers. One of her songs, called "Go Tell the Devil," she designed costumes and stage-sets for. Something went wrong, and the idea blew up.

She was barely sixteen. "I couldn't get anyone to take my lyrics. I couldn't get a break on my songs. I wrote verse, and sold some of it to Cosmopolitan Magazine, but that wasn't enough to keep me in bread and butter." She had to make a living, and the studios could give her one. So she went to them.

Her new-found, fresh young beauty had not gone unnoticed. Two directors insisted that she make screen tests for them. She obeyed, but her heart was not in it. "I didn't think I'd photograph well, in the first place. I'm not good-looking enough, I said to myself; and anyway I'm young and self-conscious. I'm no actress."

The tests were poor. The directors let her alone for a while.

Again her youth conspired to keep Ann in the studios. Every time she reverted to her first ambition and tried to get a newspaper job, the editors said the same thing: "Two young!" When she attempted to write and sell short stories, youth stopped her again, for she had not had enough experience. If she tried to get a position teaching French, the reaction was, "Anyone so young can't know very much about it." About her songs, her lyrics, the agents said the same thing. They simply couldn't believe she had the ability. She played the piano beautifully, but vaudeville was no more; and, as for the concert stage, the answer was the same—she was too young, too lacking in technique and experience. We hear a great deal of the tragedy of being too old to find work. Little is said of the tragedy of being too young. No one would take Ann—except the studio.

AT the studio she met Karen Morley. The two girls liked one another on sight, and became fast friends. Karen went up like a skyrocket. Little dreaming that she would soon be doing the same thing herself, Ann was happy for her friend. When it became known that Karen was being considered for a part in "Scarface," Ann knelt and prayed that she would get it. She thought acting was grand—for other people. Not for her. Karen got "Scarface." Ann was radiantly happy. "When do you start?" she asked eagerly.

"The picture isn't all cast yet," Karen replied. "We're looking for someone to play the part of a little Italian girl about eighteen years old. Half the girls in Hollywood are trying out for it, and the director can't find anyone that fits."

Ann's phone rang a few nights later.

"Ann?"

"Yes."

"Karen speaking. Dress up pretty. I'm at a party, and someone is coming over for you. There's a man here who wants to see you. I've told him about you."

Ann went to the party and met the man. He was a director, someone murmured along with the introductions, but that was all she knew about him. She wasn't much impressed by her and she wasn't any more impressed by him. She sat at the piano, having a good time, and played one of her hot little rhythm numbers. Someone called out, "Dance, Ann," and she did a dance she was working out for Joan Crawford's next picture. The man who was a director came closer to the piano, watching her.

"You know, Miss Dvorak," he said, a bewildered look on his face, "I just remembered I've seen some screen tests of you. I can't understand it. They're nothing like you. If this is the way you are—I wonder, will you come over to the studio tomorrow and let me make another test?"

Ann obligingly made the test—still skeptical. She was asked to appear at the studio the next day. The director was there. He introduced her to the crew, who gathered around, looking at her, grinning.

"Well, we're all set," he told her.

"You're kidding me!"

"I'm not kidding."

Ann still could hardly believe it. A big part. But what of her writing—?

And the landslide was on. Within a week she was offered a contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and another by Columbia. "I held off. If I signed any contract, I wanted to sign where they were giving me my first chance. I owed them that, at least." It was Howard Hughes' studio—and now she's signed with them.

So Ann is pointed for stardom—slightly amazed by her own success.

Sally Refuses to Be Typical

(*Continued from page 56*)

. . . nor tired . . . nor unhappy. We could talk ten years and I doubt if you could find a sob story in Eilers. Of course, I've had my little disappointments and temporary set-backs . . . who hasn't? I'll even *air* a few of them for you if that's what you want. But honestly, with everything breaking so well for me now . . . I just can't seem to remember the times when I was blue and discouraged."

Which to our mind is one of the best human interest stories that has come out of Hollywood lately.

SALLY feels that her present frame of mind is largely due to the fact that she is fundamentally an "average girl."

"I suppose," she said, "that I've knocked about studios long enough to have acquired the *'Isn't it all so futile?'* outlook, but I've never seen the morning dawn that I didn't figure the good old chance lay just around the corner. I'm an incurable optimist!

"The funny part of it is that I've even *tried* to be a little bored with it all, because it seemed the popular thing to do! I've read so many stories of the heartaches of Hollywood that I began to feel that I should have a couple of my own. If not real honest-to-goodness heartaches . . . then at least a few good-sized complaints!

"With this idea in mind, I finally argued myself into believing that my dressing room on the Fox lot wasn't large enough. I had to argue with myself, because the truth was I was crazy about my little room. But anyway, I got myself all set to march into the front office and register an Eilers complaint. Mr. Sheehan (then head of the Fox Studios) said he would see me immediately if I was unhappy about anything. As I waited a moment in his outer office, I steeled myself for the little speech. No, my dressing room was not large enough! I needed roomier quarters. What for? No, that wasn't the way to look at it . . . I *needed* roomier quarters!

"Suddenly they said Mr. Sheehan would see me. I marched in. I stood in front of his desk. Mr. Sheehan inquired: 'Well, Sally, . . .'

"My knees began to knock. I thought of what a silly little girl I really was to take up this busy man's valuable time. I gulped a couple of times and then said: 'Oh, Mr. Sheehan, I just wanted to tell you how much I appreciate the break you have given me and how happy I am. I . . .'

"Mr. Sheehan smiled. I guess he knew me better than I knew myself. For he said: 'Don't worry about anything, Sally . . . we're taking care of you.' Two weeks later I had a grand new dressing room. *That's* how much stellar temperament I've got!

"The only time I did manage to get through with a complaint was the day this happened:

"'Bad Girl' had just been completed and we were about to have the preview. That day, as I was crossing the lot from the preview, I saw the men putting up a sample of the billboards on the picture. I couldn't believe my eyes—but there it was right before me: *SALLY EILERS and James Dunn in Bad Girl.* My name was in big letters leading the cast. I got so excited that I ran to a telephone and called my father. He said that he would be ready in about ten minutes if I would call for him. I told him to have the camera loaded to take some pictures. I wanted the proof to show my children! As soon as we returned, I led him to 'my' billboard.

"Again I could hardly believe my eyes! A new poster was going up . . . a new poster that read: *JAMES DUNN and SALLY EILERS in Bad Girl.* I asked the workman what it meant. They explained that new posters had come through on a last minute rush order and that these new ones were what was to be used in advertising the picture. Poor Dad! I think he must have suffered more than I did over my disappointment. In fact I felt so sorry for him—we felt so sorry for each other—that I actually *stormed* into the front office to find out what it was all about. Mr. Wurtzel explained to me that there were plenty of actresses who could be featured in Hollywood, but that all the studios were in need of men who could be built into names. He asked me if I couldn't see

Hollywood's *New Kind of* MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD—Powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow in color harmony for every variation of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead...created to screen star types by Max Factor, Filmland's make-up genius... is Hollywood's new kind of make-up.

JOAN CRAWFORD starring in M-G-M's "Possessed" Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively

Discover the amazing difference in Max Factor's face powder...each shade a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will never make it appear off-color, powdery or spotty. Tested under blazing motion picture lights, and proved perfect for you by Hollywood's beautiful stars. It produces that even, velvet-smooth make-up that clings for hours and defies detection...even the motion picture camera cannot find a flaw. Now you may share this luxury—Max Factor's face powder, created for the stars, at the nominal price of $1.00 a box. At all drug and department stores.

Find the way to intensify your personality with your own color harmony in Max Factor's Society Make-Up complete, powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow. Mail coupon below today.

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

24-6-3M

MR. MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor Make-Up Studios, Hollywood, California.
Without obligation, send me a purse-size Powder Compact, also, my make-up color harmony chart and my complexion analysis; and your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

their viewpoint . . . and before I left there I could so thoroughly see it that I was on the verge of suggesting that they make Jimmie's name even larger. I guess I just wasn't meant to be temperamental.

"But when you come right down to it, what have I to be temperamental about? I sometimes think I'm about the luckiest girl in the world. Certainly no girl ever had a sweeter husband than Hooter—no, I'm not going to be foolish and say that we never have our little differences, because we do, but they are always as much my fault as his. Fundamentally we are very companionable. I love the ranch as much as he does. I'm proud of the fact that his young daughter (of a former marriage) is fond of me.

"I'm glad for the nice break I'm getting on the screen . . . and I'm glad when people are nice enough to write and tell me they like me. I'm glad for the friends we have in Hollywood and I'm glad I have pretty dresses hanging in my wardrobe and that I have a nice car to ride in—and I'm *glad* that I'm glad! If I ever get to the stage where these things mean nothing to me, something real and precious will have gone out of my life. I guess I'm just a wee bit hopeless for a sob story. Maybe you'd better call off the interview . . ."

What do you think about calling off the story? Isn't it a relief . . . and really nice . . . and awfully, awfully human to hear Sally's gay, refreshing slant on Hollywood stardom for a change?

Because A Girl Laughed

(*Continued from page 47*)

into a champion. At the pool of the Illinois Athletic Club, he met Johnny.

"If you'll do everything I say for a long, long time, I'll make you the swimming champion of the world. What do you say?" Bachrach said after watching Johnny swim.

JOHNNY considered. Here was an opportunity to develop his body under the direction of one of the world's greatest coaches. And even if his muscles didn't grow big and imposing, no girl would dare laugh at the world's champion! So he agreed.

For a year Johnny worked under the iron discipline of Bachrach. He lived a life that a Spartan warrior would have rebelled at. Then, in the National Championships at Honolulu, he flashed to victory. In 1924 and in 1928 he competed in the Olympics and won the place of Olympic champion.

Years of rigid training and exercise had built that long, lanky body into a physique of muscular perfection. His shoulders broadened and his chest deepened. Beneath the skin of his arms and legs, the great, supple muscles writhed and rippled. No longer did women laugh—but still Johnny was afraid. He had not forgotten the laughter of that girl on the beach at Chicago.

As president of the B.V.D. club, he toured the country, teaching the youth of the nation how to swim.

One night in Miami, Johnny went dancing at one of the exclusive hotels. Seated near the dance floor, in company with her manager, sat Bobbé Arnst, musical comedy star. Her eyes followed the graceful, broad shouldered figure of the champion swimmer through the maze of dancers.

"Who is that chap?" she asked her manager.

"Oh, just an athlete," he shrugged, "you wouldn't be interested."

A few days later Bobbé Arnst decided to take a swim in the famous Roman Pools. As she approached the pool, her gaze was arrested by the sight of a bronzed figure which cut the water with the speed and grace of a darting trout. As the swimmer reached the end of the pool and climbed out, she realized it was the same tall young man whom she had noticed on the dance floor—then she realized he was Johnny Weissmuller, champion.

And so the romance of "Tarzan" began. Days in the clear Florida pools, hours on the white curving beaches, walks under the flooding light of the tropic moon. Bobbé Arnst is a tiny person. Johnny held her in his great arms as gently as a mother holds a babe. She rejoiced in the splendid strength of this man who had chosen her and they were happy, deliriously happy. Suddenly both of them disappeared. Two days later Johnny walked into his hotel room.

"Well?" demanded "Stubby" Gruger, his pal and buddy, "where have *you* been?"

"Getting married, old top," grinned Johnny, "to the finest girl in all the world!"

"Aw nerts!" said Stubby, "and you always tellin' me to lay off the dames!"

"But this," said the grinning Johnny, after the manner of lovers since time began, "is different!"

And it is different. Even Hollywood, with its opportunities and its temptations has failed to dim the light of that romance. Johnny and his wife live quietly, immune to the gay life around them. In each other, they have enough to be content. "Tarzan" has found his mate.

"Tarzan" was not an easy picture to make. Its demands upon the strength, stamina and courage of its star were great. No "double" could be used to perform the hazardous feats, for no "double" existed. Weissmuller never faltered. Accustomed to the waters of tepid pools and sunny seas, he was forced to work in a California lake where the mercury registered close to freezing. He was forced to work with

Cry all you like
-this new mascara is
WATERPROOF

EVEN the teariest talkie can't spoil your eye make-up if you use Liquid Winx. It is the one mascara that's really waterproof—that won't smudge or run—ever.

And how it flatters eyes! It makes your lashes look dark—long—full. It keeps them soft. Men are captivated by such lashes.

Liquid Winx is easy to apply. Beauty authorities recommend it. . . 75c at all drug and department stores. . . Or send 10c for the convenient Vanity Size.

winx

ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th St., New York City—Dept. M-11
I enclose 10c for Liquid Winx Vanity Size.

Black_____ Brown_____

Name_____

Address_____

ZIP 50¢
DEPILATORY CREAM
Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All Stores. Giant Tube 50c. Small 10c.
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
(Formerly $5.00) Now in a new $1.00 size package
Permanently Destroys Hair

A New Perfume

A rare, exquisite blend of precious flower scents. Black Velvet! Chosen by discriminating women everywhere for its subtle, elusive odor. You'll be thrilled by this delicate new perfume. Price per ounce $2; a superb value! Send for

Trial Bottle

Get a generous trial bottle of Black Velvet perfume today! Send only 20c, in silver or stamps. Write us now!

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872) 154 •1st St., San Francisco, Cal.

wild animals whose tempers are at the best, uncertain. He almost lost his life when a huge elephant misunderstood his trainer's orders. The long, dizzy leaps from limb to limb and the swinging of his body at the end of trailing vines was work for a trained trapeze performer, but Johnny couldn't do it.

As to being in the movies, Johnny says, "I want to keep on making pictures, and I intend to if there's a place for me. I know I'm no Clark Gable but there ought to be something for me. Bobbé is making tests now and it will be grand if we can both settle down here in Hollywood doing screen work.

Family First

(*Continued from page 43*)

He even risked the stigma of cowardice for their sake. When the World War broke out, Dix was in Canada. It was a swell chance for him to get into a real scrap—and there's nothing he'd have liked better. They had asked him to enlist—

Dix thought it out. It'd be great to sign up, go over there. . . . But it would mean sacrificing the excellent salary he had worked up to in the theatrical profession and depriving his parents of his support. He made his decision.

"I am an American with family obligations," he said, simply. "I see no reason to desert my family to join the army."

It took courage, in those days, to do that. But family came first.

And so it was with his love-life (and probably nobody'll be madder than Richard Dix about having it all talked over like this!)

Naturally, with Dix's rise in the film world after he came to Hollywood, there would be women in his life. Hollywood sees romances where there are none; Hollywood's tongues whisper love-tales at the slightest pretext, no matter how flimsy. And so, despite Dix's constant assertions that he was not in love, there were successive rumors of his betrothal to this one and that one.

"As a matter of fact," he once told a friend, "I've only been in love twice in my life—once at the puppy-love age—when I was seventeen—and met a red-haired girl named Dorothy, and now with the girl who has become my wife."

BUT Hollywood knew better. Hollywood watched the reaction of more than one woman to this handsome bachelor—for it was inevitable, wasn't it, that more than one woman would set her cap at Dix? And so, little by little, there grew up around Richard Dix the legend of a heart-smashing, ruthless, love-'em-and-leave-'em, lady-killing sheik.

One beauty after another ran the gamut of these rumors. Notably, there was Lois Wilson, whose heart was supposed to have been irreparably shattered by Dix's ruthlessness. Bosh!

And there were Mary Brian, and Charlotte Byrd, and Alyce Mills, and Marceline Day. And Maxine Glass, the most recent of the many girls to whom Dix was "engaged," according to talk. Every month a new name.

Through all these tales, Dix set his jaw and said nothing. "What *could* I say?" he'd reply to acquaintances who urged him to set the rumors at rest. "Anything I might say would be made to sound caddish, so I'll say nothing." He never told the truth—that he wasn't letting himself in for romance *because he knew he couldn't afford to get married!*

On one of the very few occasions when he did speak of love and himself, to a friend, Dix said:

"Despite all reports to the contrary, my life has been devoid of romance. Not because I haven't wanted to marry. On the contrary, I've wanted for long to be married. A man should marry.

But there was my obligation to my family. And I don't believe a man should marry until he is able to give his wife the best of everything."

WHAT of Dix's big movie earnings, you ask?

That's where the tale of his playboy gambling comes in. It has been told that Dix, recklessly, plunged into the market, gambled away a fortune, left himself and his dependents penniless. Nothing could be more untrue.

The fact is that Dix, seeking to better his family's lot, sought to invest his earnings. Came the market crash, and Dix found himself, like countless others, faced with "paper losses"—not actual losses, because he owns outright the securities in which he invested. But with stocks at low levels—well, the story's an old one.

Dix made up for the paper losses, though. Contract renewal time came around. Talkies—"Cimarron," especially—had brought Dix new fame, new standing with fans. Dix fought for his reward—and got it. His new contract gives him a splendid income. As a matter of fact, that new contract at last gave Dix the right in his own eyes, to take a wife.

He had provided for his family—he had a beautiful home in Beverly Hills for them. More, he had a big ranch, hidden away from Hollywood, where his father spends most of his time. Investments in the name of his folks will assure them always of a comfortable, full life. Dix had made good.

And so the bachelorhood for which Hollywood never knew the real explanation was ended. Dix at last was able to think of matrimony. And whom

DON'T LET THE SUN *Dry Up* YOUR BEAUTY!

Keep your skin smooth and supple with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

A HOT summer sun may be fine for your health, but what it does to your *skin!* The scorching rays bake out its natural oils... leave your complexion dry, dull and lifeless.

Soon, wrinkles appear. Parched tissues shrink and shrivel. Your skin, deprived of its essential moisture, grows brown, taut and "leathery."

Here's the safe way to protect your complexion. Every day, before you go out, use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder. Its luxurious *Olive Oil* base (found in no other powder) acts as a "softener" of sun-dried skin... soothing it, restoring its normal suppleness. OUTDOOR GIRL *clings* for hours, yet it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover why millions of women will use no other. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Large size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the *Olive Oil* and Lightex face powders and the new *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

Lightex in the red box for oily skins . . . With *Olive Oil* in the purple box for normal skins.

Crystal Laboratories, Dept. O-6, 130 Willis Ave., New York

Kindly send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

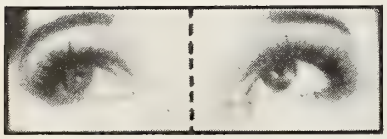
*City*_____ *State*_____

If Motoring Makes Your Eyes Burn . . .

do this for quick relief!

When you return from motoring or other outdoor exposure with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes, here's the way to get quick, safe relief. Simply apply a few drops of harmless *Murine* and the irritation and redness will disappear in a jiffy!

Remember, too, that Murine is the favorite eye clearer and brightener of famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps eyes *always* clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60c at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna!



MAKE THIS TEST! ***Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!***

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

CONNIE BENNETT HAS A FRIEND—A GIRL ENTIRELY UNLIKE THE SOPHISTICATED, HAUGHTY-TO-INFERIORS CONNIE. THE WORLDLY MISS BENNETT WOULD RATHER SPEND AN AFTERNOON WITH THIS GIRL, CHATTING ABOUT CLOTHES AND MANICURES AND FINGER-WAVES, THAN ATTEND THE MOST EXCLUSIVE SOCIAL FUNCTION. AND THIS OTHER GIRL IS SO DIFFERENT FROM CONNIE! BORN IN POVERTY, SELF-TAUGHT, A NAIVE CHILD ABOUT MANY THINGS WHICH ARE EVERYDAY MATTERS TO CONNIE BENNETT. WHO IS THIS GIRL? DON'T MISS THE CHARMING, HUMAN STORY ABOUT HER AND THIS FRIENDSHIP. IN OUR JULY ISSUE

did he pick to be his happy bride?

Once again, the family influence enters the picture. For his bride, Dix chose a girl his own family had picked —beautiful Winifred Coe, whom he met at his own sister's home. A girl not from the movie ranks, but from the world of his non-stage family. A girl whom Dix could compare, and favorably, with his own mother.

It was a few months before his marriage that Dix, to a friend, uttered prophetic explanatory words.

"I have been accused of having a 'mother complex'," he said. "Well, what of it? When it comes to selecting a wife, I shall certainly compare her with my own mother. Maybe that doesn't sound fair—but I think of a wife as a mother of children—and the kind of mother my own mother has been." Winifred Coe measures up to that requirement.

Incidentally, five years ago one of Hollywood's fortune tellers told Dix that some day he'd marry a girl "outside the motion picture profession." That's come true. But the fortune teller also said that Dix shortly thereafter would retire from pictures. And Dix replied at that time:

"When I get married, if I ever do, it'll be my ambition, then, to live in an old-fashioned way with my wife in a house by the side of the road and let the rest of the world go by."

What does he say about his possible retirement now? Dix says, "Well, who knows?" We hope he won't retire but —after all—his obligations are fulfilled, his family is well cared for, his own life is settled and happy. Who knows?

She Has Hollywood's Number

(*Continued from page 31*)

too," her eyes laughed as she mocked the English countryside manner, "but we only ride bicycles. And bicycles, well, they just don't make the social grade the way a Kentucky gelding does.

"So now we have our own crowd. They're people from the theatre mostly. Not people who can help us any. Professionally, I mean."

I began to understand why Barbara has been called a stormy petrel on occasion. Anyone who won't stand in line, who doesn't conform, is always called that. The executives no doubt find Barbara difficult. The honeyed threats they aim at her don't hit home; don't drop her into that old morass of fear. Hollywood and her name in electric lights are important enough to Barbara but not too important.

"Well," she has announced more than once, "if I'm not going to be happy here, if I'm not even going to have the satisfaction of making good pictures, I may as well quit. I can go back to the dramatic stage . . . If that fails me I can still turn cartwheels . . . And if both of these things fail me . . . well, I know I can scrub floors."

You can see for yourself how very disconcerting this would be. It is the one thing Barbara isn't expected to mention. For successful people, not only in Hollywood but the world over, are supposed to shed humble pasts the way a snake sheds its skin.

However, don't let me give you the idea that Barbara is the temperamental kind who holds up production and makes things difficult in the studios. She's too good a trouper for that. Once she agrees to go to work on a picture, she works. Making a scene in "Forbidden," you know, she insisted upon finishing her day's work even after her horse had tripped and fallen upon her, knocking her temporarily unconscious.

Barbara's also trouper enough to have a matter of fact confidence in her own ability. She has an idea that eventually she'd like to be a director. And then, so it wouldn't sound as if she were taking herself too seriously, she explained:

"I've learned a lot of the tricks. I know how you hold your head in your hands when a scene's got you . . . how to run your fingers through your hair when a big emotional scene is under way . . . how you jingle your keys or exploit some other eccentricity of genius all day long. . . ."

THERE never is anything malicious about Barbara. Always there's a twinkle in her deep blue eyes. Nevertheless, I can see how there might be those who don't like her, who flinch a little at the very thought of her direct eyes regarding them. When some people turn in your direction you instinctively hope your hat is at the right angle, and that your lipstick is on smoothly. Barbara Stanwyck wouldn't notice things like this especially but she would notice your pretenses and affectations and think it very stupid and foolish of you to bother having them.

BARBARA doesn't fool herself on fame in relation to marriage any more than she does on Hollywood in relation to fame. She knows perfectly well that such extraneous things as your name in electric lights and your weekly pay check swelling the family bank account have nothing in the world to do with the equation between husband and wife. She waits on Frank, sees that his socks are darned, that his pocket handkerchiefs are fresh, and that his tie is the right one for the suit he is wearing just as if she were a wife without another thing to do. I said before that Barbara still wants pretty much the same things she dreamed about long before she was famous. And she does. What's that old song . . . "a boy for you, a girl for me . . ."?

Well, Barbara sings it the other way round. "A girl for you, a boy for me . . ." She wants, at least, a Kathleen and a Michael. And if Kathleen or Michael doesn't arrive very soon, Barbara isn't going to wait patiently any longer. She and Frank Fay had a twofold purpose for their holiday in New York. They wanted to play the Palace, of course. But they'd also heard about a little Irish orphan being offered for adoption . . . a little orphan, one and a half years old, with red hair and freckles . . . But they got here too late.

As you've probably judged, I'm for Barbara Stanwyck. And thinking of her I keep remembering a Golden Text I learned years ago in Sunday School. "What doth it profit a man," it asks, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Whether or not Barbara knows that verse she knows the answer.

Lew Ayres' Marriage

(*Continued from page 29*)

"She has given me a home!" he said quietly. But there was a flush on his cheeks which lent a deep significance to the simple statement. "You can't know what that means," he added after a moment, "unless you've been without one as long as I was—being around playing in jazz orchestras, hanging on a peg next to my hat, so to speak. A home—of my own!"

Lew didn't think that the rest of his statement was interesting, but I felt differently. Remember, when considering Ayres, that he is essentially of the youngest generation; he is, or should be, Modern Youth personified. One naturally expects from him the characteristics with which modern youth is constantly tagged. And yet—

"Marriage has put my feet on the ground," he told me earnestly. "It's given me—well, something secure and real, something to work on. Something to answer to. We all need someone to whom we are accountable—and we'd all like to give a good accounting, don't you think?"

"Then you believe in the old-fashioned wife?" I asked. But Lew shook his shining young head vigorously.

"I like a woman to show domestic tastes and some domestic ability," he declared, "but not to the point where she neglects her husband for her house, no siree!"

I found out, however, that he got a great thrill from having his socks darned and that the sight of Lola with a dust-rag in her hand was to him the most beautiful and picturesque bit of scenery to be found in America.

IT isn't the actual housework that I so enjoy seeing her do!" he explained hastily. "It's the symbol of

BE YOUR OWN BEAUTY EXPERT!

READ—

"Screen Stars'

BEAUTY and FASHION for SPRING and SUMMER"

AT last—a practical reference book on beauty—at the cost of a magazine! Complete, up-to-date, authoritative, it brings its beauty advice from the world's beauty capitol—Hollywood. Just examine this partial list of its contents!

Every Girl Her Own Beauty Expert
New Ways To Fix Your Hair
Fashion Forecast
Consider Your Eyes
Your Own Personal Beauty
Take Care of Your Hands
Fashions of the Screen Stars
Tub Frocks Go To Parties

How Can You Make It Over Your Own Wardrobe

Here's the advance fashion and beauty information you've been looking for! Its pages are filled with valuable hints and suggestions . . . how to wear your hair with the new tilted hats . . . hints on eye make-up . . . many illustrations showing the newest in spring dresses—modeled by your favorite movie stars . . . sensible suggestions for remodeling your frocks to fit the latest mode . . . and a fashion forecast telling you what to watch for when you buy a new dress.

For beauty's sake!—be sure to have your copy of "Screen Stars' Beauty and Fashion."

At S. S. Kresge Stores and S. H. Kress Stores

housework—what it stands for spiritually—the whole significance of domestic peace and happiness which that little dust-cloth suggests; it gives me strength and courage for my work—just looking at it in her pretty little hand. Can you see what I mean? I'd hate her to be a household drudge—but the fact that she loves to putter about the home makes me feel that I have something real and vital to work for—something sort of eternal, something permanent. And if my work on the screen shows improvement, it is because of this; that marriage has given a new depth and meaning to every part of my life."

Lew thinks a woman should cook, but only on the cook's night out. He has distinct, well-formulated ideas about what constitutes charm in a woman, and chose his wife deliberately. For a boy so young, he has had a wide choice, and is remarkably disillusioned about women. This is perhaps due to the fact that women, especially young girls, are apt to lose their heads over him—perhaps in part because he is notoriously girl-shy. Nothing revolts him so deeply, however, as a girl who runs after him, and he had no use for petting-parties or necking, even before his marriage.

"It always disgusted me," he said, as unqualifiedly as any thirteen-year-old, freckled-face kid. "Women ought to think more highly of their favors than that! I like a girl who's balanced—who uses her brains and whose body is trained for wholesome outdoor life as well as for love."

But it seems he likes them to be very feminine in their grooming. Not only must a woman be immaculately clean and neat, but she must use good perfume and plenty of it. A woman who cries terrifies him; and one who cries for no good reason fills him with contempt. He hates a crybaby, or a woman who is too helplessly dependent on her man.

"LOLA is my partner," he said, "not just a dancing-partner, for we don't go in much for night life—I had enough of that with the Cocoanut Grove orchestra, and others before it. But I mean she is my partner in a true sense. We hunt together, ride together, and we read the same books. But, above all, she is my partner in living—real, simple, straightforward everyday life. The life every husband and wife should live.

"That, perhaps is the biggest thing marriage has done for me—it has given me someone to pull with, to pull for, and to share my troubles with as well as my successes—if you can call my career a real success so soon. There's not much kick in getting a good break when you're lonely. You want someone to share it with.

"Most of us have awful moments of fear and loneliness," he went on thoughtfully, "when we lose faith in our own ability, our courage about the future. And that's where marriage—real marriage—is the greatest help in the world. In no other relationship can you find the strength that comes of true understanding. No friend, no partner, no member of your own sex—not father nor mother, dear though they may be—can give a man the help, the courage and the renewed ambition that his wife can constantly inspire in him—and thank God, Lola gives it to me!"

Did I say Lew Ayres was a nice boy—a real American boy with all the sort of qualities your son and mine should have? Or the sort of chap you'd like your daughter, when she chooses a husband, to marry?

Well, what do you think?

LOSES 24 POUNDS OF FAT IN 31 DAYS

SAFE EASY

SANE QUICK

Depicting the captivating charm and physical attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

Thousands upon thousands of fashionable women are increasingly placing their faith in a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning before breakfast to safely lose excess fat and give them a beguilingly slender, trim figure—glorious health, new energy, strength and great body activity.

Mrs. C. La Follette of Shepardsville, Ky. writes: "I take Kruschen and find it fine. Reduced 24 lbs. in 31 days. Ate all I wanted, 3 meals a day. Feel like a new person."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and leading drugstores the world over heartily recommend this pleasant, effective treatment. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Remember Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a marvelous blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—then just watch excess fat gradually disappear!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Learn Radio in 10 Weeks
TELEVISION
TALKING PICTURES
Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by ten weeks of practical shopwork in the great Coyne Radio Shops. Free Employment Service. Write today for our Big Free Radio and Television Book.
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School, Dept. A2-9E
500 South Paulina Street - - Chicago, Illinois

How to Obtain
A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance
My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to
M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 307, Binghamton, N. Y.

SONG-POEM WRITER
Gets Thrill of Lifetime
When Large Audience of Friends Hear His Song, which we set to music, sung over the Radio.
The opportunities offered anyone having ideas suitable for successful songs merit immediate attention. Music Publisher's confidence in Big 1931-1932 Season, shown by paying writers $5,000.00 Advance Royalty on single song.

Don't Fail to Read
"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—M.M. Newcomer Associates 1674 B'way, New York N.Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of Modern Screen, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for April 1, 1932.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of Modern Screen and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: publisher, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.; managing editor, none; business manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Syndicate Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of March, 1932.

(SEAL) MAY KELLEY.
Notary Public, N. Y. County.
N. Y. County Register's No. 3K-506.

(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

Carole Lombard's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 65*)

much more effective *without* the foliage and fancy ribbon. That dangling earrings can—and often do!—ruin the loveliest gown. (I never wear them off the screen.) There are innumerable things that each one has to learn for herself. Sometimes a green feather in a hat takes away all the charm from a face . . . and then again it adds a cute piquancy.

"Now with me, for instance—there are colors which usually look well on blondes that simply don't suit me. Like brown. It gives me a washed-out look and an awfully uncomfortable sensation as if I'd been told to sit in a corner. Reds and orchid—ugh! Not for me! All bright, vivid shades (with the exception of emerald green and corsair blue) make me think that they're sweeping me before them. You know—Lombard lost in a tidal wave of color. I need soft, non-committal shades like gray and dead white and black. The champagne hues of tan are favorites of mine, too. And these new aquarelles, such as water-green.

"Do I design some of my costumes now? Of course! It's a grand pastime, and a kind of hobby with me. Last winter Travis Banton made up a gown from one of my sketches that Bill was especially fond of. It was formal; fashioned entirely of white bugle beads. It had very long lines and a trick back. The white velvet wrap that went with it was also very long and had leg-o'-mutton sleeves and trimming of silver fox. Another outfit that Bill liked immensely was a three-piece beige sport ensemble of broadcloth. The top coat was one of those big swanky affairs. Bill's tastes and mine are similar—fortunately. It's so satisfactory when your clothes please yourself and your husband at the same time!

"If they didn't," Carole added with a wise little look, "I'd dress the way *he* wanted me to at night and I'd dress to suit myself during the day. Men generally pay more attention to formal costumes anyway, I think."

HUSBAND BILL certainly ought to —and undoubtedly does—adore his wife in that angelskin satin evening gown shown on page 63. It is a pale flesh color and I can't imagine anything better adapted to bring out the charm that is Carole's own. The supple lines are reminiscent of the Grecian with those sheaths of material crossing in front and swinging low over the shoulders. They form a train in back and so does the skirt which achieves fullness below the knees. The simple classic cut is further accented by the simplicity of the Lombard headdress. A striking effect. And not a jewel or ornament in sight save the

SCANDAL followed Judy

Wherever She Went the Shadow of A Dark Secret Hung Over Her Life

JUDY had always known there was some secret in her mother's life . . . her mother with the tragic violet eyes and snow-white hair. From town to town they had moved, always pursued, always haunted by this terrible mystery.

What she did not know and could not foresee was that this scandalous secret was to cast its shadow on her own life and make her run in horror from the boy she loved . . . the boy who loved her, not knowing who she really was.

Don't miss this powerful, gripping story by Pearle Botsford, "Scandal," in the May 17th issue of SWEETHEART STORIES.

In this same number are seven other complete, absorbing stories, by such popular authors as Florence Eberhard, Nancy Cabell, and Dorothy Lull. And there's an exciting new serial by Katharine Haviland-Taylor beginning in this issue.

Be sure to get the May 17th

Sweetheart Stories

15c—At All Newsstands—Now

FORM DEVELOPED

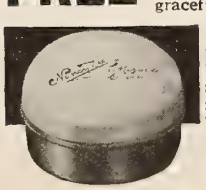
Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands.

Yes, in just thirty short days you can increase your feminine charm and mould your contours to the firm, youthful shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

FILL OUT YOUR FORM this New Easy Way

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how undeveloped your figure may be, you owe it to yourself to try this wonderful method. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my figure fill out until now it is shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

FREE My valuable new Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form and how to fill out the figure to graceful, feminine curves.



Mail Coupon with only $1.00 and I will mail you large container of Miracle Cream, with complete instructions for developing shapely feminine form, together with FREE BOOK, all in plain wrapper. Offer limited. Send at once.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-6
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-6
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me large container of Miracle Cream with instructions and Free Book in plain wrapper.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

"I Have Plenty of Dates, Now!"

"I never paid much attention to my hair, feeling that I just couldn't afford to go to a beauty shoppe every week or two. Then one day a friend gave me a secret for making my hair soft, lustrous and wavy, all by myself, right at home. STA-BAC Curl Set was the secret—and what a magic wand it proved to be! Why, since I've been using it regularly, I'm twice as popular with the boys as before."

Sta-Bac Curl Set is the *perfect* waving fluid for either finger or water waves. Highest quality. Leaves no white flakes. A big 3½ oz. bottle for 10c—enough for 4 complete applications. Try Sta-Bac!

at S. S. Kresge Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES
ST. LOUIS Q2

Corns

for Soft Corns
for Hard Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. FREE SAMPLE. Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1642 Locust. St. Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

SAVES HANDS—SAVES TIME

For quick cleaning of all kitchenware. Rustless—no splinters. For sale near the magazine counter. 10c

Mystic Mit Makers, W. Orange, N. J.

The MYSTIC MARVEL

THE ALL-COPPER KITCHEN SPONGE

REMOVE FAT This SURE WAY

From any Part You Wish Reduced. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary.

Guaranteed to Satisfy

Thin-O-Creme

a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means.

A cream-like preparation—a product of modern science, rigidly tested and proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, bust, hips, legs or any other part of the body harmlessly and absolutely without any inconvenience.

Limited Special Offer

REDUCED PRICE ONLY $1

Send $1 and save postage. If C. O. D. a few cents extra. Money to be refunded if not pleased. Send your order today to

THIN-O-CREME CO.,
Dept. F4, 395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

diamond bracelets on her right arm. In accordance with the mode she wears them in a cluster. A single bracelet, as you know, is as passé as the Eugenie hat. To me, that modeled V neckline would be utterly spoiled had she worn a necklace. I've seen so many necklaces destroy the beauty of a lovely gown; they add a superfluous note or they are of a design at odds with that of the décolletage.

It takes more courage and discrimination to tone down a dress, to allow it to stand out by itself, than it does to decorate it!

Carole has another gown of the same satin which Banton has just completed for her. (He makes many things for her personal use as well as those you see her wear in pictures.) This gown is of a luscious pale corn-yellow. It swoops up the front in the spring mood of frocks everywhere—quite high up the front. The back it leaves without a stitch unless you count the narrow suspenders that cross at the waist. A yellow velvet waist-length jacket goes with it. The sleeves are the kind that swell above the elbow and end in long, slim forearms (a type of sleeve that's very much the vogue right at present). This pale yellow, by the way, is wonderfully becoming to Carole as it is to most girls with pale gold hair and gray-blue eyes.

But if you wish to cause a dazzling white glow, choose a gown like that crêpe roma of Carole's, shown on page 62. It's truly clever. The bodice does a rather disconcerting thing by having those shoulder straps go demurely down the back and fashion the belt. It's tied directly in front, handkerchief style. The circles of brilliants are something new and they're employed in a novel manner. No jewels of any kind here. They'd be a bit too much with the sparkle of all those brilliants. Her slippers are white crêpe.

I SUPPOSE," Carole said, "one needs most of all the ability to face facts in dressing. You can't wave away certain limitations of types. For example, can you fancy me in ruffles and tiers of flounces and bits of lace? I can go in for extreme lines, though. As a matter of fact, I like them. Those with snap and dash. My hats are always extreme. There's one I wear with a mottled gray tweed suit that goes on at an absurd tilt. It's a turban made of the same material and banded with the caracul fur of the suit and it has a gray silk bow in front to match the shirtwaist. The suit? It's the kind you jump into for all occasions—lunching, shopping, matinées. The small shoulder cape is bordered in the fur. So is the bottom of the jacket and the sleeves have flaring cuffs of it. The front is button-trimmed." (There's a picture of it on page 64.)

We fell to discussing suits, the sudden importance of them. Carole owns a black and white tweed that's very comfortable for the foggy days which are a part of every California spring. The tweed is of that new, loosely woven variety and it's trimmed with lynx. Lynx in generous quantities on the collar, sleeves, and around the lower part of the jacket. There's a wide belt of black suede and the blouse that accompanies it is white crêpe with a soft neckline. Her pumps are black kid. The hat she wears with it is gray with a rolled brim of black and a black feather points heavenward up the back.

Carole hasn't a "faddish" article in her entire wardrobe. Some of these new suits might be classed as such. Those with tight-fitting mess jackets are for the moment only. They're cute, I grant you, but they belong to the very young, the very slim and long-legged. If you're a co-ed and you want something new to finish the last term, one of these bellhop flannel coats that have trig metal buttons, saddle shoulders and cap sleeves is excellent to go with a wool crêpe skirt. If you're a business girl I advise against it. It would be far more profitable to purchase a suit that can serve many purposes merely by changing the accessories and blouses. Smart women all over are doing that very thing.

CAROLE'S three-piece green suit (shown on page 65) lends itself admirably to this scheme. First of all, that top coat is the kind that may be worn with "dressy" frocks. Charming green silk prints with shirred organdie yokes, lustrous new crêpes in beige, parchment suede laces in yellow to blend with the leopard skin fur. The coat has a pleasing fullness, yet it's semi-fitting. Those sleeves in one with the yoke of leopard skin are fashion's last word. The suit that completes the ensemble is as swagger as any you'll find this season. The skirt straight and trim, the jacket hip length and double breasted. The buttons that march down it are very large and it has a narrow belt of the leopard skin. And wouldn't you know it would be topped with a rakish little hat having a slightly rolled brim on either side? The green kid slippers have a tan trim to match the heavy chamois gloves.

It's too bad heavy coats of tan will be taboo this summer. A nice even tan all over your back would be very easy to acquire in these latest bathing suits. Most of them are of such brilliant hues that you feel as if you'd walked right off a signboard. And one and all they reveal the spinal column in no uncertain way. The smartest are those that come in one piece and are made of wide-ribbed, heavy silk. Carole has this kind. (See page 65.) It combines corsair blue and white and there's an intriguing small bow at the end of the low décolletage in back. Her beach sandals are of washable crêpe. All beach wear has taken a new lease on life and it's determined to lend more color to the sad sea waves than ever before. With a red and white striped wool shirt you use blue flannel slacks. Then the bright bloomer suits with ribbed knees, cross-over straps and square neck, dot the landscape. The bandana handkerchief has come to the front, too—you tie it around your neck and wear it for a waist. Carole chooses an all-white jacket for the beach. A startling jacket that gives her a "pow-

der puff" silhouette. It's made up of yards and yards of jersey trimmed with balls of white yarn. With this, of course, she wears a white jersey bathing suit.

AT Malibu, beach pajamas still hold sway for all hours, but they're of an altogether different mode than those worn last summer. When Carole was invited to the beach home of a famous writer recently she appeared in delightful beige satin pajamas patterned in the Russian style. (They're pictured on page 64.) The blouse, with its small stand-up collar and buttoned closing, was loosely tied with a sash. The flowing sleeves and wide trousers found a complement in the positively enormous hat. This hat was a beige straw that sported a brown bow in back to give it character. A highly decorative costume. Ideal for Malibu and it established a new vogue there.

Beige satin, incidentally, is stressed in Carole's wardrobe. Her "best" negligée is fashioned of it, and trimmed all the way around with sable. Her everyday negligées and house pajamas are of washable crêpe in the pastel shades she loves.

"It's a good idea," announced Carole, "to save your fine frocks by having house garments of some kind to slip into. They're inexpensive—easy to put together—and they certainly keep the dry cleaning bills from climbing up."

She's a practical person. Most well-dressed women are. She plays the part of a model in this picture she's just finishing—"Sinners in the Sun." And she wears *one hundred and fifty* different costumes in it. "The only time I ever tired of clothes was when I was being fitted for all of them!" she confessed.

Carole has a black and white dinner gown that's a gem. Literally. The waist is a solid mass of pearls. The sleeves are slightly puffed above the elbows and then are tight to where they extend over the wrist. Long ties of the beaded material fall from the surplice closing. The black crêpe skirt is floor length and matched by the black slippers. A flawless gown that enhances the Lombard beauty. (Look at the picture of it on page 63.)

But if your mind is occupied with weddings and graduations and such things, here's an idea for a frock that is synonymous with June: White organdie embroidered in silver! Now if *that* doesn't make you think of moonlight and roses, my dears, nothing will! A crushed silver girdle indicates the high waistline and a diminutive peplum, four inches wide, is edged with the silver. The dress is worn over a slip of dull crêpe and white crêpe sandals complete it. Silver sandals would have given it a garish aspect—made it seem overdone. It's by being attentive to such little things as this that one arrives at chic. As Carole says—*you've got to care*. That's the important thing.

Stars' Weirdest Stories

(*Continued from page 68*)

appearance of one in a trance. "They are for escape, those steps," she said. "Always the tapestry has covered them. They lead to a long, dark tunnel . . . and it leads out under the gardens . . ."

This time she did not ask for confirmation. She knew, with a sure instinct, that she was right. She did not even hear the guide's awed affirmation.

Pola herself has no doubt that in a previous incarnation she lived at Versailles.

"However," she says, "I only expect those who have visited a new place or done a new thing to experience a strange feeling of familiarity; those who have said to themselves 'I have been here . . . I have done this before,' to believe me.

"Six months after my visit to Versailles, curiously enough, I was given the rôle of DuBarry in 'Passion.' It was this picture which brought me world-wide fame. I am not surprised that it did. The months during which I played DuBarry were the happiest in my entire life. I went about always in a daze.

"Why the world is so loathe to accept the theory of reincarnation I cannot understand. Nature does not waste our bodies. Eventually they go back into the earth to enrich it. Why, then, persist in supposing she wastes the most valuable thing about us, our souls, our spirits—whatever you choose to call them!"

A YEAR or more ago a sister of Barbara Stanwyck's who recently had died appeared to Barbara in a "dream."

"I'm hopelessly lonely," she told her, "and I want my little boy."

"But it wouldn't be right for you to take Junior away," Barbara protested. "It wouldn't be fair . . . Why he's hardly had any life at all."

"That's true," her sister admitted, "but there's no one here I know . . . no one . . . I don't think I can go on without someone who is close to me."

Up until this time Barbara never had talked much about spiritualism, or thought much about it, in fact. But this visit from her sister who had passed on was so distressing, so vivid, and so real that she wrote another sister in New York City telling her all about it.

This letter, however, never reached her sister. The night before it arrived, returning from the theater in a taxi, Barbara's sister complained that she

ColorShine is only 10¢ a bottle—*why pay more?*

YOUR tan, brown, blonde, and light colored shoes—keep them looking always new with ColorShine Neutral Creme. ColorShine not only cleans the leather, but softens it for comfort, and seals it against damaging grit—adding months and months to the life of your shoes. Yet the generous-sized bottle sells for only a dime.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for white kid, white cloth, black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes a lasting black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

• • • •

ColorShine
SHOE POLISHES
MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW
10¢ 15¢ in Far West and Canada

You'll like the convenience and economy of

KAPAK *Sanitary Napkins*

You can buy Kapak Sanitary Napkins at any S. S. Kresge store in your neighborhood in quantities of twelve, six, eight or three. There is a package for every requirement.

Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the most modern sanitary conditions, of finest materials. Deodorant, high absorbent. Easily disposable, with close-fitting oval shaped ends. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are the most convenient and economical sanitary protection you can buy.

Package of 1 doz. Kapak Sanitary Napkins, 20c
Package of 6 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 10c
Package of 8 Junior size Kapak Sanitary Napkins 10c
Package of 3 Kapak Sanitary Napkins . 5c

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

The MARVEL WHIRLING SPRAY

Millions of women have established the MARVEL WHIRLING SPRAY *as the standard for Feminine Hygiene.*

PHYSICIANS AND NURSES
EVERYWHERE RECOMMEND IT.
Send to
Ethel D. Wilson, Registered Nurse, c/o **The Marvel Company**
New Haven, Conn., for free booklet,
"The Correct Practice of Feminine Hygiene".

BlondeHair

Good News! Now blonde hair that has darkened is made actually lighter — is brought back to a uniform, lustrous golden shade. How? By GOLDETTE SHAMPOO powder. NOT A DYE! This unique shampoo will KEEP your hair a beautiful even golden hue. Puts new life and golden color into faded hair. Results are so natural—watch if anyone detects! Contains no peroxide, ammonia, or harsh, irritating bleaches. Is utterly harmless. GOLDETTE is a superb shampoo. Use it for healthier hair and scalp—even if you are not interested in improving color of hair—then the golden color you will surely secure is just an added result.

Send for Sample

Send only 10 cents for one complete Shampoo in plain package —and FREE INFORMATION. Write today. No obligations.
Cecil Studios, 4246 Lincoln Ave., Dept. A271, **Chicago, Ill.**

felt unaccountably sleepy. Her husband had her take a little snooze, her head on his shoulder. She never woke up.

At the inquest the physicians, unable to find any specific cause for her death, attributed it to heart failure. Her heart had been tired out, they said, and had stopped beating. This is a likely enough explanation for the sudden death of an old person, of course. But Barbara's sister was not yet forty-five.

"It could have been coincidence," Barbara says, "but I'm not sure. I can't quite convince myself that visit with my sister really was a dream. At the time I felt certain I was awake. And there was a strange quality about the whole thing which I've never been able to describe or explain."

NATACHA RAMBOVA has been interested in spiritualism for as long as she can remember. And considering the close bond which existed between her and Rudolph Valentino, it is, I think, logical to assume that Rudy, too, was possessed of psychic tendencies.

She did not think it at all strange that she had known Rudy was dead before the cable arrived. "The night previous," she said simply, "we'd had word Rudy was much improved. However, I awoke that morning to know the odor of tuberoses and all day their heavy perfume persisted with me. I was, therefore, entirely prepared for the cable when it arrived that afternoon, waiting for it, in fact."

LEWIS STONE'S story came to him from the first mate aboard the ship upon which he sailed to Shanghai. Several years ago it happened, on a night when the dark was so thick it seemed to press close beside you. The sea was quiet after a heavy storm. The second watch had sounded. The second mate was on the bridge.

Suddenly a man appeared on the bridge. He wasn't anyone the mate ever had seen before. He wasn't one of the crew. He wasn't a passenger either. He was gaunt and his clothes were ragged, dirty, too. His face was weary and marked by intense suffering.

As the second mate looked up his manner implied a question.

"Not straight ahead," said the stranger. His voice was a whisper so hoarse it froze the blood. "Not straight ahead, I tell you. One and one-half miles to the right. One and one-half miles to the right."

And then, before he could be questioned, this mysterious man slipped out of sight. The mate followed him. He thought he saw him scuttle along the dark deck until he got amidships where he climbed over the rail.

As he fumbled with the searchlight the mate cursed his trembling hands. Finally he managed the adjustment. He sent a shaft of light darting out over the calm black water. At last it picked up a small dory. The strange, gaunt man was at the oars.

Returning to the bridge the mate obeyed a compulsion he did not even try to understand. He set the course as the man from the sea had directed. He set the course one and one-half miles to the right.

Naturally this change had to be explained. When the first mate heard his fellow officer's weird story he studied him with real concern.

"You'd better turn in and grab some sleep," he said. He was as superior as people are inclined to be when they hear about something they've never experienced. "You must be in a bad way to see visions coming up out of the water."

The first mate's superiority, however, was short lived. The following midnight he was on duty. And again the gaunt man from the sea appeared.

Slowly he shook his unkempt head. "Not straight ahead," he said. And again his voice was a whisper so hoarse it froze the blood. "Not straight ahead, I tell you. One-half mile to the left. One-half mile to the left."

"And," the first mate explained to Lewis Stone, "even while I obeyed his orders—and they were that—he disappeared."

A call from the look-out sounded the next morning just as two bells rang five o'clock. Off the port side were sighted three life-boats. In them were the survivors of a ship which had gone down three days before. Tied to one of these boats was a small dory. In its bottom lay the still body of a gaunt, ragged man.

"The second mate and I don't talk much about it," the first mate confided to Lewis Stone. "No use dwelling on such things or you go nuts. But the man in that dory was the man who'd appeared to us two nights running. It was the dead man in that dory who'd directed our course so we'd come upon those three boats . . .

"It isn't as if only one of us had seen him . . .

"But, as I say, we don't talk much about it, either of us. It's better to try and forget such things . . ."

And now, coming to the close of these weird stories the stars tell, once again I ask:

Do you believe in ghosts . . . in reincarnation . . . in mental telepathy . . .?

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

up over the line of the frown about twenty-five times—hard. Always start at the bottom and rub up. You should do this faithfully until you see results—and remember not to frown in between times.

Blondes—what shade of eye-shadow have you been using? Blue, I'll wager. Try green for a nice change. Very effective. And here's a trick for everyone to use in applying eye-shadow. You know those colorless pomade lipsticks? Well, rub a little of the pomade over your eyelid before applying the shadow. It's marvelous. And in the daytime—when many girls do not wish to use eye-shadow—a touch of the pomade will give the lids that waxy look—like

Greta Garbo's—which is very alluring.

While we're talking about eyes, there's a less pleasant matter that ought to be mentioned. People who are subject to sties can do much to stop their appearance if they will apply pads of gauze or cotton wrung out in water as hot as can be tolerated. It's a good idea for everybody to do this once in a while. Restful and refreshing and cleansing, too. I'm frequently asked about eye massage. Although I'm a little bit afraid to recommend it unreservedly—since the eye is such a delicate mechanism and the skin around it so sensitive—I will nevertheless tell you how the best beauty operators do it. Cream is applied over the eyelid and under the eyes. The index finger of each hand is rubbed across each eye, from the nose to the temple, giving a slight tug to the skin as it reaches the temple. The touch must be as light as a feather. Then the two index fingers circle under the eyes, giving a little upward tug here, too, at the outer corner of the eye. This treatment gives you that relaxed feeling after a hard day and it is excellent for preventing the crêpey texture that comes to the eyelids of even very young people.

HERE'S a good circulation stirrer-upper that only takes five minutes. Wash your face with warm water and soap. Dry it with a turkish towel. Apply cold cream—a whole *lot* of cold cream. Apply it over the neck and chest, too. Slap your skin briskly for a minute or two. Remove the cream. Now wash again with soap and warm water and give your face a final rubbing with the rough towel. If you want to be real finicky—and, incidentally, keep that fresh-as-a-daisy look all through your evening date—you'll do this: wring out a towel in ice water. Pop it over your face and put a dry towel on top of the wet one. Keep the two towels on till your face feels hot. Then look and see what a gorgeous color you've developed!

Girls with thin faces—try the claw massage! Anoint the face with cream and then, with your thumbs and fingers spread out in claw formation, pluck at the fleshy part of your cheeks. Pull 'em out and let them snap back into line again. It will not only fill out the hollows, but it will also work up the circulation in grand style.

Chin-strap users would do well to put a pad of cotton soaked in strong astringent between the strap and their too-plump chins—it's more effective.

And while we're on the subject of reducing, here's a good exercise for fat upper-arms. Drop arms to the sides, quite relaxed. Then clench fists tightly, pulling the arms down as far as you can without pulling the shoulders down. In other words, *feel* the pull rather than actually do it. Then swing the arms, with a forward motion, up over the head, with the fingers stretched as high as you can. Try this exercise twenty-five times night and morning.

Here are a few make-up hints. Remember to fluff your face powder onto your face—don't rub it in. Smile when you put on rouge. And smile when you apply lipstick, so you won't get those disagreeable up-and-down ridges in your lips. Some evening when you've nothing better to do, melt down the ends of your almost-used-up lipsticks and pour the result back into a lipstick mold. This is *not* a thrift hint, what with the best lipsticks all being reduced in price, but it's kinda fun to do and the composite lipstick resulting is fun to use for a change.

Summer powder-base hint: fan your face after applying a powder base lotion or cream if you want your powder to go on smoothly. And I beg of you girls with oily skins—who have, of course, been using a lotion base—not to desert it in the summer simply because it takes longer to work into the skin. Keep using it and try the fan method.

Speaking of summer, reminds me that our feet are going to be in evidence again. And some feet are so very disillusioning! You can conquer the callous evil, you know, by persistently soaking your feet in warm, sudsy water and then rubbing at the calloused spots with the flat side of a pumice stone.

And also, speaking of summer, how many of you have a cosmetic kit? You'll be going away on your vacations and up to the country for weekends and, really, those little kits are indispensable. Most of them cost around two dollars and fifty cents and they contain, of course, the preparations of the manufacturer who makes them. There's usually cleansing and tissue cream, skin tonic, a liquid cleanser, liquid and cream powder bases, and face powder. I wouldn't be without one for weekends. When the original preparations are used up, you can refill the containers from regular sizes of the same preparations or substitute your own favorites.

Most Thrilling Film of All

(*Continued from page 37*)

He wears the uniform of the Imperial Navy. Scenes of thanksgiving and joy among his relatives and his father's retainers. But he still has trouble with his seaman's language, although most of the time he manages to use "By Joe" as a nice refined substitute.

HE sees service in German West Africa and has adventures among the tribes there, after which the warship heads back toward Germany, and one of her stops is to be at a little isle off the West Coast, one of the Canary group, called Fuerta Ventura. Lieut.

An Inexpensive way to keep your hair
WELL-GROOMED!

Every day thousands of women are buying Sensation Hair Nets at their neighborhood Kresge stores, to keep their hair tidy and beautiful all day . . . to keep their waves in place at night . . . to act as a Sanitary safeguard in homes and offices.

Sensation Hair Nets offer the two-fold advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap shape. Natural shades.

Buy a half dozen Sensation Hair Nets today. Convince yourself of their economy and high quality.

5c Each

6 for 25c, Sold exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE CO.

5c, 10c, 25c and $1.00 stores

GIRLS! HAVEN'T YOU FOUND THE MODERN HOSTESS TESTED RECIPES INFALLIBLE? MORE NEXT ISSUE

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

PHOTO Enlargements

Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.

ONLY 49¢ EACH

Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 50c with order and we will pay postage.

BEAUTIFULLY Carved Frame FREE! To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 506, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BE THIN
It's Easy Now

Millions of people, in late years, have found it easy to reduce, Modern science has discovered a great cause of excess fat. A certain gland becomes weak. Its secretion largely affects nutrition. Its absence means that too little food turns to energy, too much goes to fat. That is why fat people become lazy—all due to that weak gland.

Since this discovery, doctors the world over have been feeding that gland factor in obesity. A like gland taken from food animals.

The results are seen in every circle. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Now all fashions, all ideas of youth and beauty, are based on slenderness.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this right method in right form. A famous medical laboratory prepares them for this purpose. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others the results, and Marmola has become a major factor in conditions which you see about you—slender figures, youth, beauty and vim.

Stop the hard and harmful methods until you see what Marmola does. Combat the cause, as all modern doctors do. As weight comes down, watch your vim come back. Don't wait longer while so many are enjoying these results. Start today, and stop when you are normal.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce
$1 at all Drug Stores

Sent FREE
RHYMING DICTIONARY AND TALKIE SECRETS

SONG WRITERS

Send poems or music for songs for free examination and advice. We revise, compose, arrange any instruments. Copyrights secured. Publication contracts negotiated.

MAHONEY ASSOCIATES, 949-A, Broadway, New York, N. Y.

IF YOU HAD BEEN IN HELEN TWELVETREES' PLACE, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

HELEN WAS FACED WITH A TERRIBLE DECISION. NO ONE ELSE COULD DECIDE FOR HER. IT CONCERNED HER HUSBAND—WHO WAS LYING TERRIBLY ILL IN A HOSPITAL—AND HER PERFORMANCE

SHE MADE THE DECISION. BUT WAS SHE RIGHT? WATCH FOR THIS IN MODERN SCREEN

Luckner has the watch and stands scanning the sea. An island appears over the horizon, a green isle with palms and white cottages. He quickly recognizes it. It is the same that he saw when he was pig boy aboard the Russian Niobe. It is the isle where the fairy princess dwells.

He goes ashore, alone, in a dream, and wanders among the palms and flowers. He sees the fairy princess and pursues her, but she is only an illusion.

That night a reception is held aboard ship in honor of the local Royal Spanish Society. Luckner, always the entertainer on every ship, is obliged to get himself up as a Hindu fakir and amuse the crowd with the magic tricks he learned from a troupe of Hindus in Australia. He is in the middle of one of his tricks when his hands grow clumsy. He sees his fairy princess. She has come in on the arm of her father, a portly American. The Count is all confusion and unable to go on with his act. He stops abruptly, slips back into his naval uniform and immediately seeks an introduction to the blonde Irma and her father. He finds that they are on the island for the latter's health. The moloch of big business has nearly made a wreck of the American millionaire. He has a villa on the island.

Among those in the gathering is another man of wealth, a Eurasian from Bombay. A sleek, polished, immaculate and somewhat sardonic combination of Oriental and Occidental. His mother was a Malay, his father a Scottish cotton merchant. From the latter he inherited the Highland name of McCall McCowan. He is interesting the father in various far-flung financial projects—and is in love with the daughter.

During succeeding days the Count courts Irma. The Eurasian regards the breezy sailor with a venomous eye. There is a scene between the two men, guile against open strength. Luckner rushes Irma off her feet with his impetuosity. They become engaged. The polished rejected suitor from Bombay swears that the marriage shall not take place. Luckner laughs at him.

But before the month is over, the War comes and the marriage is postponed until the return of peace.

Then one day he gets a hurried summons from the Admiralty: "You are to take a sailing ship out through the British blockade," snaps the old sea dog, "and raid the seas."

THE raiding ship is a stout American built clipper. Only one man of the crew is not ideally fitted for the cruise. He happens to be the son of a high German official. Von Spitz believes that he should be in command.

Then comes the running of the blockade, the search by a British cruiser and the hood-winking of the British.

A heavy storm blows the raiding clipper off her course. At last when it clears, the Count sees that he is near the Canaries. The lure is too great and he is unable to resist the temptation of sailing nearer for a glimpse of his dream isle where his fairy princess lives.

Off Fuerta Ventura: The commander stands on the quarter deck, gazing through his binoculars. He picks out the villa of his Irma. He must go on with his buccaneering cruise. Waving farewell to the island, he swings his ship's bow to the West and the island drops from view.

But what is that? A yacht is bearing down upon them and she flies the British flag. Here may be an ideal opportunity to take on board a fresh supply of provisions, of which they are badly in need as a result of everything getting soaked through in the gales of the north. "Wait till we are near her," says Luckner, "and then . . . "

Aboard the yacht: Irma, her father, and the Eurasian from Bombay, whose yacht it is, are returning from a short pleasure cruise, little dreaming that a raider might be in these seas. There is a scene between the girl and the swarthy McCall McGowan—"you might as well forget this blustering German because you are unlikely ever to see him again."

While they are talking an old clipper ship is steering toward them. "Isn't she a funny old tub," says Irma.

Suddenly the harmless clipper's concealed gunports open. The German flag of war runs up the masthead. Consternation and surrender.

The Eurasian is mortified—green with rage.

The Count is in a quandary. If he lets his new prisoners go, why then his whole secret will be out and the Allied world will know that a German sailing ship is at large on the seas as a merchant raider.

He decides there is but one thing he can do—take Irma and the rest along. Irma, high spirited young lady that she is, doesn't mind that a bit. Her sputtering father is speechless with outraged dignity.

The raider sails away looking for ships to capture.

Von Spitz, subtle and elegant, sees that the Eurasian, McCowan, hates the Count. Their common hatred of von Luckner quickly draws them together and they plan to overthrow him.

Then follow the capture and sinking of many ships.

The Eurasian and von Spitz confabulate.

"I have been sounding out the prisoners," says the Eurasian, "but things are not right. Luckner is treating them too well. They cannot be trusted. It would be dangerous to say anything openly to them. But wait. Sooner or later the right kind of men will come aboard."

Aboard the old Pinmore: Captain Greggins, the saltiest old time sea dog on the ocean, is having trouble with his Malay crew. Mutiny is threatening. Half a dozen Malays refuse obedience. The grim skipper walks among them, marlinspike in hand, and cows them. But he knows it will go hard with him and his officers unless something turns up.

A sailing ship is sighted. She cuts across the Pinmore's bow.

Aboard the raider: Luckner studies the distant ship through his glass. He descries the name "Pinmore."

"Gott in Himmel! My old Pinmore,"

he says to Irma who stands beside him. "How well I remember her. I sailed on her on one of the worst voyages of my life. But she was my first good ship, and she carried up through all the storms the tropics could hurl at us. Must I capture my old friend now?"

Von Spitz, who is nearby, speaks up. "Duty is duty."

Luckner glares at him, but knows he must take the Pinmore.

Aboard the Pinmore. Captain Greggins is watching the approaching ship. Suddenly the German war flag runs up, and a shot whistles through his rigging.

"Hard aport, and raise all sails," howls the skipper. "The Pinmore can sail with any windjammer on the sea."

He is determined to run for it, shooting or no shooting, but the crew breaks into open mutiny. They refuse to obey and draw into a crowd together. The skipper dashes at them and fells one with the marlinspike. The Malays draw knives. The skipper and his officers pull back. The Malays swarm after them. The officers defend the bridge, and a lively skirmish ensues. The old skipper and his mates are about to succumb when a boarding party from the raider clambers on deck, and quickly the Malays are knocked about and subdued.

The Malay prisoners come aboard. Luckner treats them with little ceremony. They helped him capture the Pinmore, but he has small use for mutineers. The Eurasian and von Spitz are delighted. The Malays are the men for them.

"They are my people," says the Eurasian, "and I understand them. They are cunning and savage fighters."

Luckner goes aboard the Pinmore with Irma, and spends a long hour communing with past memories. He tells Irma about that frightful voyage.

But he must sink the Pinmore. He goes back to the raider, feeling that he is killing an old friend. He hides himself in his cabin, while his men blow up the ship with bombs.

THE Eurasian begins his work with the Malays. They have a sacred Malay dance. The plot is to rush the ship at night. Von Spitz has arranged it so that they will have free access to the place where the weapons are kept.

The time comes. Everything is set. The Eurasian goes to the cabin of the Captains, awakens them, assembles them, and tells them the ship is about to be captured. The signal will be given in five minutes. When a shot sounds, they are to take command of their men among the prisoners and lend a hand if need be.

"I am capturing this ship," he says, "in the name of the Allied powers to which you all owe allegiance. And we will make it hot for these Boches and this pirate Count."

Captain Greggins, the Englishman, skipper of the Pinmore, leads with his right and knocks him down. The two Malays with him jump to the rescue of McCowan, and there is a violent scuffle, with the Captain pinioning them. "We've been treated like gentlemen," shouts Captain Greggins, "and I'll have nothing to do with treachery."

Everybody on board is awakened. Luckner comes running. Greggins tells him what happened. Luckner shouts orders. Meanwhile the Malays, seeing that the alarm has been given, are trying to rush the place where the weapons are. After a stiff fight they are beaten down, the giant laying men about him on all sides.

Von Spitz, while taking an important part in the attempted revolt, has successfully kept in the background.

The raider with her sails billowing, goes scudding south toward the Horn. In a storm they give the slip to the British cruisers that are standing guard at the Cape. More captures of ships in the Pacific.

The raider puts in at the tropical island of Mopelia.

The Eurasian and von Spitz lay another plot. Their plan this time is to seize the ship and make away, and McCowan intends to abduct Irma.

The plot almost succeeds. Irma is seized and taken aboard the ship at night. A tidal wave comes. It cannot be avoided. The frightened plotters swim ashore. Luckner ashore sees Irma on the deck. He swims out and saves her while his ship is hurled high on the reef and wrecked.

And now they are marooned on the tropical island. The Eurasian, von Spitz and the other plotters escape into the jungle. They stay out there as a renegade force. They have skirmishes with Luckner's men. A state of war exists. In the meantime, Luckner has laid out a tropical colony, with tents and streets, for himself and his marooned force. They have plenty of supplies from the wrecked boats.

Life naturally becomes trying to the renegade band. They are without supplies, and have to exist on fruits, turtles' eggs and birds that they shoot. They begin to get on each other's nerves. The Eurasian and von Spitz both brood over the failure of their schemes and begin to distrust each other. They quarrel over a bit of food. They clinch and struggle and finally, locked in each other's arms, plunge over a ledge into the sea. The waters into which they fall are infested with sharks. Triangular fins are seen. The two men are dragged under as they swim. Their followers stumble back into von Luckner's camp.

Life in the tropical paradise of Mopelia. Then the return of peace, and the customary happy ending.

That's movie stuff. It's my favorite motion picture, but it will never be made.

THE CRUELEST STORY IN HOLLYWOOD

A MARVELOUS STORY ABOUT ONE OF FILMDOM'S MOST WONDERFUL PERSONALITIES—OUR NEXT ISSUE

Nestle
COLORINSE
NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH

RESTORE the Glowing Glory of Your Hair

ALLURING in its sheen of natural, radiant silkiness is the hair that is washed with ColoRinse. There is a tone and tint, a soft, shimmering loveliness, that is youthful and entrancing. ColoRinse is just a harmless vegetable color.. twelve shades to choose from . . . you can use it with complete confidence. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

SUPERSET

Lengthen the life of every finger or water wave with Nestle SuperSet Finger Waving Lotion. Make it more lovely, more subtle, more glamorous. It is greaseless, fast drying, and free from any sediment.

Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Put new vitality, new health and vigor in your hair. Use Nestle Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff and cleanses the scalp. Free from soap or alkali, it makes the ideal shampoo.

The Nestle-LeMur Co., New York City.

10¢ Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores large size at your beauty parlor, drug store or department store.

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

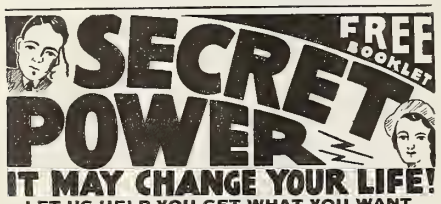
FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.

Dept. 11 Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.

CORNS Instant Relief

Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for 100% safe, instant relief. Loosen and remove corns in 2 days. Heal sore toes. At drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



IT MAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

LET US HELP YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT.

Read these testimonial letters from SECRET POWER users:
"Getting results in business. Business good."—St. Joseph, Mich.
"Secured position."—Houston. "Used it to get money."—Momence.
"Collected a debt owed me for two years."—Portage, Pa.
"Making progress as salesman."—Auburn, N. Y.
"Brought me financial gains; today finds me in literary field."—Waco.

Know more about SECRET POWER! Send for a FREE amazing booklet that is causing a sensation among men and women. Due to its unusual contents, the stir it is creating has surpassed all expectations. This booklet is yours, FREE of charge or obligation. SEND FOR IT! PATY CO., 618 SOUTH WESTERN AVE., DEPT. 147 LOS ANGELES

LIKE A GOOD CRY?

IF YOU DO, YOU MUSTN'T MISS HAGAR WILDE'S WONDERFUL STORY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. IT'S CALLED "LITTLE BRAT"

IT'S THE STORY OF A LITTLE ORPHAN WHO—GUIDED BY HIS PRACTICAL AUNT—BECOMES A MOVIE ACTOR. AND OF HOW HE BOUGHT A BOUQUET FOR THE ACTRESS HE WAS PLAYING WITH, BECAUSE—

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 12*)

with cheese sauce and fresh tomatoes.

"And," he continued, warming up to the subject, "of course there must be a salad. Preferably a highly seasoned cole slaw salad, one of those that my wife says has 'everything in it but the kitchen sink.' I like to have the salad served as the French serve it—mixed in a large bowl which has been first rubbed with garlic. The bowl should be passed for each person to help himself."

"How about dessert?" we asked next.

"I am a trifle foreign in my ideas about desserts," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I usually like to end the meal with fruit or cheese and crackers, but sometimes I do like a deep dish apple pie, with a sauce to accompany it. And *no* dinner is really complete unless it finishes off with a demi-tasse and a Corona cigar."

LUNCH was over and it was time for Mr. Robinson to hurry back to the studio. But before we parted he promised to tell Mrs. Robinson that we were going to call and ask her for the recipes for some of Eddie's favorite foods.

Mrs. Robinson was a trifle amused at the menu her husband had given us.

"He certainly did manage to cram in all his favorites," she laughed. "But I quite agree," she added, "that any man would be enthusiastic about many of the things my husband likes—though perhaps he likes them a little more highly seasoned than many do. For instance," she continued, "he likes his steak flavored with garlic. This is grand, of course, *if* you like garlic."

"We *adore* the flavor of garlic," we said. "But just how do you use it with steak?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Robinson, "while the steak is broiling you melt four tablespoons of butter in a pan, and to this add a little salt and pepper, a quarter of a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and half a clove of garlic, minced so fine that it is practically a paste. When the steak is cooked to suit the individual taste (my husband likes his medium rare), it should be placed in this sauce and basted with it. The steak is then put on a hot platter and served with the remaining sauce poured over it."

"That sounds delicious," we enthused. (And really, when we tried it out later in our own kitchen we found that it tasted even more delicious than it sounded.) "But before we forget it, Mrs. Robinson," we continued, "doesn't Mr. Robinson like soup?"

"No, he isn't very fond of soup—except onion soup. He likes that very much—and I think most men do."

"Mr. Robinson seems to like onions," we observed.

"Yes, he does. And the French fried onions he mentioned are particularly delicious."

That sounded very good to us. In fact all the foods mentioned by the Robinsons sounded so good that we could hardly wait to get back to our model kitchen to try out the recipes which Mrs. Robinson so generously gave us. We are going to give you here the recipes for the Hungarian deep-dish apple pie and for the sea-foam sauce to accompany it. And we have had printed on cards to form this month's folder of Modern Hostess Star Recipes, the recipes for French fried onions, baked macaroni and cheese with fresh tomatoes, cole slaw *piquante*, and also a recipe for croustades of chicken and asparagus paprika, (another favorite of Edward Robinson's, according to his wife.) These recipes are all so inexpensive and simple to prepare that you will not want to save them for just party occasions, but will serve them for the enjoyment of the members of your family—and won't they love you for it! So fill in the coupon on page 12 right now, and mail it to us. We will then send you the folder of recipes.

HUNGARIAN DEEP-DISH APPLE PIE

6 large apples
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup blanched almonds, chopped
¼ cup melted butter

Peel apples and slice thin. Add to them the lemon juice and rind, the raisins, sugar and cinnamon. Add half of the blanched almonds and the melted butter. Mix thoroughly and place in deep, buttered casserole. Cover with a rich pastry crust, prick the crust to allow steam to escape. Brush crust with white of an egg, sprinkle lightly with remaining quarter cup almonds and bake in moderate oven (375°) for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with the following sauce:

SEA FOAM SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup sugar
yolk of one egg
½ cup boiling water
1 teaspoon vanilla
white of one egg

Cream the butter. Mix together the flour and sugar and add to the butter, gradually, creaming well together. Beat the egg yolk well and add to the sugar and butter mixture. Add the boiling water, stirring constantly. Pour mixture into top of double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Cool slightly and just before serving add vanilla and fold mixture into the stiffly beaten egg white. (Lemon extract may be substituted for the vanilla if desired.) This sauce is also good on puddings.

More About Hollywood

(*Continued from page 84*)

Simultaneously with a threatened thirty-day jail sentence for blond Mary Nolan on account of a salary mix-up over wages for some employées in the now defunct Mary Nolan Gown Shop—we noticed that Mary had signed to act in a picture called "Arm of the Law"!

LOOKS like Hollywood has a new fad. Everyone seems to be wearing turtle-necked sweaters. Clark Gable started it—and now even Marlene Dietrich sports them. The other night at the wrestling matches, Marlene appeared in a mannishly tailored suit of dark green under which she wore a white angora turtle-necked sweater. Chevalier is another who favors these sweaters, along with Wally Ford.

BOBBE ARNST (Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller) is now appearing at Hollywood's swankiest night club. The girl can dance—and what a gorgeous figure! Bobbé says that she gave up her stage career when she became Mrs. Weissmuller because it made Johnny happy. But since he's been busy before the camera and microphone, she felt the old urge. As long as their respective careers don't separate them, Johnny says okay to Bobbé's.

IT was a great day at the studio when Wally Beery got Carole Anne, his newest adopted baby, all dressed up for a show-off to the gang. Wally picked out the pink dress she should wear and personally dressed her for the occasion.

When Carol Anne had been introduced to one admiring group, Wally would hold out one huge finger and the little girl would wrap her tiny hand around it and they would walk off together. You would have loved the picture of the two of them . . . Wally is *so* big . . . and Carol Anne is so *very* small. He calls her "Squirt" . . . but doesn't that sound more like Wally than dressing little girls in pink?

Bill Powell took his wife, Carole Lombard, down to the beach last night for some fun. They rode the coaster and played all the games. They won five slabs of bacon . . . all stale.

Open Letter to Bob

(*Continued from page 70*)

grin and a grain of salt and held your temper about. You've shrugged them aside as just "part of the game." But this latest gossip story to the effect that you are leaving Betty, and that there will be a divorce between you, now that the baby is gone . . . this story makes you plenty red-headed. Mad . . . and just a little bit sick that gossip can be so unkind and untrue and so *baseless*. You've been angered into a silence that really should be explained.

Why don't you tell them the truth, Bob? Tell them that those few days when you were out "house hunting" a week or so after the passing of the little baby daughter who was with you such a short time, you were looking for a new environment for Betty, who was heartbroken and couldn't go with you. That house, with its little deserted nursery was a nightmare of unhappiness to you both and you wanted Betty to be free of its little ghost. So you went alone to look for another house and the smarty gossips whispered; "Montgomery's moving . . . looking for a house by himself . . . now that the baby's gone there's nothing to hold them together."

That's all I have to say, Bob. Good luck . . . and plenty of it.

Sincerely . . .

WALTER RAMSEY

Frankest Break-Up

(*Continued from page 45*)

not to continue. June Collyer has not been on the screen since she married Stuart Erwin. A difficult thing, to give up the promise of a brilliant career. But possibly tremendously wise.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are happy—but they are both equally successful players. The same is true of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. And Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. And William Powell and Carole Lombard. But would their marriages have lasted if either the husband or wife—particularly the wife—had far out-distanced the other in the race for fame?

In her frank, unafraid manner, Ann Harding is paying the price for fame. But her courage and clear-sightedness does not make the price any less. May Ann's and Harry's love outlast their separation, their heartbreak, and the cruelties which have been forced on them by Hollywood—cruelest of jesters. And, some time in the future, may they again find happiness—together.

Announcing
POUDRE YBRY

10c This gorgeous poudre sold in leading smart shops everywhere — now in a small size. Fine as mist; soft as swansdown . . . clinging. Delightfully scented with Parfum Ybry. 6 shades.

PARFUM Ybry Pronounced EE-BREE PARIS

At good 5 & 10 cent stores

KWIK

A Delicately Scented Manicure Ensemble

LIQUID NAIL POLISH. LEAVES A BRILLIANT, LASTING POLISH. WILL NOT CHIP, PEEL OR DISCOLOR.

RUBY
NATURAL
COLORLESS

LIQUID POLISH REMOVER
CUTICLE REMOVER
LIQUID NAIL WHITE

10¢

KWIK COSMETIC CORPORATION, New York, N. Y.

WHAT IS TALLULAH BANKHEAD REALLY LIKE? NOT THE LONDON MAYFAIR TALLULAH, BUT THE GIRL HERSELF? HOW COULD YOU LEARN BETTER THAN THROUGH HER LETTERS? AND WE ARE GOING TO REPRINT SOME OF THESE LETTERS (WITH HER SPECIAL PERMISSION) IN OUR JULY ISSUE. LETTERS TO HER ADORED FATHER, GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT THIS NEW SLANT ON GLAMOROUS MISS BANKHEAD

"I LOVE YOU"
he told this blonde

THOUGH men fall in love more easily with blondes than with brunettes, tests show that blondes who have dull, faded-looking hair do not appeal to men nearly as much as when the hair is radiant, golden and young-looking. BLONDEX, an amazing special shampoo, gives streaky lifeless hair the lustrous golden sheen men adore and other women envy. BLONDEX contains no dye, no harmful chemicals. Is remarkably beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today, and see how much lovelier it makes your hair with wavy, silky softness and radiant golden lights! At all drug and department stores.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 6318-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

Complexion

Many have cleared their complexions of surface pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin, etc. Wouldn't you love to have a complexion soft, rosy, clear, and velvety? My method is so different. No cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* "The Complexion Beautiful." Get facts today.

ERNA SAFFAN, 646 N. Michigan Blvd. Suite 38A2, Chicago

DON'T YOU DARE TO FORGET TO WATCH FOR OUR NEXT COVER! IT'S A SURPRISE, YOU KNOW

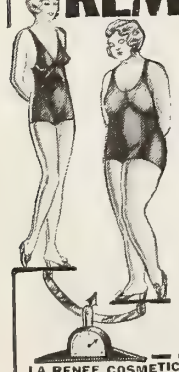
Eminent ASTROLOGER

Tells you what's coming in 1932

My fee for 17 to 19 page Astrological Forecast based on your Zodiological sign is only $1.00. Forecast covers all 1932, month by month, giving actual predictions, with definite days, dates, and happenings. Deals with Love, Marriage, Travels, Health, changes, etc. Advises on Business, Social affairs, Employment, Promotions, Speculation, enemies, lucky days, etc. Free book on Love Psychology included. Send $1.00 and exact birth date.

A. A. Rageh, Ps.D.Ms.D.,
509 5th Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

REMOVE FAT
A SAFE AND SURE WAY



from any part you wish reduced. No diets, medicines, exercise, baths or equipment necessary.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

La Renee Reducing Cream has slenderized thousands of overstout people when other means failed. A cream like white preparation, a secret product of modern science, rigidly tested, has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any other part of body, harmlessly and absolutely without inconvenience. Large jar at NEW

REDUCED PRICE
Two Large Jars NOW **ONLY $1.00**

Send $1.00 or mail coupon today

LA RENEE COSMETIC Co., Dept. J-2
1851 Washington Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Please send postpaid with directions, two large jars La Renee Reducing Cream. I agree to pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. My money to be refunded if not pleased.

Name.....

Address.....

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 98)

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "East of Borneo," Universal; in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount; and "Hot News," Universal. Now appearing on legitimate stage.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Broken Lullaby" and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount; in "Night Court," M-G-M. Now working in "Unmated," RKO-Pathé.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Maker of Men" and "Behind the Mask." Now working in "War Correspondent," all for Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Two Kinds of Women," "Dancers in the Dark" and "World and the Flesh," Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Hollidaysburg, Pa., June 2. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," M-G-M; in "Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.; in "Night World," Universal. Now working in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Smart Women," RKO-Radio; in "Age For Love," United Artists; in "But the Flesh Is Weak," M-G-M. Now appearing on legitimate stage.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England, April 24. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five and Ten," M-G-M; and "Devotion," RKO-Pathé. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Fanny Foley Herself" and "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio. Now working in "Sunrise Trail," RKO-Pathé.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Ariz., October 21. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Unwanted," Columbia; in "Air Eagles," Darmour; and "The Miracle Man," Paramount.

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Beast of the City," "Wet Parade" and "Night Court," M-G-M. Now starring in "Faith," Columbia.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The New Wallingford," "Phantom of Paris" and "Freaks," M-G-M.

JONES, BUCK; married to non-professional; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ridin' For Justice," "Justice Rides Again" and "South of the Rio Grande," Columbia. Now touring in vaudeville.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hell Divers," M-G-M; in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; in "Wet Parade," M-G-M. Now working in "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girl Crazy" and "Young Bride," Now working in "Is My Face Red?" Next will be "Unmated." All for RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF, BORIS; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng., November 23. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; in "Frankenstein" and "Night World," Universal. Next will be "The Old Dark House," Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Sidewalks of New York" and "The Passionate Plumber." Now working in "Speakeasily," All for M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Saddle Buster," "Ghost City" and "Sunrise Trail." Next will be "The Law Rides." All for RKO-Pathé.

KENT, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Can., December 16. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathé; in "Emma," M-G-M; and "Vanity Fair," Hoffman.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton" and "Road to Singapore," Warner Bros; in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal; and "Young America," Fox.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; married to Beatrice Powers; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., February 22. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Over the Hill," "Charlie Chan's Chance" and "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried, born in New York City, June 17. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Fireman, Save My Child." "High Pressure" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Now working in "A Successful Calamity." All for First National.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Wicked" and "Yellow Ticket"; starred in "Devil's Lottery." Now working in "Woman in Room 13." All for Fox.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Up and Up," "The Chimp" and "County Hospital," Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspoliai, Lithuania, June 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Bachelor Apartment" and "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Now working in "Radio Patrol," Universal.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I., August 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Side Show" and "Manhattan Parade"; co-starred in "Play Girl." All for Warner Bros.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Crowd Roars," First National; in "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at United Artists studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Feet First." Now working in untitled featured comedy.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "I Take This Woman," "No One Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Everything's Rosie" and "The Woman Between," RKO-Radio; in "Heaven on Earth," Universal. Now working in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "The Spider," Fox; and in "The Misleading Lady," Paramount. Now starring in "Criminal Court," Columbia.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists; in "Emma" and "Wet Parade," M-G-M; in "Vanity Fair," Hoffman. Now working in "Woman in Room 13," Fox.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel," Fox; and "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal. Next will be "Suicide Club," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Working Girls," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "No One Man." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Her Majesty Love," First National; in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé; and "The Big Timer," Columbia. Now appearing in vaudeville.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox; featured in "One Hour With You," Paramount. Now working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England, March 4. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Reckless Hour" and "Safe in Hell," First National; and "Love Affair," Columbia. Now appearing in vaudeville.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Greeks Had a Name for Them," Goldwyn-United Artists; in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé; in "Beauty and the Boss" and "Man Wanted," First National. Now working in "Competition," First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Strangers in Love." Now working in "Jerry and Joan." All for Paramount.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final"; starred in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss." Now working in "Competition." All for Warner Bros.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Over the Hill." Fox.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring, born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Young Sinners," "Skyline" and "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; in "Prestige," RKO-Pathé; and "Forbidden," Columbia. Now working in a British picture in London.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain, August 13. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M;

(Continued on page 118)

Romantic Life of Helen Hayes

(*Continued from page 99*)

frankly an actress frightfully worried about her career.

"I wanted to creep into Irving Thalber's office when he finally sent for me," she says. "But he looked so kind and understanding, sitting behind his great desk that somehow I managed to keep my head up."

However, for Helen now the worst was over.

"It's pretty dreadful, isn't it?" she asked.

Irving Thalberg smiled. "You're as hysterical as all the rest," he told her. Helen's heart at these words suddenly seemed to grow little wings and soar. "The picture isn't good as it stands now. Granted," he went on. "But with a few scenes done over and a few new scenes added I'm not sure we won't have a humdinger."

"A . . . a humdinger," Helen expostulated.

"Pictures are funny things," Thalberg explained, "'The Big Parade' almost landed on the shelf. Remember that while you're in this picture business."

"I wanted to kiss him," Helen said, "but I managed to contain myself."

And so it happened that while Helen worked in "Arrowsmith" she also made new scenes for "Lullaby," or "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" as it was finally titled.

They filmed additional scenes that would pull the story's thread together, scenes that changed Madelon from a dreary martyr into a gallant little soul.

As always, Helen sank her understanding and her sensitive intelligence deep down into her rôle, as a shaft is sunk far, far down into a well or mine.

Towards the very end of the picture in the scene where Madelon as an old woman goes into her doctor son's office it was suggested that her son examine her heart with a stethoscope. Helen protested. That was not right.

"He must bend his head impulsively," she said, "so Madelon can cup her hands close to his head . . . as if he was her baby again . . . and cradled on her breast . . ."

It was Irving Thalberg who insisted Helen have her way. You who've seen this picture know how right she was.

The additional scenes of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" completed and "Arrowsmith" finished, Helen and Charlie, Mary and her Anna returned to New York. To await the verdict on these pictures. And so Helen might begin rehearsing for her Molnar play, "The Good Fairy."

By this time you know how, simultaneously with the release of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," a new movie star appeared in the cinema heavens. Not another Garbo. Not another Shearer. Not anyone reminiscent of the Mary Pickford of years ago. But a new star, like no one but herself.

It remained for "Arrowsmith" to intensify her brilliance.

And when "The Good Fairy" closes Helen Hayes will return to the studios and we all may look forward to many more of her pictures.

For the present, however, we must leave Helen in her charming New York apartment overlooking the East River, the drawing-room of which, like Helen herself, born at the turn of the century, has a Victorian feeling. With little Mary, cornsilk golden, pink and white, flushed with sleep in her crib upstairs, the good Anna watching over her . . . With Charlie in his study, spinning yarns . . . Helen, rich in her work and her loves, popping in . . . listening to what he has written . . . saying, with hands clasped admiringly, "Oh, Charlie, that's wonderful. How ever do you think of such things . . ."

It's such a happy ending . . .

Your Taste in Men

(*Continued from page 39*)

The Cagney type has an enormous appeal for women. Feminine natures readily respond to the five-minute egg attitude and the roving fancy.

Girls who admire this type and who discover it in real life will find that they have plenty of work to do. The Cagney type demands not only a responsive and submissive ardor, but good comradeship as well. It demands a generous amount of good, hard common sense to offset its own recklessness. It demands, in a way, obedience. But in order to hold such a type, the obedience had better be in small things which do not much matter; when it comes to big things, the girl-who-loves-a-Cagney would be wise to assert herself, if she's sure she's on the right side. This type does not yearn after glamor and poetry in its relationships with women. It desires a relationship which is of the earth, earthy.

The Cagney chap wants a girl who'll laugh with him, love with him, fight with him—and for him. He wants fidelity, too. If he doesn't get it—look out! And he wants to be boss in his own house—but then, this is a trait possessed by every man.

The wife—or sweetheart—of a Cagney must be as diplomatic as a court attaché in one very important respect. When a Cagney tells how he told so-and-so just where to get off and when a

(*Continued on page 119*)

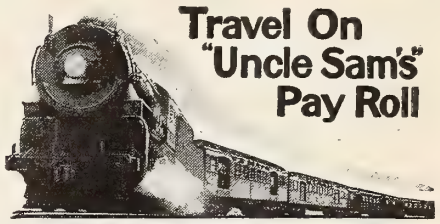
$1260 to $3400
A YEAR
PICK YOUR JOB

Men—Women
18 to 50

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

$1,900 to $2,700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks get $1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month, $79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year, $112.50 each pay day.



Railways Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increase $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

GOVERNMENT CLERK—FILE CLERK

Salary $1,260 to $2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET $1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET $2,100 TO $2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. R-322, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

- ☐ Railway Postal Clerk ($1,900–$2,700)
- ☐ Post Office Clerk ($1,700–$2,300)
- ☐ City Mail Carrier ($1,700–$2,100)
- ☐ Rural Mail Carrier ($2,100–$3,400)
- ☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk ($1,260–$2,500)
- ☐ Inspectors of Customs ($2,100–$3,300)
- ☐ Prohibition Agent ($2,300–$2,800)
- ☐ Immigrant Inspectors ($2,100–$3,000)

Name_____

Address_____

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It

EDWINA BOOTH — POPULAR STAR

Hidden Gold

in your hair too!

{Rediscover it tonight in one shampooing}

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. F
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name_____

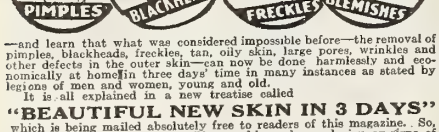
Address_____

City_____ State_____

Color of my hair:

Now You Can Have a New Skin in 3 Days' Time!

Visible Ugly Blemishes Disappear!



—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called

"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address and name the skin blemishes which trouble you most to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 398D, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this amazing new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

IT'S NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

• Every Deaf Person Knows That •

George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums, his own invention. Worn day and night, they stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are Invisible and perfectly comfortable. No wires or batteries. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear," also interesting booklet on deafness, its causes and relief. Address

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building — Detroit, Michigan

Improve your FIGURE!

Just Give Me 10 MINUTES a DAY

Are you dissatisfied with your figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full and embarrassing? **Creme Treatment No. 1** aids in filling out hollowness and developing round, graceful curves where needed. **Creme Treatment No. 2** helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs and hips. Send name, address for **FREE** sample and directions. **Mention cream number desired.** Enclose 10c for mailing costs.

Mme. Renee' Renault
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. F-25
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 116)

in "The Devil's Lottery" and "Young America," Fox. Now working in "And God Smiled," Bryan Foy.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Private Lives," M-G-M; in "Impatient Maiden," Universal; and "Man Wanted," First National. Now working in "Huddle," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Emma," "Beast of the City" and "Are You Listening?", M-G-M; and "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Now working in "Night Court," M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind., September 1. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Sunny" and "Her Majesty, Love," First National.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Starred in "Destry Rides Again." Now working in "Destry of Death Valley." Both for Universal. Next is "Pony Boy."

MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA; unmarried; born in San Sebastian, Spain, September 11. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Cisco Kid" and "The Gay Caballero," Fox. Now appearing on the musical comedy stage.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. Write him at M-G-M studio. Starred in "Lovers Courageous" and "But the Flesh Is Weak." Now working in "Letty Lynton." All for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Union Depot," "The Expert" and "So Big," First National; and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Now working in "Winner Take All," First National.

MOORHEAD, NATALIE; married to Alan Crosland; born in New York City, August 27. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Deceiver," "Maker of Men" and "Scarface," Columbia; and "Cross Examination," Supreme Pictures.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Spider," Fox; in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; and "Men in Her Life," Columbia. Now appearing on the New York stage.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Guilty Hands." Now co-starring in "Prosperity." Both for M-G-M.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in Scarface," United Artists; in "Mata Hari," Arsene Lupin" and "Are You Listening?," M-G-M. Now working in "Man About Town," Fox.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Miracle Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount. Now working in "Come On Marines," Paramount.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., October 7. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sally of the Subway," Action Pictures; in "Death Ray," King Prod.; in "Love Bound," Herman Prod. Now working in "Passport to Paradise," Like Prod.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in a prison camp story for First National.

MUNSON, ONA; divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Ore., June 16. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Broadminded" and "Five Star Final," First National. Now appearing in musical comedy.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," Paramount; and "Lost Squadron" and "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "While Paris Sleeps," "The Gay Caballero" and "The Devil's Lottery," Fox. Now appearing in vaudeville.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland, June 22. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "Cohens and Kellys in Africa," and "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Reckless Hour," First National; and "Hell Divers," M-G-M. Now on personal appearance tour.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Bromberg, Poland, December 31. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Starred in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill," "Good Sport," "Devil's Lottery" and "Silent Witness." All for Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Charlie Chan's Chance," "Amateur Daddy" and "After Tomorrow," Fox. Now working in "Winner Take All," First National. Next is "Little Teacher," Fox.

NOLAN, MARY; married to Wallace Macreary; born in Louisville, Ky., December 18. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany; in "File No. 113," Tec-Art; and "Arm of the Law," Trem Carr.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star-director. Starred in "Daybreak" and "Son of India"; co-starred in "Mata Hari." Now working in "Huddle." All for M-G-M.

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City, February 7. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness" and "Local Boy Makes Good," First National; and in "A Fool's Advice," Columbia.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Sky Bride," Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden, October 3. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel"; in "Shanghai Express," Paramount; and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced from non-professional; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Starred in "Fanny Foley Herself"; featured in "Ladies of the Jury." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." Next is "Hell Bent for Election." All for RKO-Radio.

OLIVIER, LAWRENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, England, January 12. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount; and "The Ferguson Case," Warner Bros. Now working in "Two Seconds," Warner Bros.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Rainbow Trail" and "The Gay Caballero." Now working in "The Killer." All for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," M-G-M; in "Final Edition," Columbia; and "Hot News," Universal. Now working in "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount.

O'NEILL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J., October 23. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox. Now touring in vaudeville.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skyline," Fox; in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé; in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," M-G-M. Now working in "Information Kid," Universal.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros; in "Are You Listening?," M-G-M. Now working in "Night Court," M-G-M.

PALETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," "Shanghai Express" and "Dancers in the Dark." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Cheat," "Two Kinds of Women" and "The Miracle Man," Paramount. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Doug in "Taming of the Shrew"; starred in "Kiki," United Artists. Returns to screen soon in original story.

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Thelma Todd in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôles in "Shopworn," Columbia; in "Steady Company" and "Destry Rides Again," Universal; in "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Now working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Road to Singapore" and "High Pressure." Now working in "The Jewel Robbery." All for Warners.

PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont., November 8. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M; in "Reckless Living," Universal; and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31. Write him at RKO-Pathé. Free lance player. Starred in "Sweepstakes" and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé; and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Personal Maid" and "Ladies of the Big House," Paramount.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Write him at first National studio. Contract

(Continued on page 120)

Your Taste in Men

(*Continued from page 117*)

Cagney remarks that he's not going to let 'em put anything over on *him,* the girl who loves him will, of course, reply, "Yes, dear. Why, you were quite right, darling. I absolutely agree with you." And then she must, somehow, see to it that he doesn't do some dreadfully reckless thing.

THE girl who admires the strong, silent type will find Gary Cooper her ideal. In real life, this type of man is not easy to deal with. He must be drawn out—made to talk and express himself. The girl who marries a Gary will find that she must be an ego-bolsterer. For that strong silence is usually a mere shell to hide an overwhelming sensitiveness. The Cooper type is afraid of being hurt; so he doesn't commit himself by talking a great deal. And the girl who loves him must, by constant reiteration of the statement that he is so strong and wonderful, really *make* him feel strong and wonderful. But in this ego-bolstering a girl must not become sappy and maudlin. The "strong and wonderful" theme must be played in many keys.

The Cooper type has all the major virtues like honesty, loyalty, courage, and strength, but he is a bit lacking in the superficial virtues which go to make a happy married life. In the first place, he is not as attentive as he might be. And his conversation leaves much to be desired. When asked what happened at the office, he will likely as not reply, "Nothing much." And think that disposes of the subject. To your friends, his silence will be set down to moodiness, when he is really the least moody of men. It is up to you to alter these little defects. Seek his attention. Be just the least bit offended when he doesn't remember to bring you flowers, or to help you with your coat. But forgive him instantly. Remind him of these little omissions, but treat them lightly.

We couldn't have a much better opposite type to the Gary Cooper type than the Ronald Colman sort of man. Sartorial perfection. Worldliness of the laughter-loving and slightly sardonic sort. The complete indifference to people's opinions of the truly cultured, worldly sophisticate. A great deal of indifference, too, where women are concerned. And this indifference is not a pose, for a Colman is so run after by women that he must, in self-defense, regard their favor casually. To win this type, an equal sophistication and indifference is necessary. An elusive charm is necessary, too—a *different* sort of charm, for after all, a Colman will have known flocks of charming women. If you can make this type of man feel that he has met his equal in *savoir faire* and indifference, that will intrigue him more than anything else.

There is one other type of girl for whom a Ronald Colman might fall and fall with a bang. That is the very simple, natural, open-hearted girl. He will fall in love with her because she is so different from the women he has known.

Suppose you do win the love of the Colman type—and marry him; what is the best way to keep him? In the first place, you must acquire—if you do not already possess it—a social ease equal to his own. Proper social usages are important to him—he has been brought up in an atmosphere where people say the right thing and do the right thing. He will expect you to be smartly dressed. He will admire you and love you more if you are a decorative companion at dinner, a poised hostess, an amusing person to go about with.

AND now—no consideration of the male types exemplified by our screen heroes would be complete without Clark Gable. Gable, with his tenderness veiled in brutality—or, conversely, with his iron hand sheathed in a velvet glove. Curiously enough, his type isn't as difficult as it would seem to be. Or rather, a Gable is hard to get, but once won, he stays put.

The Gable type will be frank and honest to the point of brutality. He will not misrepresent his feelings about you. He'll say, "You're a nice girl and I like you all right, but I'm not in love with you the least bit." But—being the most selfish type of male on earth—he will want to see a great deal of you, since you *are* a nice girl and he *does* like you. And first thing you know you will have fallen in love with him. By this time, he may have become very dependent upon you, in a way. He probably finds you a jolly companion, a soothing influence upon his rather unruly spirit. But—no, indeed—he's not in love with you. He's far too fond of what he is pleased to call his liberty.

What to do? Just keep on being nice—helpful—soothing. Pay no attention to his moods—you can't do anything about them anyway. Never, never lie to him. That type of man can't stand even the most trivial of feminine fibs. Never spy upon him—even if you think he's a bit interested in someone else. He'll not only despise you for it, but his attitude will be, "Well, I've made no promises to you. I do what I like." If you're smart, you won't tell him too much about yourself.

The trick to catching a Gable is persistence. The old wearing-down process. If you really love him and think he's worth the trouble, you'll get him sooner or later. One day—after he hasn't seen you for a bit—he'll suddenly discover he's frightfully lonesome. Something's the matter. Life is flat, stale and unprofitable. And, first thing you know, you'll be getting a long distance telephone call—or a special delivery letter.

Once married to a Gable, the tricks for keeping his love are much the same as those for winning it. Like the wife of the Cooper type, the wife of a Gable

(*Continued on page 121*)

The 10¢ purse size has the same quality and gorgeous perfume of the famous $1 YBRY Lipstick. Size is the only difference. A shade for every type; permanent as your wave!

PARFUM Ybry PARIS

At good 5 & 10 cent stores

MAKES ALL POTS CLEAN and BRIGHT

The all-copper, knitted sponge. Odorless, rinsable. For sale near the magazine counter.

Metal Textile Corp., Orange, N. J.

The CHORE GIRL

Safe, RELIABLE, *QUICK* — X-Bazin leaves the skin virginally white, smooth and free of hair. Discourages re-growth. Cream or powder . . . for fastidious women who want the best.

Large size, 50c at drug and department stores; special size at 10c stores.

HALL & RUCKEL, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Established 1848

Her HAIR was STREAKED with GRAY

After 30 every woman's hair gets a bit "streaky." That's the time to easily get rid of those first tell-tale threads of gray; no one the wiser. Women with modern ideas are not hesitating to keep *ALL* their hair one even shade by using the most modern type of preparation—clean, odorless, not greasy—that leaves a soft, youthful shade and of so *NATURAL* a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G.5
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR_____

$$ SONG WRITING $$

Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and bashfulness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25 cents for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-966 Flatiron Bldg., N.Y.

Girls~Take This FREE Art Test

IF YOU like to draw, test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our simple, scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

Many Federal School Students—girls as well as men—are making $2000, $4000, $5000 and $6000 yearly. In commercial art work you can earn as much as a man of equal ability. Learn at home in spare time. The Federal Course contains lessons by leading artists, gives you personal criticisms, and leads rapidly to practical work. By all means get this free test—send now for your Questionnaire. State age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
629B Federal Schools Bldg Minneapolis, Minn.

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 118*)

star. Starred in "Smart Money" and "The Hatchet Man." Now working in "Two Seconds." All for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Now appearing in Ziegfeld's in New York. Last pictures were "Working Girls" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "The Tenderfoot," First National.

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Business and Pleasure" and "Ambassador Bill." Now working in "Down to Earth." All for Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "This Reckless Age," "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night," Paramount.

SALE, "CHIC"; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Star Witness" and "The Expert," Warners; co-starred in "Limpy," M-G-M. Now working in "Competition," Warners.

SHANNON, PEGGY; married to Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "This Reckless Age," Paramount; in "Hotel Continental," Tiffany. Now working in "Society Girl," Fox.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul" and "Private Lives." Now working in "Strange Interlude." All for M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Starred in and directed "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio; and "Greeks Had a Name for Them," United Artists. Now directing "Is My Face Red?" RKO-Radio.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary, March 15. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Heart of New York," First National; co-starred in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Miracle Man." Now working in "Jerry and Joan." All for Paramount.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 16. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Forbidden" and "Shopworn," Columbia; in "So Big"; "The Mud Lark," Warners. Now working in "Brief Moment," Columbia.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," "The Wiser Sex" and "Sky Bride," Paramount.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester Mass., November 15. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel," "Wet Parade" and "Night Court." Now working in "After All." All for M-G-M.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Speed Crazy" and "Unexpected Father," Universal. Now working in "Come On Marines," Paramount.

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Indiscreet" and "Tonight or Never."

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Road to Reno," "Girls About Town" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Unholy Garden" and "Street Scene," United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Jennie Marston; born in Bakersfield, Calif., November 16. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "New Moon," "Prodigal Son" and "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now appearing on operatic stage.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Seed," Universal; in "Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; and "One Hour With You," Paramount.

TODD, THELMA; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with ZaSu Pitts in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôle as Alison Lloyd in "Corsair," United Artists; in "The Big Timer," Columbia; and "This Is the Night," Paramount.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown," Paramount; in "Shopworn," Columbia. Now working in "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland, January 26. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," "The New "Wallingford" and "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists; in "Disorderly Conduct" and "Young America." Now working in "After the Rain." Next is "What Price Glory?" All for Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Panama Flo" and "Young Bride," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "State's Attorney." Next is "Truth About Hollywood."

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary, March 31. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros; in "Mountains in Flame," Universal.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; in "Broken Wing," Paramount. Now appearing in Ziegfeld's "Follies" in New York.

WARNER, H. B.; married to non-professional; born in London, England, October 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; in "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox; and "Cross-Examination," Supreme.

WATKINS, LINDA; married to Gabriel Hess; born in Boston, Mass., May 23. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Good Sport" and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox. Now in New York.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa, May 26. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Range Feud," "Maker of Men" and "Trail's End," Columbia.

WEEKS, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., July 4. Write her at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "Stepping Sisters," "Cheaters at Play" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

WHEELER, BERT, separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Robert Woolsey in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany. Now touring in vaudeville.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married to non-professional; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss"; starred in "The Mouthpiece." Now working in "The Dark Horse." All for Warners.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Law and Order," Universal; "Age For Love," United Artists; "The Expert," Warners. Now working in "Destry of Death Valley," Universal.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Daughter of the Dragon" and "Shanghai Express," Paramount. Now working in "Roar of the Dragon," RKO-Radio.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in New York City, August 1. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," "Road to Reno" and "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Bert Wheeler in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Unholy Garden," United Artists; in "Stowaway," Universal. Now working in "Dr. X," First National.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Taxi", featured in "Hatchet Man"; co-starred in "Play Girl." Now working in "Week End Marriage." All for First National.

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Madelon Claudet" and "Wet Parade." Now working in "After All." All for M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married to non-professional; born in London, England, November 11. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M; "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; "One Hour With You," and "This Is the Night," Paramount. Now working in "Street of Women," First National.

DON'T MISS THE FICTION STORY BY HAGAR WILDE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. IT'S ALL ABOUT A CHILD MOVIE ACTOR AND IT'LL HAVE YOU WEEPING REAL TEARS

Your Taste in Men

(*Continued from page 119*)

must be an ego-bolsterer. For a Gable isn't nearly as sure of himself as he seems. His very self-possession covers a lingering, deeply hidden doubt of himself.

Of course, any arbitrary selection of male types like this isn't precisely fair. There are hundreds of varying types in between. You won't find—and fall in love with—a man exactly like the dreamer Fairbanks; or that young scamp Cagney; or Cooper, or Colman, or Gable. But the fact remains that these men as they appear on the screen are such very *definite* types that they are good examples to study. And then, too, there's another important consideration: it's perfectly true that if you admire the Fairbanks type to desperation you are quite likely to meet and fall in love with the Cagney type. Life is like that. And it is a sad, or perhaps sensible fact that we rarely meet and marry our heroes, or even the real life reflection of our heroes. But whatever the type you admire—whatever the type you meet, marry, and set up housekeeping with, the rules remain basically the same. You must understand, trust and honor the man you love; you must have a sense of humor to cope with his difficult traits; you must play fair; and there must be a great deal of love to help you over the difficult places.

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 11*)

some preaching against the evils of gangdom. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

THE SADDLE BUSTER (RKO-Pathé)—Tom Keene in a typical Western with plenty of good hard riding. **Good, if you're a Western fan—great for the kiddies.**

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY (Action)—Nothing to do with a subway—most of the action takes place in a hotel. It's mostly crook stuff. **Fair.**

SECRET SERVICE (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix in a story of the old South—during the Civil War days. Plenty of exciting fights and also some charming romance. **Very good—splendid for the children.**

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna May Wong—among others—in a story which all takes place on the Shanghai express. Marlene's cold but compelling fascination will enchant you. **Very good—children will like the fighting.**

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy in a story of a girl who marries for money. Spencer Tracy plays her home-town sweetheart and James Kirkwood the insanely jealous husband. It's a slow story and a lot of it is so overdone as to seem impossible. **Fair.**

THE SILENT WITNESS (Fox)—The story of a son's crime which is shouldered by the father. Lionel Atwill is the father and Bramwell Fletcher the son. **Good—not for kids.**

THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET (M-G-M)—The story of a little French girl who has an illegitimate child and the tremendous sacrifices she makes for it. Helen Hayes does an amazing piece of acting as the unfortunate mother. **Excellent—not advisable for children.**

SKY DEVILS (Caddo-United Artists)—Spencer Tracy and William Boyd in a thrilling melodrama of the air. Ann Dvorak plays the feminine interest, although most of the tale concerns the air pilots and their sky adventures. **Very good—great for boys.**

SO BIG (Warner)—Barbara Stanwyck in talkie version of famous silent film. **Very good—suitable for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—Frank Albertson, Louise Fazenda, Slim Summerville and others in a fast moving automobile story reminiscent of the good old Wally Reid days. **Good—okay for kids.**

SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES (Educational)—The latest Andy Clyde comedy. **Very good—excellent for the kids.**

STEADY COMPANY (Universal)—June Clyde and Norman Foster in a quiet little romance. **Good—all right for the young people.**

STEPPING SISTERS (Fox)—Louise Dresser, Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell as three ex-burlesque queens who meet again after years—much to each other's amazement—with some amusing results. **Very good—kids will like parts of it.**

STOWAWAY (Universal)—Fay Wray in melodrama. **Fair—okay for the little ones.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

STRANGERS IN LOVE (Paramount)—Fredric March and Kay Francis in a love story which concerns a good brother and a bad brother—both of them capably played by Mr. March. **Good—but it would bore the children.**

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (RKO-Radio)—Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne in human drama of New York's East Side. **Excellent—splendid for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

TARZAN THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—Johnny Weismuller, famous swimming champ, turns actor and does a fine piece of work as the famous fiction character created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Neil Hamilton and Maureen O'Sullivan have rôles in it. **Very good—fine for the kids.**

TAXI! (Warner)—James Cagney as a fighting taxi driver. Loretta Young as the girl who loves him. **Very good—exciting but interesting for children.**

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW (Paramount)—Unhappy marriage story with Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas and the late Robert Ames. **Fair—children will be bored.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)—The story of an opera singer who falls in love with a chap she believes to be a gigolo. Gloria Swanson is the opera singer and Melvyn Douglas the man she falls for. **Excellent—but not for children.**

TORCHY'S NIGHT CAP (Educational)—Ray Cooke in amusing comedy with Dorothy Dix. **Funny—swell for the youngsters.**

TORCHY TURNS THE TRICK (Educational)—A comedy about the office boy who gets the big steel contract. Ray Cooke does good work. **Good—couldn't be better for children.**

TRAPPED IN A SUBMARINE (B I P)—A film built around the sinking of an English submarine and the attendant fate of its crew. **Very thrilling.**

UNDER EIGHTEEN (Warner)—A story of a little girl who started with nothing and ended up with everything. Marian Marsh, Anita Page, Norman Foster and Regis Toomey. **Very good—girls will like it.**

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in amusing comedy. **Very good.**

WAYWARD (Paramount)—A chorus girl who marries a rich boy much to the annoyance of the boy's mother who does all she can to make it an unhappy match. Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen have the leading rôles. Pauline Frederick is the mother. **Good—not exciting for children.**

WEST OF BROADWAY (M-G-M)—Western stuff with John Gilbert in the leading rôle. **Poor—kids will probably be bored.**

WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Jordan in story about Prohibition—both pro and con. **Very good—children will like parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE WISER SEX (Paramount)—Melvyn Douglas and Claudette Colbert in smart underworld story. **Very good—not for children.**

A WOMAN COMMANDS (RKO-Radio)—Mythical kingdom stuff with a cabaret singer (Pola Negri) becoming the queen of the realm because the king is so crazy about her. Roland Young and Basil Rathbone are also in it. **Good if you're a Negri fan—not for children.**

YOUNG BRIDE (RKO-Pathé)—Helen Twelvetrees and Eric Linden in young marriage story. **Fair—okay for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

He Fell in Love With His Boss

TOM SHERIDAN was afraid of himself—afraid of what he might do. He had fallen hopelessly in love with his young and attractive employer, Lois Ames! What right had he to adore this devastating woman who was already married . . . what right to interfere, even if her husband was cruel to her?

Would it not be better for him to resign his position and marry pretty Ruth Holman to whom he was engaged? He had been determined to do this, but then—one evening the two women met—and the soul of each was laid bare. . . .

This entrancing story, "Man Wanted," with Kay Francis and David Manners, is presented in complete fiction form in SCREEN ROMANCES for June, illustrated with many interesting "shots" from the actual production. Buy a copy today and learn for yourself if Tom Sheridan ever found a way out of his problem.

10 COMPLETE STORIES!

Get acquainted with SCREEN ROMANCES, the only All-Screen-Fiction magazine! In every issue fictionizations of the month's 10 best movie stories appear. Scores of stills from the movies themselves will make these stories live in your imagination. Today—treat yourself to the absorbing entertainment this unique magazine will bring you.

Screen Romances

June Issue Now on Newsstands

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 8*)

Miss Chatterton should appreciate such loyalty

Regardless of the poor pictures she's been forced to receive and unmindful of what the critics say, Ruth Chatterton still is my favorite. When I go to see one of her pictures, it isn't the plot itself I care about. Even though "The Magnificent Lie" didn't come up to "Sarah and Son," I can truthfully say that I enjoyed it. It was the same Chatterton—same charm, that I admire in all of her pictures. Greta Garbo seems to be lucky enough to get all the good stories and yet I wouldn't cross the street to see her. Because in my estimation Ruth Chatterton is the greatest actress Hollywood has ever known and because she deserves it, I hope this new contract with Warner Brothers will bring her better pictures.

A CHATTERTON FAN,
Bogota, New Jersey

Bette Davis has rôles in "So Big," "The Rich Are Always With Us," and Bill Powell's "Dark Horse"

Since seeing " 'Way Back Home" and "The Man Who Played God," I have not ceased to talk of Bette Davis' dramatic ability. She certainly is gifted. Her voice is perfect. I am a true crank on movie stars, yet I should class her above the adored Joan Crawford.

HELENA F. SNOW,
Winchendon, Massachusetts

But don't forget the dialogue writer!

There was only one thing wrong with "Lady With a Past." That is—men as handsome as Ben Lyon are seldom found running around loose in Paris as Guy Bryson was. Ben certainly stole the picture from Connie Bennett. Besides being extremely handsome, his wit is indeed refreshing and makes the picture thoroughly enjoyable.

MARIAN RICH,
St. Louis, Missouri

Trying to take Godiva off her horse, Madala?

"Godiva" of this fair city has written you a letter and I don't like it. She says: "Why do all the movie magazines knock Greta Garbo?" Now, since when did "all" the movie magazines knock Garbo? Most of them can't say enough to praise Garbo, the greatest of them all. Then, Godiva asked you why you review so many old pictures in your Directory of Pictures. You make the comment that people in small towns don't see the pictures as soon as we in Toronto do, but I have just turned to this month's Directory and on the first page alone there are a great many pictures reviewed that we haven't seen yet. . . . Of course, her criticism of Gary Cooper is more personal. If she doesn't like him, that is her misfortune, not our business. . . . What amused me most were her remarks about "Susan Lenox." She believes it could have been a much better picture. I agree with her—it could, if our "pain in the neck" censors had left it alone. Poor Susan was cut in so many places that . . . if it had been Susan in the flesh there would have been nothing left but a few bones.

MADALA,
Toronto, Canada

Thank you for calling the error to our attention, Billie

I have been reading your magazine for some time and have usually enjoyed it, but I have a bone to pick with the author of "The True Story of Joan Blondell," Mr. Walter Ramsey. Joan is one of my favorites. I don't doubt that most of her story as written by Mr. Ramsey is true, but this I do know—he made one blunder that no Texan will ever forgive him, *i. e.,* by making the statement that our state university is at Denton, Texas. There is a college at Denton, but not our state university. That is located at Austin, which is also our capital.

BILLIE FULLER,
Houston, Texas

Strong words, Goodrich—but most interesting to all who read our "Nobody's Mother"

What is the moving picture world coming to when it will cast its old timers out into the cold, after they have devoted the better part of their lives to the art of acting? Grand actresses like Kate Price and Claire MacDowell are lowered to accepting mediocre parts because a bunch of automatons are turning out by the bucketful raw, worthless plots which call for baby-faced, brainless dolls, whose only interest is their pay check. The contrast is stamped into my mind of a soulless robot, sawing upon a Stradivarius at a high wage, while a great violinist struggles to sustain life.

GOODRICH BENNETT,
Milford, Connecticut

There'll be a very interesting article about Novarro in an early issue of MODERN SCREEN, Novarro fans

When it comes to Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari," I must write to congratulate him deeply. Of course, I do not mean to shadow the great rôle of Greta Garbo as I never miss one of her pictures but I cannot keep from cheering Alexis Rosanoff. Give us more about him in your interesting magazine that has already made a hit with me. I'm sure there would be plenty to enjoy articles about him.

MARIE MEDELLINE,
San Antonio, Texas

I want to write this letter to your magazine as a most sincere appreciation of Ramon Novarro's splendid acting and singing. Never having written to a movie magazine before, it has taken me some time to screw up my courage to do so, but I feel that I owe it to Mr. Novarro. In doing this, I hope to encourage many more of his admirers (who are legion, I know) to do likewise, because I think we are all very backward in writing to tell him how much pleasure he has given us.

MARGARET SYMONS,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Gee, I must say something about the article in February's MODERN SCREEN, "If I Had One Day To Live." Well, I sure did enjoy reading Ramon Novarro's wish or rather his statement of what he would do if he had but one day to live. When I read it I felt just like Jack Jamison did—silent for a minute, thinking to myself, I would like to die that way, too.

TILLIE DE LAZZARA,
Elizabeth, New Jersey

About Barbara and Clark—at present each is under contract to a different company

Why does there have to be so much undressing done in every picture? I think every one knows by now what the average woman wears, and besides it is getting tiresome. . . .

Why not let those two superb players, Barbara Stanwyck and Clark Gable, play opposite one another in a picture? Wouldn't that be something?

A FAN,
Los Angeles, California

We'll keep that idea in mind, Ruth

I wish to thank you for giving us Mrs. Cooper's side of the story. Now I hope you will give us something interesting about Gary. When he returns with regained health and a happier outlook on life, I am sure he will do bigger and better things than he has ever done. I am a keen Gary Cooper fan and I sincerely hope we will have him on the screen for many a year.

RUTH GRAY,
Montreal, Canada

DON'T FORGET—

That your letter may be omitted from this department, not because we wouldn't like to print it, but because we simply haven't the space to print even a small percentage of the letters we receive. And here's another thing; we frequently find little notes and postcripts at the end of letters, to this effect: "Please print my letter in the (for example) July issue." Now, because of the time it takes a magazine to go to press, we cannot grant such a request. The July issue, or whatever issue is mentioned, may be all completed when the letter is received. So, if you don't find your letter in this issue, look in the next one—and bear with us.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

"10¢ *for that* **Window Shade?** *..why, you must be wrong!"*

said: IRENE RICH

"IT looks as if it cost five or ten times that much," said Miss Rich. "It is an extremely good-looking shade, and would look well in any room. I just can't believe it cost only a dime!"

Clopay shades *are* hard to believe — but they are true! They look like more money, and they wear like more money. But they are so inexpensive that you can have fresh, colorful, new window shades all through your house for less than the cost of cleaning old shades.

Made of a tough, durable fibre material that is crack-proof, fray-proof and sun-proof. Not even any rollers to buy. Attach in a jiffy to your old rollers without tacks or tools.

In solid green, tan, white and blue, and also in charming chintz patterns, as illustrated below. See CLOPAY shades at 5 and 10c stores everywhere. 10c each.

Also — mounted on rollers, complete with brackets, ready to hang, 25c.

(Clopay Window Shades are fully protected by U. S. Patents.)

Ecru

Chintz Pattern No. 4

Dark Green

Chintz Pattern No. 15

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1250 York St., Cincinnati, O.

NEW Clopay Throw-Away Vacuum Cleaner Bag

No more dirty, germ-laden vacuum cleaner bags to empty. Attach a new CLOPAY *Throw-Away* bag, and when it's filled, throw it away! No muss, no dangerous filth. The cost is trifling. Requires four to six weeks of constant use to fill bag once, and each bag costs a few cents. See them in home furnishings departments of leading stores or get them from a CLOPAY home demonstrator . . . or send 25c for one bag and metal adapter which attaches permanently to your cleaner. *Be sure to specify the make of your vacuum cleaner.*

Old Way

New Way

CED-R-TEX a sturdy, scientifically constructed, full size, roomy, moth-proof bag for 10c. CED-R-TEX bags will protect your garments just as thoroughly as much higher-priced bags. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. At 5 and 10c stores everywhere. Insist on the genuine. Ask for CED-R-TEX bags by name.

There's more Chicle in it
that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

A complete selection to satisfy every taste

The tart natural sweetness of ORANGE, LEMON and LIME . . . the crisp tingling freshness of PEPPERMINT, WINTER-GREEN and SPEARMINT . . . BUTTERSCOTCH with a real home-made buttery taste . . . and the new CHOCOLATE Drops, a crunchy delicious candy in the world's most popular flavor. The convenient 5¢ package gives you plenty of candy to satisfy your natural craving for sweets. There is no greater candy enjoyment—and remember BEECH-NUT is ALL candy. Ask for your favorite flavor—Beech-Nut is sold everywhere.

Beech-Nut
FRUIT DROPS · MINTS
CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

The new Chocolate Drops are protected by the Double Wax Wrap that preserves the freshness of all Beech-Nut Candy Drops under every weather condition.

FINEST INTIMATE PICTURES of YOUR FAVORITE

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

JULY

RETURN TO
NEWSPAPER
ROOM (ANNEX)

MARIE DRESSLER'S ENEMIES!

Glorious New Colors For Everything in Your Wardrobe and Home!

Tintex Gives Lovely Color—
Easily and Instantly—
With no Muss or Fuss!—

Underthings—almost white from washing . . . sportsclothes—still serviceable, but faded . . . drab curtains and drapes . . . *there are so many things that need the magic touch of fresh new color!*

Trust them all to Tintex!

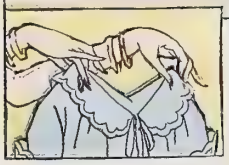
In a few minutes they will be as bright and colorful as when you bought them . . . or gay with new and *different* colors, if you wish!

And it's really no extra trouble! Tintex is so easy to use and the results are perfect—without spots or streaks.

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter—35 colors from which to choose—then buy Tintex—*try* Tintex...you'll be delighted!

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

TINTEX COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark frock (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .

Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .

Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Buys the loveliest lingerie . . . Never a thought for her gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

YOU'RE probably like that, too! Just *have* to have good-looking lingerie.

But the next time you don it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your gums, your teeth—the once-over!

Is anybody ever going to say about *you:* "H'm. Pretty girl. When she keeps her *mouth* shut."

It's like this: you aren't attractive unless your teeth are brilliant and white. And good-looking teeth are absolutely dependent on the health and firmness of your gums.

Your gums *aren't* firm and healthy.

The soft foods of the present day and age don't *stimulate* your gums—give them enough work to do. And instead of staying firm and healthy, your gums gradually become flabby and weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush".

And "pink tooth brush" is more serious than it sounds. It can dull the teeth—make them look "foggy." And it often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the dread but far rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps them brilliantly white and thoroughly clean. Then—each time—rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those weak, tender gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, firms the gums, and keeps them firm. "Pink tooth brush" disappears—and you need never be afraid to smile!

IPANA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-72
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

COPR. 1932, BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

©C1B 155839

JUN -1 1932

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

Hollywood's Cruelest Story — *Jack Jamison* — 28
An amazing revelation of the enemies success has brought to Marie Dressler

Is Your Personality Awake? — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 30
Learn to develop yourself to the full—with Hollywood as a guide

James Dunn Speaks His Mind About Love — *Nina Wilcox Putnam* — 32
A charmingly frank admission—with a surprise

What the Author Thinks of "Grand Hotel" — *Vicki Baum* — 36
Who gave the best performance in "Grand Hotel"? Do you agree with Miss Baum?

The True Story of Ricardo Cortez — *Walter Ramsey* — 38
His life has been anything but easy

What Is This Thing Called Life? — *Gladys Hall* — 41
Loneliness has taught Estelle Taylor many things

Little Brat (Fiction) (Illustrated by Carl Mueller) — *Hagar Wilde* — 42
You'll adore little Johnny—the child actor who had no mother

They All Stop Off At Albuquerque — *J. H. Holmes* — 45
A new slant on the Hollywood personalities

If You Met Gary Cooper — *Faith Baldwin* — 46
A brilliant picture of the he-man star

The Low-Down on Richard — *Jack Jamison* — 59
Young Cromwell decides to give an absolutely truthful interview

Connie Through Joan's Eyes . . . — *Hale Horton* — 60
Intimate facts about Connie Bennett—from her intimate friend, Joan Crawford

The Man Who Can Weep — *Evelyn Gerstein* — 64
An Edward G. Robinson you didn't know about

Sally Eilers' Wardrobe — *Virginia T. Lane* — 66
Spring and summer fashion hints—from Sally's own clothes

"False Friends"—But True! — *Charles Grayson* — 70
One of Hollywood's most unusual and interesting clubs

What of the Second Generation? — *Helen Louise Walker* — 74
How the movie parents feel about their children following in their footsteps

Oh, To Have Been There—(Illustrated by Jack Welch) — *Harriet Parsons* — 76
An amusing novelty feature

A New Tallulah—From Her Letters — *Charles Grayson* — 80
Fascinating missives which depict the real Tallulah Bankhead

DEPARTMENTS

Modern Screen Directory: Players — 6
Pictures — 8
All you want to know about current pictures and the people who play in them

Beauty Advice — *Mary Biddle* — 10
Advice for the 'teens, twenties, thirties, and middle age

Modern Hostess — 12
How to cook for two

Hollywood Times — 14
Modern Screen's last minute news page

What Every Fan Should Know — 15, 72
News and notes of the Hollywood Whirl

All Joking Aside — 35
More of those amazing facts about the players

Modern Screen Reviews — 48
The current pictures told about in detail

Between You and Me — 84
Where the readers become writers

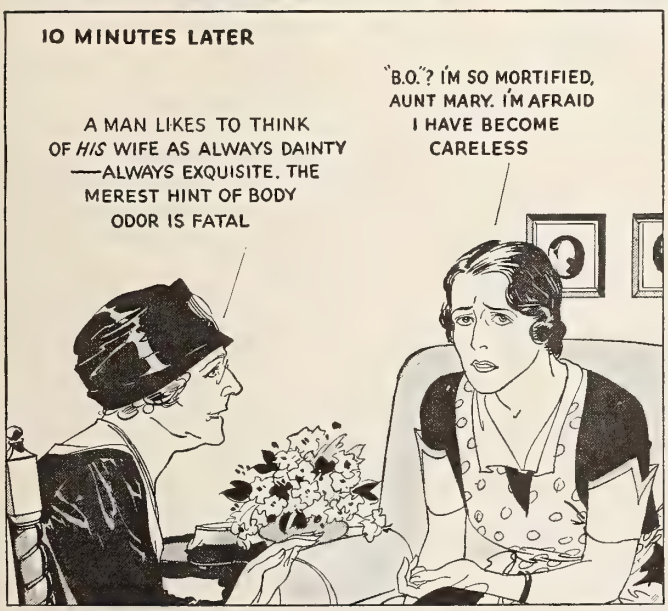
And also: Tarzan and his Wife, 34; Modern Screen's Intimate Album, 51; In New York, 63; Gallery of Honor, 77; Scoops of the Month, 82

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* **Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative***

Published monthly and copyrighted 1932 by Syndicate Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. H. Meyer, President; M. Delacorte, Secretary and Treasurer. Vol. 4, No. 2, July, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscription, $1.70 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE — by ALBERT DORNE

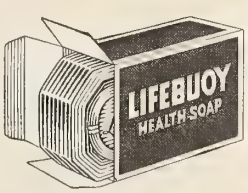


Romance fades when "B.O." (body odor) offends

TO BE less dainty, less exquisite, less careful *after* marriage than before—is courting disaster! *Never* take chances with "B.O." (*body odor*)—especially now, when hot weather makes us perspire more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—frees them of odor. Guards health, too, by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent vanishes as you rinse.

Here's a beauty hint

Lifebuoy for lovely complexions! Its pure, bland lather cleanses gently, yet thoroughly —freshens dull skins to new, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly, born in Fergus Falls, Minn., February 2. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; "Speed Crazy," Universal; and "Huddle," M-G-M.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried, born in Charleroi, Penn., December 16. First National contract player. Featured roles in "So Big," "A Successful Calamity" and "The Jewel Robbery." For First National.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried, born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 26. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathe; "High Pressure," First National. Working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Two Kinds of Women," "Sinners in the Sun" and "Come On Marines." For Paramount.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount contract star. Featured roles in "Wayward" and "Sky Bride." Working in "Come On Marines." For Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Alexander Hamilton," "Man Who Played God" and "A Successful Calamity." For Warner Bros.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 20. RKO-Pathe contract player. Featured roles in "Panama Flo" and "The Tip Off," RKO-Pathe; "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; "Radio Patrol," Universal. Working in "Is My Face Red?", RKO-Radio.

ASTHER, NILES; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "But the Flesh Is Weak" and "Letty Lynton," M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; "A Successful Calamity," Warner Bros. Temporarily retired awaiting birth of child.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "Freaks," M-G-M; "Young Bride," RKO-Pathe; "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio. Working in "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal contract star. Starred in "Impatient Maiden" and "Night world." Working in "Laughing Boy." For Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "While Paris Sleeps" and "Cheaters At Play," Fox. Working in "Back Streets," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Paramount contract star. Starred in "Rich Man's Folly" and "World and the Flesh." Working in "The Challenger." For Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount contract star. Starred in "The Cheat" and "Thunder Below." Working in "Devil and the Deep." For Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M contract star. Co-starred in "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M; starred in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M contract star. Co-starred in "Broken Lullaby" Paramount; "Mata Hari," "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Working in "The Claw," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National contract star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor." Working in "Cabin in the Cotton." For First National

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus Ohio, March 29. Fox contract star. Starred in "Surrender" and "Amateur Daddy." Working in "Man About Town." For Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "The Champ" and "Hell Divers"; starred in "Grand Hotel." For M-G-M.

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America" and "Woman in Room 13." Working in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next is "What Price Glory?" For Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. RKO-Pathe contract star. Starred in "Lady With a Past." RKO-Pathe. Working in "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round," RKO-Pathe.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "She Wanted A Millionaire," "Careless Lady" and "Trial of Vivienne Ware." Working in "Week Ends Only." For Fox.

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Arrowsmith," United Artists; "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathe; "Scandal For Sale," Universal; "Thunder Below," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, Septmber 10. Universal contract star. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Next is "Nana." For Universal.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. contract player. Featured roles in "Greeks Had A Word For Them," United Artists; "Union Depot," "The Crowd Roars," "Famous Ferguson Case" and "Miss Pinkerton." Working in "New York Town." For Warner Bros.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas, October 27. Fox contract star. Featured roles in "Careless Lady," Fox; "Back Streets," Universal.

BOND, LILIAN; unmarried; born in London, Eng, January 18. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Trial of Vivienne Ware" and "Man About Town," Fox. Working in "Old Dark House," Universal.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Last picture was "Kick In," Paramount. Vacationing with husband in Nevada.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Starred in "Suicide Fleet," "The Big Gamble" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathe.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "The Wiser Sex," Paramount; "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "High Pressure," First National and "Attorney of the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National contract player. Featured roles in "The Rich Are Always With Us," "Miss Pinkerton" and "Week End Marriage." Working in "Mud Lark." Next is "Children of Pleasure." For First National.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Homicide Squad," Universal; "It's Tough To Be Famous," First National. Working in "Blessed Event," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, Eng, June 1. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Husband's Holiday," and "Shanghai Express." Working in "Bride of the Enemy." For Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Fireman, Save My Child" and "The Tenderfoot." Working in "You Said A Mouthful." For First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured role in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal; "Fatal Alarm," Trem Carr. Working in "Vanishing Frontier," Darmour.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal contract star. Featured role in "Famous Ferguson Case," First National; "Information Kid," Universal. Working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured role in "Beauty and the Boss," First National. Working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried, born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Vanity Fair," Hoffman; "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Society Girl," Fox. Appearing on the legitimate stage.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Taxi," "The Crowd Roars" and "Winner Take All." For Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. United Artists contract star. Starred in "Whoopee" and "Palmy Days." Working in "Kid From Spain." For Goldwyn-United Artists.

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Guilty Generation," Columbia; "Girl From the Rio," RKO-Radio; "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Appearing on legitimate stage.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount contract star. Starred in "Personal Maid," "Broken Lullaby" and "Wayward," Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, Eng., April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights." Now in Europe.

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach contract star. Starred in "What A Bozo," "Nickle Nurser," "Balmy Days" and "First in War," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Paramount; "Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Next is "Children of Pleasure," Warner Bros.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount contract star. Starred in "One Hour With You." Working in "Love Me Tonight." For Paramount.

(*Continued on page 94*)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JUNE AND JULY—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Clive Brook	June 1	Ricardo Cortez	July 7
Johnny Weissmuller	June 2	John Gilbert	July 10
Bill Boyd	June 5	Irene Dunne	July 14
Walter Byron	June 11	Barbara Stanwyck	July 16
Ralph Bellamy	June 17	James Cagney	July 17
Evalyn Knapp	June 17	Richard Dix	July 18
Ivan Lebedeff	June 18	Lupe Velez	July 18
Jeanette MacDonald	June 18	Phillips Holmes	July 22
Irving Pichel	June 24	Clara Bow	July 29
Polly Moran	June 28	William Powell	July 29

A GREAT HUMAN DRAMA LIVES ON THE SCREEN!

with

IRENE DUNNE
JOHN BOLES

ALL THEIR LIVES THEY LOVED. SHE GAVE ALL . . . HE NOTHING. ALWAYS SHE WAS THRUST INTO THE BACK STREETS, WHILE HE ENJOYED THE SUNLIGHT. YET HE LOVED HER. WHAT A SARDONIC SITUATION!

directed by
JOHN M. STAHL

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF. · CARL LAEMMLE *President* · 730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

SEVEN
WEEKS
OUT OF
FIFTY-TWO

MODESS
gives you maximum comfort and protection for *the* 50 most trying days of the year. It shapes to the body naturally. It is absolutely safe. Modess is priced lower than ever.
Johnson & Johnson.

MODESS
SANITARY
NAPKINS

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . Don't take a chance on any old picture. Look over this guide carefully and pick only the pictures that you—and the kiddies, too—will be sure to enjoy to the utmost

ALIAS THE DOCTOR (First National)—Dick Barthelmess in a tale of a medical student who, through a series of unfortunate circumstances, becomes an eminent surgeon without the legal right to operate. **Good—but children will be bored.**

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox)—Warner Baxter in the rôle of a male Pollyanna who undertakes the care of four orphaned children. **Okay if you like very sentimental stuff—children may like it.**

ARE YOU LISTENING? (M-G-M)—Triangle story with William Haines, Karen Morley, Madge Evans, and others. Bill in a serious rôle is fine. Action centers around a broadcasting station. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

ARROWSMITH (United Artists)—Ronald Colman in highly intelligent talkie version of Sinclair Lewis' famous novel. **Excellent if you like serious stuff—but children would be bored by it.**

ARSENE LUPIN (M-G-M)—John and Lionel Barrymore in a story of a clever crook and a cleverer detective. The brothers are very nearly perfect. Karen Morley is excellent. **Very good—children will like it.**

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warner Bros.)—Marian Marsh as the homely little stenographer who suddenly learns how to be beautiful—much to the amazement of her boss. **Good—okay for tots.**

BIG TIMER (Columbia)—Ben Lyon and Constance Cummings as a prize fighter and his manager. Of course another woman looms up and the battle is on! **Good—kids will like it.**

BROKEN LULLABY (Paramount)—The story of a French boy who—because he killed a German soldier during the war—cannot forget the deed and finally goes to Germany to the boy's grave and family. Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll are good but the real acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore as the father of the dead German boy. **A bit slow, but interesting—not for children, however.**

THE BROKEN WING (Paramount)—Hot tamales, an American flyer and the best "dam' Caballero in all Mejico" make up this one. Lupe Velez, Melvyn Douglas and Leo Carillo. **Good—children will like it.**

THE BLOND CAPTIVE (Pizor)—Travelogue of Northern Australia. **Interesting—okay for kids.**

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers again—this time as an American business man who goes to Damascus to corner the steel market, for the purpose of making razor blades. **Despite weak story, excellent if you're a Will Rogers fan—children will like parts of it.**

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery as a young Englishman whose father is impoverished. The problem of Robert is whether to marry for love or money. Then, when love is about to win, money gets its innings with almost disastrous results. **Good sophisticated stuff—but children may not like it.**

CARELESS LADY (Fox)—Joan Bennett, in order to seem more attractive, pretends to be married—and then meets the man whose name she has so casually taken for the time being. **Good—but children will be bored.**

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (Fox)—Warner Oland is here again as the Oriental detective who solves all the mysteries by the bat of an eyelash plus a few homely truths. **Good—a little involved for children.**

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox)—An ex-police chief and a noted crook meet on a liner with some thrilling results. Thomas Meighan is in it. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

COCK OF THE AIR (United Artists)—Amusing cuckoo comedy with Chester Morris and Billie Dove. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal)—The title tells all. In fact too much. **Poor—except for kids.**

DANCE TEAM (Fox)—A story of a couple of hoofers who come to the big town to make good in the usual big way. Of course they meet with plenty of trials and tribulations. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers are the couple. **Good if you like sweet stuff—okay for kids.**

DANCERS IN THE DARK (Paramount)—Jack Oakie, William Collier and Miriam Hopkins in a yarn of love in the dance halls. **Good—you can take the kids.**

DEVIL'S LOTTERY (Fox)—Elissa Landi in a story of a house party, the guests of which are all winners of a lottery. **Good—okay for kids.**

DISORDERLY CONDUCT (Fox)—A story of the doings of the police department. Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Dickie Moore head the cast of players. **Good—okay for children.**

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)—The newcomer, Tala Birell, in a war story. **Good—marvelous scenery. Children might like it if you don't mind their seeing war films.** Reviewed in detail on page 48

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—The famous old tale resurrected once again—but with new clothes—and Fredric March in the title rôle. **Very good if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.**

EMMA (M-G-M)—A lovable old housekeeper and her trials and tribulations ably portrayed by Marie Dressler. Richard Cromwell is good in a leading rôle. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

THE EXPERT (First National)—Chic Sale as the naughty old codger who just will get himself into all sorts of scrapes. **Very good—suitable for the young ones.**

FALSE MADONNA (Paramount)—Kay Francis as a lady crook who—for crooked reasons—impersonates the mother of a blind boy. Of course she decides to go straight rather than fool the boy and then things begin to happen. **Fair.**

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE (First National)—Mystery story with Joan Blondell and Tom Brown. Most of the yarn is taken up with showing how—when an important man is murdered—so many guiltless persons' lives can be wrecked by the newspapers' innuendos. **Very good—not very suitable for children.**

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warner)—A firefighter whose chief interest in life is baseball and blondes. Joe E. Brown is the firefighter. **Very good—perfect for kids.**

A FOOL'S ADVICE (Frank Fay Independent)—Frank Fay's own talkie. He plays the part of a hick. He wrote the story and also directed the picture. **Good—the children may like it.**

FORBIDDEN (Columbia)—Story of thwarted love with Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou. **Good—not suitable for children.**

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY (RKO-Pathé)—Tom Tyler in a hard-riding Western. **Very good if you like Westerns—grand for the kiddies.**

GIRL CRAZY (RKO-Radio)—Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee and Mitzi Green—among others—in a talkie version of the famous Gershwin musical comedy. **Very good—you can take the children.**

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—Garbo, Crawford, the Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt in a masterpiece. **Excellent—although young children may be a bit bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (Goldwyn-United Artists)—The gold-diggers and their troubles as portrayed by Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell. Lowell Sherman and David Manners are the men in the case. **Very good—but not for children.**

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)—Chinatown melodrama with Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, Leslie Fenton and others. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE HEART OF NEW YORK (First National)—New York's lower East Side depicted with comedy and drama. George Sidney and Smith and Dale are in the excellent cast. **Good—okay for children.**

HELL DIVERS (M-G-M)—Two aviators' experiences in the peace-time navy. Clark Gable and Wally Beery are the aviators. **Very good—and grand for the kids.**

IMPATIENT MAIDEN (Universal)—A young hospital interne and his adventures—both profes-

sional and romantic. Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke have the leading rôles. **Good—okay for kids.**

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., depicting the story of a man whose marriage is nearly ruined because he suddenly becomes a national hero. **Fair.**

KEEP LAUGHING (Educational)—Slapstick in a night club. Very funny. **Good—great for children.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (RKO-Radio)—Edna May Oliver as a persuasive member of a jury. The story concerns the reaching of the verdict. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a gal who pretends to have a glamorous past in order to intrigue the man she loves. David Manners is the man she does it all for. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Nils Asther in an intense love story. **Very good—but not especially so for the little ones.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

LIMPY MAKES GOOD (M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale in a human, pathetic little story. **Good—and especially so for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)—A story of the stunt aviators who risk their lives for the sake of the cinema cameras. Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong, Eric Von Stroheim and Mary Astor head the strong cast. **Excellent—okay for the children.**

LOVE AFFAIR (Columbia)—Dorothy Mackaill as an heiress who falls in love with an aviator—and finds difficulties besetting the path to happiness **Fair.**

LOVERS COURAGEOUS (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in a rather charming romance. **Excellent love story but children will get restless.**

MAN WANTED (Warner)—A business woman who has a philandering husband falls in love with her male secretary with, of course, some emotional results. Kay Francis and David Manners have the leads. **Fair—dull for children.**

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD (Warner)—A brilliant pianist is struck deaf by a bomb explosion and, then, after a thwarted attempt at suicide, decides to dedicate his life to doing good to his neighbors. **Good, if you like sentimental drama—all right for the kids.**

MATA HARI (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo in a Hollywood version of the famous spy case. Ramon Novarro plays the lover. **Excellent—but not for children.**

MICHAEL AND MARY (Universal)—A. A. Milne with all-English cast. A charmingly romantic story capably played. **Very good if you like English characters and speech—children may be bored by it.**

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)—Revival of the famous success of silent days—with talking, of course, and a new cast. Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, Hobart Bosworth, and John Wray head the new cast. **Very good—children should like it.**

MISS PINKERTON (Warner)—Joan Blondell and George Brent in a thrilling mystery. **Good—children will find it exciting.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warner)—Warren William in a story about law and lawyers. **Very good—but hardly for children.**

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)—If you want chills and thrills you'll be satisfied, but if you want Edgar Allan Poe you'll be disappointed. **Very good if you like horror pictures—better not take the kids.**

THE MISLEADING LADY (Paramount)—Claudette Colbert as a society deb who is tired of it all, Edmund Lowe as a big mining engineer and Stuart Erwin as an escaped lunatic. Pretty involved to little purpose. **Fair.**

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young and Charles Ruggles. Ernest Lubitsch directed this pleasant musical, ruthlessly throwing reality to the winds. **Excellent sophisticated stuff—children probably won't like it.**

THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER (M-G-M)—Jimmie Durante and Buster Keaton in a knockabout comedy. **Very funny—excellent for children.**

PLAY GIRL (First National)—Modern romance with Loretta Young, Norman Foster and Winnie Lightner. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS (M-G-M)—A sometimes tiresome love story with a circus background. Marion Davies as a circus performer and Clark Gable as the he-man minister with whom Marion falls in love. **Good—okay to take the offspring.**

PRESTIGE (RKO-Pathé)—Story of the trials of a married couple who are forced to live in a penal colony because the husband is an officer and is sent there on duty. **Fair—children will be bored by it.**

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (First National)—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Bette Davis in a married-woman's-problem story. **Good—but the young people will find it dull.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY (Universal)—Tom Mix, Tony, and Lois Wilson in a good Western that provides a splendid come-back vehicle for Mix. **Good—fine for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

ROADHOUSE MURDER (RKO-Radio)—Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan in another story about headstrong youth. **Good—children can learn a lesson from it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

(Continued on page 107)

JOAN BLONDELL, *featured player of Warner Bros., is equally pleasing in a smart bathing suit or in a softly fashioned evening gown of net and silver sequins.*

Curves, Today,

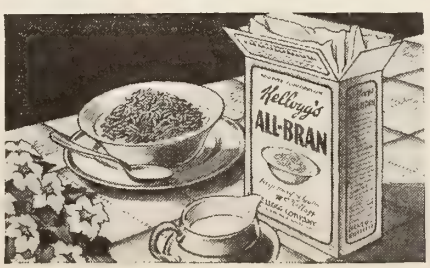
ARE AS IMPORTANT AS COMPLEXIONS

NO LONGER can we dare ignore our figure. Dame Fashion has decreed that feminine curves must show themselves—whether in sports togs or in the clinging, revealing evening gown.

Fortunately, these modern clothes require the figure of normal womanhood. To be chic, we must retain our health and beauty while reducing.

A primary rule of health is proper elimination. Otherwise, sallow skins, wrinkles, pimples, premature aging, loss of appetite and energy may result.

Faulty elimination is caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" and Vitamin B. You can obtain both of these dietary necessities in a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables. Two tablespoonfuls daily will prevent and relieve most types of improper elimination.



How much better it is to enjoy this delicious "cereal way" than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming.

Another thing, ALL-BRAN furnishes iron to build blood, and help prevent dietary anemia. Tests show that ALL-BRAN contains twice as much blood-building iron as an equal amount by weight of beef-liver.

Enjoy as a cereal, or use in making fluffy bran muffins, breads, waffles, etc. ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable facts on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. H-7, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

BEAUTY ADVICE

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She will be glad to help you. However, owing to the fact that she receives so many letters, will you be good enough to ask only one question per letter? Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

Would any of us bewail gray hair if we could look as lovely as Norma Shearer? It's a wig, of course. She wears it in the later sequences of "Strange Interlude"

How to keep your beauty from Sweet Sixteen till Middle Age!

By Mary Biddle

I LIKE to think that there are four ages of beauty and that women can be beautiful through all these ages. There are the 'teens, for example and the twenties and the thirties. Now I *won't* use the forties as a classification because many women of forty look thirty or younger. I'll just say middle age. There are different ways of being beautiful at all these periods of our lives—different routines to follow, different preparations to use. It is silly and futile to try to look sixteen when you're thirty-five. It is equally silly, at sixteen, to use a flock of cosmetics and to assume the airs and graces of a grown woman.

I received a letter the other day which read: "I am fifteen. What shades of powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, and eyeshadow shall I use?" I think we might as well start right there with a little advice to very young girls. With very rare exceptions, a mere child of fifteen should use no cosmetics at all! Perhaps a dab of powder on the nose. Perhaps a bit of colorless pomade to keep the lips smooth in cold weather. That's all. Now, I don't say that fifteen-year-olds—and even younger girls—cannot begin a systematic care of the skin, hair and figure. During adolescence the body is adjusting itself to the growing-up process. The skin often breaks out alarmingly. The hair often changes its color slightly, loses or develops a natural curl. The figure is often gawky or refuses to give up its baby fat. The tragic thing about this time of our lives is that we become clothes-conscious, beauty-conscious and boy-conscious all at once. We want to look as elegant as big sister all in five minutes.

The care of the skin at this age should be simple but very faithful. Wash with mild soap and warm water. Follow with a second cleansing of cold cream. Remove it with tissues. Then give the face a second bath in soap and water to remove every trace of cream and finally dash the face with cold water. If the skin feels dry and drawn from the use of soap and water, then just use cream cleansings but pat the face with cotton soaked in a mild skin tonic afterwards. Even these dry-skinned girls should wash with soap and water every three or four days, in addition to the cream cleansings. If blackheads appear, they should be treated with a remedial cleanser—either store-bought or home made. Pimples should be carefully doctored—and banished by strict diet. When they come to a head, they can be gently pressed out with the fingers thickly padded with tissues or cotton. Then the spot should be dusted with boracic powder or touched with alcohol to prevent infection. The hair should be massaged and brushed daily and washed not too frequently. It should be arranged simply and becomingly. Permanents can now be given young people and even children with marvelously natural effects. I think it far more sensible for mothers to permit their young daughters to get a good permanent—rather than constant marcels which, unless expertly and rather expensively done, will in the end break and dull the hair. Better still—there's no better time for the young girl to begin training her hair herself than when she is young. If I had a young daughter I wouldn't mind how long she primped in front of the mirror—provided she didn't go out of the house looking like something escaped from the zoo!

WHEN can a girl begin to use make-up—real make-up? Well, it depends a great deal upon the environ-

ment in which she lives. City girls naturally attain a certain amount of grown-upishness rather quickly. It is permissible for them to add a touch of faint lipstick for dress-up occasions when they are sixteen or seventeen. But I honestly do hate to see it on young faces in the street and if I were a school teacher I'd hate to see my young pupils wearing it. Why? I can give you no reason except that it just looks wrong. Be guided by good taste and your own environment.

Now let's consider the romantic twenties. Most of the nicest things in life happen to us when we're in our twenties, don't they? And it's up to us to make ourselves just as attractive as possible. If nature didn't allow us to be beautiful, then I'm all for art aiding nature. But the fundamental, common sense beauty routines must go on. To cold cream and soap and water cleansings, I advise the added use of a tissue cream, if the skin is dry. Of a protection cream, if the skin is sensitive. Of a corrective astringent and shine-remover if the skin is oily. And watch your figure as carefully as you watch your skin. If you sit all day, please wear a girdle so you won't spread. If you use your eyes all day, be finicky about getting the proper light in order that constant squinting won't encourage premature wrinkles. Yes, even consider well spent the money for rest or reading glasses. If you must be on your feet a great deal, don't skimp your shoe allowance and see to it that your shoes are comfortable and low heeled. Don't indulge in chatty, fattening teas and sodas with your girl-friends. Remember that soup, fresh vegetables and fruit are just as easy to order for lunch as a gooey sandwich and gooier soft drink. Remember that it's much easier to work off ten extra pounds (or put it on, if that's your trouble) at twenty-two than it is as you're approaching thirty. And there, as a matter of fact, we have the real beauty rule for the twenties: take precautions against the future!

THERE'S really no reason why the thirties should be a dividing line. As a matter of fact they're not—these days, when women are active and busy and athletic. They're not a physical dividing line, that is. But there does come a day when we can no longer be girlish without looking like dimwits. When bell-hop jackets and frilled organdie just seem wrong, no matter how cute and slight our figures may be. It's a mental change, really. And we can have a lot of fun with make-up. If we have been using a *naturelle* shade of powder to go with our fair skin, we can suddenly switch to dead white, wear bright lipstick, no rouge, and a bit of eyeshadow. We can wear the mauve and green—yes, that's what I said—shades of powder in the evening. And, curiously enough, if our skin is a clear, pure olive, we can wear dead white powder, too. And we can experiment with the rather new blue mascara, if we have blue or gray eyes.

(*Continued on page 86*)

The New

Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath Instantly makes your Skin Soft and Smooth

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the Linit Beauty Bath instantly makes the skin feel soft and smooth—and gives a gloriously refreshed sensation to the entire body.

While bathing in the Linit Beauty Bath, there is deposited on the skin surfaces an extremely thin layer of Linit. After drying, this fine, porous coating of Linit remains, which makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck, arms and shoulders, harmlessly absorbs perspiration and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

Try this Refreshing Linit Beauty Bath

Swish half a package or more of Linit in your bath. Instantly the water feels soft and "creamy". Step into this luxurious mixture, bathe as usual with your favorite soap . . . then, after drying, feel your skin! Soft and velvety smooth!

The new perfumed LINIT, *in the Green Cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue-package is sold only by grocers.*

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

THE MOST TASTY, EASIEST TO FIX AND MOST ECONOMICAL FOODS FOR DINNERS-FOR-TWO—ACCORDING TO THE PREFERENCES OF WILLIAM POWELL AS TOLD TO

THE MODERN HOSTESS

It is a problem, cooking for a family of a mere two. But William Powell and Carole Lombard have solved the problem nicely. Carole has learnt how to buy in advance, how to make a roast over into other appetizing dishes and how to use recipes which make just enough for two people. You can learn a lot from her knowledge

IF you have just yourself and somebody else to cook for, you may have wondered why most cook books offer only recipes which turn out sufficient food to serve "a standard family of six." (Just what is a "standard family" anyway?) If you try to break these recipes down into thirds you are constantly finding yourself up against the problem of taking a third of two eggs or a third of one-half cup of milk. But just the same, cooking for two is the most exciting and fascinating kind of cooking in the world. That's the way we felt after our expedition to the Powells' home, where Carole and Bill live, one of screenland's most fascinating families of two, and had a long talk with the head of the house about the kind of food they liked served when they were dining just alone.

When we went out to talk with Mr. Powell about this *diner a deux* business we found that while he was enjoying a well earned vacation, Carole was hard at work, and so she had not been able to get home in time to give us a few hints. We were sorry, too, that we couldn't have gotten a picture of Bill and Carole together at their own dinner table. But he was so very informative and so altogether charming that our disappointment faded.

"Of course," Mr. Powell began, "it is really Carole to whom you should talk about food."

"Perhaps," we replied, "but we are certain that in your home, as in practically every home in the land, it is *your* food preferences which are of paramount importance, and it is you for whom the meals are planned. Isn't that so?"

"Well, really now," he answered with a smile, "do you think it would be quite wise for me to admit that?"

"Of course it is," we retorted, "for we are willing to bet that your wife's answer to that question would be no different from any other wife's. And we'll bet, too, that your cook knows that there will be no complaining about a meal which *you* enjoyed."

"I thought the United States was supposed to be a country dominated by its *women,*" said Bill, looking as *un*dominated as a man could possibly look.

WAIT a minute," we hurriedly interjected, "this is getting us miles away from the object of our conversation. We have come out here to find out what you like to eat, and we will not be deflected from our purpose. Now suppose you tell us about a typical Lombard-Powell dinner, the sort which you like to sit down to when you are dining alone."

"Well, suppose I tell you what we had for dinner last night?" he suggested.

"Fine!"

Picture our joy when we discovered that the meal sounded neither elaborate nor expensive, and imagine our complete delight when we procured the recipes for the dishes which they had relished so much, and found that they were so simple that any bride could easily follow them.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for July—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

The menu which Mr. Powell described to us was as follows:

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Vegetable Bouillon
Roast Lamb, Mint Jelly Rings
Scalloped Potatoes and Onions
Asparagus, Hollandaise
Strawberry Bavarian Cream

TO the tomato juice cocktail the Powells like a tablespoon of sauerkraut juice added for each glass. This adds a novel taste which we found delicious when we tried it. The bouillon can be made at home, but it is scarcely worth the effort, we have found, when such delicious bouillon can be purchased in cans, one can being enough for two. We have discovered that an attractive addition to canned bouillon is a quarter of a cup of finely diced raw vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, celery and onion. These are simmered in the bouillon until they are soft, about a half an hour, and they are served with the soup, of course.

We were quite intrigued with the suggestion given us for garnishing the roast lamb. You carefully take your mint jelly out of the jar, onto a plate, and cut it across in slices about ½ inch thick. Then you shape each of these slices with a cookie cutter, and lay these decorative slices around the platter as a garnish.

Another favored dish in the Powell household is Beets Piquante. Here is the recipe in the correct proportions for two:

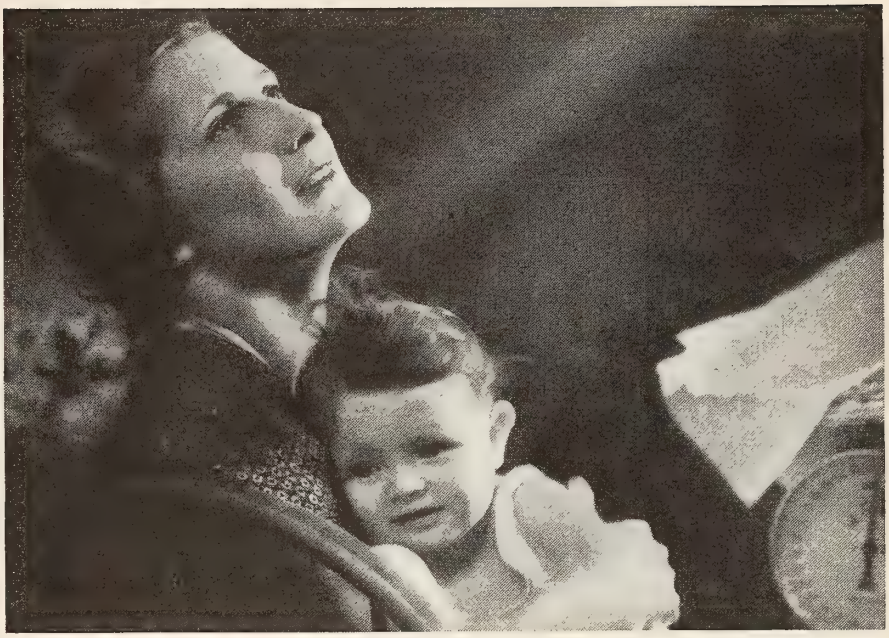
BEETS PIQUANTE

1 bunch beets
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour (scant)
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
A few grains pepper
½ cup cream
1 tablespoon vinegar

Cook the beets over low heat until tender. Peel and cut in quarter. Melt butter in top of double boiler. Mix the dry ingredients and add to butter, stirring until well blended. Add cream and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add beets. Just before serving, add the vinegar.

Among the other recipes we have for dishes which are favorites with the Powells is one for Strawberry Bavarian Cream, which is simply too delicious. Served in parfait glasses, topped with whipped cream and a whole fresh strawberry, it looks too dressy for words, though it is very simple to prepare. Then there is a recipe for the scalloped potatoes and onions which are so good that you could make a whole meal of them. The recipe for Mock Hollandaise sauce is much easier and safer to make than the regular Hollandaise and tastes every bit as delicious. And then there is a recipe for Lamb Shortcakes which gives you a grand way to use up some of the lamb which is left from the roast, but which doesn't seem a bit "left-

(*Continued on page 91*)



The greatest thrill a mother can know

HER BABY . . . thriving . . . gaining by leaps and bounds! His back, strong and fine as a little champion's. His teeth developing perfectly. His legs straight and sturdy. His skin rosy, his flesh firm, his whole body a living promise of health — radiant, buoyant health — through the years to come!

Can any food except Nature's food build such a baby? Millions of mothers have answered *Yes* to this question. And now more emphatically still a world-famous clinic answers *Yes.*

Living proof — in millions of healthy babies

Seventy-five years ago, Gail Borden gave Eagle Brand to the mothers of America. Today, Eagle Brand — second only to mother's milk in easy digestibility — is known as an infant food the world over. Eagle Brand has raised more healthy babies than any other food, excepting mother's milk. In practically every community are healthy, sturdy boys and girls, and men and women who got their start in life on Eagle Brand. In your own community, see how these Eagle Brand ex-babies compare.

What the scientists discovered

But newer still is the news from the world-famous baby clinic. Two physicians fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand for a period of several months — checking with care every detail of their health and growth. Bone structure. Tooth development. Weight and height gains. Blood count. And those 50 Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves ideally nourished.

• • •

Mail coupon below for "Baby's Welfare" — containing feeding instructions and directions for general care; also histories and pictures of Eagle Brand babies. We will gladly send your physician a report of above scientific test of Eagle Brand. Your grocer sells Eagle Brand — feeding instructions are on the label.

FREE! HELPFUL BABY BOOK

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Dept. C-7, Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York.

Please send me — free — new edition "Baby's Welfare."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Please print name and address plainly)

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 5 HOLLYWOOD, JUNE, 1932 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

WILL ROGERS' GARBO GAG CRITICIZED

Audience Walks Out As He and Beery Pull Practical Joke

Will Rogers meant it all in fun and when it turned out badly he took the whole responsibility.

It happened at the Hollywood "Grand Hotel" opening. After the final curtain, Rogers came on the stage and made a grandiloquent speech to the effect that he was about to introduce Garbo. Then he stepped to the wings and brought out—Wally Beery, all dolled up in feminine attire! While Wally stood there simpering, Rogers went on with his gag appeal to Garbo to please stay in this country. Funny? The audience thought not. It filed haughtily out. Rogers was severely criticized. He wired a full apology to the Los Angeles *Examiner,* which was very generous of him. He says he still thinks the gag was funny. But it seems that one just mustn't be funny about Garbo.

Jean Harlow's Red Wig Startles Garbo Première

As you undoubtedly know, Jean Harlow will play the leading rôle in the talkie of Katherine Brush's "Red-Headed Woman." But Jean won't be platinum blond in this—she'll wear a red wig. M-G-M, who are producing the film, thought it would be a good publicity stunt for Miss Harlow to wear the wig to the première of "Grand Hotel."

And as the whisper "Here's Jean Harlow!" ran through the crowd of arrival-watchers there was much craning. The report went around that it was a wig, all right, and Jean was given a positive ovation. Very lovely she looked, too.

Dempsey-Taylor Reunion Rumors Scoffed

Hollywood must have something to "rumor" about and the gossipy town pounced with delight on the idea that Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor would patch up their quarrel and re-marry. At first it seemed reasonable. Jack is not a person to hold a grudge. Estelle herself admits that she is still in love with Jack (see story on page 41), even though their individual natures didn't always agree.

Now, however, it seems definitely established that these two will not be reconciled. Dempsey's friends have had a great deal to do with it. They have been persuading him that it would not work out. And they criticize Estelle's attitude during the much-publicized divorce proceedings.

Serious Studio Revolt of Players and a Director Grips Hollywood

Marlene Dietrich Suspended Cagney and Marian Marsh Dropped—Barthelmess Loyal

Hollywood is in the grip of rebellion! James Cagney went to New York because he claimed his services were worth far more than Warners were paying him. He says that if they won't come to terms he'll quit movies and become a doctor. Marian Marsh became "ill" and stayed out of several pictures. Studio released her.

Paramount is suing Joseph Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich for alleged damages resulting from insubordination. Both are off salary. Rumor has it that a Paramount executive planned to suspend Von Sternberg so that Marlene Dietrich could be made to work under another director. But Marlene quit, too.

Richard Arlen was fighting for more money at Paramount and not getting it—until Paramount discovered that Warners wanted Dick for "Tiger Shark." Then things were different. Bebe Daniels is suing Warners for one hundred thousand dollars—the terms agreed on for two pictures which Bebe was to make for Warners—but for which suitable stories have remained undiscovered by Warners. And Jimmie Dunn stayed at home until Fox saw fit to give him a raise in salary.

Richard Barthelmess is the white-headed boy of First National because he actually agreed to make his next three pictures at the salary he should get for only two!

Flashes from Here and There

John Gilbert will make one more picture and then become a director—so he says.

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper will make another picture of the type of "The Champ." It's called "The O'Shaughnessy Boy."

Rumors still persist that Clark Gable is going to divorce Mrs. Gable. But they are still seen around together.

With Joan's work in "Rain" Hollywood believes that she will emerge as the tip-top star in the movie business. Everyone believes that her Sadie Thompson will be a sensation.

Colleen Moore has signed with M-G-M and will make pictures for them shortly. First one will be with Wally Beery called "Flesh." Wrestling stuff.

Norma Talmadge is rumored as being in the cast of "For Hire." But she will take her European vacation first.

MIRIAM HOPKINS ADOPTS BABY IN CHICAGO

Modern Screen Is the First Magazine to Get This News Break

Not all the details can be divulged at present, but MODERN SCREEN takes pleasure in giving you a magazine news scoop concerning Miriam Hopkins. Miss Hopkins has just adopted a baby boy in Chicago. She is planning to take the child to Hollywood with her when she returns.

In our next issue (August, out about the first of July) you will find an exclusive story by Adele Whitely Fletcher which will give you the complete details of the adoption, why Miss Hopkins wanted the adoption, and what plans she has for the child's future. No other magazine will be able to give you this exclusive information.

Miriam Hopkins, you will recall, was married to Austin Parker, but is at present unmarried, having secretly divorced him some months ago.

Seven Famous Hollywood Women Await Motherhood

The stork is gasping for breath trying to get around to all his appointments in Hollywood this season. Helen Twelvetrees, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor, Florence Vidor, Carmel Myers, Sue Carol, and Dolores Costello are one and all expecting the visit of the old bird within either the next few weeks or months. All present or former Hollywoodites.

Dorothy Mackaill will temporarily retire from her present vaudeville engagement. Helen Twelvetrees will finish the picture she is working on. Likewise Mary Astor. None of the others is at present engaged in screen or stage work.

ZaSu Pitts Obtains Final Divorce Decree

ZaSu Pitts has just obtained her final divorce decree from Tom Gallery, although they have been separated since 1926. They were married in 1920 and had one child, Ann Gallery, who is now nine years old. ZaSu's adopted little boy, Don Mike Gallery, is the son of the beautiful Barbara La Marr.

Tom Gallery is a well known sportsman. Little is known of the reasons for his break-up with his wife. It is said Gallery left his wife some time prior to their separation in 1926. She asked him to return but he refused. At any rate, it is fairly evident that ZaSu still loves her ex-husband. She seemed genuinely broken up during the proceedings in court.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW

Johnny Weissmuller recently arrived in New York to make a series of personal appearances following his terrific triumph as "Tarzan." He certainly has those femmes agog.

. . . . intimate movie news and chit-chat from everywhere . . . .

JEAN HARLOW becomes so famous throughout the country because of her hair that they sign her to an M-G-M contract for seven years. Her first rôle on this contract (so they say) will be the lead in the filming of the novel, "Red-Headed Woman" . . . in which she will wear a red wig! Ho, hum!

Wonder when Alice White will come home—and if she will get a swell movie job when she does. There is one *little lady who showed Hollywood she wasn't through as a drawing card!*

NOW that Lupe has stood 'em on their heads in New York—playing the leading part in Ziegfeld in "Hot Cha"—our little village is being overrun with wires from Flo asking other gals in Hollywood if they wouldn't like to come along. The latest wire-receiver is Irene Dunne—for the new version of "Show Boat." These movie gals certainly pack 'em in!

That gag about Garbo going back to Sweden and marrying her Swedish boy friend is sure getting plenty of berry around this town.

JEAN HERSHOLT is making quite a name for himself as a speech-maker. In fact, it has been found after actual count that he has made more speeches during the year than Conrad Nagel, our speecher-de-luxe.

Jean is trying to raise money to back the Danish Olympic Team which is going to come to Los Angeles in a few weeks. Jean calls himself the "Unofficial Ambassador to the United States." *Four hundred* times he has raised his voice to raise the dough!

ADOLPHE MENJOU returned from the tea-drinking country fully convinced that Wales is one prince of a fellow. Adolphe had an engagement to golf with his Highness and was so excited he forgot his golf clubs and shoes. But the Prince nonchalantly presented him with a gorgeous set of Clubs and some grand English golfing shoes—and on with the game.

Afterwards, the Prince toasted some toast for Kathryn Menjou, and everyone had one heck of a good time.

WITH word of Gloria Swanson's plans for a British picture, drift back stories of the gorgeous establishment the Farmers keep up in London. Servants by the score. Shining automobiles.

And the best part of it all is that Gloria can gad about to shows and parties unbothered by a lot of people hounding her for autographs, etcetera.

But, we are warned, if Garbo thinks she can retire from the screen and leisurely visit London and Paris—she doesn't know them Londoners and Parisians. They'd mob her, sure, the moment she set the Garbo foot in their territory.

GILBERT ROLAND and Norma Talmadge are supposed to be *quits.* We guess again. It was Gilbert who met Norma when she visited Hollywood several weeks ago—and Gilbert who saw her off for New York when she left.

Maybe that's *quits,* but if it is, it's a new species.

John Miljan, Jr., is Hollywood's latest arrival. He didn't arrive by airplane—the stork brought him. And John, Sr., passed around the cigars.

THE other evening Rus Gleason escorted Marguerite Churchill to the theatre—and forgot his wallet. So Rus had to borrow fifty cents from Spencer Tracy to get a soda for himself and Marguerite.

(Left) "Grand Hotel" had the most impressive opening that New York has seen in many an evening. Every famous person in the city was there. (Below) The author of "Grand Hotel," Vicki Baum, with Leslie Howard at a luncheon. Have you read her opinion of "Grand Hotel" on page 36?

Acme

Wish we had a candid camera shot of Rus reaching into his pocket and finding his wallet not there!

MRS. RONALD BURLA (Una Merkel) gave a dinner party in honor of the recent-weds, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn. Among those present was John Arledge.

Young Arledge was supposed to have been that way about Una before her marriage. Now they're just good friends. Happy ending for a love triangle.

A few weeks ago the circus was in town. The big hit of the evening came as Tom Mix crossed the ring to get to his seat. Tom got a bigger hand for his mere presence than any of the circus acts.

Just who is that boy friend whom Jean Harlow presented as "Joe Zilch"? There's another rumor about Clara Bow's come-back

ANNA STEN, the Russian actress and ex-ballet dancer whom Goldwyn has imported to do "The Way of a Lancer" with Ronald Colman, is another of the Goldwyn contingent of foreign players. On the screen she is low voiced and voluptuous, a gypsy who suggests the Negri of "Passion." In person, La Sten is naïve and ingenuous as a child, with enormous slanting grey eyes, a tiny face with the high Tartar cheek bones, and a way of saying "no" with overtones that suggests another Hollywood star. Rumor has it that she learned French in a few weeks to make a French version of "The Brothers Karamazov," and that she has already learned to memorize and pronounce English—though she doesn't understand what she is saying yet—and that in two weeks or a little more, she will be ready, without accent, to do her first American film.

When Ina Claire sailed to New York recently from the Continent, she used the name of Mrs. John Gilbert!

"Horsefeathers," the new Marx Bros. opus, was postponed when Chico cracked up in an auto accident and had to sojourn in the hospital.

So the director took a European vacation; Groucho took to polo; Harpo went to the beach—and Zeppo picked up some extra change from a radio broadcast. In fact, everyone is having a swell time—except Chico. Says he's going to try eating worms.

CAN'T help mentioning how perfectly gorgeous Dolores Costello looked at the recent preview of friend husband's new picture, "State's Attorney." Dolores wore a dark green hat fashioned along lines that would make you and me look like a mugwump or something. But she was radiantly beautiful.

After old man stork pays his second visit to the Barrymore ménage very shortly, perhaps Dolores will try the flickers again. All that beauty shouldn't be spent on housewifery. Even if the man of the house is John Barrymore.

Dolores smiled sweetly while John signed autographs for a miniature army of youngsters.

WHEN Jean Harlow arrived from New York there were several photographers on hand to pictorially record the event. An old friend of Jean's (male) stepped up to the platform and planted a welcoming kiss on the Harlow lips. One of the photographers up and asked Jean what the name of the lucky gent is.

"Joe Zilch," the screen's blond menace seriously replied. "Mr. Zilch sells toy balloons and wooden birds to circuses and side shows. I've known him for years."

"Thank you very much," replied the photographing gent, very much impressed, as he bowed his way out of the Harlow presence.

The latest on Clara Bow is that she'll do "Call Her Savage" for Fox studio. A swell story, say we, for the little redhead's special talents.

Clara will have to postpone having that baby she's been wanting until after the picture has been made.

COLLEEN MOORE got a grand ovation when she appeared at the El Capitan theatre in Hollywood. Her work showed a great deal of time and effort spent in preparing her stage début. Probably as a result of her work there, Colleen will make a picture for M-G-M.

Helene Costello, 'tis whispered, has found a new love.

SOME say that Marlene had better stick with Von Sternberg, because she couldn't do anything without his direction.

Others are of the opinion that if Jo were out of the picture, Marlene could show us some of her latent histrionic potentialities which Jo hasn't let her display.

We wonder if this Dietrich-Von Sternberg team is really one of those "united we stand, divided we fall" sort of combinations. It's your turn to guess.

Bob Montgomery likes his new publicity tag line, "Kiss 'Em Quick," just as little as you do.

Jean Harlow returned to Hollywood after her personal appearances in New York (see page 63). As usual, she was accompanied by her Pappy. It's rumored that she will appear in "Red-Headed Woman" under the sponsorship of M-G-M.

Hollywood Newspictures

WARNERS are finding plenty to do—what with three of their promising young players striking for more dough. Jimmy Cagney was getting $1,400 per week. He took a New York vacation and from there wired the studio he wouldn't return until they guaranteed him something like $3,500. Joan Blondell is another, we hear, who wants more money. Ditto Marian Marsh.

These younger players argue that while they bring a goodly number of ticket-buyers to the theatres, they get comparatively low salaries.

STORIES on a certain famous producer continue to pour into the office. The newest is that he was betting on the horses in Cuba. He picked his favorite for the big race. During the first part of the running it looked like a cinch winner, but the jockey was thrown . . . and so the horse lost.

Later, telling some friends about his bad luck, the producer said: "My horse was winning—everything was going good—and then the caddy had to fall off!"

JOHNNY MACK BROWN has real Olympic Games aspirations. He's in regular training and every day takes a strenuous swimming lesson from a Hawaiian champion. His ambition is to qualify for the Olympics.

If he wins anything in the Games, maybe Johnnie will get another chance for good parts in the movies. *Look at Weissmuller!*

Mack Sennett's parody on "Mata Hari" will be entitled "Hadda Marry"!

RUMOR hath it that Billy Dove and Jack Dempsey are on the romance list. And, says Billie, if you consider having lunch with a man *and* six other people a romance—then rumor hath it aright.

The highlight of the Colleen Moore opening, for us anyway, was Jack Dempsey stopping to shake hands with ex-wife Estelle Taylor.

And Billie Dove chatting merrily with her ex, Irvin Willat.

Real pals, these divorcees.

RUDOLPH SEIBER, Marlene Dietrich's hubby, is again in town. But this time he's keeping shy of the news photographers and interviewers. Seiber, Marlene and J. Von Sternberg are again palling around together. We saw them at the theatre one night with little Maria, Marlene's daughter.

Just one happy family?

Ronnie Colman won't, after all, do "Brothers Karamazow" as his next. Instead he will star in "Way of A Lancer."

BOY, a size larger polo helmet for Mr. Montgomery. Bob deserves it. He was suffering from a bad inferiority complex anent his polo prowess. Bob's always been a good horseman but this polo thing pretty nearly had him stumped. Couldn't seem to improve his game.

Then victory. Two Sundays ago Bob scored two goals all by himself, and ever since that game his polo has improved one hundred per cent. Here's a couple pats on the back, Bob.

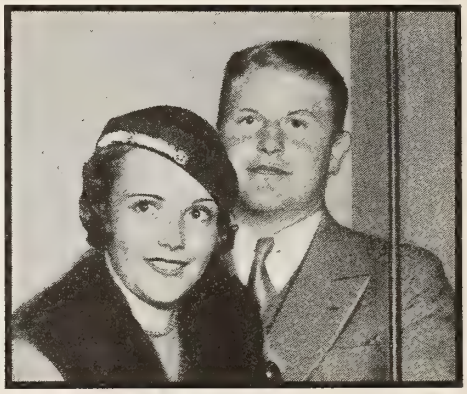
The newest in Hollywood entertainment is the polo picnic.

Well, here are the Barthelmess' after their very grand tour around the world. They've been here, there and everywhere—including a sojourn in Japan to take a close look at the fighting. Dick will be at work on a new picture when you read this.

Wide World

Hollywood Newspictures

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe as they arrived at Pasadena recently—on their way home. (Below) As Marshall Duffield saw Dorothy Lee off on the Santa Cecilia, everyone swore they'd been married but they both denied it hotly.



TRANSATLANTIC Jottings:

None other than Lila Lee's boy friend, John Farrow, will do the adaptation of the British film, "Don Quixote," which will introduce the famous Russian bass, Chaliapin, to the talkie world. Yes, Johnnie is still spending a young fortune telephoning Lila in Hollywood from London . . . Corinne Griffith, filming "Lily Christine" at the Paramount studios at Elstree, in one week received visits from three royal princes—Lennart of Sweden, and the Prince of Wales and his brother Prince George. And the two English princes dined informally with Corinne and husband Walter Morosco at the Morosco's Mayfair house afterwards . . . Ina Claire flew from London to Paris just to see her friend Florence Vidor and to attend a recital by Jascha Heifetz, Florence's husband . . . Lowell Sherman's first ex, Pauline Garon, and his ex-to-be, Helene Costello were seen chatting in a French café together . . . Carol and Garrett Graham, the Hollywood-exposing novelists and contributors to MODERN SCREEN, are in London doing the adaptation for Adolphe Menjou's English film, "Women Spoil Everything."

Our reaction to the rumor that Estelle Taylor and Jack are considering a re-marriage is—applesauce!

THRILL! thrill! Here's a recipe for Garbo's favorite dish. It's called "Fish Pudding" and Greta loves it. Here's the dope:

3 cups of raw halibut, ground fine
1 tablespoon of salt
3 tablespoons of butter
2 eggs
2 tablespoons of flour
2 cups of milk

Add the salt and the melted butter to the finely ground halibut. Stir a little cold water into the flour to make a creamy consistency and then add the eggs, well beaten. Stir this mixture into the two cups of milk and then add the fish. Turn into a well buttered baking pan, cover and set in pan of boiling water and cook for about one hour. When done, serve hot with the following sauce:

2 cups of milk;
2 tablespoons of butter;
2 tablespoons of potato flour.

Melt the butter, add the flour and blend thoroughly, and slowly pour in the milk, stirring constantly. Shredded shrimp may be added to the sauce if desired.

BEFORE starting work in "Rain," Joan Crawford hied herself off to the desert for a rest (doctor's orders), with no visitors or phone calls allowed. The whyfore of the rest wasn't only overwork. Seems as if Joan keeps her diet so low (for that sleek figure of hers) that she eats just enough to give her strength from day to day. No extra calories to build up a reserve. That's really why the isolated vacation. Absolute rest and quiet.

MAE CLARKE was really more dangerously ill than anyone suspected when she retired to a private sanitarium to recover from a nervous breakdown. Overwork and worry was supposed to have brought on the shattered nerves.

And the worry, some would have us believe, was over one John McCormick, Mae's ex-fiancé.

Fifi Dorsay's newest flame is the chap who used to be her secretary.

AS soon as Lily Damita can get a partner, she leaves to tour the three-a-day vaudeville circuit. Lily will sing and dance.

ALTHOUGH Hollywood has Madge Evans and Tom Gallery (ZaSu Pitts' ex) engaged and on their way to the altar—little Madge still insists that her heavy sugar is back in New York town.

She'd better save her breath. Nobody believes it anyway—simply because Madge and Tom are seen everywhere together.

OUR favorite sleuth just sneaked in, took off the dark goggles, false beard and Charlie Chaplin shoes to tell us that Ann Harding hurried to a Nevada ranch immediately after finishing her last picture. There she will probably establish the necessary six-weeks' residence so that *she* and not Harry Bannister can sue for that Bannister-Harding divorce. Both Ann and Harry believe that a husband getting the divorce isn't quite the correct procedure in cases like this—so the story goes.

Anyway, that's what our gum-shoe expert tells us.

YOU'LL FIND MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 72

Rumors of unhappiness in Nancy Carroll's new marriage!

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Otto Dyar

Chester Morris and Carole Lombard both appear in "Sinners in the Sun" for Paramount. Carole's only household hobby is picking up an occasional antique. Her sports activities are limited to an occasional set of tennis. Clothes form her main interest in life. Chester (don't call him Chet) is one star who is really popular on the lot—everyone likes him. He drives a very snappy black phaeton—very high-powered. He's now at work on "Come On, Marines," with Richard Arlen. It's a he-man rôle—Chester's favorite type of character. His next will be "The Glass Key." He's happily married, you know.

Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Warner Baxter recently opened his Malibu Beach home and spends all of his spare time there looking after his wife who has been ill. Warner is one of the town's most popular stars—popular in Hollywood, we mean, as well as with you fans. He recently recovered from a severe injury to his ankle caused by falling glass while making his latest picture—"Amateur Daddy." He goes drawing-room again for his next which is titled "Man About Town." He's taking a great interest in the Olympic Games.

Photograph by Hurrell

Dorothy Jordan has just appeared in "Roadhouse Murder" for RKO-Radio. Her latest released picture is "The Wet Parade." Her closest friend is Ona Munson. Curiously enough, some years ago, Ona was the leading lady in the legitimate production of a musical comedy in which Dorothy Jordan was a chorus girl. Dorothy exercises by a brisk walk each morning along the beach. She is a most un-actressish person off the screen. She's seen with Donald Dilloway a great deal. But no announcement of their engagement at this time.

However do the screen stars

HERE'S THE SECRET . .

LUPE VELEZ . . .

famous Stage and Screen Star, now making a sensational success as the feminine lead in Florenz Ziegfeld's extravaganza "Hot-Cha". Miss Velez scored a motion picture triumph in her recent MGM vehicle — "Cuban Love Song"

For an Evening of Dancing

The famous beauties of the screen realize the importance of looking their best at all times. They find there's nothing so effective as Jean Hair Nets to keep the hair perfectly groomed—and the wave intact.

Full size for long hair. Special size for the bob. Shades to match your hair perfectly — including Gray and White

MAKE YOUR WAVE LAST TWICE AS LONG
by wearing

Jean HAIR NETS

10c EACH 3 FOR 25c

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE STORES

keep their waves so perfect?

THEY WEAR JEAN NETS!

For Sports, too! . . .

Doesn't Miss Velez look smart and swagger in her attractive Gypsy Cap? Wonderful for outdoor wear — tennis, golf, driving, on the beach. Keeps your hair trim, and your wave perfect. Made of rayon in gay colors and two-tone effects. Get them to match your favorite sports costumes!

While Sleeping at Night..

Do you wake up in the morning with your wave as perfect as this? Wear one of these clever Jean Water Wave Nets while you sleep — just as the screen stars do! They make your wave last twice as long! Woven of rayon in pastel and hair shades. With chin elastic. Made in France.

SAVE MONEY . . . BY SAVING YOUR WAVE
with

Jean WATER WAVE AND SPORTS NETS

Sold Exclusively at

S. S. KRESGE STORES

CAMEO COMBS

There is no need to pay more when you can buy these fine combs at Kresge for 10c. Made of smoothly moulded hard rubber. Styles for men and women — for pocket and home use.

10c EACH

Ruth Chatterton is anxiously waiting to see how the public will react to her first Warner picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us." She is now in daily conference with writers discussing her next story. As yet it has hardly a theme, much less a title. During the production of her first Warner picture Ruth lived constantly in her studio bungalow. Although she had a reputation for temperament at Paramount, the Warner crowd says she is grand. She recently directed husband Forbes in a stage play he's producing called "Let Us Divorce."

Clark Gable has just completed "Strange Interlude," opposite Norma Shearer—of course you know it's the famous play by Eugene O'Neill which made such a sensation a season or so ago. Its release will be one of the cinema events of the year. Off-screen, Clark often wears a white turtle-necked sweater and drives a twelve-cylinder black sport coupé. He admits his ears are too large. He saves money. Doesn't like parties but gets loads of invitations—obviously. He is still a novice at polo. His special buddy is Wally Beery.

Photograph by Freulich

Tala Birell, Europe's newest gift to Hollywood, will first be seen in "The Doomed Battalion." Her next will probably be a story based on Zola's "Nana." It was at one time considered as a vehicle for Marlene Dietrich. Tala's real name is Natalie Bierl. She is called Talusha for short. She is quite shy except among her intimates. She's fond of gardening. She takes daily lessons in English from Laura Hope Crewes. Tala has the largest Great Dane in Hollywood and the dog is particularly vicious.

Photograph by Gaston Longet

Laurence Olivier has just finished his rôle opposite Ann Harding in "Westward Passage." He is about to take a three-month's vacation in his native England. Considering he is an Englishman by birth he is pretty much of a typical American—affects flannel trousers and sweaters almost exclusively. His hobby is traveling. He had been in Hollywood only a short time before he'd roamed all over California. He was very ill at the time he first arrived in Hollywood and lost so much weight his friends actually did not recognize him.

HOLLYWOOD'S CRUELEST STORY

. . . It seems unbelievable that Marie Dressler—generous, open-hearted Marie—should be forced to suffer so from the very fact that she is so generous and fine. It is her very good nature which has created for her an incredible group of enemies

By JACK JAMISON

Photograph by Hurrell

THIS is the cruelest story ever to come out of Hollywood, where many cruel things have happened.

It is the story of the betrayal of the grandest heart of them all, Marie Dressler.

Betrayal? There can be no other word for it. Do you remember, when you were little and in school, reading about the dog who bit the hand that fed it? Young as we were, we decided then and there that such a dog was the most savage and contemptible creature in the world.

Well, where dear Marie is concerned, *you and I* are that dog. Oh, not you and I, perhaps—but your neighbor down the street. For Marie has been betrayed, not by anyone in Hollywood, but by her public. Not, we hasten to add, by all her public. Thank God for that! But by many of her fans. So many, many of them that it hurts the heart to dwell upon their numbers. And it has hurt Marie; hurt her so terribly that I do not think she will ever be quite the same again. *She is forced to protect herself from the public she loves.* For anyone who loves like Marie, there could be no tragedy more bitter.

Marie Dressler has stopped answering all letters that ask her for help.

THERE are stars who delegate to a secretary the answering of fan letters. There are other stars who pay no attention to them whatsoever. Marie has never been like that. I have never seen her but what she was carrying around, in her pocket or in her bag, half a dozen letters from people. How happy they made her! There was the letter from a woman in the middle west. Her husband was terribly sick. She walked the sidewalks of her town, day after day, trying to sell silk stockings from door to door. The money she earned was barely enough to buy food, much less medicine for the man who needed it so badly. She had a life insurance policy—the woman. If she killed herself, she decided, the money her husband would get from the policy would help him much more than her pitiful earnings. Before she killed herself she wanted to have one evening of pleasure, so she went to a talkie. The picture was "Emma." Marie will always keep the letter this brave woman wrote when she got home that night, ill able to afford the stamp to send it to Hollywood. "Dear Marie, when I saw how brave you were, in this picture, I decided to go on living. That is what you mean to me." There were other letters as noble, as fine, as warming to Marie Dressler's generous heart.

"They're what makes me want to go on in pictures. They're what makes my job worth while," Marie says.

And then there are—these other letters.

MODERN SCREEN has told you that the studio is forced to send Marie out of town between pictures, against her wish, to keep her from wearing herself out calling on persons who are ill and interviewing those who need comfort, advice, or money. Except under orders, she will not stop, and you can imagine what a drain it is on her strength. But it is not one-tenth of the strain she put upon herself personally answering her fan mail. She would never have a secretary, you see. All the while mail was arriving in bushel-baskets, and Marie not only answered all the letters in her own handwriting, but she lay awake nights trying to decide how much she could do to help the persons who wrote asking aid. Claire Du Brey, a friend, came upon her one morning sitting at her writing-desk

A woman friend found Marie at her desk one day, weeping pitifully. Marie had been reading a letter. The friend picked it up and discovered that it was the most insulting, unpleasant missive she had ever seen—you wouldn't believe how insulting until you read it. Marie was not crying from pity but from hurt. Something had to be done.

and weeping. Claire picked up the letter she was reading:

> Marie Dressler:
>
> Say, who do you think you are, anyhow? You make me sick. You're just an old woman that had a lot of fool luck, that's the only reason you got so much money. I need money, and I'm just as good as you are. You send me $1,000, and you send it fast, or I'll go around telling things about you that will make everybody never want to see one of your dumb old pictures agen.

"Marie," Claire said, "you're ruining your health and happiness reading letters like this. I simply will not let you do it. From now on I'm your secretary, whether you like it or not."

Marie protested. "Oh, I can't. What will people think of me if they know I don't read their letters?"

"I don't care what they think, I'm not going to let you read any more of *that* kind of letters."

AT last Marie consented, much against her will. Today her friend will not let her even see a begging letter. Marie is answering no more requests. Requests? The letter quoted above was not a request, it was a command. A threat, in fact! Are you disappointed in Marie? "Oh," you say, "but such terrible letters as that must have been few and far between." Will you believe me when I tell you that Marie has received *hundreds* as bad or even worse?

Scores ask her to adopt illegitimate children. Granted that any child would be lucky to have a mother like Marie, how could she grant these requests? How could she? It's simply impossible. *(Continued on page 87)*

Chevalier, Joan Crawford, Chaplin, Barbara Stanwyck, Menjou and Claudette Colbert—brilliant folk today, all of them! And they bought their success—their personalities—with hard work.

IS YOUR

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

MAGIC lantern night at Baxter Hall—that was an event, when you had the price of admission. And on this particular night little Charlie Chaplin had the price—one penny. He scurried through the mean dark alley that led behind the stables where the old wooden tub stood. Carefully laying down the penny, grimy and moist from his tightly closed palm, he began the serious business of scrubbing his face and hands. He had trusted a precious penny to his pocket once before and it had made its way through the shabby lining. Such tragedy wasn't to be courted a second time.

These lantern slides were the only escape Charlie ever had from his cheerless childhood. The Chaplins were far, far too poor ever to go for a holiday in the country. Charlie never knew what it was to see the long grass blow in the wind or to lie under a big tree.

Contrasting these early days in Chester Street with Charlie's last visit to England you have such stuff as authors would fear to use in fiction lest their readers laugh them to scorn for being ridiculous and far-fetched.

Only thirty odd years have passed since those wretched days. And in this brief time little Charlie Chaplin, beginning as a lather boy in a miserable, cheap barber shop when he should have been in school, has become one of the greatest personalities in all the world.

. . . Every human being has a worthwhile personality. Learn how you, with inherited traits, can forge a glowing individuality

PERSONALITY AWAKE?

His fame, truly enough, has been a springboard which has helped him to make his giant strides. But it isn't the funny and pathetic little fellow with shoes and trousers much too large for him and a battered derby hat that the distinguished many seek to know and, knowing, to know better. It is instead the brilliant gentleman who creates this famous little fellow that they find interesting and charming.

WHEN Charles Spencer Chaplin was in London this last time there was nothing wistful nor pathetic about him unless you happened to surprise that look which occasionally haunts his eyes. He stopped at the Ritz. He had an entourage. He was well-groomed.

To meet Charles Spencer Chaplin today—he's always that to me when I think of him personally and the more intimate Charlie when I think of him as he is on the screen—to listen to him express his opinions on anything, it is almost impossible to believe he once was an unschooled boy living in the wretched and sordid tenements of Kennington.

And what Charles Spencer Chaplin has done everyone can do!

Always he has concentrated upon the development of every potentiality he possesses for improvement and, managing to view himself objectively, always he has fought to submerge whatever unpleasant characteristics there are in his inherent make-up. *In other words, Charlie Chaplin never has allowed himself to lapse into what entirely too many people are without realizing it—an unawakened personality—one whose powers lie fallow.*

"But," I can hear you exclaim, "Charlie Chaplin is a genius!"

So he is. Granted! Nevertheless, that single word genius isn't sufficient explanation for the amazing transformation which Charles Spencer Chaplin has achieved. He well might be a genius in his work and remain, in reality, a little cockney from Kennington.

HOWEVER, if the Chaplin example doesn't convince you that anyone can become the personality they set their heart on being, then, by all means, consider Adolphe Menjou.

Adolphe Menjou might be called by many complimentary terms but he is not a genius. It was, as a matter of fact, because he was so typically a man of the world, polished, suave, sophisticated, and seemingly to the manner born that he was given his opportunity in the motion picture studios.

The Menjous, who are worthy, respectable people but not at all like Adolphe, used to have a little French restaurant in New York City. And it used to worry them exceedingly because their Adolphe, even as a very young man, would have nothing to do with their business but insisted instead upon going to college. Adolphe graduated from Cornell with an engineering degree and it was the unsettled conditions of a post war world when he returned from ambulance corp service overseas that finally brought him to the movie studios.

Adolphe Menjou saw no *(Continued on page 110)*

JAMES DUNN SPEAKS HIS MIND ABOUT LOVE

When Jimmy speaks of love he speaks with the utmost frankness. And he has his own ideas on the subject—very definite ideas which many a girl would find thrilling indeed. And they are not just theories, either—Jimmie knows what he is talking about from his own experiences. And although his opinions may seem radical we feel sure you will see why he thinks as he does.

Interesting and revealing, what happy-go-lucky Jimmy thinks about romance. Did you know, by the way, that he once had an unhappy romance and renounced love forever?

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

JIMMY DUNN wore a bathrobe and very little else when he bounced in to meet me at the private dining room of the Café de Paris. The Café for all its intriguing foreign name being situated on the Fox lot at Westwood Hills, his unconventional costume was not as startling as it would have been had our meeting occurred at its formal namesake in Monte Carlo. James was fresh from the set where he had been boxing as part of his performance in "Society Girl," his new picture. He exuded health, vigor and masculinity, while his disarming smile made me accept his apology for keeping me waiting, without a murmur.

He is an extraordinarily self-possessed, poised young man, curiously like the character which made him famous in "Bad Girl." I saw at once that in that piece he had merely played himself, and that his only artifice had been an assumption of shyness and an added touch of roughness to his speech. Like most all heroes of the movies he looks slightly older in real life than on the screen and his strong, well modelled face bears the marks of the struggle which came before success was attained.

Until I saw how well he had himself in hand I had been rather afraid to ask him the question which was on my mind—what did this new screen hero think about love? A question like that will either bring forth a silly, mawkish answer or a complete, baffling silence, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But Jimmy was neither abashed nor flippant.

"What do I think about love?" he said wholeheartedly and with enthusiasm, "Why, I *love* it!" There was no mistaking his sincerity.

"And what," I asked, "do you think holds a woman best?" By way of reply Jimmy pushed his chair back from the table, and clasped his arms in an open circle in front of him as if he were holding someone to his breast.

"This!" he replied eloquently.

His answer was so complete and to the point that for a moment I was left breathless with laughter. Finally I stopped laughing long enough to ask him another.

"But seriously," I demanded, "I know you've had lots of affairs of the heart—but how about real love. Have you ever been really in love? That is a question," I added hastily, "which you may reprove me for asking, and if you like I'll suppress the answer in my story on you." Dunn smiled a little crooked, wistful smile.

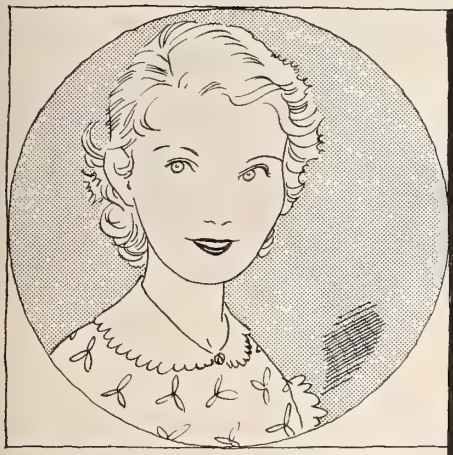
I'LL trust you to print what you think fair," said he. "In the motion picture business we have to take what publicity we can get, and I shan't (*Continued on page 95*)

(Above) With Sally Eilers in his first film and instantaneous success, "Bad Girl." (Above right) With Sally again in "Dance Team." Sally and James made such a hit in these two pictures that it was thought they'd always be teamed together. But the Fox company decided otherwise, for in "Society Girl" (right) he plays opposite Peggy Shannon.

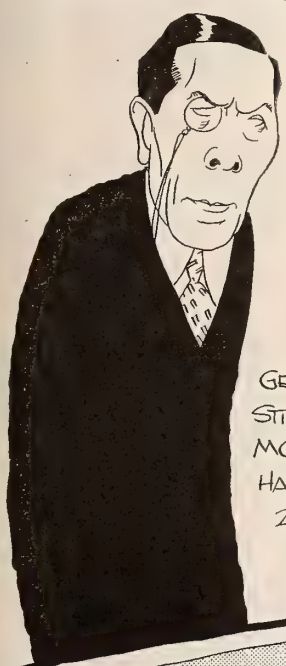
Hollywood Newspictures

Hollywood's newest exponent of he-mannishness and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. John Weissmuller. Informally, Weissmuller and Bobbé Arnst.

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



HELEN CHANDLER WEARS PORCELAIN CAPS ON HER TEETH TO IMPROVE HER MOVIE SMILE



GEORGE ARLISS STILL WEARS A MONOCLE HE HAS HAD FOR 25 YEARS.

EDNA MAY OLIVER QUIT SINGING IN A CHURCH TO JOIN A BURLESQUE SHOW.

CLIVE BROOK WEIGHED 20 POUNDS AT BIRTH.

THE ONLY NATURAL BLONDE IN THE MOVIES WITH NATURALLY BLACK EYEBROWS AND LASHES—BETTE DAVIS.

". . . I expected the utmost."

"Handsome, manly and credible."

"... that the last shall be first."

WHAT THE AUTHOR THINKS OF "GRAND

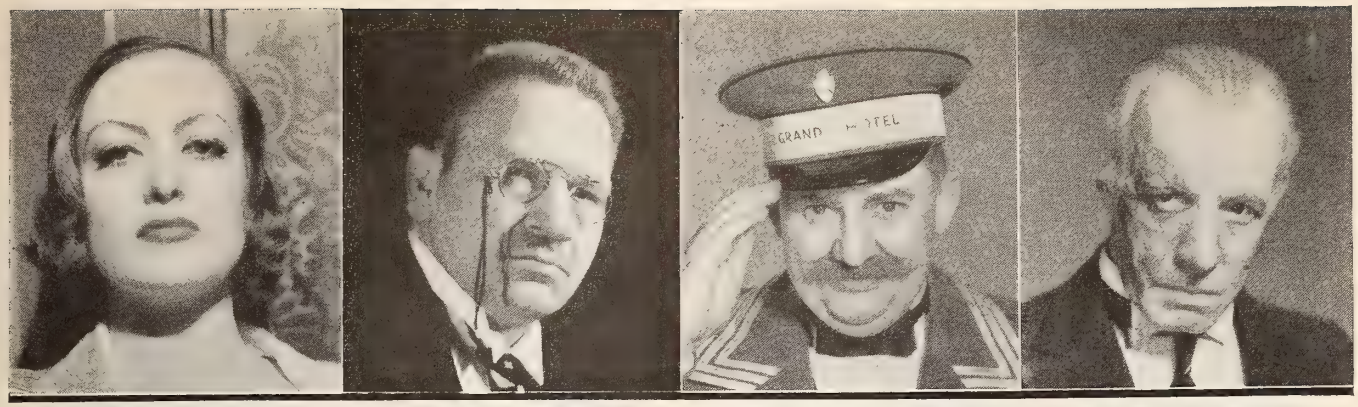
Vicki Baum at the opening of "Grand Hotel." As she saw the film unreeled, she, just like all of us, had definite feelings about the work of each star. Great credit is due her for herein setting down those thoughts with such honesty.

Everyone is talking about "Grand Hotel"—and which of the stars in it really gave the finest performance. And nearly everyone has a different opinion. MODERN SCREEN is really proud to present to you the opinion of the author herself. A candid opinion about each of the main players

By VICKI BAUM

HAVE you ever seen a person who had nothing but a lottery ticket in his pocket and who managed to win two first prizes with it? Look at me: I'm that lucky person! The little lottery ticket which I had in my pocket when America came into my life for the first time was my novel, "Grand Hotel." I made a play out of it. The best cast I could imagine played it. The play was a hit: that was one of the first prizes. Then a picture was made out of it. They

Vicki Baum tells who she thinks does the best work in it



"I was thrilled and amazed . . ."

". . . as I had imagined the character."

"...to those others... I can say only—

—a fleeting 'Danke schön.'"

gave me a cast such has never before been assembled. And the film is also a hit. That is the other first prize!

Nowadays I'm continually being asked how I liked the picture, whom I liked best, whether there was someone in the cast I didn't like—and a hundred such questions. It's difficult to answer them. After all, I don't sit before the screen as a critic. Nor as someone who has paid two dollars to see it. For me the screen takes characters which I have carried around for a long while—some of them for decades—and makes them alive and real. Sometimes things appear on the screen exactly as I've imagined them, sometimes quite differently. And sometimes the things that are different turn out to be better than what I had in mind. If I'm to talk about it, then there's difficulty already with the order of succession. Whom should I mention first and whom last? Should I proceed alphabetically or in accordance with my gratitude? Should I politely let the ladies go first or should I begin with Lionel Barrymore, since he plays the rôle which is closest to my heart and is most important to me?

HOTEL"

Well, I think it can't be a mistake if I begin with Greta Garbo. If I say that Greta Garbo as the dancer is much better than I expected, that's not of small consequence. For I expected the utmost. I expected that she'd be *Greta Garbo* and that would have been enough! But this time she did more than usual. She played, so to speak, two rôles. First, the weary, lonely dancer, aching for success—and then the awakened woman experiencing a great love. I've always maintained that the ability to transform one's self constitutes great acting. In movies this ability and art is seldom put in practice or laid claim to. Rôles are filled according to types. More frequently the rôle is measured and tried on and properly cut for the star's particular form until it fits without a wrinkle. In "Grand Hotel" it's quite different. There were five main rôles—the characters were there first and then came the actors—and I'm afraid that not a single one of the big stars viewed his part with much pleasure at first.

HERE Greta Garbo has achieved something which few people expected of her. She has fitted herself into a play and into a cast and has rendered a great dramatic performance exactly at that point where the rôle was contrary to her own being. The twittering, laughing, hopping about, in the tarlatan of a ballet skirt is certainly not what Greta would have sought out as her rôle. But she has accomplished it. She's gone the whole way which led from the first words, "I have never been so tired in my life," to the last words, "It will be sunny in Tremezzo. We'll have a guest, Suzette." That dead-tired face in the beginning—where did Greta get just those small sad lines around her mouth and forehead? Then, that face in which—between laughter and tears—love awakens! That face full of wanton joy when she is happy. That face full of fear when she awaits her beloved in vain. Unforgettable! Thank you, Greta Garbo.

Love can't be acted, not like that, if one hasn't the proper partner. I think that John Barrymore was the proper partner. Handsome, manly, and credible. The love scenes had vitality. Most love scenes on the screen are dangerous —someone in the orchestra may begin to laugh. This time the audience stopped breathing! Nevertheless, John was furthest removed from my idea of that character, perhaps because I had the clearest mental picture of the baron. My baron was the exact image of a man who was dear to me—a man of action, an adventurer, a fiery creature—a man who was one of the first to die in the war. John Barrymore, as the baron, calmed this character down, made him gentler, added a dash of resignation and sadness.

Here I must tell you a little story: When the novel, "Grand Hotel," was first printed as a serial, I received, following the installment in which the death of the baron was described, a special delivery letter signed by a number of ladies in a small town. They simply could not face the death of this character. They simply could not endure the thought that now he was dead. Under all circumstances, I must bring him back to life in the next installment. Unfortunately that was something I couldn't do. In John Barrymore's portrayal the death of the baron loses this quality of unexpectedness, of torture—and that is advantageous to the film.

JOHN, also, had to show two faces—he is one thing in the scenes with Garbo and another in the scenes with Joan Crawford. I have seldom seen a scene more gracefully paced than that in which Joan and he become acquainted.

Beforehand, it was said by many that Joan Crawford would run away with the picture. (*Continued on page 114*)

Is it Garbo? Is it one of the Barrymores? Is it Crawford or Beery?

THE TRUE STORY OF

. . . Ricardo's own life parallels in many ways that of the young man he portrays so well in "Symphony of Six Million"

Born in New York City, July 7, 1900, Ricardo Cortez—or Jacob Kranze as his childhood friends knew him—is about thirty-two. "But I feel sixty-two," he says.

By WALTER RAMSEY

JACOB KRANZE was born in New York City, July 7, 1900. Not in the best part of the city . . . nor the worst. Lexington Avenue at Seventy-ninth, to be exact. That would make Ricardo Cortez thirty-two his next birthday, and he appears to be just about that age.

". . . but I feel sixty-two!" says Ric with a smile.

Which may sound like an exaggerated gesture to you who have learned to know his handsome face entirely from the screen. But after you have heard his story, after you have come to know the many milestones of sorrow that mark the years of his short life, you may ask yourself: "Why doesn't he look sixty-two!"

Seventy-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue is well known to those of you who know New York. You recognize in it a section peopled by families with children—Italians, Poles, Rumanians, Jews and Irish. Really a tough neighborhood back in the days when Ric set sail. Gangs! Every block had one. If the block was long, there were two. Fights, broken bones, hoodlums! A number of the kids he knew when he was in the third and fourth grade of school, P. S. No. 76, grew up to be among the most notorious gang leaders and racketeers in New York.

Somehow or other, the gangs—the free-for-all fighting—and the petty thievery clashed with the young Jewish boy's instincts. He found himself gradually being pushed back into his own shell. And it was not long before he came to the conclusion that he was better off alone. Being by himself became a habit—dreaming and planning. The days spent in school were sort of a little private hell to which he must go for a certain number of hours each day.

HOWEVER much he disliked the gangs, there was one thing that he must fiercely avoid: allowing any of the boys to learn that he was not "one of them" and consequently a sissy. And so the early years of his life constituted a continual struggle to remain on the fringe of the neighborhood mobs—and yet alone. Of course, the natural outcome of this boyish struggle tended to make him shy and difficult to understand. He had no intimates. Every problem presenting itself had to be thrashed out alone. This playing of a lone hand and working out every problem for himself started when he was a kid of seven, and it has continued to this very day! Ricardo Cortez has never had an agent to represent him in Hollywood as every other actor in the business has. And to this day he is shy and difficult to understand.

His memories of childhood are few, probably because he lived his childhood so solitarily. He hasn't a myriad of happy events, so dear to the heart of most men, on which to pin his gradual development. His first few years were just one continual struggle. A harsh, sink-or-swim struggle to keep to himself and yet not let those about him notice it. It is impossible for him to recall the events of these early days because it was all one event. One great happening that caused him to fear and to smile—gaiety and depression of spirit—happiness and heartaches. He was so *alone* when it all took place, so absolutely shunted off from that world that is studded with heart laughs—cops-and-robbers—"gang war" and a bosom pal or two with whom to share thoughts and ideas and dreams.

Young Cortez lived this one event until he was eleven years old. Then fate manufactured something new for him: he was taken to the hospital! Going to the hospital

RICARDO CORTEZ

(Right) His mother—an understanding soul who adored him and whom he adored. (Below) Ricardo as he appeared at the age of four years. That was when he was learning the pitiful lesson of having to conform to the block gang.

to be operated upon for hernia is the first real thing that ever happened to him which he hadn't had everything to do with himself—*alone!* And if you will notice, all the major occurrences of his life are such as these. In telling me of this first recollection, he said:

"I remember being told the night before that I was to go to the hospital in the morning. I took the news calmly—as I did everything else. I went to bed without further talk on the subject and arose in the morning ready to go. Mother went with me and I remember that the rest of the family felt awfully sorry to see me go (I had two younger brothers, and my sister was two years older than myself) but I thought their fears were very childish. I wasn't afraid.

"Nor was I frightened when we actually got to the hospital and entered the elevator. But on the way to the fourth floor, it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't thought this thing out for myself! So when the elevator stopped and we got out, I sneaked back into the car without mother's seeing me and went to the ground floor once again and out of the building. I believe I walked entirely around the hospital on the outside. I must think this over calmly by myself! Hadn't I always studied out everything alone? And here I suddenly find myself in a hospital about to have an operation . . . and I hadn't made up *my* mind about the thing! By the time I had circled around the hospital I was fully convinced that mother was right about the operation and that it would help me in the long run. So I decided to have it!

WHEN I re-entered the foyer, my mother was waiting for me. She smiled and asked

if I was ready to go upstairs. When I had explained my reason for disappearing, she told me that she understood, and we went to my room. Not *my* room, either, for there were five other young chaps in there with me. We couldn't afford a private room.

"I remember, too, that after the operation was over it suddenly occurred to me that I was being a terrific expense to the family. I recall asking mother how much the operation would cost. She told me that it wasn't important what the bill was—just so long as I hurried and got well. It was then I came face to face with the thing called mother love. I had been so much to myself all these years that it had never impressed me before. I tried to sit up in bed as I told mother she shouldn't worry—that I was certainly going to get well. Soon I would be grown-up, I assured her, and then I could get out and make a lot of money and take care of her. When she started to cry, it was *I* who turned into the adult as I attempted to dry her tears and tell her she shouldn't cry."

Adolescence brought an insatiable urge to see plays, hear good music. He couldn't expect his father to give him money for these pursuits. He must make money for himself. Saving his pennies and nickels, he collected enough to buy a box of chewing gum wholesale which he sold during the ball game at Van Cortlandt Park. Business was good. Evening found him with not a package of gum remaining. The jingle of the coins in his pocket warmed his heart. On the way home, a bunch of the tough kids from his own neighborhood pounced on him and after beating him up, took all his money. When he arrived home with a black eye, Mamma and Papa Kranze questioned him. But he had anticipated their questioning. It would have been humiliating to admit his defeat to them, so he told them he had accidentally fallen against an iron fence on the way home.

Within two days he had figured out another way to make money! During the time he attended grammar school he worked as an errand boy for a brokerage house on Wall Street, for which he was rewarded with the magnificent sum of $4.00 per week. But these few dollars offered escape into the things he wanted to do more than anything in the world. He could see the best stage shows, the opera, the huge concert orchestras. From the balconies, true, but that was all that was necessary.

He mulled the matter over in his mind and decided that his family would hardly understand why he was thrilled by an operatic score when he couldn't read a note of music himself. He couldn't bear having them consider him a sissy, so he always told his mother he had been to a movie. On being questioned further on the lateness of his arrival home, he would explain that he had wanted to walk home. More times than not he would walk home, for even a gallery seat cost every penny he could scrape together. To him the gallery represented a complete world. There he was with his own people, the poor, yet they, like himself, sat enthralled at what unfolded below them on the stage.

He realized too well that the "gang" would never understand his love for the opera and the theatre, so he never mentioned them. His most guarded possession was not a sling-shot or a kite, but rather a frayed scrapbook containing poems he had clipped from papers and magazines.

With Irene Dunne in "Symphony of Six Million." The knowledge gained in his childhood by his natural powers of keen observation certainly helped Ricardo give a fine performance as the young Hebrew in this film.

EVEN when he played basketball, it seemed that he was alone on the floor fighting a personal battle. He never forgot to work in unison with the team, but each goal was a little struggle and victory for him . . . *alone*. The team he captained won the city championship, and Ric was more proud than he had ever been before.

Then school was over. He didn't want to continue with his education. He wanted to get out and start making money. That was the important thing—making money and attaining success! Although the desire to express himself on the stage or in music was burning deep inside him, he knew he must take the thing that would give him an income immediately. He took a job in a ticket agency at $14.00 a week. He was satisfied for a while. He came in contact with the theatrical world, in a sense, and this was as close as he could hope to get then.

One day he met Walter Morosco! As time went on he grew to know him better and finally confided his great desire to go on the stage or in the movies. Morosco mentioned that a pal of his, Al Green, was making a picture and needed a few boys to play the parts of soldiers. Ric hurried out to the studio and got the job. He was sent to the wardrobe department to be fitted for a uniform. At last he was on his way to becoming an actor! The picture was scheduled to start the following day—

That night Maurice Kranze, his father, died of influenza!

Ricardo Cortez will never forget the horror of those few hours spent at his father's bedside just before death took his father from him forever. Three days later another tragic blow felled him—his only sister died! Two members of the family taken within four days. This boy who had always lived within himself was suddenly aroused to the realization that no longer could he consider himself. "My boy," said his uncle, "you are now the father of the family." These words repeated themselves many times during the next few years, their responsibility urged him on.

HE couldn't take the movie job. It was gone and forgotten before he was able to look for work again. But find a job he must, for the funeral expenses combined with the doctor's bills had eaten up almost all of Papa Kranze's little estate. It fell to Ric to hustle for the family's daily bread.

Finally he tried the studios again and got a bit in a picture called "Polly of the Circus" directed by Rex Ingram. Soon he found that the carfare and lunch money consumed most of the two dollars he received each day. He couldn't choose. He must quit the movies. He found work in a brokerage office on Wall Street, but spent the last half of each afternoon haunting the stage agencies trying to get work. He thought he might be able to hold down the job in the brokerage house and play in the theatre at night. His tour of the agencies (*Continued on page 114*)

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LIFE . . . ?

. . . There is no love in Estelle Taylor's life. And there are no friends. That was proved only too well during her hospital sojourn. Yet life has not beaten her. Such hope demands a curious courage—and Estelle has it

By GLADYS HALL

YOU remember that, not long ago, Estelle Taylor suffered a broken neck in an automobile accident? Remember the weeks she spent in the hospital and the agony she suffered having her neck set? It would have been an agony if everyone she had ever known had come to her to calm and comfort her. But through it all no one came! Not a single friend—not a single acquaintance visited Estelle during her time of suffering.

Yet I know of no one in Hollywood who could have suffered the same fate if Estelle had known of it. She would have been there. She is as liberal, as thoughtful, as generous as anyone I know—and much more so than many. Her warm and compassionate hand has paid more than one hospital bill for a mere acquaintance, down on luck. Her gifts have brightened the Christmases, the birthdays, the anniversaries of dozens and dozens of persons who had no valid reason to expect remembering. There is never a shower given in Hollywood, there is never a baby born, there is never a marriage celebrated among even the hearsay acquaintances of Estelle but what her gift is among those present whether she is there, in person, or not. A gift, moreover, personally selected, thought-out, beautifully personal.

And yet, in her crisis of danger and great pain, Estelle stood alone.

Not a wire from Jack Dempsey, newspaper reports and tabloid accounts to the contrary. Not a word, not a flower, not a single "I'm sorry, old pal—a bad decision—"

And this crisis where friendship failed seems to me to be a tremendous commentary on Hollywood, on Life. . . .

In that hour, in that month or more on that narrow bed, Estelle's mind and her warm and eager heart went adventuring. All the undigested life she has lived, the loves, marriage and divorce, the friends who were not friends, the fame that has eluded her, that long ago baby she never had, the defeats and triumphs and disloyalties of all her life passed before her in naked revue. And she brought forth conclusions about life and all of its elements that will stay with her for as long as she lives. . .

SHE said, only a few days ago: "Yes, of course I've thought things out. I had lots of time. I can give you four little bed-time stories on love and marriage and divorce—"

And I said to this dark and vivid person:

"Begin with love. After all that you have been through, what *do* you think of love?"

"I think it is wonderful—of course. The one thing. The only thing. The most precious thing—but like all precious things, it is rare. It doesn't come to us all. Not all of us are wise enough to know it when we meet it face to face. Not all of us can hold it when we have won it. Some of us just miss it—somehow. For some special reason, perhaps. Of *course* I am not embittered, not cynical. Why should I be? Because the two men I've known intimately have failed me, or I them—but what does that prove? Nothing. There are millions of men in the world that I have never known, can never know. It will be hard for me, of course, to find another Jack. I have learned, oh surely, that I did love him, that I must always love him, that not until love happens to me again can I be free of him, or feel that I am not still his wife. Whenever any man is kind to me, wants to make love to me, I hear a small, deep-hidden voice whispering 'Oh, Jack—Jack—*Jack!*' But I *hope* I'll fall in love again some day. I'm still romanticist enough to dream of some remote cabin in the purple hills, a fire burning on the hearth, just two (*Continued on page 97*)

LITTLE BRAT

By HAGAR WILDE

She was crying. Johnny could hear her crying. She wasn't crying quietly the way she had a couple of hours before, but she was sobbing excitedly . . . Tears had streaked her beautiful face . . .

COME here, Johnny. Don't trip over the wire, son." That was Mr. Petroff, the director. Mr. Petroff had a ferocious mustache and rolled his r's. Uncle Fred said that he was a director and that Johnny must always be polite to him. He must always call him "sir."

"No, sir," Johnny said and picked his way carefully across the set to where Mr. Petroff was waiting, his knees wide, his hands out, to encircle Johnny and tell him what to do next in the game.

Held fast in the vise of Petroff's powerful knees, Johnny listened carefully, stealing glances at Marian Maxim, the star.

"Johnny . . ." (it sounded as though Mr. Petroff were saying ZZhawney) ". . . can you be sleepy?"

"Yawn?" Johnny said.

"Yawn, and stretch, and rub your hands in your eyes. See that nice little bed over there? Your mother's going to tuck you in that little bed and sing you to sleep."

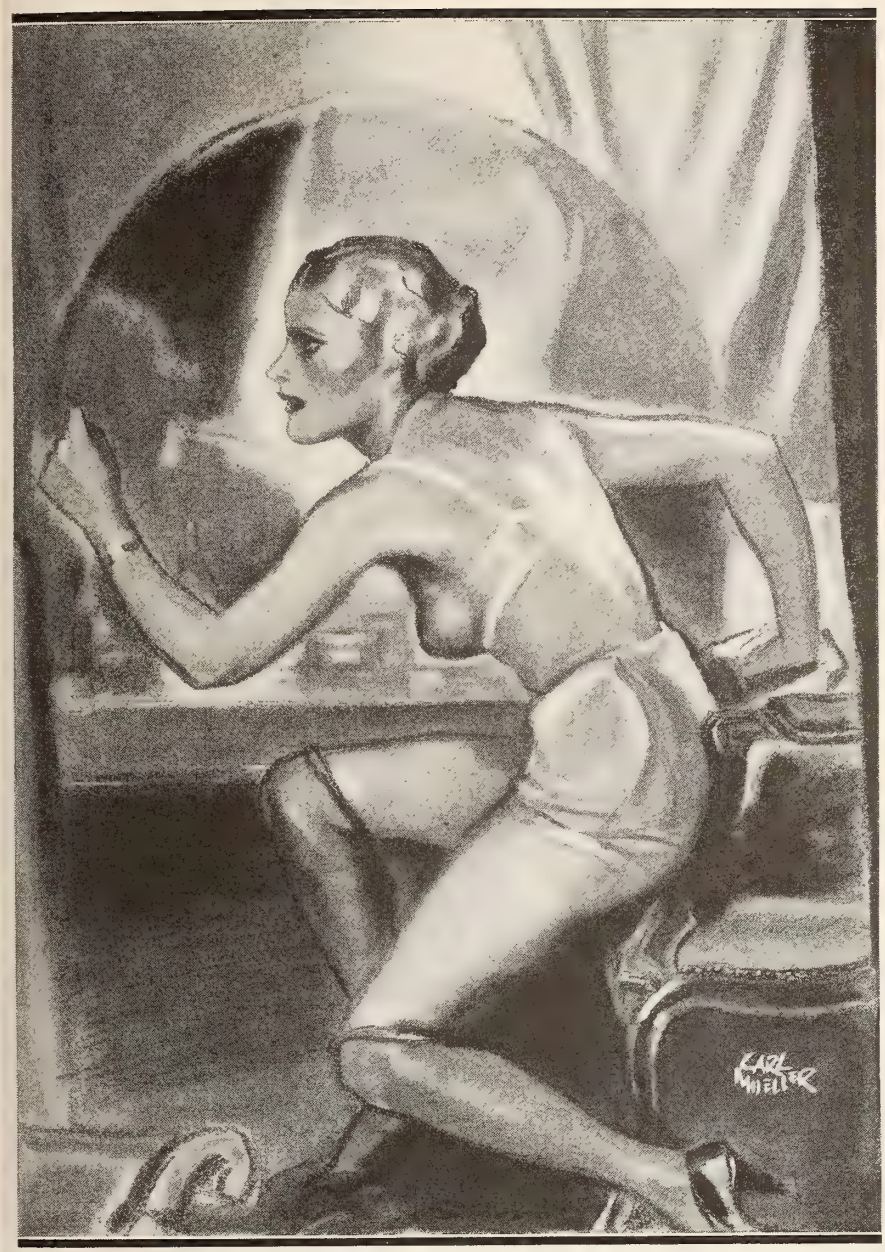
"I haven't got any mother," Johnny said simply.

"Yes, you have. Miss Maxim is your mother."

"Just a pretend mother?" Johnny asked.

Petroff avoided that question with practised skill. He'd worked with children before. "She loves you, and she has to go away and leave you tonight, but she's going to tuck you into your little bed and sing you to sleep before she goes. She wants to cry, but she's going to tell you little stories and sing to you so that you won't know how badly she feels. You'll know, though, won't you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said.



. . . Petroff, the director, said: "Children aren't like dogs. We don't teach them. They believe." And, in this fine fiction offering, the author shows you a touching moment in the life of Johnny Marlowe, child star, who believed—

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"You must put your arms around her and tell her you love her. If she knows that you love her, she may not feel so bad, eh?"

"Won't she?" Johnny said shyly.

"Oh, of course not."

"Really—or just pretend?" Johnny said.

"Really," Petroff said.

He left Johnny standing there and walked over to the other side of the set to talk to the assistant director. "If these damned parents and uncles and guardians would stop yelling pretend at the kids," he growled, "I'd be able to get something out of them. Children are so simple and whole-souled that their games become real to them the moment they start. Pretence isn't in them until it's drummed in."

JOHNNY was seven, going on eight. His father and mother had been killed in a motor accident when he was three. His father's brother, Fred, had taken Johnny to live with him, his wife, and three kids. Johnny's aunt, living in Los Angeles, spent most of her waking hours trying to get her young ones into pictures and berating the directors who turned them down. When Johnny was five, he had been taken along on one of her jaunts to the studios because she had nothing else to do with him. He had been chosen for a bit principally because of his large, mournful eyes and wistful little mouth. Mrs. Marlowe had been unable to understand it, but she grudgingly allowed Johnny to take his opportunity. When he attained his childish success she moved into a large house (using his money) and never tired of telling people that she was responsible for Johnny's good fortune, that he had her and her husband to thank for it. If it hadn't been for them, Johnny would be in an orphan's home, that's where he'd be.

"Miss Maxim . . ." That was Mr. Petroff's voice again. "Miss *Maxim!* Will you take your place, please?"

Marian Maxim walked onto the set, full center, and turned her large, lustrous eyes upon Petroff. Johnny's heart swam chokingly up into his throat. Her frock was so beautiful. *She* was so beautiful. His eyes traveled down to her hands. They were long and slim and white.

Nights, lying alone in his bed, Johnny had dreamed of a woman like this. In his dream, the woman was always his mother. He had never seen his mother, but he knew that she was beautiful. She must have looked like Miss Maxim. He swallowed hard and clasped his hands carefully behind his back. His palms were wet, he was so excited.

"Lights . . . camera . . ."

Johnny watched her, fascinated. Petroff's gentle hands propelled him into range of the camera. Johnny advanced hesitatingly, slowly. She held out her arms. With a choked little cry of pleasure, he went into them. She smelled like a rose garden after a rain. Johnny pressed his head against her breast and her hands went up through his hair and down again. He closed his eyes and burrowed his nose against her shoulder. He felt her lips against his cheek. She set him down and smiled at him. Johnny smiled back. There was a lump in his throat. He swallowed it and smiled again, shakily.

Aunt Grace

She picked him up in her arms and went through the door toward the little white bed. There she set him down. Johnny stared up at her.

Mr. Petroff came over and said, "Wonderful, Marian, wonderful!"

Johnny wished that she would look down and smile at him again but she was busy fixing her hair. She was so beautiful . . . so beautiful . . .

THEY were ready for the bedroom scene. She picked him up once more and held him exactly as she had in the preceding scene. She took off his stockings. Johnny thought, with a shivery thrill of ecstasy, that she did it differently from his aunt. Aunt Grace just dragged them off and threw them in a heap on the floor.

Petroff's hands were moving. Johnny felt an obscure resentment at the fact that his mother couldn't put him to bed without Mr. Petroff's butting in.

She whispered, "Shall I tell you a story?"

He nodded, speechless.

"What story do you want?"

"The one about Jack and the Giant." Petroff hadn't coached him in this but had trusted to luck.

"Once upon a time . . ."

"Cut!" Mr. Petroff again.

During the half-dozen retakes, Johnny waited anxiously. Would she go on with the story? Finally, Mr. Petroff walked over toward them. He patted Johnny's head, then he looked at Johnny's mother. "You've got the song?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

"Fine. Lights . . . camera . . ."

She helped him slide under the covers of the little white bed and sat down on the edge of it holding him close. She started to sing to him. Johnny's arms stole up around her neck and he hugged her first shyly and then *hard*.

He closed his eyes and drifted off into a world of his own. His house . . . a big house . . . dogs and cats and hobby horses. A little white bed like this, and his mother. *His* mother. His arms tightened again. He felt her move as though in discomfort. He was hugging his mother too hard. His little arms released her quickly and he opened his eyes, looked up at her and smiled. He heard Mr. Petroff draw his breath in through his teeth. Johnny spoke, although he hadn't been told to. "Did I hurt you, mother?" he said.

She looked at Petroff. Petroff pushed his hands down and down through the air excitedly. She looked at Johnny and smiled like an angel. "No, darling," she said, "you didn't hurt mother. Go to sleep now. Mother will sing to you."

She sang and Johnny closed his eyes again.

The scene was a big success. Petroff picked him up and hugged him excitedly. "God," he said, "God, ZZhawney, you almost make *me* cry."

UNCLE FRED was there to take him home. Uncle Fred had a new roadster. He didn't talk to Johnny on the way home and Johnny was glad, because he had a wonderful new secret that Uncle Fred would not understand. Johnny had a mother. Uncle Fred would laugh if he told him about it, and anyway, Johnny had a lot to think about. He wanted to take his mother a present. He planned to take something to the studio the next day. He could see himself handing it to her. "I brought you this, mother." Then she would lean down to kiss him. He could still feel the thrill that went with that swift, sweet kiss.

That night Aunt Grace undressed him. She pulled his stockings off and threw them on the floor. She said, "Go to sleep now. You have to be on the set early in the morning."

Johnny laid there and stared at her. She had unpleasant lines in her face. She was gaunt. Her hands were large and her fingernails were a high, bright pink. She jerked the light out and closed the door, leaving him alone with his mother. He held her close in his arms all night, although she was really a pillow. He whispered good-night to her and stroked her hair and when he finally fell asleep, he dreamed of her in a white dress.

In the morning, he woke with a sense of elation. He started thinking about the present he would take her even as he dressed. Perfume? No, not perfume. After an hour's deliberation, he decided that there wasn't anything good enough for his mother. He decided to ask her what she wanted, and, in the meantime, he would buy her some flowers.

When he asked his Aunt Grace for the money, she said, "What do you want with five dollars?"

"I want to buy somebody a present," he said.

"Who?"

"Somebody," Johnny said.

"What the hell," his Uncle Fred said; "give it to him. He's probably got a crush on some kid."

"Not five dollars," said Aunt Grace. She gave him two.

Johnny took it and put it in his pocket. Uncle Fred went outside and got into the car. Johnny followed and got in beside him.

"Who's your girl?" Uncle Fred said.

"I haven't got a girl," said Johnny.

"Who's the present for?"

"It's for my . . . mother," Johnny answered, low-voiced.

"Your what? You mean Aunt Grace?"

"No!" Johnny's voice was low but tortured. He shouldn't have said it. He shouldn't have said it.

"What're you talking about?"

Johnny just closed his mouth tight and didn't answer. Uncle Fred shrugged. Kids were funny, all right. No use trying to get anything out of them if they didn't want to talk. He drew up and waited for Johnny while he selected the flowers. Johnny bought roses because he got a lot for two dollars. He carried them carefully out to the car and got in, cradling them against his breast. He would hand them to her and say, "I brought you these, *Mother.*"

(*Continued on page 92*)

THEY ALL STOP OFF AT ALBUQUERQUE

(Left) Wallace Beery always gathers a gang of kids around him when he steps off the train at Albuquerque, New Mexico. (Right) Jackie Coogan being initiated into the Navajo Tribe—this took place on the brickwalk.

(Center picture) Gloria at Albuquerque on her famous trip when she first introduced Hank to America. (Next) Lois Wilson and an Indian woman. (Next, right) Ricardo Cortez on the brickwalk—shown across top of page.

By J. H. HOLMES

WHY go to Hollywood to see your favorite movie star? If you'll stop at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and stay for awhile (and not such a long while at that) you'll see all the luminaries of moviedom.

Along the brickwalk in front of the Santa Fé station in this Southwestern metropolis, kings, queens, presidents and the big shots of the sport world have trod, but a mere president or a European monarch means little in the life of Albuquerqueans.

It takes the movie stars to bring out the populace.

Albuquerque is located twenty-four hours east of Los Angeles and thirty hours west of Chicago which makes it a strategic point for the movie people to transact business by telegram or receive personal messages.

After a twenty-four or thirty-hour ride the celebrities are anxious to take a little exercise along the brickwalk, visit the Indian curio room or perhaps eat a meal at the Alvarado Hotel. With executive offices in the East and studios on the West Coast, every movie actor of any importance has, at one time or another, clicked his heels along this brickwalk.

Many amusing, interesting and some pathetic incidents have occurred here. Here you see your screen favorites as they really are. They are not on parade.

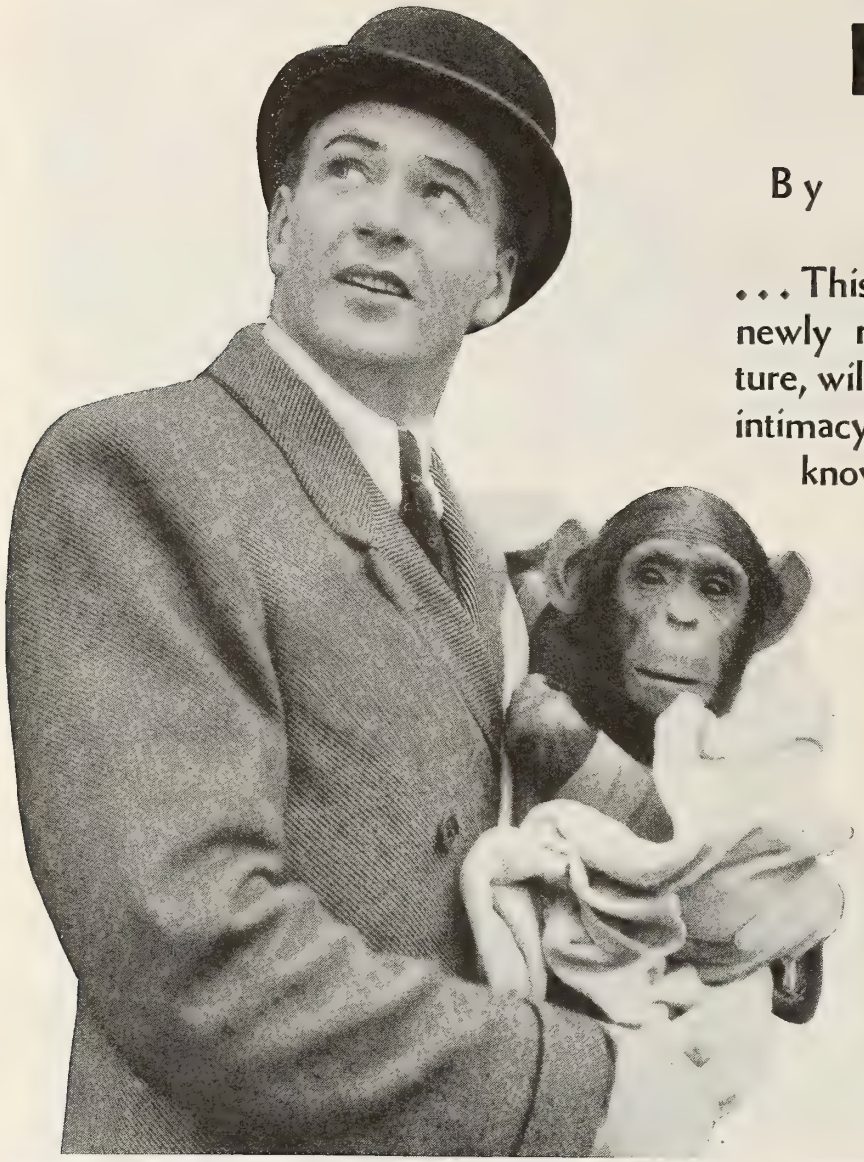
Let the publicity department of a studio wire Albuquerque papers that a star will pass through on a certain day, and if she is popular, two (*Continued on page 99*)

You can't fool an Albuquerquean about the movie stars. This tells you why

IF YOU

By FAITH BALDWIN

. . . This brilliant word picture of Gary, newly returned from African adventure, will delight you with its fascinating intimacy and insight. You'll really know him after you've read it



Hollywood Newspictures

Says Faith Baldwin of Gary:
"Here is a man who should not marry."
"Look at his mouth which stamps him, as we are all stamped, as his own worst enemy."
". . . He doesn't belong to Hollywood."
". . . The most American of the young men upon the screen. He makes you think of mountains and plains . . ."

IF you had met Gary Cooper on the day I met him he would have been on his way to meet a lady chimpanzee! (See picture above.)

And if you had been in my frame of mind you would have wondered if luncheon with a she-novelist and, possibly, dinner with a she-chimpanzee wasn't going from the ridiculous to the sublime.

The chimpanzee is, of course, a trophy of Mr. Cooper's recent game hunting trip, while the novelist is merely another scalp which he has added to his belt by his work on the screen and his personality off the screen.

As one of Gary Cooper's *bona fide* fans I was, of course, very prejudiced in his favor when I met him; and am pleased to report that I was not disillusioned when he towered into sight and stood beside me at a height of a good foot or more over my insignificant five foot two.

As you know, Gary Cooper is Montana born; as you may also know, he was brought up on a ranch until he was twelve years old; after which he was bewilderingly sent to England to school. Later he returned home and was a student at Grinnel College, leaving there in the spring of '24 to become a cartoonist on his home town paper in Helena. Between his return to the States and his college career he had two years as a cowboy and an automobile accident. So, you see, his life has been one long and varied adventure. Perhaps the greatest adventure was his trek to California and, after plenty of extra experience, his rapid rise to stardom.

Off the screen he appears at first sight to be merely a tall and likeable looking young man. But after a few minutes one is impressed by the exceeding blueness of his eyes, and the lean, well modelled contours of his face, and his very attractive hands.

Gary Cooper, despite—or perhaps because of—his English forbears and education is, to my mind, the most American of the young men upon the screen. He makes you think of mountains and of plains, of pioneers and of the days of Daniel Boone.

I thought of my novels and laughed a little, silently, to realize how strong a hold upon my imagination this particular type must have. For try as I will, most of my heroes turn out to be moderately fair in coloring, always tall and broad of shoulder and lean of hip, and usually with just that jaw angle which Gary Cooper possesses. Sometimes for a change I have "written" heroes who are stocky and brown eyed and have mustaches; but sooner

MET GARY COOPER

(Opposite page) As he appeared when he returned from his recent European trip. (Right) "... One is impressed by the exceeding blueness of his eyes, and the lean, well modelled contours of his face and by his very attractive hands."

or later I go back to the Cooper type and feel a good deal more at home!

So here, across a luncheon table, I had for the moment, a living prototype of one of my own pen and ink heroes, and it pleased me, although it probably would not have pleased Mr. Cooper, had he known about it, to make a little mental analysis of him just as if I were about to try and capture him—solely, I assure you, for the purposes of binding him sedately between the covers of a book.

SO here goes. And if I am wrong—and he reads this—he must make up his mind to sue me!

Gary Cooper is an anachronism. By that I don't mean that he doesn't belong in this generation—although I feel that he doesn't belong in it as wholly as others I could name—but he doesn't belong in Hollywood. I am glad that no one else thinks so, because if he had, we would have been the loser by a great many fine and sincere screen interpretations.

But Hollywood is supposed to be the most sophisticated community in the country. I take issue with this, for I feel that what passes for sophistication in Hollywood is not sophistication at all, as I understand the term. Sophisticated or not, it works at being thought so. It is a community of "sets," of exaggerations, of backgrounds, of high lights. It is a community living under the shadow of fear . . . fear of tomorrow, fear of change, fear of the altering tempo of the public pulse. It is a community which is forced to live for the day, for the hour even, in which emotions and reactions do not flower normally and in Heaven's good time, but are forced into a hot house bloom, from, as it were, one moment to the next.

This is not the background for Mr. Cooper. He has, I think, the character which desires to strike roots, deeply embedded roots. But where in (*Continued on page 98*)

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)

You needn't be told this is a "must see" production. A galaxy of the screen's biggest names combines with Vicki Baum's potent story of twenty-four hours of life in a deluxe Continental hotel. Garbo! John Barrymore! Lionel Barrymore! Joan Crawford! Wallace Beery! Lewis Stone! Jean Hersholt! A real all star cast. And each one superbly masterful of the demands of his rôle. Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein will show you new heights in dramatic characterization. Joan Crawford does her best work to date as the little stenographer. The director, Edmund Goulding, should be mentioned for the power of his art. And Garbo, of course, is superb.

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)

Another court room drama in which Vivienne Ware (Joan Bennett) is on trial for the murder of her ex-fiancé, with her new sweetheart acting as her attorney. However, the director has made sure that this picture doesn't continue in the tedium so often characteristic of murder trial stories. There is not a moment of surcease from rapid-fire developments. The camera is ever at work giving you scenes behind the court room scene.

Skeets Gallagher and ZaSu Pitts furnish the type of comedy they do best as radio broadcasting reporters. Donald Cook is convincing as Vivienne Ware's attorney, and others of the cast are good.

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)

You would hardly know that this was intended as a Bancroft starring vehicle, except for his stellar billing. It is some time before he even enters into the action as the blustering sailor who rises to power with the first sweep of the Russian Revolution. The fate of Miriam Hopkins (a dancer fleeing with the aristocrats) lies in Bancroft's hands, and he falls in love with her.

Briefly, it is an unusual love story mounted on a background of the seething Revolution with its military coups, executions, plots and counterplots. However, the film doesn't reach its full potentialities. Alan Mowbray and George E. Stone help.

TWO SECONDS (First National)

Highest honors go to Edward Robinson as John Allen, condemned wife-murderer. As he steps to the electric chair, we review with him events in his life leading to the present moment, during the two seconds before he loses consciousness. With him we relive his life as a steel riveter, the marriage he is tricked into by a venal dance hall girl (Vivienne Osborne). We see his best friend hurled to death from the steel-frame skyscraper. Then we view a man with nerves shattered, spirit broken, his very sanity dissolved by the rottenness of the woman who is his wife; whose metamorphosis to insanity leaves us gasping. A picture you won't forget.

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)

"The Doomed Battalion" is supposed to serve as an introduction for Tala Birell to the American audience. . . . But Tala is lost in the thrillingly beautiful scenes of that part of the War fought in the mountains of Austria.

The Austrian mountain climber (Luis Trenker) says good-by to his visitor pal from Italy (Victor Varconi) as the picture opens. War has been declared! They believe they will be allies . . . but the Gods of War make them enemies.

Varconi is sent to take a certain mountain peak held by Trenker, his friend. The attendant thrills . . . men fighting on skiis . . . machine guns and dynamite . . . are great. See it.

REVIEWS

Don't see poor pictures. Read these reviews and make sure it's the type of show you'll like

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US
(First National)

Lavish production, smart and sophisticated characters and situations combine in this diverting study of the multi-millionaire class. Ruth Chatterton is the fabulously wealthy matron-of-thirty-years whose almost perfect marriage to John Miljan fizzles with the advent of another woman. Ruth turns to handsome, novelist George Brent for sympathy and falls in love.

In no way can this be considered Ruth Chatterton's best, and yet it assuredly is superior to some of her more recent endeavors. You will approve of the deep-voiced George Brent and the finished precocity of Bette Davis, who loves and loses him.

LIMPY MAKES GOOD
(M-G-M)

Jackie Cooper is Limpy, the little lame boy who needs a friend. He is shunned by those who should have been his playmates, bullied by the cousin who lives in the same house.

His Uncle Jonas (Chic Sale) is the only one who understands him; plays, laughs and cries with him. When Uncle Jonas leaves, the little cripple's world topples over.

It isn't the fault of either Jackie Cooper or Chic Sale that this story fails to reach great heights. They share honors equally for two grand portrayals. Dorothy Peterson and Ralph Graves are good in supporting rôles. Worth seeing.

STATE'S ATTORNEY
(RKO-Radio)

A former attorney for the underworld becomes District Attorney. He is John Barrymore, who makes Tom Cardigan real, humorous and sympathetic. An ex-client racketeer (William Boyd) is tried for murder by Cardigan. With the testimony of the attorney's former sweetheart (Helen Twelvetrees) a verdict of guilty is assured.

But that doesn't tell the story. Helen Twelvetrees is Barrymore's sweetheart. He marries another, then refuses to be her husband when he realizes his true love is Helen.

The picture is John Barrymore's from start to finish. His flare for comic satire never sparkled more brightly.

MISS PINKERTON
(Warner Bros.)

A couple of creepy hours are in store for you, studded with good laughs and action. Those who like melodrama ushered in through padlocked doors to the accompaniment of howling dogs and quiet footfalls will enjoy this.

It seems there was an old mansion, some decayed aristocracy, a murder . . . and a huge insurance policy. Combine these elements with a handsome detective (George Brent) and a wow of a nurse (Joan Blondell). Also a flock of suspicious characters.

Joan does better than ever before, and you'll like George Brent as the detective. Mary Doran, Ruth Hall, John Wray and Holmes Herbert complete the cast.

LETTY LYNTON
(M-G-M)

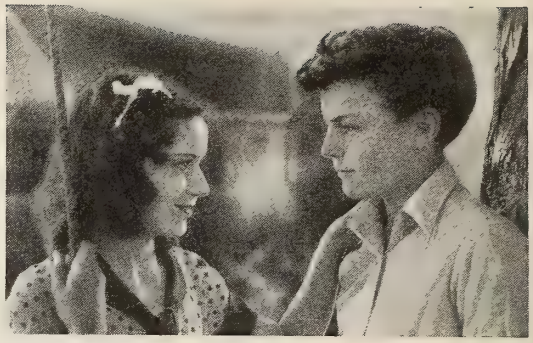
This is the top in excellent entertainment!

Joan Crawford is marvelous as Letty Lynton who runs away from her wealthy mother to escape boredom . . . only to run into a wealthy, sexy South American, Nils Asther, and become tied heart and hand. In escaping from this affair, she meets Montgomery and then the fun commences. Nils threatens to publish certain letters if he is jilted. Poison champagne . . . switched glasses . . . almost a scandal, and then the happy ending for Bob and Joan.

Bravos for Clarence Brown's direction; May Robson and Lewis Stone's acting. Don't miss this!

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE
(Paramount)

Somewhat reminiscent of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," this story of a girl (Wynne Gibson) who marries a no-good (Pat O'Brien), fails to reach the pinnacle of human interest scaled by the first-mentioned. Both husband and wife are put in jail for a crime he commits, and their daughter is adopted by a police officer. Years later the mother locates her daughter (Frances Dee), who is about to be married. The husband appears, learns of his daughter, and before he can capitalize on the situation is killed by his wife. Half-heartedly recommended.



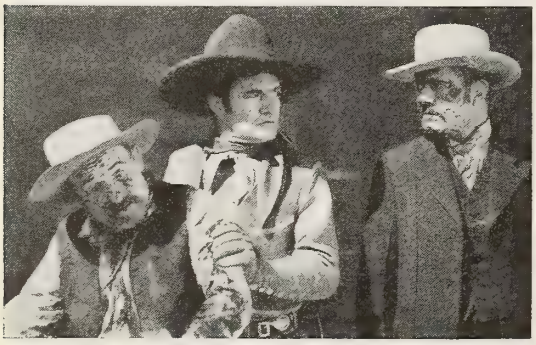
YOUNG AMERICA
(Fox)

That ace director, Frank Borzage, does it again.

Here is a story of youth with none of the old situations. Two boys (Tommy Conlon and Raymond Borzage) find themselves before the Juvenile Court judge, portrayed realistically by Ralph Bellamy. The two kids are excellent.

Spencer Tracy does his best work to date and Doris Kenyon is perfectly cast as his wife, the only one who befriends the juvenile delinquents outside of court.

If you like your entertainment brushed with tears, hurry to the theatre where this picture is showing.



RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY
(Universal)

A new type of Western picture that will be applauded by adults as well as children. Tom Mix saves the lives of Lois Wilson and her niece, also their mine. But not too heroically. Tony does his part in meting out justice to the wrong-doers.

Fred Kohler registers as the unsympathetic heavy of the story.

With the showing of this, Tom Mix and Tony will add many to their list of followers. It goes to the head of the class of horse operas.

THE ROADHOUSE MURDER
(RKO-Radio)

The bad boy of "Are These Our Children?" again goes on trial for murder. Eric Linden is the super-ambitious cub reporter who frames himself on murder charges to bring overnight fame as a newspaperman and money to marry Dorothy Jordan.

Dorothy has the evidence that means his last minute acquittal. But when the real murderer steals this, Linden sees the electric chair uncomfortably near at hand. There's more before the final fade-out, but you'd better see it for yourself.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN
(First National)

With the rôle of Molly Louvain, Ann Dvorak again proves herself as the most promising of young actresses. Betrayed by the boy she loves, Molly goes away with Nick (Leslie Fenton), only to complicate herself and the plot.

Hiding from the law's dragnet, Molly falls in love with Scotty, (Spencer Tracy) rapid-fire newspaper reporter, who unknowingly brings her into the arms of the law. Tracy is made to order for the breezy part he plays. Others in the cast are more than adequate and the plot is cleverly developed. Altogether, this is satisfactory entertainment.

THE WOMAN IN ROOM THIRTEEN
(Fox)

It seems that there was a discarded husband who happened to be hired to get evidence of unfaithfulness on his former wife . . . who is married in the meantime!

Not very inspired entertainment. The story fails to hold a single climax and the "smash" ending is so obvious that it might just as well never have been filmed at all.

Elissa Landi as the wife is adequate. Ralph Bellamy is sadly miscast. The honors, if any, go to Neil Hamilton as the second husband and Myrna Loy who gives a very sincere performance.

MODERN SCREEN'S

Intimate Album

. . . MODERN SCREEN was the first to bring you really intimate pictures. Now we offer the absolute last word in this type of feature

Pictures in this feature (except those noted) by Hollywood Newspictures.

(Left) We're willing to bet this is the most informal picture of Marlene Dietrich ever published. (Below) Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd on Hollywood Boulevard.

(Left) Joan Bennett—now Mrs. Gene Markey, you know.

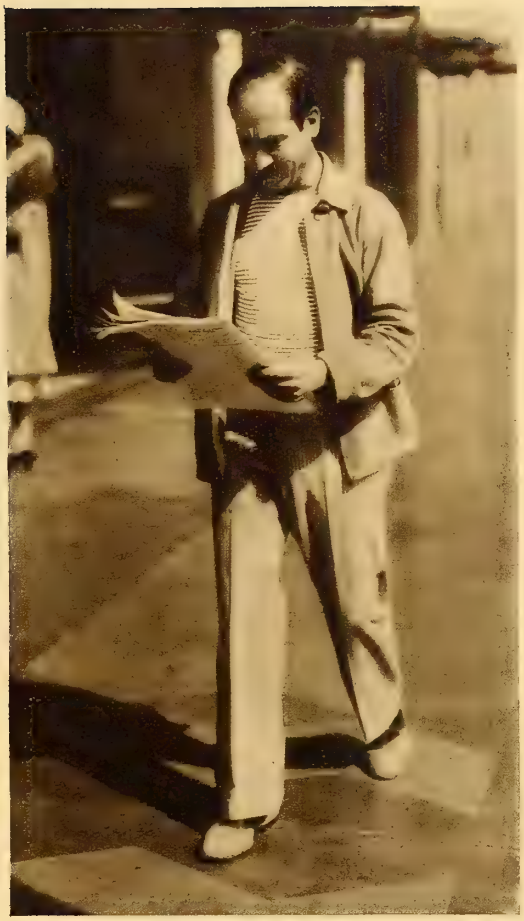
(Right) George Brent—Warner's new he-man star.

You might spend half a day on Hollywood Boulevard looking for

(Left) An amusing picture of that Wally Beery chap.

(Right) Colleen Moore—now a Hollywood star again.

(Left) Joan Blondell does right by her wire-haired.



(Right) Meet Harpo without his famous cuckoo wig.

stars. On this spread you can see eight of them in half a minute

(Left) Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé, Robert Richie.

(Right) William Haines, gentleman, and wise-cracker.

. . . Like an invisible—but wonderfully all-seeing—eye, our camera roves down the famous Hollywood Boulevard with results that'll keep your orbs popping

Starting above and going the opposite way to the clock. 1. Skeet Gallagher, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler. 2. Comedian Joe E. Brown on his way to lunch. 3. Alec B. Francis, character actor. 4. Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. 5. Victor McLaglen and Charles Judels. 6. George O'Brien and his particular pal, Ricardo Cortez.

It's amazing, the number of stars that enjoy trotting down the most famous Boulevard in the world—and no apologies to the Boul' Mich, either. (Above, left to right) Peggy Shannon does a swell autographing job. Lola Lane—oh well, then, Mrs. Lew Ayres. Helen Twelvetrees knows how to browse. Can you browse? S'fun. (Below, left to right) Dorothy Mackaill and husband, Neil Miller. Hoot Gibson. And Mrs. Sally Eilers Gibson.

Paramount Photo

WHILE

(Above, left) Lloyd Bacon, director, Don Dilloway and Joan Blondell singing songs between scenes. (Above) Richard Arlen and Assistant Director Billy Kaplan figuring out details for a scene in "Sky Brides."

Paramount Photo

(Above) Frances Dee doesn't know you're looking at her. On the "Strange Case of Clara Deane" set. (Right) Alison Skipworth on the "Sinners in the Sun" set.

(Right) Paul Lukas while "Thunder Below" was in the making. He plays opposite Tallulah Bankhead in it, you know.

Paramount Photo

. . . How would you like to be invisible for an hour and take a peek around the Hollywood lots? Here's your chance

That's Gwen McCormick, daughter of singer John, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., on the "Love is a Racket" set. And Doug's dog, Hamlet.

THEY'RE NOT LOOKING

(Right) Mary Doran, of "Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard." Ray Romero—make-up artist—in the background.

Paramount Photo

Joan Blondell, John Wray, Don Dilloway and Henry Gordon on the "Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard" set.

(Above) Betch'a Miriam Hopkins is reading about herself. (Left) Richard Wallace (he's a director) and Regis Toomey wondering if one of those identical rings is an imitation.

Joan Crawford on her way home from work—hence the smile.

Isn't that a nice flower in John Barrymore's buttonhole?

Anita Page dashing away to the "Night Court" set.

A quick trip around the M-G-M lot—see them in person!

Jimmie Durante, "Schnozzle" to youse, is raising his hat to—well, maybe it's Garbo.

Jack Gilbert and Madge Evans are not that way. It's purely platonic. Yes, it is!

THE LOW-DOWN ON RICHARD

By JACK JAMISON

Among the thoroughly honest things Richard tells in this interview are his opinion of his own acting and his exact salary.

With Ann Dvorak in "Molly Louvain." Richard was lent to First National by Columbia for this picture. He was lent to M-G-M, too, when he played in "Emma."

. . . In giving this interview, young Richard Cromwell made an amazing decision—to be absolutely honest. His candor will amaze you

ONE of the first, if not the very first story printed about Richard Cromwell when he zoomed up from obscurity to stardom in a single picture, was given to you in MODERN SCREEN. The title of that story was "Clumsy."

We chose that word because it is one which, broadly, expresses the essence of Richard's charm; his simplicity, his ingenuousness, his boyishness. It is also a word which, taken the wrong way, has a sting to it. The present writer happens to be a friend of Richard's, and I am pretty sure that that title did hurt him, although he has never said anything about it. He was hurt because we did not understand the quality in him which made him appear "clumsy." We do understand it, now, and so, although Dick has not asked for one, we want to make an apology to him. "Clumsy" was wrong as a title.

It should have been "Honesty."

For Richard Cromwell is doing one of the most unusual things Hollywood has ever seen. He is making a wager with fate, and the stakes are his entire career, his whole future, his whole happiness.

He is taking a vow never to show himself to a single soul, inside or outside of Hollywood, other than as he actually is.

Do you realize what that means? For an ordinary man or woman not connected with the theatrical profession to resolve upon utter honesty in all his or her dealings would bring up problems difficult enough. Now, for anyone in pictures it is fifty, a hundred times as hard. For example, suppose you went to Connie Bennett and asked, "Are you high hat?" Perhaps Connie honestly believes she is; perhaps she has her own ideas of what "high hat" means; perhaps she'd like nothing better than to shock the hypocrites by answering "yes." But can she? Dare she? If she does, the public will turn on her overnight, such is our American contempt for the person who is better than we are or who thinks he is! In spite of all that, if you ask Richard anything he intends to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Think for a minute what this means to him where publicity is concerned. You know and I know that a movie star has to put out publicity; has to think up a colorful personality for himself in order to put himself across with the public. These are the talkie profession's little white lies—that So and So spends a million a year on clothes, that So and So owns ten yachts and repairs the engines himself. Richard says he will have none of it. No fake personalities, no fake interviews.

ANYTHING the public wants to know about me I'll tell them, and I'll call a spade a spade. But if there isn't enough to me to make anybody interested, I refuse to make up any stories. I'll *(Continued on page 88)*

CONNIE THROUGH JOAN'S EYES . . .

By HALE HORTON

SURELY two more opposite types of women would be hard to find than Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. The dusky, intense Joan who by sheer power of will dragged herself up from poverty to stardom—and the glamorous Connie Bennett whose champagne wit and inherited talents enabled her to attain stardom in spite of her being born into the enervating atmosphere of wealth and renown. At the age of fifteen when her beauty turned Yale Proms into riots, Connie was as sophisticated as she is today; while Joan is utterly devoid of sophistication in the true sense of the word and always will be. Yet they are friends. And, what is not generally known, very intimate friends.

Obviously their friendship is a perfect example of the attraction that develops between diametrically opposed forces. It had its inception about seven years or so ago when Connie worked on a picture on the M-G-M lot and recently it ripened into an attachment that gives every indication of being utterly sincere and lasting. But let Joan, herself, tell you just what it is that attracts her to Connie Bennett—and in view of the many published stories attacking Connie, her words should prove doubly interesting.

Joan marvels at these stories. She believes that if the fans in general and the writers in particular knew Connie as she does they would consider her one of the most delightful women in Hollywood.

CONNIE'S so perfectly natural," Joan exclaimed. "There's no pose about her at all. She is probably the most charmingly informal person I know. I'll never forget the afternoon that she dropped into my house for tea after a polo game. She brought along Henri, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, David Manners and a few others. No sooner was Connie in the living room than she slid way down in a chair until she looked as if she were sitting

Connie, cool, svelte, sophisticated, is the opposite in many ways of Joan. Yet they are the best of friends. (Left) At the recent baby party which Marion Davies gave in Hollywood.

. . . Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett are great pals. And on these pages Joan tells of the Connie she knows, with an inside slant—for the first time—on Connie's attitude to her adopted child, Peter

Joan, eager, fresh, thrilled, is the opposite in many ways of Connie. Yet they are the best of friends. (Right) Connie and Joan in "Sally, Irene and Mary," made in 1925. That was when they met.

on the back of her neck . . . then she pushed her hat up on her forehead—and there lounged our elegant sophisticate," Joan chuckled, "with that little hat perched absurdly up on her head, perfectly at home, and chatting with a nonchalance that I'd give my right eye to possess. In spite of the fact that she looks so distingué in formal gowns, she adores to wear old clothes—at least when among friends. In all truth, informality is Connie Bennett's middle name. She's as fond of bicycle riding as I am, and she gets a huge kick out of Coney Island, a place that she invariably visits when she goes to New York. I suppose its hard for you even to imagine the sophisticated Connie Bennett riding a horse on a merry-go-round at Coney Island. Well, she's done it many a time. And she loves it. One simply can't help being fond of Connie; she has so many little funny twists to her character. For instance, during the past year she has spent more evenings putting picture puzzles together than she has in night clubs. Connie has changed a great deal in some subtle way, perhaps this change is due to her deep love for Henri, or to the adoration with which she warms the life of her four-year-old boy, Peter. "Connie Bennett adores the very ground her four-year-old son walks on. Her untiring devotion to him should be an inspiring revelation to those who call her a cold-hearted and brittle sophisticate. But being a modern mother Connie never allows her love to be obvious.

"To the world she may seem a brittle and cold sophisticate, but in reality Connie is one of the most thoughtful, tender and affectionate women of my acquaintance. Never shall I forget how she helped me through an embarrassing predicament one night at a party of hers. She knows that I'm frightfully self-conscious when entering a room with Doug, especially when the room is filled with people. I'd rather take a beating than make an entrance. On this occasion my heart was in my throat as I stood in the doorway watching the hordes of famous names milling about amidst bursts of conversation and laughter. 'Doug,' I gasped, 'I can't do it. They'll all be watching.'

" 'Pull yourself together,' he whispered. 'It'll be over in a minute.' And with that he led me into the room. As soon as Connie saw me she realized I was half paralyzed with fright. And in spite of the fact that she was busy introducing some guests, she rushed across to my assistance. 'Joan, dear, I'm so glad you've arrived!' she exclaimed, and she kept me in a fast conversation until she felt that I was more or less under control; then in order to further relieve my embarrassment she suggested that we go upstairs and see her child. 'We'll just run up and say good-night to him,' she remarked as we left the room. 'I never fail, party or no party.' And incidentally Connie never enters or leaves her home without greeting or saying good-by to him.

"On this night, as we entered Peter's room, faint music reached us from down below—some soft entrancing waltz—the room's only illumination was from a tiny lamp on the bed table . . . and as long as I live I'll never forget the lovely light on Connie's face as she leaned over her son and said: 'Isn't he beautiful?' That's all she said. I couldn't answer. All I could do was look first at the child and then at Connie's face as she repeated, 'Isn't he beautiful?' . . . With his large blue eyes and curly, golden hair the little fellow looked simply angelic.

Peter

WHILE at all times Connie is gentle and tender with Peter she never seems obvious in her affection, for she's very much the modern mother. And if the child does something wrong, she never scolds or frightens him, preferring rather to point out his mistake with compassionate understanding and show him just what he should have done. As a result he never makes the same mistake twice.

"One afternoon we were standing out on the lawn watching Peter at his play, and when I asked him his name, he promptly replied 'Constance Bennett.' After smothering a little yelp of laughter, Connie said: 'Peter! You know that's not your name.'

" 'Well, then,' the child compromised reluctantly, 'Peter Bennett.'

" 'Peter,' said Connie, gently taking her son by the arms and looking down deep into his eyes, 'You remember perfectly well what I told you to say. Now tell Joan what your name is . . .'

"And after a moment of thought, Peter inquired cautiously, 'If I say Peter de la Falaise do you think Uncle Henri will play with me?' Now do you wonder that I think him adorable? And of course, Henri loves to play with him," Joan continued, "and so does Connie. They play with the boy every chance they get. The three of them work puzzles and romp and laugh together."

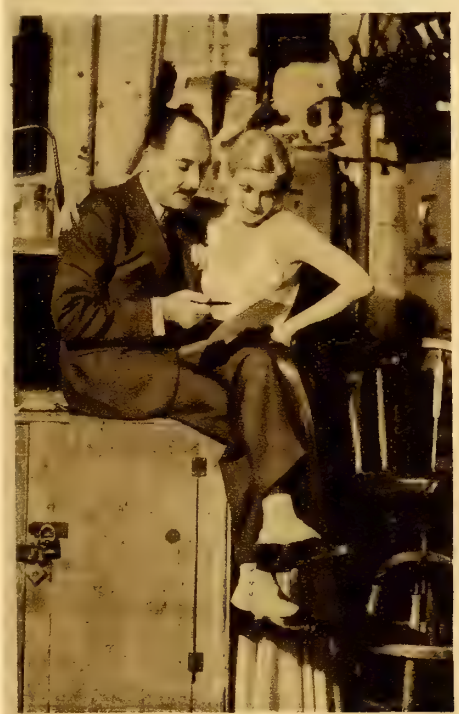
It will be many a moon before Joan forgets the afternoon that she dropped in at Connie's for tea only to find her hostess busy on the telephone discussing stories with a studio executive. Connie's little boy, standing across the room, bashfully hung his head as Joan entered. Connie wanted him to entertain Joan but the lad went shy. So as Joan recalls, Connie's telephone conversation ran something like this: "Hello, there, Joan. Let Peter entertain you for a moment . . . No, I can't say the story makes me exactly pant with excitement . . . Peter, run over and speak to Joan . . . And that one's on better . . . Peter, now don't be so bashful . . . That part doesn't suit me . . . Joan wants you . . . What's that? . . . Peter . . . Well, it may be your money but . . . *Peter* . . ." And only when Connie was able to give Peter a bit of undivided attention could he be persuaded to overcome his bashfulness. But then he was so nice and polite to Joan that Connie rewarded him by lifting him up on her lap and allowing him to sit there during tea, occasionally peeking up at his mother's face in mute adoration . . .

CONNIE'S sincere affection for her boy is but one of the reasons why Joan is so fond of her. Another is the Bennett beauty. "Connie Bennett is probably the most beautiful woman in Hollywood," Joan told me enthusiastically. "And at all times, too. It doesn't make the slightest difference how she is dressed or under what circumstances the meeting takes place, I have yet to see her when she doesn't look stunning. One night I called on her when she was laid up in bed with a bad wisdom tooth. She was wearing a pale blue negligée with a baby blue ribbon around her blond head . . . and I give you my word that she must be the only woman in the world that can wear a narrow baby blue ribbon around her head, while lying in bed, without looking like a ninny. And she had absolutely no make-up on either. I tell you I'd be perfectly happy if I looked even half as beautiful in bed as she does!

"And last but not least there's Connie's undeviating honesty. In the first place she's perfectly frank and above board at all times. This may be one reason that some people seem to dislike her, but personally I consider frankness a glorious quality. It makes you so sure of a person! For example, Connie never pretends—if she disagrees with you or dislikes a thing she'll mention the fact all right, but she'll give you a darn good reason why. A reason devoid of pettiness, for you'll never find anything petty in her likes and dislikes. And she is, above all, a woman of her word. She would no more let down a friend than she would deceive her little son, Peter, even in the smallest detail. She feels that honesty between her son and herself may save many future heartaches. And the same applies to her friends."

IN stories about Connie Bennett you often see the words "shrewd business woman." You read that she can "drive a sharp bargain." The exact number of dollars she earns per year, per month, per week—even per *minute* are discussed. But surely such words are not a discredit to her. Wouldn't you have more liking and respect—rather than less—for a man of whom these things could be said? Of course you would! Certainly Connie can drive a sharp bargain. With producers, with studio executives, with business men generally. Why shouldn't she? They respect her all the more for it. Those same sharp wits of hers have helped them put over many a box office hit. But her clear head and keen wits have been a little too much emphasized. Her womanliness and genuineness were not, apparently, as good copy as an inventory of her worldly wealth and her expenditures for clothes, cars and what-not. Connie herself detested those stories. Perhaps you will remember that, about a year ago, she gave MODERN SCREEN her very last story on her money and what she spends it for. She gave this true account in the hope of silencing the false reports. She was sick and tired of the subject and annoyed at the wrong pictures some stories had painted of her. We are glad that we are able —with Joan's help—to give you a really true picture.

Being a "woman of her word" is one of the outstanding traits that Joan and Connie have in common. If Joan says she'll do a thing at a certain hour, she does so; despite any inconvenience. But perhaps the strongest link in the chain that binds these two opposite types is their sincere respect for each other—and if you think Joan raves about Connie, you should just *hear* what Connie has to say on the subject of her friend Joan.



IN NEW YORK

(Above) George O'Brien gave the New York cops a demonstration of horsemanship in Central Park. (Left) Jean Harlow and her Pappy. She's been making personal appearances. (Right) Claudette Colbert off from Grand Central for Hollywood. (Below) Lupe Velez and also Buddy Rogers, snapped backstage at the Ziegfeld Theatre where they're playing in "Hot Cha!"

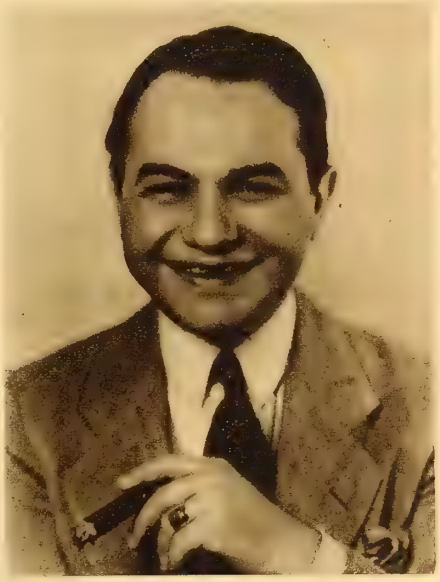
Pictures at left and below by Culver Service. At the right by International

Intimate glimpses of some temporary Manhattanites

THE MAN

These unusual pictures, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, give you some idea of the wonderful character work Edward did on the stage—before Hollywood took him up. (Starting above and reading around the page counter clockwise.) 1. In "We Americans," a play about an immigrant family. 2. As the Impresario in "Samson and Delilah." 3. Ottavianno in "The Firebrand." 4. The Button Moulder in Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." 5. Reb Feiwel in "The Goat Song." 6. Smerdiakov in "The Brothers Karamazov." 7. General Parfitio Diaz in "Juarez and Maximilian." 8. As Lazarus in "The Kibitzer." The last named reached the screen but not with Robinson.

(Left) With J. Carroll Naish and Vivienne Osborne in "Two Seconds," his latest. (Right) "He is all energy, most of it nervous. And although he is well known in University circles as a Hebrew scholar he cannot concentrate long enough to learn to play golf."



WHO CAN WEEP . . .

By EVELYN GERSTEIN

. . . You have seen Edward G. Robinson in hard-boiled rôles and in an austere rôle. Yet in real life his character is by no means so limited. You'll be surprised—

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is the man who made gangsters romantic by showing their weaker side. When he was still playing in "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Ned McCobb's Daughter" for the Theatre Guild, the gunmen of the screen were strong, silent and heroic, but dull. He made them exciting by playing them as men of lighter moments, emotional lapses and family ties.

With a face at once sinister and suave, and a voice that abets it by adding intensity, he wants to play all of the villains in history. Murder is his excitement. Yet when he is tense and exhausted from negotiating with directors, interviewers and film executives about how the murder shall be committed, he crumbles, defenseless, and weeps, "I'm so tired. Why won't they let me alone?"

Robinson is a little man, as everyone knows, but his voice is impelling. He is recognizable everywhere by a face that no one can forget (Al Capone first made it famous), and by the fat black cigar and the light polo coat that inevitably make a Little Caesar of him. Yet, on the screen, he would rather play Gaugin, Machiavelli and Beethoven.

Gladys Lloyd, his actress wife, who sometimes acts in his pictures, is his buffer against the world. She arranges his neckties, his interviews and his emotions. He is all energy, most of it nervous. And although he is well known in university circles as a Hebrew scholar, he cannot concentrate long enough to learn to play golf.

He went to Europe to rest, but he spent his nights throwing parties in his hotel in London and his days in showing the professional guides what to look for in Limehouse. The rest of the time he indulged in personal appearances. He was the toast of Piccadilly and the Strand and when he left they sent him a gigantic red leather, gold engraved book of his press clippings.

In Paris, the night clubs hailed him and blues singers from Harlem shouted the name of the Cotton Club to remind him that he was in Paris. He terrified and enchanted the French from the garrulous, fly-by-night taxi drivers and the bewhiskered chiefs of police who watched for the muzzle of his gun, to the Apaches who staged street fights to greet him as brother. Even his wife was amazed at his international charm.

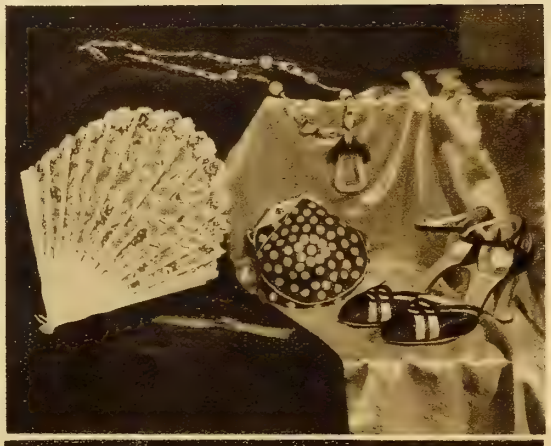
In Italy, he stalked the art galleries daily until midnight until his wife collapsed, exhausted. There were always Americans, even in hill towns, to recognize the Capone in him. He usually says what he thinks, but in Italy, from the moment his face was flashed over the border on a passport, he guarded his expressions and in all crises remembered to shout "Viva Mussolini!"

THE English thought him "quite ordinary," but wrote columns in praise of his "mug," his culture and his wife. In London the shadow of Capone pursued him to the very edge of the pit in the Tower of London where Elizabeth, once queen, now rests in formaldehyde, and a guard who "recognized" his face, tapped him gently on the shoulder to whisper, with meaning, "Jack (Legs) Diamond is dead!"

Although Robinson lives to murder, he is at heart a gentle, expansive, disturbed and excitable man, as generous to his family as he is to himself; a man frankly delighted with his success and his chance to publicly parade, yet he insists that he would not care if tomorrow it were all taken from him.

Robinson is a complete, but nevertheless charming, egoist. He can talk about (*Continued on page 109*)

SALLY EILERS' Wardrobe



(Above) Sally's favorite lace dress—so feminine and fragile looking that you'd never guess how really practical it is. It's French blue all-over lace. Sally wears it over a blue silk slip that has a heart-shaped bodice. For afternoon purposes, she adds a black silk belt, a pert black straw hat with French blue flowers, and black sandals. For a dinner engagement, she substitutes a matching blue belt and blue dull crêpe sandals. Note that this dress, although of feminine material, is very plain as to cut. All Sally's clothes are. (Left, from top to bottom) Formal accessories. That fan is real Valenciennes lace. The bag is black silk, studded with rhinestones. Next, accessories for formal afternoon or semi-evening. The sandals are worked out in pieces of rust-colored moiré and satin. Finally, a group of sports accessories to take hints from. Note the smart, sensible brown buckskin shoes.

What sort of clothes should the typical American outdoor girl

An evening gown of blue crêpe roma, brushed over with a star dust effect in gold. That cape drapery in the front gives the fashionable wide shoulder look. For that tight-above-the-waistline silhouette you need to be slim—but well-rounded. If Sally would turn around you could see how the capelet develops into a deep ruffle in back and borders the very low décolletage.

The same dress topped off with an adorable white ermine jacquette. (The average girl would probably have to be contented with bunny, but it would look just as nice.) Notice the cute short sleeves. And look more closely at the skirt of the dress. It's longer on the sides than it is in the middle. The deep flounce that marks the knee line ends in a knot in front.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

A PINT of golden California sunshine, a generous dash of pep, a sprinkle of sweetness—and you have Sally Eilers.

Earl Luick, who has recently moved his water colors and brushes from First National to Fox where he heads the wardrobe department, calls her the all-American sports girl. She's utterly un-selfconscious; usually curls up on a couch in an unconcerned way when she becomes interested in a conversation. There's a swing to her walk that comes from the smooth coördination of supple muscles. There's a buoyancy about her that you find contagious. Sally is the neighbor girl you've always admired—and envied a little—and perhaps secretly tried to imitate. The one who is so popular.

wear? Read about Sally's wardrobe and see for yourself

(Extreme left) A white flannel skirt and a short yellow flannel jacket trimmed with large silver buttons makes an attractive outdoor costume. Nothing could be simpler—nor more correct. (Directly left) We like this best of all Sally's dresses. It's an eminently practical dress for the girl who has to work most of the summer in a city office. The material is dark blue georgette. The trimming is detachable collar, cuffs and cat's whisker bow of double organdie.

Write to Virginia T. Lane about your own wardrobe problems. She can help you a great deal, for she is in close contact with the head designers of the Hollywood studios. Address Virginia T. Lane, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

(Above) Sally's pajamas have no nonsense about them. No wide trousers nor frills, either. These are ivory white crêpe, banded on the collar, cuffs, pockets and trouser cuffs with powder blue. The blouse is hip length and ties with a sash. Sally practically lives in them at home. And look at the sensible girl's shoes—white buckskin, with floppy tongues. They look grand with white tumble-down socks.

Ziegfeld described her as the most beautiful brunette on the screen. Ah, but she's a blonde now. A very lovely blonde with brown eyes. She had to make the change before her part in "Over the Hill," but she informs me that she'll be dark again before long. "I rather like being a chameleon, though. It has possibilities. With my hair light this way I can wear that new Olympic red I'm so fond of. And the dusty green which is so smart this summer. Somehow, when I'm a brunette they make my skin look dull. On the other hand, when I "go dark" I can wear deeper reds and yellows than I can at present. Funny, isn't it, the effect colors have on a person? Just yesterday I saw an old friend of mine and I thought for a while she had been ill because her face had such a sallow cast. Then she took off the greenish blue hat and jacket she was wearing and it was as if an unflattering light had been turned off her. She was herself again.

"Personally, I'm pretty thrilled that this is a blue and white summer. They are the two colors I like best, regardless of what shade my hair is. As a matter of fact, almost everyone looks well in them, don't you think? There's nothing that gives you that feeling of being cor-

(Extreme right) To wear at the beach. White flannel almost-like-a-man's trousers, held up with a white leather belt. And a lacy knit sweater with a red, white and blue trim. And Sally wears three bracelets—also red, white and blue—to carry out the idea. (Directly right) Sally really swims, you see, so her swim suit is a plain blue knitted one-piece. A Roman striped silk sash dresses it up attractively for beach wear.

(Above) A new idea in practically backless backs. This tennis frock of Sally's is white crêpe de chine. The skirt is cut on a yoke and has box pleats in front and back to give comfortable fullness. The neckline in front is high. This sort of dress is indispensable to the summer wardrobe, whether you play tennis or not. Worn with white or colored flannel jackets it makes an attractive spectator frock.

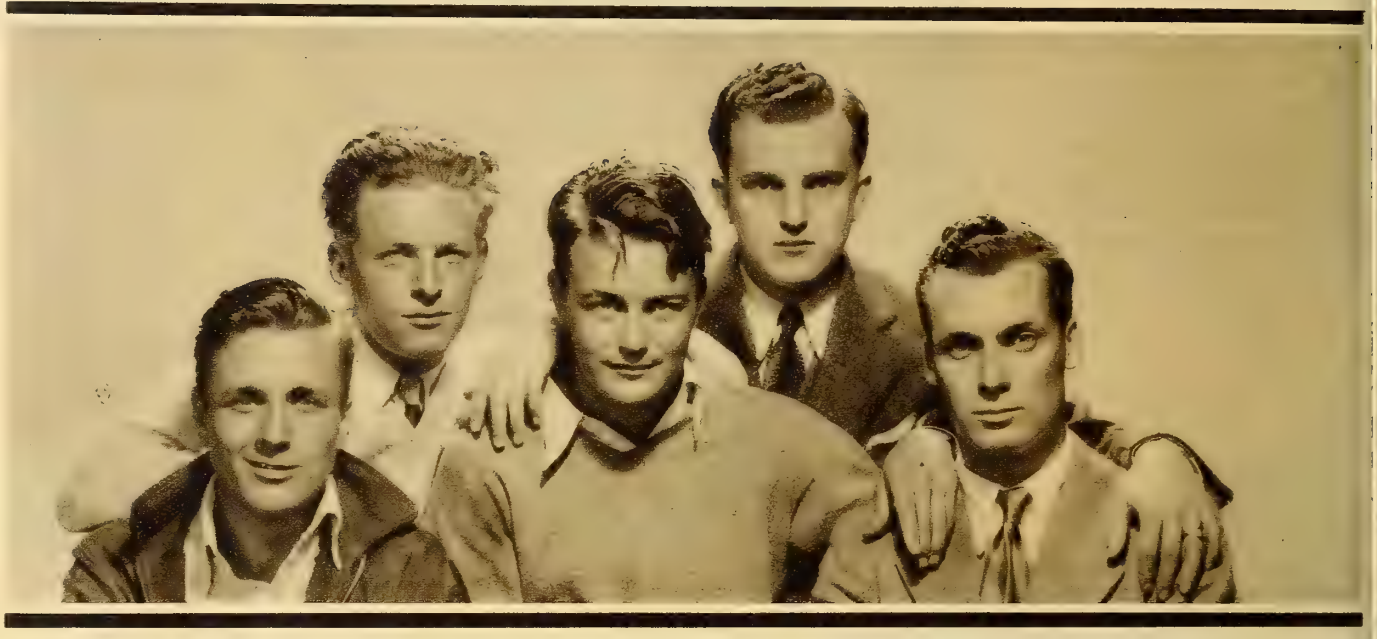
Photographs in this feature by Powolny, courtesy of Fox studios

rectly dressed as much as a good white outfit with a blue scarf. Those white crêpe afternoon suits with bolero jackets and powder blue waists seem so wonderfully cool and *right*. And the dark blue cape-coats worn with blue and white printed ensembles—they're charming!"

I KNOW of no one more keyed to the mode than Sally herself. She's an exciting person. She needs these exciting clothes. Crisp, cunningly devised clothes. Trim, often tailored, and quite deceivingly simple. Like a true sports girl, she loathes fussiness of any kind even in her formal attire. Floating tulle and elaborate trimmings have no place in her wardrobe. Her clothes are purposeful; they know where they're going. Look at them. You won't find anything faddish or exotic. Very likely you'll say—just as I said—"Why, *I* could wear that!"

Take that street dress of dark blue georgette on page 68, for example. Isn't it delightful? You know the latest fashion dictate: if it is both sheer and tailored it is *chic*. Certainly, that sounds like a style contradiction, because usually we think of sheer materials in terms of dainty, feminine frocks. But here is one all smartly tucked and rather plain in spite of the beautiful rhinestone buckle on the wide suede belt. Rhinestones have invaded the fashion field in a big way this season, going even as far as the sport clothes. One of the best *(Continued on page 108)*

"FALSE FRIENDS" —BUT TRUE!



(Left) Charles Grayson, the author of this story who has also written several novels, among them "Everything Goes," recently published—is a member of the "False Friends." He won his membership by ejecting a too gay pal from a party.

The first "False Frienders." (Left to right) Billy Bakewell, Ben Alexander, Lew Ayres, Walter Rogers and Russell Gleason. As a matter of fact it was George Cukor, the associate director of "All Quiet" who really started the name "False Friends." It was quite a gag—at the beginning.

By CHARLES GRAYSON

IN Hollywood there is an organization that is curious even for Hollywood, which makes it curious indeed. It is a group of young actors who label themselves "The False Friends Club"— and the story behind this peculiarly named outfit is one of the most interesting that I have encountered in many years of life in the sad, mad, bad, glad city of celluloid.

It all began two years ago during the filming of "All Quiet On The Western Front," considered by many to be the highwater mark yet reached by the cinema. You well remember the seven boys who played the leads—those seven small soldiers torn from their classrooms and hurled into the mud and stars of terrific combat, to drop one by one like the leaves of a dying tree.

Those boys were brought together purely by the coincidence of casting. Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell, Walter Rogers, Scott Kolk, Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason and Owen Davis, Jr., were either strangers or mere acquaintances before actual shooting on the production began. But that condition did not exist for long. For a strange thing began to happen to the lives of those seven youngsters.

THEY began to realize, as those weary labor-fraught weeks in the trenches above Laguna slowly ticked off, that there was something more than fun to be gained from this "war"—even if it was only a synthetic Hollywood affair devised for the making of a motion picture. As the long tedious hours passed, punctured continually by the whine of shells and the explosion of bombs, always before their eyes the greenish gray of dirty uniforms, muddy trenches, the massed excursions of troops, lumbering tanks and clumsy, deadly artillery, those seven boys began to believe that they *actually were in a war.*

"We actually thought it was a real fight; our squad became our whole world," Billy Bakewell declared just the other night. "Huddled in a trench, listening to a preliminary bombardment before going over the top, we were as scared as though it was an actual conflict. When Rogers died—he was the first one killed, you'll recall—I'll never forget how odd it seemed when he showed up for dinner that night. It was like seeing a ghost. And the same was true when each new fellow was knocked off . . . just like losing a dear friend."

As the days crawled by on that baking prairie, pressed

. . . Hollywood has some strange clubs, but the "False Friends" is one of the strangest—and finest. Started by a gang of boys in "All Quiet On the Western Front," it has lived and flourished amazingly

Lew Ayres, Russell Gleason, Louis Wolheim, Billy Bakewell and Ben Alexander as they appeared in the famous "All Quiet On The Western Front." It was during the six months sojourn, in Laguna, where "All Quiet" was filmed that the "False Friends Club" was started—more or less as a stunt.

beneath the weight of a summer California sun, it was the first time in all their young hurried lives that these boys had had time for thought. Slowly a sense of values began to develop in youngsters who before the imitation (but to them terrifyingly real) conflict were, as the late Louis Wolheim put it, "just half-baked kids."

THE boys learned a lot from the brilliant Wolly. Hour after hour he would expose to them the fund of his well-stocked mind—politics, history, economics, literature, philosophy. Similarly did they gain from the conversation of the directors, the worldly Milestone and intelligent George Cukor.

And these three men played upon their responses as they might have upon seven harps, drawing every bit of emotional reaction from them—for the good of the picture. Always for the good of the picture. Cukor, for instance, had a habit of going up to one of the bunch and saying: "Listen, you're standing out in this thing. These other kids are lousy—but you're good. Keep it up."

He privately covered each of the seven in this way before the boys accidentally happened to do a little checking up. The next day they faced him. "George, each of us thought that you were his pal. Now we find that you've been crossing us up. Our compliments, you louse."

"Yeah," Cukor replied amiably, "I'm just the false friend of you all!"

That was the first use of the phrase which later became the catchword, the loose label for their compact little organization. That evening it came definitely into use. The cast was quartered in the Laguna Hotel. Beau Rogers had a complex about being robbed, always fearful lest some prowler separate him from his toothbrush and other shirt. The boys decided to oblige him.

Entering his room shortly after dinner, they got to work. In time the chamber was stripped bare. In addition to Rogers' personal effects, they also removed the furniture, the rug, the blinds from the windows, even the electric light bulbs. Then they hid, waiting for him to appear.

Presently the victim arrived. He opened his door, entered, closed it behind him. There was a grunt, then silence. And a continuing one. The jokesters waited for ten minutes for Rogers' screams of rage. Then Ayres came out of the room where they had secreted themselves and tiptoed to the closed door, to listen.

"Looking for something, Ayres?" And Lew looked up to see Rogers, highball in hand, blithely perched in the transom!

The six conspirators indignantly huddled in the hall below his roost. "He's a falser friend than George!" one of them exclaimed. "Here we've gone to all this trouble to get a laugh—and what does he do but turn the tables on us!"

"He's the president of the false friends!" another cried . . . and so Walter Browne Rogers, of Denver and Carnegie Tech, became the first President of the False Friends Club, the humorous name—and these boys would not apply other than a gag title—to a group gathered and fashioned into comradeship by the vicissitudes of a mock but strikingly lifelike experience (*Continued on page 90*)

Hollywood Newspictures

Hollywood Newspictures

(Above) Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the opening of Doug's "It's Tough to Be Famous." (Right) Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels and Irving Thalberg also at the same opening.

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

JOAN CRAWFORD has been presented with the plum of Hollywood's story pudding. She will star in "Rain." There isn't a happier girl in the film town today than Joan and everybody is happy that she's happy. No one has fought more valiantly than she to realize her ambitions.

M-G-M wanted to buy the story rights from Joseph Schenck. But he refused and countered with a request that United Artists borrow Joan for the starring rôle. Naturally M-G-M hemmed and hawed because it's always been against their policy to lend any star of Joan's box-office standing.

Joan wanted the part. She argued. She and Doug, Jr., had planned a European vacation for the late summer. She would gladly give up this long-anticipated trip for the chance at "Rain". What else could the officials do but agree?

So they did. And now everybody's happy.

Which reminds us of Doug's statement to an interviewer. "We (Joan and he) will go to Europe this year . . . or else," *the last two words in a threatening tone.*

"Or else what, Doug?" questioned the interviewer.

". . . Or else we'll go next year," laughed Doug.

CONNIE BENNETT was giving an informal party the other Saturday night. About midnight one of the guests asked if she could have a peek at Connie's little son, and the star took her upstairs. When she opened the door of the nursery there was a terrific clanging throughout the house. No one downstairs could imagine what had happened.

What happened was that Connie had forgotten the large automatic gong she had installed at the windows and door of little Peter's room as a precaution against kidnappers.

See the story about Connie on page 60.

. . . What's this about George Brent and Loretta Young! Another new wrinkle in petty Hollywood rackets. And all the newest gossip and chit-chat straight from the film capital

(Above) Nina Wilcox Putnam, ace writer for MODERN SCREEN who is under contract to Universal for scenarios, gave a luncheon in the Universal cafeteria to Prudence Penny, of the Los Angeles Examiner. (Left to right) June Clyde, Claudia Dell, R. D. Edwards, Miss Penny, James Gleason, Miss Putnam, Tom Brown and Arletta Duncan. (Left) Mrs. William Hawks (Bessie Love) and her new baby. Congratulations, Mrs. Hawks!

Did you hear about the romantic screen hero who got so angry in the studio commissary when the waitress brought him the wrong dish twice in succession that he wildly tore off his toupée?

ROBERT YOUNG is one actor that can always be reached when the studio wants him. (He was the chap, you know, who played the son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet.") Moreover, the farthest they usually have to look is on the set of some picture in which he isn't even working.

Bob spends most of his *vacation* days right at the studio watching the big stars emote and studying their technique. Hollywood is betting on Bob. He's one of the hardest working and most likeable chaps on the screen.

HOLLYWOOD enjoyed the aftermath of a recent première. Director Josef Von Sternberg, in correct evening clothes, hurried to his shiny automobile to be majestically whisked away. But when the chauffeur started to whisk the director away, the motor went cold. Von Sternberg, evening clothes and all, had to get out and help push the balking machine!

SOMETHING We Never Realized Until the Present: That Garbo, when speaking conversationally, or even during those rare rehearsals, speaks the English language without a trace of an accent. But the moment the camera starts to grind Greta's voice falls several tones into the almost gutteral tones that her fans know her by.

Plenty of "For Rent" signs on some of the more elaborate Malibu Beach houses. Their rent during the summer months runs into big money, and people aren't speaking up for them as eagerly as of yore.

DON'T let on that we told you, but the other day George Brent told a pal of his that Loretta Young was one sweet gal.

Walter Winchell better look to his laurels. The columnist recently had it that if Grant Withers would be a good boy, Loretta might re-marry him.

VARIOUS studios are hot on the trail of some wiseguys who've been selling lists of the stars' telephone numbers to enterprising shopkeepers for $75.

And they are worth every cent of that to the owners of smart clothing shops. The proprietress calls the feminine stars, saying: "We have just received a new consignment of exclusive models. I knew you would want to be the first to make a selection." And when it's put that way, most of the actresses fall for it.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON 14 TO 18

WHAT ABOUT THE

. . . Will all of the children, whose parents are famous screen personalities, follow in the luminous footsteps of those parents? And what do the parents think about it?

Culver Service

This fascinating old picture was taken years and years ago—when Doug, Jr., was only seven! At that time Doug, Sr., was not anxious for his son to be a motion picture actor. But he's changed his mind now. (At top) Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton have plans for their adopted Patricia, but—

SECOND GENERATION?

Noah Beery, Jr., was kept away from the studios as much as possible. Yet he has recently signed a contract to appear before the cameras.

Creighton Chaney, too, was never even allowed in a studio. He dug ditches, worked in a boiler factory—yet the lure of the screen got him.

Wallace Reid hated acting, Mrs. Reid says. He thought it effete. She is wondering whether fifteen-year-old Wallie, Jr., will think so, too?

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

'WAY for the younger generation!

Lon Chaney's son, Creighton, aged twenty-one, signed a contract the other day with RKO. Noah Beery, Junior, aged eighteen, has signed a long term contract with Universal. The same studio, as this is written, is negotiating for the services of young Wallace Reid—fifteen next August. Francis X. Bushman, Junior, is serving his apprenticeship in westerns. Frances Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, made her début on the New York stage this season. Phillips Holmes, son of that seasoned trouper, Taylor Holmes, is already doing pretty well on the screen, thank you. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, bids fair to keep the family name blazing in electric lights for years and years to come.

For centuries and centuries the stage has passed its talent and tradition from father to son, from mother to daughter. Once the thunder of applause, the glare of footlights, the passion of the theatre get into the blood, they descend not only to the second and the third generations but also on to the eighth and ninth and goodness knows how much farther after that!

Will there be, eventually, a hereditary aristocracy of screen celebrities? Will motion pictures have their trouping families such as the stage has always had? Are we witnessing the founding of screen dynasties?

There are few careers as gruelling as that of a motion picture actor. Witnessing their struggles, their difficulties and their panics, one wonders how the game can possibly be worth such extraordinarily costly candles. And one wonders how the ones who have finally attained security will feel about seeing their children start out upon that same rocky, uphill road.

The psychic Gene Dennis, to whom the famous of filmdom have been pouring out their hearts' secrets during the past few weeks, remarked, with awed amazement, *"There is not one happy person among the successes in Hollywood!"* Will the same be true of the children?

How do these people feel about it? Would they do it again, if they could begin once more at the beginning? *Do they want their children to go into pictures?*

ACTORS, as a rule, keep their children strictly away from the studios. They keep them out of the limelight, protect them from the glare of publicity, the razzle dazzle of this fantastic industry. The people who earn their living in pictures keep their youngsters as far away from them as possible. . . .

Lon Chaney never mixed with the razzle dazzle, himself. He lived quietly and modestly and his boy was brought up as any son of sensible, not-too-wealthy parents anywhere might be reared. Young Creighton never visited the studio where his father was working. He worked during vacations—really worked, I mean. He dug ditches, carried papers, delivered ice, labored in a boiler factory—muscle-building, red-blooded jobs! He married young. He has two little boys. Before he undertook to enter pictures, he was general secretary of a water heater company in Los Angeles.

I talked with him just before he signed his contract. It was startling and a little sad to meet him—he is so like Lon. The same strongly chiseled features. The same *searching* expression about the eyes. The young face is as sweet and brooding as the elder one was. The fundamental Chaney traits are there.

"Would you have gone into pictures, had your father lived?" I wanted to know.

The reply was instant and unhesitating. "No. One Chaney on the screen was enough. My father was a success. . . ."

"Would your father be pleased?"

"I am sure he would not mind—now. We never even discussed the possibility while he was living and I am sure that we never would have done so. He insisted that I be trained to take care of myself, that I learn business and that I experience enough (*Continued on page 104*)

OH, TO HAVE BEEN THERE!

A front seat at any of these moments would have been priceless!

By HARRIET PARSONS

Illustrated by Jack Welch

WHEN Rex Lease took that sock at Vivian Duncan.

WHEN Doug, Jr., told Doug, Sr., he intended to marry that Crawford girl.

WHEN Ina Claire told John Gilbert what was wrong with his acting technique.

WHEN Pola Negri threw all her jewelry out of the window of her bungalow at the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich and Rudy Seiber got together for their first chat after Marlene's amazing initial year in America.

WHEN Chaplin signed that $500,000 settlement.

WHEN Lupe Velez, bound for a yachting week-end with Howard Hughes, left Howard sitting in his car surrounded by luggage and skipped to New York with John Gilbert.

WHEN Lupe and Lil Tashman almost came to blows in the dressing room at the Montmartre Café.

WHEN John Gilbert found Greta Garbo had grabbed that train back to Hollywood and left him in Agua Caliente—a would-be groom without a bride.

WHEN the Marquis de la Falaise explained to Gloria Swanson (then the Marquise) why Connie Bennett was the first person in Hollywood he saw on his return from Europe.

WHEN Lil Tashman explained to Eddie Lowe about that chinchilla coat.

WHEN Mary Pickford (long ago) called the great master, D. W. Griffith, something decidedly different.

WHEN Richard Bennett told a newspaper woman all those things about his daughters, Connie, Joan and Barbara.

WHEN John Considine called Joan Bennett down for following him to Palm Springs.

WHEN Dick Arlen explained those Peggy Shannon rumors to Jobyna Ralston Arlen.

WHEN Charlie Farrell spotted Janet Gaynor on that Hawaii-bound steamer.

WHEN Walter Winchell accosted Greta Garbo in the service elevator at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York.

WHEN Abe Lyman received that phony Woolworth diamond after asking a pal to John Alden for him and get back the real one he'd given that girl.

WHEN Sam Katz, who figured he'd replaced Al Scott in Colleen Moore's affections, read of Colleen and Al's sudden elopement in Florida.

WHEN the string quartet engaged to play appropriate music at the

(Continued on page 93)

WHEN Eric Von Stroheim and Mae Murray clashed temperaments on the "Merry Widow" set a few years ago.

WHEN John Barrymore the Great first heard himself referred to as "Lionel Barrymore's brother" by some studio sightseers.

WHEN that horse bit a certain player on the M-G-M lot and Lupe Velez got so mad about it that she bit the horse.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

Photograph by Hurrell

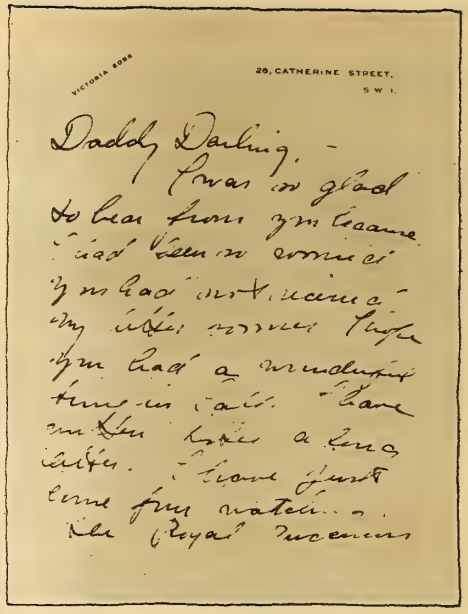
We honor Joan Crawford for her warmth and understanding in "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton."

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

We honor John Barrymore for the return of his old charm in "Arsène Lupin," "Grand Hotel," and "State's Attorney."

Photograph by F. Powolny

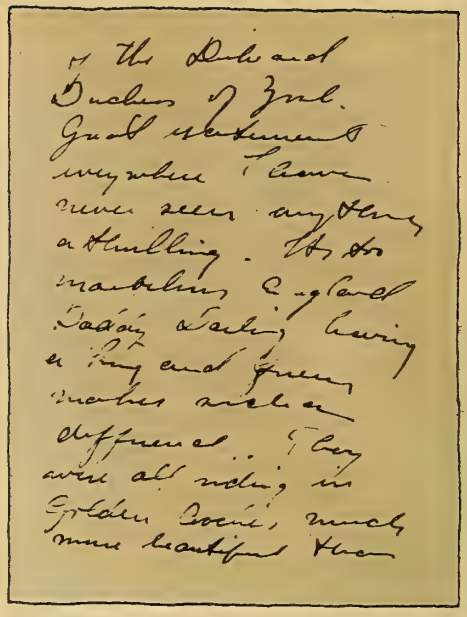
We honor Joan Bennett for her emotional power in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."



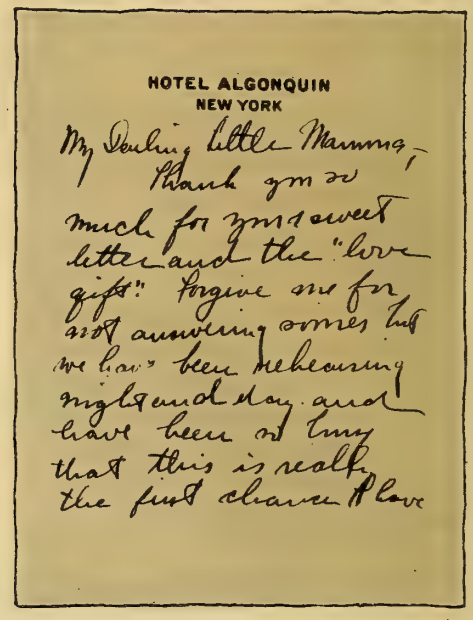
VICTORIA 6088

26, CATHERINE STREET,
S.W. 1.

Daddy Darling, -
I was so glad
to hear from you because
I had been so worried
you had not received
my letter sooner. I hope
you had a wonderful
time in Cali. I have
written Lester a long
letter. I have just
come from watching
the Royal Successions



of the Duke and
Duchess of York.
Great excitement
everywhere I have
never seen anything
a thrilling. Its too
marvellous England
Daddy Darling having
a king and queen
makes such a
difference. They
were all riding in
Golden Coaches, much
more beautiful than



HOTEL ALGONQUIN
NEW YORK

My Darling Little Mamma,
I thank you so
much for your sweet
letter and the "love
gift". Forgive me for
not answering sooner but
we have been rehearsing
night and day and
have been so busy
that this is really
the first chance I have

(Above) Tallulah's father, Congressman W. B. Bankhead. The letter shown in part above was written by Tallulah when she was in England and is the one which mentions the procession of the Duke and Duchess of York. The letter to the right on this page is to her grandmother.

A NEW TALLULAH—FROM HER LETTERS

By CHARLES GRAYSON

THERE is nothing more revealing than letters exchanged by people who love each other. Difficult as it is for most of us to tell what is in our hearts in ordinary speech, in writing there is no such check.

Distance is destroyed, understanding reached, and individuals show themselves as the sort of people they actually are . . .

The world knows Tallulah Bankhead as one kind of a person—a dazzling, fascinating, successful personality, riding the high crest of the theatrical wave. But she was not always so. Once she was a slip of a young girl, fighting desperately for a foothold on the slippery slopes of achievement. And the truth of this is not more clearly shown than from a glance through a bundle of letters reposing in file "B" of the State Department of Archives and History in Alabama.

This is the correspondence which passed between Tallulah and her family after she had, at fifteen, buckled on her armor and sallied forth from the family home in Jasper, Alabama, bent upon slaying the dragon Obscurity. So important is the Bankhead family in this state—containing as it does, two United States Senators, a State Congressman, army officers, a seminary president, a State Historian, as well as one of the brightest of the dramatic luminaries—that these letters have been added to the State documents, a fitting tribute to a great clan, and a record of the successful battle for recognition of one of the community's fairest daughters.

It is to be recalled that as a girl of fifteen Tallulah made her first appearance in the films, the result of a beauty contest conducted by a film magazine. During the making of the consequent picture she received the following letter from her father, Congressman W. B. Bankhead. It starts this record because it at once gives the dominant characteristic of the Bankheads, that insistence upon success and accomplishment which seems to have brought them continually to the top of their respective heaps:

> My dearest Tallulah: You are certainly going at this thing like you meant business and I am betting on you and backing you to my limit. It is certainly most encouraging and gratifying to read about the start that has been made and I shall be almost beside myself until I see my little old 'Tally' in the first picture. Of course, I have sense enough to know that

...Tallulah Bankhead is famous for her daring and her sophistication—but there is another side to her, a fine, sweet side—as evidenced in this correspondence with members of her family

had. We open Monday night at the Greenwich Village Theatre New York City. I am awfully nervous about it. Say a big prayer for me. I am glad for your sake that you are going south. I think the change will be very good for you and you will be happier. I wish I could see

she will be given a very minor part to begin with but even if she only hands the star her hat or stands in the mob, it will be *Tallulah* doing it. But she will not hand hats long. I have no son and I will depend on you to repay your father and your grandfather by making a real and a lasting career as a great artist in your chosen profession. It is a fine thing to contemplate how powerful a factor the screen has become on the thought and conduct of the world and how great the possibilities it offers to you. But don't forget when you get your real chance that it takes study, sacrifice and inconvenience. There is no royal road to the top anywhere. Let me know your prospects and keep me

(Continued on page 100)

My precious little Mamma before she goes but it is impossible; but the time will pass very quickly and I will see you before long. When I have done something very big and worthwhile in the stage line and for you and we will have a nice little apartment and live to-gether and you can come and see me play. Won't it be nice? Tomorrow is Mother's Day. "Your own dear mamma. Darling, for you are the dearest little mindful mother in the world. You are my mother and I love you with all my heart. Tallulah.

(Above) Would you have believed that this woman of the world could write such letters? The letter which finishes on this page is from Tallulah to her grandmother. Tallulah always addressed her as mamma. She says in part "...You are the dearest little mother in the world. You are my mother and I love you with all my heart."

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

(Below) Extra! Extra! Pola Negri does a Dietrich! The Polish star has her legs photographed! (September, 1923.) Will Garbo follow suit? (Right) This gentleman with the large chest and with his foot on the prop lion is Elmo Lincoln. A scene from the old-time silent version of "Tarzan, the Ape Man." (Below, right) A very smart walking attire for spring and summer. Note the absence of a peplum or bertha. The flowers lend the correct Fifth Avenue touch. It's Laurette Taylor and H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Now.. 10¢ WILL BUY PARK & TILFORD BEAUTY AIDS IN CONVENIENT SIZES AS PURE AND FINE AS THE WELL-KNOWN BRANDS PRICED FROM $1.00 TO $3.00

Equal to the Finest in Everything But Price!

Sponsored by Park & Tilford —established in 1840—who introduced many of the most distinguished French Perfumes and Cosmetics to this country, Faoen Beauty Aids are the greatest value ever offered to fastidious women.

Containing ingredients of the utmost purity, skilfully blended and handsomely packaged, these cosmetics have already found favor with thousands of women.

Here's Proof of the Purity of Faoen Products

A famous firm of chemical analysts tested every Faoen Product. Here is a part of their report:

"—and after a complete and careful chemical analysis and investigation, we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Every Faoen Product has received the Good Housekeeping Institute seal of approval.

Tested and Approved — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

10c each at S. S. Kresge Co. Stores

PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK . . PARIS

FAOEN *Beauty Aids*

"Specially posed by Thelma Todd Noted Screen Beauty"

You can have eyes like the Stars

by the simple magic of the NEW NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, *alluring* eyes—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. *You* can have them. And *instantly!*

Just a touch of the New Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Interesting? Inviting? *Bewitching*, to say the least!

But—be sure you get the genuine New Maybelline because it is harmless, non-smarting and ideally tear-proof. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75 cents at any toilet goods counter.

Maybelline

EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Special Purse Size for trial, on sale at all 5 and 10c stores or sent postpaid for 10c and coupon below.

Clip MAYBELLINE CO. 14-7
5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago

10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *New* Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Do you often wish you could give your honest-to-goodness opinions of the talkies and the stars? This department is for just that purpose

Dear Friends:

Recently I went to the opening of "Grand Hotel" at the Astor Theatre here in New York. The next day I passed by the theatre and there was a line of people a block long waiting to get to the box office—there to ask, pathetically, if they could buy two tickets for next week. No? Well, the week after that? Again, no! The house is sold out for eight weeks in advance!

Truly, this huge success is well deserved, for "Grand Hotel" is a magnificent achievement. But I am wondering—will it launch a vogue of "all star" pictures? And how will the public like them? Of course, since it's the melting pot for the talents of Garbo, both Barrymores, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone, "Grand Hotel" couldn't very well be a failure even if its story were not as fascinating and dramatic as it is. But, supposing other companies try the experiment—

In "Grand Hotel" the acting honors were pretty evenly divided among those great names. But supposing this were not the case?

If the idea catches on and other companies put several of their major stars into one film and the honors are not evenly divided—how about it? Will you enjoy seeing your favorite player overshadowed by another player? Or will you be content as long as your favorite is in the show somewhere?

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

She'd rather be Mrs. Ronald Colman

I cannot resist giving you my answer to your question in the May issue of Modern Screen, namely, "How Would You Like to be Mrs. Clark Gable?" No doubt you will hear much protest from the fair admirers of the young man referred to, but as the wife of Clark Gable I would much rather be Mrs. Ronald Colman! About ninety-nine per cent of my sex will disagree, but who can deny that Mr. Colman is fascinating, interesting and intellectual? He gave a brilliant performance in "Arrowsmith" and I cannot but wonder why we do not see him more often.

Patricia Lee Loring,
Everett, Washington

Jeanette and Maurice will be together again in "Love Me Tonight."

It was marvelous, it was perfect, it was grand! He was wonderful, he was darling . . . she was adorable, she was lovely. . . .

Don't you know? The reunion of the screen's most perfect trio! Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch. What a team! Three cheers for "One Hour With You"! Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of fascination—Chevalier! Three cheers for the lingerie lady, the prima donna of the screen—MacDonald! And three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance—Lubitsch!

Pearl Katzman,
New York, N. Y.

Did you read "Hollywood's Frankest Break-up" in the June issue, Mildred? It would give you, perhaps, an idea of the real sanity of the Bannisters' decision

I have always admired Ann Harding for her talent, charm and common sense, but most of all for her ideal private life. But now, my opinion of her has dropped to way below zero, because I can see now that she has no sense of fairness and loyalty.

Barbara Stanwyck had the same "career trouble" to contend with as did Ann Harding, but Barbara worked and connived along with her spouse to help him regain his lost identity (as Ann terms it), while Ann is sending Harry Bannister along his merry way to work his problem out alone.

Mildred Cartledge,
Darby, Pennsylvania

Thank you, Peggy Anne. This month, starting on page 51, there's a big layout of intimate pictures. How do you like it?

I am one of the older fans and enjoyed the pictures and stories in "Modern Screen 1917" in the April issue and "How They Used to Look" in the May issue. Please give us some more articles about the old-timers, namely Ethel Clayton, Cleo Madison, Pearl White, Anita Stewart, Marguerite Snow and others of that day.

PEGGY ANNE,
Washington, D. C.

Read Faith Baldwin's story on Gary on page 46, Dorothy. It has quite a different angle

Why doesn't Gary Cooper snap out of it and give us a change of subject matter for an interview? We're so weary of that lingo of Lupe's and her ravings and that three-ring picture of Clara, Evelyn, and Lupe, like a halo encircling Gary's brow.

DOROTHY,
Ogdensburg, New York

Gosh—guess we'll just have to print just one Gable letter. Just one, though, we promise

They compare Clark Gable to Valentino, which is no compliment in my opinion. Gable lives his parts, while Valentino always seemed posed and artificial. Gable says his success is luck. I think it's ability. Gable isn't handsome? Well, if my sons grow up as good looking I'll be more than satisfied. He doesn't get by on his sex appeal alone, either. My daughter, aged six, thinks he's grand and I recently overheard one of my former high school teachers raving about him—so in any case he gets them, from six to sixty. There is only one actor I'd compare him with: Wallace Beery, and even that isn't precisely fair. But they have the same sincerity and a certain pathos that makes you like them even when they play unsympathetic parts.

IRIS GREY,
Lowell, Massachusetts

We're certainly giving the male actors a break this time. But we couldn't entirely neglect Johnnie Weissmuller and "Tarzan"

In the advertisements they asked us girls if we would live like Eve if we found the right Adam. I'm considered a very nice girl, but if Tarzan, as Weissmuller presents him, were Adam, I'd jump at the chance to play Eve.

With all my heart I hope that Johnny Weissmuller will have more rôles like "Tarzan." I can't imagine him as a society man—and, anyway, it'd be almost a sin to put clothes on a physique like his.

MARY GORDON,
Houston, Texas

• SHE FELT • SHE LOOKED • SHE WAS •
60 40 32

and suddenly she became 28

SHE felt, poor girl, as if she had tried all ages. Bored, dull, weary and old—and she was only 32!

She wanted, oh! so much, that radiance, that charm, which is the essence of all attraction. Though we call it "youth," it isn't, after all, a question of *years*.

And she not only got it—she found the secret of keeping it. Here it is—if you would like to use it yourself.

Her whole difficulty was that she neglected internal cleanliness—a fundamental to health. So when she began using the saline method with Sal Hepatica the result was astonishing!

Her skin cleared. Sallowness and disfiguring eruptions disappeared. It took on a fine, silky texture and fresh bloom. With her bored and sullen weariness quite gone, she sparkled merrily through the days, became her former self.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica, the American equivalent of all these salines, offers you similar saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, digestive disorders, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today!

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-72
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

Nestle

COMBINATION HOT OIL TREATMENT AND SHAMPOO

Nestle Permanent Wave, long bob, Hair treated with Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

"Her Hair Grows Lovelier Every Day"

Leading beauticians depend upon this Hot Oil Treatment to revitalize lifeless hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new vigor and beauty. It also makes the ideal shampoo, as it is free from soap or alkali. Everyone in the family should use it.

Super Set

The superb Nestle waving lotion for finger waves or water waves. It makes every wave more glamorous and longer lasting. SuperSet is greaseless and fast drying. There is no deposit or sediment. The SuperSet wave is the finest wave you ever had.

ColoRinse

Use it after your next shampoo for the new tone color it will give your hair. It is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless, vegetable compound. It gives the hair a natural, radiant loveliness and restores its youthful sheen and glamour. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

The Nestle-LeMur Co., New York City

10c Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores large size at your beauty parlor, drug store or department store.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 11)

There are shades of silver-green and silver-blue eyeshadow for sophisticated blondes to try. In short, there is nothing in the way of cosmetics that the woman of thirty can't use if she is smart and chic enough to get away with it and if she will use it discreetly.

She should keep using a good tissue cream—or whatever corrective treatment her particular type of skin calls for. If her skin is dry, she should commence to use muscle oil, too, to chase away wrinkles. This oil should be applied, slightly warmed, on top of tissue cream and patted gently into the sensitive areas of the skin. And the woman of thirty should add to her customary exercise routine certain special exercises for the hips and bust—to prevent the former from getting that mature spread and the latter from sagging. (I'm going to have some instructions for exercises mimeographed, by the way, and will be glad to send them to you if you'll write for them.) Her hair, if she has taken good care of it all her life, should be just as pretty at thirty as it was at sixteen. But if it isn't, she should first try to improve it with hot oil treatments and a good tonic. Daily massage, of course. And beware of washing it too often. There are ways, you know, of keeping your hair looking nice without shampooing it. Dry shampoos with orris root. Herbal shampoos, which take about twenty minutes from shampooing to drying. Alcohol hair-rubs. If the hair starts to turn gray, the woman of thirty can look at Norma Shearer wearing her "Strange Interlude" wig there on page 6, see how lovely she looks, and be encouraged. Or she can go to a beauty parlor and have it dyed. Or she can write to a good company which manufactures hair dyes, sending them a piece of her hair, and they will tell her how to dye her hair at home. A word of caution here: it is quite safe to use mild rinses on your hair all by yourself. It is not safe to try to administer a real dye without someone's help. Summon your sister or a girl friend who is handy about things and ask her to help you.

There is, by the way, something brand new in reducing wrinkles. As a rule, I'm skeptical about get-thin-quick ideas. But as a matter of fact, this new product *isn't* a get-thin-quick idea. What is it? It's coffee! A brand of coffee that tastes good and helps along the reducing process—gradually and sensibly. It won't do *all* the work if you're a great deal overweight—you must help it yourself. But the slightly overweight people should find it a boon and the very fat folks might well add it to their dieting and exercising routines. By some mysterious process this coffee does things to the food you put in your tummy so that it will nourish you properly and not go piling up into spare tires and extra chins. Write for the name of this product if you're interested.

Middle age, naturally, means maturity and a mature look, but it need not mean wrinkles, a bloppy figure and a general don't-care-how-I-look attitude. It needn't mean a corded throat nor old-looking hands. Women who have had the will power and good sense to keep their figures until middle age will probably keep them to their dying day. But when excess weight has accumulated through the years, at middle age it is usually a question of taking off from twenty-five pounds up. And this must be done slowly, sensibly and painstakingly. About six pounds a month is plenty. Otherwise, muscles will sag and the innards will drop, protesting against the loss of their fat-tissue support and all sorts of illnesses will result. An older woman who wishes to lose weight can give up all potatoes, white bread, butter, milk, cream, sugar and sweets, but she should eat moderate quantities of fruits, vegetables and lean meat. Her exercises should include bending and kneading routines. And stretching. Stretching is very important. It lengthens and strengthens muscles through the middle that are inclined to become useless as a result of bad sitting and standing postures and fatigue. For the skin, the use of muscle oil should be kept up. Make-up? By all means. But a subdued make-up. Powder, discreet rouge. And for a coiffure, nothing is more becoming than the piled-high, gracious effect of Miss Shearer's wig. (I promise not to refer to that picture on page 6 again!) Do you know how to achieve that effect? Well, take up the top front of the hair—which should be softly waved. Pin it up out of the way for a moment. Then arrange the side hair softly over the tips of the ears, pinning it at the back to secure it. Then comb the back hair straight up and roll it down to form a fan effect, spread evenly across the upper crown of the head. Then take the top hair again and comb it over this fan effect so that it's all covered up and the general effect is one smooth pompadour, right from the forehead to the nape of the neck. The ends of the top hair can be tucked out of sight in the most convenient place, or rolled in a slight twist at the back. The important thing is to get the fan high enough on the crown to give a graceful line. If your own hair isn't plentiful enough, you can roll it over a pad of false hair to make the fan.

And now, this is quite off the subject, but I want to close with a hint about something new I've just discovered. So many people write and ask me what to do about scars. Burn-scars or birthmarks or bad acne pits. Well, there actually is something on the market which will cover up these unhappy disfigurements. It was invented by a woman who, herself, was cursed with a birthmark that covered one whole side of her face. This product is quite safe and has been approved by doctors. I think it's truly wonderful and I'll be glad to tell you about it if you want to write for the information.

Cruelest Story

(*Continued from page 29*)

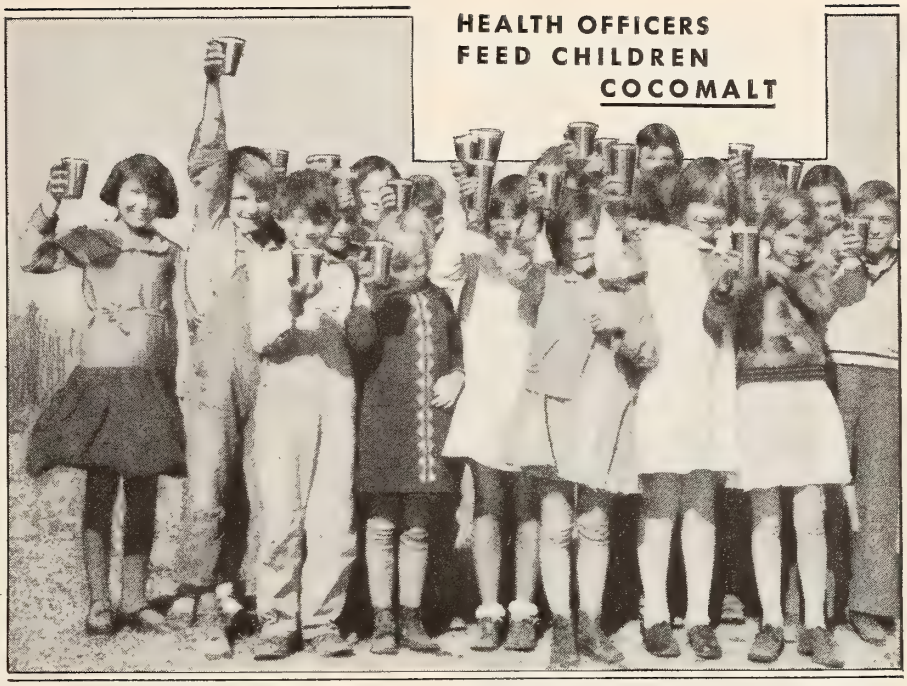
People, literally by the dozens, send her pawn-tickets to redeem for them, fake jewelry to buy at steep prices, scenarios and songs and poems to sell. What time has she to accede to so many selfish requests? Mere postage, for returning them to the senders, costs her a small fortune in itself. And if, due to other affairs more pressing, the packages are not returned within a week or so, the parties write threatening to sue her in order to have her thrown into prison! How is it possible to have any respect for the man or woman who would do a thing like that? And yet dozens, dozens, of them do it! Don't people realize what a burden they are putting on her? No! Each one who writes thinks he is the only person in the world, apparently! One is inclined to wish he were! People like that ought not to be in the world.

ABOUT twenty women a week write to Miss Dressler asking her to send them her cast-off clothes. Marie dresses simply, even plainly, and wears her gowns a comparatively long time. Twenty women a week is more than a thousand a year. Marie never had that many dresses in her life and never will have. As for her clothes that she wears in pictures, they are studio property. Nearly every letter begins with the words, "This is the most unusual request that you have ever received, Marie." The very tragedy is that they are so very, very far from being unusual. Almost the only unusual one was a letter demanding that the writer be sent, immediately, "one of your old waffle irons."

Here is a typical letter:

> Miss Dressler: I need some money. I don't know who else to ask for it so I thought I would ask you. Everybody knows how kind you are. Now, I do not want much. All I want is for you to send me your salary for one week. You will never miss it, and it would be enough for me to live on for a year.

What would you do, if you got a letter like that? In the first place, how can Marie have the slightest idea what sort of person the writer is. Maybe he is a grafter, a crook, a maniac. It might even be someone with more money of his own than Marie ever heard of. (You would be surprised if you knew how many really wealthy people try to sneak charity!) But suppose the person is the right kind, and really needs the money. Perhaps it is true that Marie would never miss her salary for one week, although there is no reason why she shouldn't miss it every bit as much as you or I. *But*—think how many letters like this come to her! Say she responded to only fifty-two of them a year. That would leave her with exactly no salary at all for her own needs.



Their average gain 8½ pounds in 6 weeks!

Others *not* taking Cocomalt regularly show no substantial gain

FREE to Mothers: trial can of this delicious food-drink

IT'S amazing to see how under-nourished children respond to Cocomalt—how quickly they fill out, get roses in their cheeks, become sturdy and strong! In clinical tests all over the country, whole groups of malnourished children show astonishing gains.

During the recent drought in Arkansas, for example, health authorities fed this nourishing drink to youngsters regularly for 40 days. At the end of that time, gains of from 4 to 16 pounds were noted (depending largely on age). The average gain for the 40-day period (almost 6 weeks) was 8½ pounds—*more than a pound a week!*

And here's the significant fact: Children who missed the Cocomalt clinic or attended irregularly *showed no substantial gain.*

Almost doubles food value of milk

Results like these—where whole groups of children improve in weight and vitality—show beyond question that Cocomalt should be part of every growing youngster's diet.

For Cocomalt provides the *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals that the active young body requires. It adds 70% more nourishment to milk—practically doubling its food value. Every glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk!

Furthermore, Cocomalt contains "Sunshine Vitamin D"—so essential in building strong bones and sound teeth.

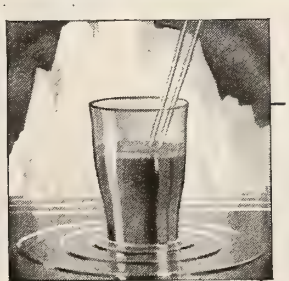
Use coupon for free can

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk—hot or cold. So mixed, it becomes a tempting chocolate flavor treat. Children love it! You can buy it at grocery stores in ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. High in food value—surprisingly low in price.

Mail this coupon today for a trial can—*free.*

NOTE: Cocomalt has been accepted by the committee on foods of the American Medical Association and is licensed by the Wisconsin Research Foundation.

ACCEPTED by the AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN Committee on Foods



COOL! REFRESHING!

Cocomalt

R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 39G, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me a trial size can of Cocomalt without cost or obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

ColorShine . . . only 10¢ a bottle . . . *what a saving!*

KEEPING white shoes white and new looking is no problem at all with ColorShine. *White Kid* Cleaner cleans, polishes and preserves smooth, white leather shoes. *White Cloth* Cleaner is for all white cloth and buckskin shoes. A few minutes and your shoes are like new again and there's enough left in the generous, 10c bottle for many pairs of shoes.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for all tan, brown, blonde, light-colored and black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store, at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

ColorShine
SHOE DRESSINGS
MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW
10¢ *15¢ in Far West and Canada*

If the ones we have quoted aren't enough, here are some more letters.

> Will you please build a new wing on my house so my wife will like it better? I am a carpenter by trade and I can do the work myself and save you money. If you will just send me $5,000, I will take care of it.

Save *whom* money? And what a house that must be, for a new wing to cost so much. A much grander house than Marie herself owns. And a pretty bad carpenter, if he couldn't build a house that would please his own wife.

> I am a soda clerk. I have large black eyes, sleek black hair, and all the girls are just crazy about me. Everyone says I am the handsomest boy they have ever saw. I would like to get into pictures but I don't want to do no starting at the bottom. I am too good looking. Ha Ha. So if you need someone to take the lead in your next pictcher, I would consider it.

Ha Ha—that's what we say, too. Here's another. You understand, of course, that these are actual letters. We could pick worse, but we pick ones that are typical of the sort that come in.

> Enclosed please find my autograph book. Please take it around to all the studios and get all the stars to sign it. They will do it for you.

A book containing the autographs of all the stars would be saleable to the tune of several hundred dollars. If Marie gave up all her work and all her relaxation, and did nothing but try to get one autograph book like that, it would take her, roughly, a month.

THEN there are the women who insist that they are perfect doubles for Marie. Those number into the hundreds and beyond. Almost every town boasts at least one woman who thinks she is the living image of Miss Dressler. They send photos (which look nothing like her) to prove it, with such remarks as "the reason I look as if I had no teeth is that my gold teeth photographed black." Perhaps the high point in bad taste, or in sheer, downright, vicious cruelty, was reached by one of these. A woman wrote:

> You're getting along in years. I am younger and healthier than you, and look just like you. You better be thinking of how soon you're going to kick the bucket. If you will split your salary with me, I will come out there and you can train me to play the parts you play, so I can do them when you are gone.

And, oh, the hundreds who write in, saying, "Please accept the enclosed handkerchief as a gift from your devoted admirer—and send me two dollars by return mail." Who say, "You stayed at my boarding house once and never paid your bill. What you owe me, plus interest, is $312." Who say, "I am a red-cap porter and I carried your bag once and you gave me fifty cents. Now I would like fifty dollars." Who say, "I have never seen California. Please send me a check to pay my railroad ticket and expenses and I will come out and stay at your house."

You simply wouldn't believe it, would you? No decent person would. And yet—this actually is what has happened to Marie! Cruel!

Why?

For just the reason that, seeing her on the screen and reading about her in magazines and newspapers, people all over the world know of Marie's big, generous heart. Most of us admire and love her for it. But not these others. No. To them, her generosity means no more than a chance to sneak, to gouge, to steal from her; to get all they can and then laugh over their own cleverness.

It has broken Marie's heart.

She cannot stand it any more. For years she bore her cross in secret. Only a chance discovery of her, seated at her desk weeping, has brought it out. Her friends have finally convinced her. Marie will answer no more begging letters. Do you blame her?

Low Down on Richard

(*Continued from page 59*)

either stand on my own personality or fall by it!" Richard says.

But suppose he tells all there is to tell about himself, and the public still wants to know more? Shan't he invent things, just a teeny-weeny bit? We don't want him to tell us the same old things all over again. "Then that's just my tough luck," says Richard. And that will mean that he is through, done, finished! Again he shrugs. "I'm going to tell the truth—and nothing else!"

What has prompted Richard to this decision? Fundamentally, of course, it comes because he is simply an honest person, who does not like falseness in any form. We know that, now. But there is another reason. In his own words: "When I got my first part in pictures, a lot of stories were printed about me. Most of them made up things. Why did the writers do that? If they wanted to know about me, why didn't they simply come to me and ask questions? I would have told them

anything they wanted to know. Why shouldn't the public know the truth, if they want to know about me?"

Then he started to give me the low-down on many things which had been printed about him.

THE first was that Richard was selling newspapers to keep from starving when he got into pictures.

"I was making more money than I'm making right now," he said blandly. "Selling masks of themselves to women stars, I was earning two hundred bucks a week. How long it would have lasted I don't know, of course, but I was making that at the time. I had a shop where I sold modernistic furniture and stuff like that, and I was selling some of my paintings, too." Two of his oil paintings hang in the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood.

The second was that when Dick landed his picture contract he phoned his mother and said, "Are you sitting down or standing up, Mother dear? Then sit down, for you will fall down when I tell you the great news. Quit your job, Mother dear. I have a film contract."

Dick's comment to that was "——!! Did you ever hear anyone talk like that? If you did it must have been in an asylum. Mother was doing some typing for a chap in Long Beach named Mr. H——. What I really said over the phone was, 'Tell Mr. H—— to go to H— and come up to the studio and sign my contract for me.'"

The third was that Dick is half Dutch and half Chinese. "I started that myself, when I was twelve years old. I decided our family history was uninteresting and I ought to liven it up a bit."

The fourth, that Dick is a male Janet Gaynor.

"Male Janet Gaynor! In your hat!"

You see—the real trouble is that Dick, inexperienced as he was when he came to the screen, is too good an actor. Naturally, for the simple reason that he is a young chap and not an old goat with long whiskers, the parts handed to him are juveniles. Whether it was "Tol'able David," or "Fifty Fathoms," or "Emma," his character has been that of a sweet, lovable boy. A good actor makes his part convincing, and Dick has convinced a lot of people all over the country—too darned many, to his own way of thinking—that he is a sweet, innocent, prattling babe with teeth like pearls and roses in his 'ittle cheeksy-weeksies and all that sort of stuff. Well, he isn't a prizefighter, and he doesn't get drunk every night and lie in the gutter till the overworked Hollywood police force picks him up in the wagon and takes him home, but he certainly is *not* a plaster saint. He's a normal, healthy kid, twenty-one years old, with a good deal of brains, a grand sense of humor, and more than a little charm. If he weren't, he wouldn't be liked by two persons as different as Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo.

In his scrap-book, he has a bunch of clippings, carefully saved, but not for the reason you think.

"Success Fails to Spoil Richard Cromwell."

"A Boy Cinderella."

"Dame Fame Touches Lad With Wand."

"From High School To Stardom."

"A Real Merton Of The Movies."

He shows them to you, and then runs to the imaginary rail of an imaginary ocean liner and succumbs to an imaginary illness.

"Mush! Mush! Pretty-Pretty! Why can't they be honest? The truth is so much simpler! The truth is, I wanted to get into pictures, I tried out for a part, I was lucky and got it, and that's all there is to it. Now I'm in pictures, doing my best, hoping to give good performances and stay in, and that's all there is to that."

So, at one sweep, he dispells the glamor of his brief past. The question now is, how about his future. Does he really mean this revolt against all bunk which may ever henceforth be attached to his name? Knowing him, I think he does. Something new has come to Hollywood at last. From Dick, in the future, you may now and then hear things you don't like to hear, but at least you'll know they're as true as true. Ask him any questions you like, and he'll give you a straight answer. There's no bunk about it. He's going to do it.

To test him, we asked him a few, and we made them as tough as possible. The two things an actor is most sensitive about are his pictures and his salary. So we asked him about both.

10c This gorgeous poudre sold in leading smart shops everywhere — now in a small size. Fine as mist; soft as swansdown . . . clinging. Delightfully scented with Parfum Ybry. 6 shades.

PARFUM Ybry Pronounced EE-BREE PARIS

At good 5 & 10 cent stores

Put Professional SNAP into your

DANCING Why be stiff, awkward, amateurish, when it is easy to learn to dance correctly, beautifully, technically, by this remarkable new scientific method — The Danceograph — in 10 easy lessons? Send only $1.98 for complete course. 5 day trial. Money back if not satisfied. **Free Rumba Dance** with order. Mark X for course desired.

☐ Ballroom ☐ Tango ☐ Tap and Clog

DANCEOGRAPH DANCE ART, Inc.
555 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

The fun of the
SUMMER OUTDOORS
is often spoiled by
PAINFUL SUNBURN
and WINDBURN . . .

NIVEA CREME
Protects the Skin

Nivea* Creme protects, soothes and smooths the skin. No stickiness or greasiness—no danger of collecting sand or dirt. No interference with work or play. Send for a trial tube—free!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

P. BEIERSDORF & CO., Inc.
Dept. M7 200 Hudson St., New York City

Q. "Did you like 'Fifty Fathoms?'"
A. "No."
Q. "What did you think of it?"
A. "I thought it was lousy."
Q. "Why?"
A. "Because it was hokum. Because the characters in it, and the things that happened, weren't true and honest."
Q. "What do you think of 'Emma?'"
A. "I like it."
Q. "Do you think you're a good actor?"
A. "No."
Q. "What sort of an actor do you think you are?"
A. "I think I'm learning. I think some day I'll be good."
Q. "What are they paying you, now, Dick?"
A. "Seventy-six bucks a week."
Q. "What's the extra buck for?"
A. "I'm damned if I know."

But there's still one more reason why we're pretty sure you're going to hear some startling stuff from Dick from now on. Because the last question we asked him was one that every actor in Hollywood, and every actress, has balked at and been too timid to answer in any way at all.

"Dick," we asked him, "—are you high hat?"

And Dick laughed until he almost fell off his chair, and roared at us: "YES!"

"False Friends"

(*Continued from page 71*)

with arms in a mock movie war.

DURING the remainder of the picture, and in the time which has elapsed since then, all of the members have been president. Kolk and Davis, the amateur Romeos, on the count of pirating all the Laguna girls; and with the production finished, Ben Alexander (called by the others for some strange reason "The Idiot Boy") for breaking a vase of Lew's to which he had taken an aversion. Gleason was elected for his habit of systematically going by Rogers' apartment, after late dates, pressing the buzzer until the irate Beau was aroused, then fleeing. Bakewell served his term when he took Lola Lane home from Lew's birthday party; and Lew gained the chair both for his habit of asking the gang over and then having no food nor drink to offer them, and his stunt of putting a fake snake in his (empty) cookie jar.

Ayres elected the others simultaneously when they wrecked his treasured Studebaker. He had found the dilapidated old boat on a used car lot, fancied it, and taken it home for $20. It ran magnificently, and was the delight of his life. Among the glittering Hollywood cars it was an eyesore and an affront to all, but Lew loved it.

Not so his friends . . . and one afternoon they descended upon it in a body, and started to demolish it. Lew ran from the house with loud squawks of protest; but in a few minutes, so infectious was the sadistic glee of the others, he joined in the fun. It was the owner himself, in fact, who threw the brick through the windshield.

Honorary members occasionally were taken in: Cukor for his duplicity, Milestone for working them "like galley slaves," Wolheim for cleaning them out in a crap game, Slim Summerville for carrying a slingshot and using it with secrecy and deadly effect. And back in town the practice continued. I was elected for chasing from a party one of the charter members who showed up considerably under the influence.

But though the organization flourished (as it naturally would when transplanted to Hollywood!) the original nucleus began to diminish. Kolk and Davis went East, Scott to do "Tarnished Lady" with Tallulah Bankhead and Owney to return to the legitimate stage. Due to illness and bad breaks, Rogers gave up pictures and went back to Denver to do an advice-to-the-lovelorn column on a newspaper.

With chances growing out of "All Quiet" the remaining four have gone ahead, strong. Ayres to stardom, Bakewell and Gleason to long-term contracts with M-G-M and Pathé respectively, and Benny Alexander to enviable success in the free-lance field.

This quartet remains as close as ever. Its members are together constantly. Not many weeks ago Billy, Russ and Ben helped Lew and Lola Ayres move into their new place. This was help considerably feared by Miss Lane: Lola was worried least the assistants try to win a joint presidency of The False Friends by shoving the piano out the window.

A strange organization, based on one of the fundamental strengths of mankind—friendship—and having its flower in a genial idiocy which might have been penned by the author of "Alice In Wonderland." "We nearly split laughing at things which seem funny to us, and which nobody else sees any humor in at all," Bakewell told me.

"Not long before Beau left, we went down to Laguna to look over the place where we had come together, two years before. The old battle field had all but disappeared, ploughed under. Only a broken ammunition wagon remained of what had been the warlike home of thousands of men for six months. That night we wandered through the streets of Laguna, where we had had so many laughs, feeling like a little bunch of lost spirits. Even our old hotel, where we stayed that night, seemed changed. It was as if the war were over, and we were returning to the old scenes in times of peace. I suppose soldiers revisiting France feel that way. We started off

to be sort of romantic about it—a sentimental journey. But it all ended up pretty sad and depressing. We all realized that a part of our youth definitely had passed. We shan't go back again."

It is a certainty, however, that one thing those boys took out of Laguna will go on. And that is the fine *esprit de corps* which sprung up in the trenches near that small town, and which now centers in that most screwy of organizations, The False Friends.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 13*)

over-ish." You put the diced lamb into a delicious sauce along with some hard boiled eggs and mushrooms and things, and pour the whole combination over hot, buttered baking powder biscuits. Honestly, it tastes even better than the original hot roast! All the recipes are made up in the right proportions to serve just two, but you can easily double or triple the proportions to serve a larger family. Just fill out and mail the coupon on page 12 and these recipes, printed on individual cards and enclosed in a smart folder, will be mailed to you, absolutely *free*.

IF you are a homemaker with a small family you should always do your buying and cooking with one eye on the future. Instead of buying and cooking for several people at a time, you should buy and cook for several days at a time. We are sure you will find that this system will save you time, money and effort. For instance, you know that it is more economical to purchase large-size jars, packages and cans of foods, providing, of course, that you can use the contents before they spoil. So buy the large sizes and then plan to use the contents in several different ways on succeeding days. A single can of sliced pineapple, for instance, can be used for tonight's salad, tomorrow's breakfast fruit and the next night's pineapple upside down cake.

Fresh vegetables, too, are less expensive when bought in quantity, and you can economize on fuel into the bargain by cooking a double supply of vegetables at a time, using the portion that is left over in some interesting way the following day. For instance, the vegetables can be served plain with butter the first night and heated in a cream sauce the following night. If you boil your vegetables save the water in which they have cooked, and strain and add to this liquid any vegetables which may be left over from dinner. With the addition of a little milk, thickened with some butter and flour, you will have evolved a delicious fresh vegetable cream soup. (A bouillon cube will improve the flavor.) Or if you have just an assorted lot of vegetables such as

How To Really Get Rid Of Arm And Leg Hair

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. *276A*

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

KWIK

A Delicately Scented Manicure Ensemble

LIQUID NAIL POLISH. LEAVES A BRILLIANT, LASTING POLISH. WILL NOT CHIP, PEEL OR DISCOLOR.

RUBY
NATURAL
COLORLESS

LIQUID POLISH REMOVER
CUTICLE REMOVER
LIQUID NAIL WHITE

10¢

KWIK COSMETIC CORPORATION, New York, N. Y.

YOU can have a WAVE that will *LAST!*

Apply it *Yourself* at *Home* without machine or heat

No electricity, discomfort or need to pay for a costly permanent. ARANAR Hair Waver gives you beautifully waved hair in any style. Simple to use, absolutely harmless. Sent postpaid $1.00 or C.O.D., postage extra. As a special introductory offer we will also send FREE $1.00 package of ARANAR Hair Set which should keep your hair waved indefinitely.

$1.00

Money back guarantee.

ARANAR LABORATORIES
P. O. Box Y-105, Station A, Flushing, N. Y.

Wave

YOUR OWN HAIR

with the wave set smart hairdressers use

FINGER-WAVING is so much easier if you use Wildroot Wave Set! Beauty experts say nothing else makes such lovely, lasting waves. Wildroot Wave Set contains no gum or sugar . . . leaves no stiffness or white flakes. Yet it's so inexpensive that a wave costs you almost nothing! Excellent for resetting . . . makes permanent waves last longer. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

Buy a big 10c bottle of Wildroot Wave Set today. For sale at 5 and 10c stores. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

Makes waves last longer

7-Day Beauty Treatment! FREE Extra Gifts Send Quick!

Makes You Look 10 Years Younger

Age Lines Go!

New Beauty Instantly

Cleanses, Clears, Softens Your Skin As No Jar Creams Ever Have

Pauline Starke looks younger today than she did ten years ago, thanks to SEM-PRAY.

Amazing discovery. Sem-pray Compressed Creme, gives you new skin beauty in 3 minutes. Quickly makes you look 10 years younger. Use 3-*minute* treatment with Sem-pray instead of *hour's* treatment with ordinary creams. Banishes those erasable wrinkles, age-lines; reduces large pores. Feeds, tones skin tissue *without growing hair.* Clears, softens, whitens skin. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Enlivens faded skin. Brings new youth.

FREE

Sem-pray Rouge and Powder sent FREE with Creme if you send quick.

See Years Vanish

Sem-pray contains rare Eastern cosmetic oils and beautifiers never before used in any cream. Compressed into dainty, rose-pink almond-scented cake. New oval container has push-up bottom. Use easy as lipstick. No touching with fingers. Fits in handbag. Use anywhere for beauty, cleansing, foundation. Guaranteed safe, pure. Marvelous powder base too. Large economical size at all good drug stores—only 60c. Or send for 7-day treatment of Sem-pray Creme. Rouge and Powder sent FREE.

Mme. La Nore, Sem-pray Salons, Suite 1728-N, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Send generous 7-day trial package Sem-pray Compressed Creme. Include introductory package Sem-pray Rouge and Sem-pray Mio Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c to pay for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

peas, string beans, lima beans and so on left over, hold them under the hot water in a strainer to rinse off the butter, and then mix them with French dressing and combine with tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes or celery to make a delicious salad.

Then don't overlook all the time and labor saving things that can be done with potatoes. To illustrate, if you cook up at one time enough potatoes for three dinners, you can serve them mashed the first night, fried with peppers and onions the second night, and reheated in a cream sauce the third.

THE problem of cooking meats for two is a little more complex. In far too many homes there is a monotonous (and, alas, expensive) round of chops, steaks and an occasional cutlet or slice of ham, for women feel that it is impossible to get a good small roast, and they get sick to death of the sight of a large roast before it is finished. Since it is undeniably true that larger roasts are better, the problem reduces itself to discovering ways in which the large roast can be fixed up so that it will be greeted with enthusiasm no matter how many times it may reappear on the dinner table. This requires different forms of camouflage, for a roast served cold will appeal the day after the roast has been served hot, but not again. After that you must serve it cubed or minced, combined with a gravy, sauces or vegetables.

We suggest that you make an extra large quantity of gravy to go with the roast as it will come in very handy in preparing the meat for future meals. Then, "believe it or not" there is nothing better than a properly made hash, moistened with heavy cream and fried slowly in butter over a low flame until the bottom is crisp and brown. And doesn't it make a hit with the men! Meat pies, too, are an attractive way to serve left over roast, and pies made from left over fish are both unusual and delicious. For variety such pies can be baked with a crust of biscuit dough, pie pastry, or a layer of fluffy mashed potato.

In closing we want to stress the fact that if you are going to try to avoid monotony and wastefulness in your cooking-for-two, you should plan your menus at least three days in advance. Once you get into the habit of doing this you will find it cuts in half the time you must spend at the market or in the kitchen. And don't forget to send for this month's star recipe folder of dishes that William Powell likes.

Little Brat

(*Continued from page 44*)

Uncle Fred left him with Mr. Petroff. Mr. Petroff said, "He did a grand piece of work yesterday, this boy did," and ran his fingers through Johnny's hair.

"That's good," Uncle Fred said. "Funny how you can get a kid his age to act, isn't it? I mean, it's funny how they understand enough to do the things you want them to do, isn't it?"

"Have you had any experience training dogs, Mr. Marlowe?"

"Why yes," Uncle Fred said. "I had a dog once that I trained to . . ."

"Yes, yes," Petroff broke in impatiently. "What I meant to say was, Mr. Marlowe, that children aren't like dogs. We don't teach them. They believe. Do you see?"

"Well, now," Uncle Fred started, but Mr. Petroff seemed to have lost interest in the conversation. He made a brief gesture of farewell and propelled Johnny in the direction of the set.

She was there. Johnny laid his roses down on an old box and went over to stand beside her. She didn't notice him. Johnny stood there a while and then cleared his throat. Mr. Petroff came up then and she started talking to him in an undertone. Johnny just stood there. He was a little worried about his roses but he couldn't give them to her while they were working. He'd take them around to her dressing room later. They started work.

Today she didn't put him in bed; they were in a courtroom. Johnny just had to sit in a chair and watch, and once she leaned over and put her arms around him and cried. Johnny reached up and clasped his arms around her neck, holding her tight. Mr. Petroff called "Cut!" again and she took his arms away.

Another time, they were in a room with a man and they sat beside the man on a couch. Johnny was between his mother and the man and they both kissed him. Johnny didn't like the man much, but he tried to hug her again. She held him close for a moment and then she kissed the man while Johnny sat there.

THEY did that over a great many times and then Mr. Petroff said they could go, and she hurried away. Johnny went over and got his roses. He examined them carefully and worriedly. One had wilted a little around the very edge, and its head was heavy. With infinite care he propped the drooping head among the straighter ones so that it stood up. He went off the set and out into the sunlight, down the sidewalk, across the street and to her dressing room.

As he approached the building, he heard her voice. She was crying. Her voice was high and excited. Mr. Petroff was in there too. Johnny could hear his guttural tones booming out and spreading all around.

"Great God! Great God! Did a man *effer* have such trouble!"

"You did, you know you did!"

His mother was screaming. Johnny started to run. He stumbled up the

steps of the little house and fumbled with the catch on the door. She was crying. He could hear her crying. She wasn't crying quietly the way she had a couple of hours before, but she was sobbing excitedly.

He heard her say, "You gave him everything. Who's going to get the credit for this picture, Marian Maxim or that disgusting little brat . . ?"

JOHNNY'S hand fell away from the latch. He peered in. She was shaking her fist at Mr. Petroff. She had taken her beautiful dress off and was in her underclothes. Tears had streaked her beautiful face, and there were unpleasant lines in it. Johnny walked slowly down the steps. Disgusting little brat . . . disgusting little brat . . . he realized after a moment that he was still carrying his roses. He retraced his steps and went quietly up onto the low porch. He laid them there, just outside her door, and then he went away.

Oh, To Have Been There—

(*Continued from page 76*)

huge formal wedding of the enormously wealthy Ruth Roland and Ben Bard suddenly burst into "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

WHEN Josef (Svengali) Von Sternberg told Marlene (Trilby) Dietrich what he thought about her luncheon *tête-à-têtes* with Chevalier.

WHEN M-G-M executives, with a brand new contract all set for Garbo to sign, read in the papers that the "tank I go home" girl had skipped off to New York.

WHEN Tallulah Bankhead told stories at that New York party that made women turn pale and strong men flinch.

WHEN Grant Withers was kidnapped from his dressing room and taken for a ride—to a sanitarium—because a gangster admirer thought he needed a rest.

WHEN Conrad Nagel, making a test for "Hell Divers," cut loose into the "mike" to prove he could play a he-man rôle.

WHEN Russ Colombo fell for that telephone call from "Garbo" asking him for a date.

WHEN Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett or Hedda Hopper read Sylvia's articles describing a masseuse's eye-view of Hollywood.

WHEN Darryl (Warner Brothers) Zanuck, after refusing to re-sign Alice White, heard of her tremendous success in vaudeville.

WHEN Gloria Swanson's three ex-husbands got together the first time and compared notes.

WHEN Helen of Troy explained to husband Menelaus how she happened to run off with that Trojan Clark Gable, Paris.

WANTED By Two Men

her lover — her fiancé

"STEVE, old man," says Robert Ashley, his eyes shining, "I'm engaged to the most beautiful woman in the world . . . and I want you to meet her!"

Joyous, eager words. But Stephen Morrow's head is whirling. For here before him—introduced as his best friend's fiancée—is Helena of those glorious days in Europe . . . Helena whom he loved and lost . . . Helena whom he has always loved—and always will!

In this single tense moment two men forget their years of friendship and become bitter rivals for a woman they both adore.

Who wins this battle of love? *Read* the story of "Man About Town." This unusual new picture, starring Warner Baxter, Karen Morley and Conway Tearle appears in complete fiction form in SCREEN ROMANCES for July, illustrated with striking scenes from the movie production.

In the same issue are fictionizations of nine more of the month's best movie stories! Here they are:

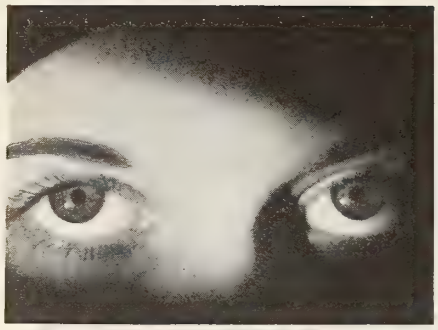
STATES ATTORNEY, *John Barrymore* and *Helen Twelvetrees.*
THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, *Ruth Chatterton.*
THE MOUTHPIECE, *Warren William* and *Sidney Fox.*
THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, *Ann Dvorak.*
TWO SECONDS, *Edward G. Robinson.*
LIMPY, *Chic Sale* and *Jackie Cooper.*
SOCIETY GIRL, *James Dunn* and *Spencer Tracy.*
WESTWARD PASSAGE, *Ann Harding.*
THUNDER BELOW, *Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas* and *Charles Bickford.*

Here are stories as thrilling as the finest movies, packed with laughs, sorrows and romance. Discover the absorbing entertainment of SCREEN ROMANCES fiction for yourself—today—at the nearest newsstand.

The Only All-Screen-Fiction Magazine

Screen Romances

10 Movie Stories Complete in Every Issue



Ends Eye Irritation
due to sun, wind and dust

Don't be troubled this summer by eye irritation resulting from exposure to sun, wind and dust. It's quite needless when a few drops of soothing, cooling *Murine* will end the discomfort instantly and prevent an unsightly bloodshot condition.

This 35-year-old lotion is the favorite eye clearer and brightener of the most famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps the eyes *always* clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60c at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna!

MAKE THIS TEST! ***Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!***

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

FREE BOOKLET **tells how to remove freckles.**

Dept. 12 Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 6)

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. United Artists contract star. Starred in "The Greeks Had A Word For Them," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now in New York.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Reckless Living," "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World," Universal. Now recuperating after nervous breakdown.

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Steady Company," "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood" and "Radio Patrol." Working in "Back Streets." For Universal.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "X Marks the Spot" and "File No. 113," Tiffany; "The Tenderfoot," First National.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount contract star. Starred in "The Wiser Sex" and "The Misleading Lady." Working in "Bride of the Enemy." For Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "The Cocoanuts," Paramount; in "Handicap," Chadwick; and "Phantom Express," Educational.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith." Working in "Brothers Karamazov." For Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah, March 18. Writs her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured role in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio. Now touring in vaudeville.

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramoung contract player. Featured roles in "No One Man" and "Sinners in Love," Paramount. Working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathe.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Now enrolled in military academy.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Sooky," "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride." For Paramount.

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Working in "New Morals for Old," M-G-M.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount contract star. Co-starred in "His Woman." Working in "Devil and the Deep." For Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Sooky," Paramount; "The Champ" and "Limpy Makes Good," M-G-M. Making personal appearance tour.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. RKO-Radio contract star. Co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million. Working in "Is My Face Red?" For RKO-Radio.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton," M-G-M. Working in "Rain," United Artists.

CRAWFORD, KATHRYN; divorced; born in Wellsboro, Pa., October 5. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Emma," "Polly of the Circus." Working in "New Morals for Old." For M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia contract player. Featured roles in "Emma," M-G-M; and "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National. Working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "One Mad Chance," "Dream House" and "Bill Board Girl," Sennett. Next is "Crooners," Paramount.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia contract player. Featured roles in "The Big Timer," Columbia; "Movie Crazy," Lloyd-United Artists; "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia. Working in "Faith," Columbia.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. United Artists contract player. Featured role in "This Is the Night," Paramount. Working in "Kid From Spain," Goldwyn-United Artists.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. contract star. Last picture was "Honor of the Family," Warner Bros.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus." Next is "Three Blondes." For M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. contract player. Featured roles in "So Big" and "The Rich Are Always With Us." Working in "The Dark Horse." For Warner Bros.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried, born in New York City, November 26. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "This Reckless Age," "Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Come On Marines." Working in "Merton of the Talkies." For Paramount.

DELL, CLAIR; divorced; born in San Antonio, Texas, January 10. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Scandal for Sale" and "Destry Rides Again," Universal.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. RKO-Radio contract star. Starred in "Girl From the Rio" and "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in Surrey, Eng., November 20. M-G-M contract player-director. Featured role in "Private Lives." Now directing and producing. For M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount contract star. Starred in "Dishonored" and "Shanghai Express." Working in "The Blonde Venus." For Paramount.

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried, born in New York City, March 17. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Miss Pinkerton," "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National; "Mother of the Bride," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO-Radio star. Starred in "Secret Service" and "Lost Squadron." Working in "Roar of the Dragon." For RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarrd; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Young As You Feel." Fox. Touring in vaudeville.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. United Artists contract player. Featured roles in "The Wiser Sex" and "The Broken Wing," Paramount; "As You Desire Me," M-G-M. Working in "The Old Dark House," Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Caddo contract star. Write her at 7020 Romaine St., Hollywood. Starred in "Age For Love" and "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "Min and Bill" and "Emma." Working in "Prosperity." For M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Over the Hill," "Dance Team" and "Society Girl." For Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO-Radio contract star. Co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million," RKO-Radio; and "Back Streets," Universal. Next is "Nurse Smith," RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." Working in "Turn to the Right." For M-G-M.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National contract player. Featured roles in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; "The Crown Roars," "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Love Is A Racket" and "Competition." Working in "Cabin in the Cotton." For First National.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "After the Rain." For Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Strangers In Love" and "The Misleading Lady." Working in "Merton of the Talkies." For Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Greeks Had A Name For Them," United Artists; "Lovers Courageous," "Are You Listening?" and "Ruddle," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National contract star. Starred in "It's Tough To Be Famous" and "Love Is A Racket." Working in "Revolt." For First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists contract star. Produced and starred in "Around the World in 80 Minutes." Working in "Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas." For United Artists.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox contract star. Co-starred in "Delicious"; starred in "After Tomorrow." Co-starring in "The First Year." For Fox.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Producer-star. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England, birthday unknown. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Beast of the City," "Freaks," "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." Working in "Prosperity." For M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Alias the Doctor," First National; "Reckless Living," "Steady Company" and "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal. Working in "Week End Marriage." First National.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried, born in New York City, December 10. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal; "The Great Mouthpiece," First National.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Man Wanted" and "Street of Women." Co-starred in "The Jewel Robbery." Next is "One Way Passage." For Warner Bros.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Hell Divers" and "Polly of the Circus." Working in "Strange Interlude." For M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox contract star. Co-starred in "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious." Co-starring in "The First Year." For Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "Local Bad Man" and "Spirit of the West." Working in "A Man's Land." For Allied Prod.

GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Two Kinds of Women" and "Strange Case of Clara Deane." Working in "The Challenger." For Paramount.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "West of Broadway." Working in "Downstairs." For M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Sucker Fleet," RKO-Pathe; "The Information Kid," Universal. Working in "Madison Square Gardens," Charles Rogers Prod.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore., February 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Nice Women," Universal; "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "After Tomorrow" and "Careless Lady." Working in "Fancy Free." For Fox.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M contract player-writer. Featured roles in "Limpy Makes Good" and "Ruddle," M-G-M.

GREEN, MITZI, child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio. Appearing in vaudeville.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M contract player. Starred in "The New Wallingford"; featured in "Are You Listening?" For M-G-M.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitmer; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," "Wet Parade," "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox. Working in "Hollywood Merry Go Round," RKO-Pathe.

HARDING, ANN; separated from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO-Pathe contract star. Starred in "Prestige" and Westward Passage." Next is "Animal Kingdom." For RKO-Pathe.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach contractstar. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "The Chimp" and "County Hospital." Co-starring with Laurel in feature length comedy. For Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; "Beast of the City," M-G-M. Next is "Red Headed Woman." M-G-M.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M contract star. Featured roles in "Madelon Claudet," M-G-M; "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists. Appearing on New York stage.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Beast of the City," "Grand Hotel" and "Night Court." Working in "New Morals for Old." For M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE; married; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount; "Scandal for Sale," Universal. Appearing on legitimate stage.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Broken Lullaby" and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount; "Night Court," M-G-M.

HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia contract star. Starred in "Maker of Men" and "Behind That Mask." Working in "War Correspondent." For Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount contract player. Co-starred in "Two Kinds of Women," "Dancers in the Dark" and "World and the Flesh." Next is "Passionate Strangers." For Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.; "Night World" and "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured role in "But the Flesh Is Weak," M-G-M. Working in "Roar of the Dragon," RKO-Radio.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured role in "Devotion," RKO-Pathe. Next is "Animal Kingdom," RKO-Radio.

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Beast of the City," "Wet Parade" and "Night Court," M-G-M; "Faith," Columbia.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M contract player. Featured role in "Freaks," M-G-M.

JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia contract star. Starred in "Justice Rides Again" and "South of the Rio Grande." Working in "Born to Trouble." For Columbia.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Wet Parade," M-G-M; "Lost Squadron," "Roadhouse Murders," RKO-Radio. Working in "Down to Earth," Fox.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "Girl Crazy" and "Young Bride." Working in "Is My Face Red?" and "Roar of the Dragon." Next will co-star with Eric Linden in "Fraternity House." For RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, Eng., November 23. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; "Frankenstein" and "Night World," Universal. Working in "The Old Dark House," Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "Sidewalks of New York" and "The Passionate Plumber." Working in "Speakeasy." For M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. RKO-Pathe contract star. Starred in "The Saddle Buster," "Ghost City" and "Sunrise Trail." Working in "Gun Law." For RKO-Pathe.

KENT, BARBARA; unmarried; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Can., December 16. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathe; "Emma," M-G-M; "Vanity Fair," Hoffman.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Silts; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Road to Singapore," Warner Bros.; "Waterloo Bridge," Universal; "Young America." Fox.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "Strange Interlude," M-G-M. Working in "Burnt Offering," Fox.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; married to Beatrice Powers; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., February 22. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Over the Hill," "Charlie Chan's Chance" and "Cheaters At Play," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. First National contract player. Featured roles in "High Pressure" and "Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Working in "New York Town." For First National.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox contract star. Starred in "Devil's Lottery" and "Woman in Room 13." Working in "Burnt Offering." For Fox.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Chimp" and "County Hospital." Co-starring with Hardy in feature length comedy. For Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Ugolnai, Lithuania, June 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Bachelor Apartment" and "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

(Continued on page 96)

Jimmie On Love

(*Continued from page 33*)

kick, no matter what you say. You know a certain famous comedian once said, 'Call me a so-and-so, but mention my name, too!' So I'll tell you the truth and you can print what you like." I leaned forward eagerly, for there was a look on his face which told me he was not pretending. Jimmy, it was plain to be seen, had long ago given up trying to be anything but himself—as if, perhaps, there were too many grim realities in life for him to bother with insincerity in his conversation on important subjects.

"A man only loves once," he began, a little cloud gathering between the deep-set eyes. "I loved once, I can never love again. She was not an actress, and," he added with meaning, "it was before I got my Fox contract."

Which, dear readers, seems to definitely let Sally Eilers out, despite the hectic rumors which were current about these two only a short while ago. But James Dunn was not through with his little speech.

"No, I'd rather not tell you her name," he said in reply to my look of inquiry. "The trouble with loving deeply like that," he went on, "is that you no longer have any real faith in any other woman. You hope to love again, you'd like to love again—but you are afraid to; you dare not risk the pain of disappointment or betrayal, and this deep, subconscious fear keeps you from ever giving yourself wholly and completely a second time. No—love only comes once!"

"And yet," I suggested, "you say that you love love?"

AS a pastime—the best pastime in the world—yes!" he shrugged. "Who doesn't? But it's a game now; a chance to get even on the whole sex for something—never mind what!" He frowned again, yet despite these remarks he was plainly not embittered, though perhaps sorely tried.

"What then, is your present policy towards women?" I wanted to know.

"Fool 'em and rule 'em!" he replied promptly. "The minute you trust a woman she takes advantage of it and she loses her respect for you."

"How about ruling 'em?" I demanded. Jimmy drew back his right and made a menacing gesture with a doubled fist.

"Sock 'em when necessary!" he grinned cheerfully. "I believe in a touch of the old caveman stuff. Not to hurt 'em, but to make 'em think they are going to be kept in order! It works!" he added thoughtfully.

Secretly I agreed with my host that we women do rather like a he-man, and that we are inclined to admire and respect as masculine the male of whom we are just a little afraid physically. The quality appeals to our primitive womanhood. But I didn't give Jimmy the satisfaction of telling him this. Instead I hastily switched to another question.

"How about marriage?" I asked him. He folded his arms on the luncheon table, leaned on them and regarded me half quizzically, half pathetically.

"Do you know, I'd love to get married?" he replied. "But I'll never ask a girl to marry me until I've laid aside enough money to be sure she'll be well taken care of. Once I had to go without eating for three days. I'll never forget it, and I'll never allow a wife of mine to run the risk of three days' starvation!"

In view of Jimmy's success and the salary he receives this struck me as an absurd objection and I did not hesitate to say so. But he protested at once in his strong, vigorous fashion.

"I know, I know!" he exclaimed, "but I haven't been making real money very long, you see, and assured comfort for the future means saving over a period of time. Mother and I live very economically and I save all I can because the public is fickle and one never knows how long one's popularity will last. But at that, I hope one day, to be able to afford a wife."

"Hum!" said I, "so you'd like to marry. How then, about this love-business? If you've loved once, and honestly believe you can never love again, what do you propose to offer a wife, aside from this assured financial security you speak of?"

"Well," said he smiling, "one always hopes. Friendship, companionship, are a pretty good basis for marriage and the comfort of it. Perhaps in spite of everything I shall love and trust sufficiently to marry, some day. If one didn't hope for a miracle like that life would be a pretty shallow affair, wouldn't it?"

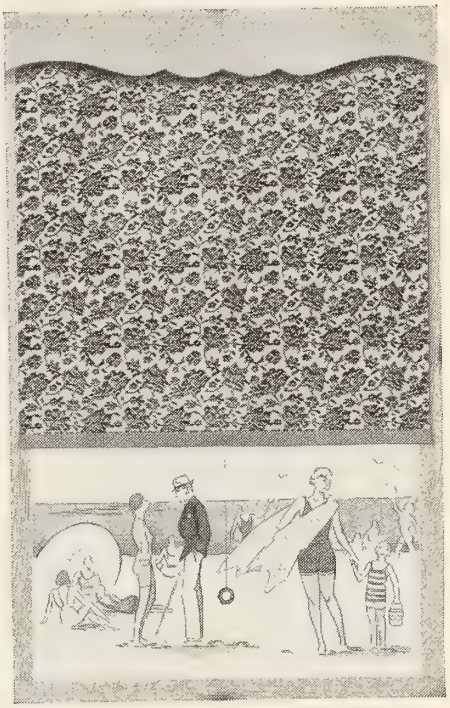
A great doctor once told me that every seven years the entire physical body undergoes a complete change—that we are actually a different person during each seven-year period of our existence. And I am sure that if this is true, the mind and spirit must change also. Let's see now—Jimmy got his Fox contract in May, 1931. The big affair took place shortly before this and so it takes only a little calculation to figure out that in, let us say, five years and six months Jimmy will be a new man—and ready to fall in love all over again for the first and only time!

Meanwhile he is a gay if somewhat superficial lover of all pretty ladies, ready to escort Molly O'Day, June Knight, Cecelia Parker or whoever is next on the waiting list. Get ready, girls! Here's a splendid big catch who is playing gleefully around the baited hook thinking he's too wise to be caught.

But the girl who gets Jimmy Dunn will have to be sincere—so real and sincere that she can convince him that womanhood may, after all, be trusted. And in my humble opinion, she will get a regular feller—a real American man with the sort of character that will mould easily into one of those ideal American husbands; but it will take an equally ideal woman to do the job.

Dress up your summer cottage

for only 10c a window



with CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

DRESS up your summer home at negligible cost, with CLOPAY Window Shades. New chintz patterns that will make every room brighter, more colorful—a happier place to live. And only 10c each. Durable as well as beautiful. Won't fade, crack or fray. Actually they outwear shades costing 5 times as much, and come in much more attractive patterns, as well as plain colors.

Full size—36 inches wide; 6 feet long. Easily cut to fit narrow windows.

At 5c and 10c stores and 5c to $1.00 stores, 10c each. (In Canada 15c). Also complete with rollers and brackets, 25c.

DON'T MISS THIS

Old Way

New Way

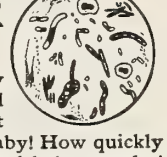
. . . the New CLOPAY Throw-Away Vacuum Cleaner Bag 10c

When it's filled, throw it away! You're rid forever of the dangerous job of emptying filthy, germ-laden vacuum cleaner bags. It takes 4 to 6 weeks of daily use to fill the CLOPAY *Throw-Away* Bag. Then discard it and clamp on a new one instantly. In stores or from a Clopay home demonstrator . . . or send 25c for one Bag and special metal adapter which attaches permanently to your cleaner. Specify make of cleaner.

MAKE MONEY SELLING THESE BAGS—Be a Home Demonstrator for CLOPAY Throw-Away Bags. Write for details.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1256 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio

IF YOU COULD SEE GERMS MOTHER



If you could see these deadly disease carriers how careful you would be about what products you use on your baby! How quickly you would refuse unsterilized baby powder!

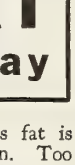
But because you cannot see the germs in baby powders, your only safe course is to use Laco —the *sterilized* baby powder.

Laco cannot contain germs. It has been sterilized right in the sealed container for 6 hours. This special process makes it safe for your baby —and it makes a finer, more velvety powder.

Laco contains special soothing ingredients that are wonderful for skin disorders. Use it for urine scald, eczema, bites, rashes, sunburn, stings. All Laco products are as fine as science can make them. Always use Laco Castile Soap —Laco Castile Shampoo—at all 10 cent toilet goods counters. Laco Sterilized Baby Powder comes in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. If you do not find it send four cents for generous trial can.

LOCKWOOD BRACKETT CO.
Dept. M-7, Boston, Mass.

Enclosed is 4¢ in stamps for a generous trial can of Laco Sterilized Baby Powder.



Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

I buy toilet goods at_____

Address_____

LOSE FAT
This Right Way

Modern science has found that excess fat is largely due to a scanty gland secretion. Too much food which should supply fuel and energy goes to piled-up fat.

Since this discovery, doctors the world over are feeding this lacking factor. The results are seen in every circle. Excess fat has been disappearing fast. Millions have gained slender figures, new youth and vigor, in this right way. They have done it without starvation, by combating the cause.

Marmola prescription tablets present this modern method in a form convenient and cheap. They are prepared by a medical laboratory, famous the world over. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. Now multitudes of people show and tell the results. Some of your friends are among them.

If your figure is abnormal, your vigor below par, do what these people have done. Take Marmola tablets—four a day until conditions are corrected. Don't starve yourself. Don't use methods which are futile. Do the right thing now.

All druggists supply Marmola. A book in each box gives the formula and explains the amazing results. Go start now. You do yourself a vast injustice by remaining over-fat.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce
$1 at all Drug Stores

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 94)

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio. Now in New York.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured role in "Radio Patrol," Universal.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I., August 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance. Starred in "Manhattan Parade"; featured in "Play Girl." For Warner Bros.

LINDEN, LOIS; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "The Crowd Roars," First National; "Young Bride" and "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio. Working in "New York Town," First National. Next will co-star with Arline Judge in "Fraternity House." RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at United Artists studio. Producer-star. Working in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "No One Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "Heaven On Earth," Universal; "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Featured role in "The Misleading Lady," Paramount; featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia. Working in "Chandu," Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists; "Vanity Fair," Hoffman; "Wet Parade" and "New Morals for Old," M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox. Working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Universal contract player. Featured role in "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Working in "Suicide Club." For Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal contract player. Featured roles in "No One Man" and "Thunder Below," Paramount. Next is "Zeppelin," Universal.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathe; "The Big Timer," Columbia. Working in "Week Ends Only," Fox.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount contract player. Featured role in "One Hour With You." Working in "Love Me Tonight." For Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "Reckless Hour" and "Safe In Hell," First National; "Love Affair," Columbia. Appearing in vaudeville.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. First National contract player. Featured roles in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathe; "Beauty and the Boss," "Man Wanted" and "Competition," First National. Working in "Crooner," First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount contract star. Starred in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Strangers in Love." Working in "Merrily We Go to Hell." For Paramount.

MARSH, JOY; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. M-G-M contract player. Featured role in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M. Working in "Fancy Free," Fox.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Warner Bros. contract player. Featured roles in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss." Now recovering from illness.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox contract player. Featured role in "Over the Hill." Working in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." For Fox.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Skyline" and "Tangled Destinies." For Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Prestige," RKO-Pathe; "Forbidden," Columbia. Working in "Fancy Free," Fox.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain, August 13. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "The Devil's Lottery" and "Young America," Fox; "Going to Japiness," Fox Trot.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Impatient Maiden," Universal; "Man Wanted," First National; "Huddle," M-G-M. Working in "Cabin in the Cotton," First National.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Beast of the City," "Are You Listening?" M-G-M. "The Rich Are With Us," Warners. "Night Court," M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind., September 1. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "Her Majesty Love," First National.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal contract star. Starred in "Destry Rides Again," "Rider of Death Valley." Working in "Good Bad Man." For Universal.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M contract player. Starred in "But the Flesh Is Weak"; featured in "Letty Lynton," M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach contract player. Featured roles in "So Big," First National; "Disorderly Conduct," Fox; "Winner Take All," First National. Will appear in Roach's "Our Gang."

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; "Men In Her Life," Columbia. Appearing on the New York stage.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity," M-G-M.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Scarface." United Artists; "Arsene Lupin" and "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Man About Town," Fox.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists; "The Miracle Man" and "Sinners in the Sun." Working in "Come On Marines." For Paramount.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Will appear in a picture for First National. Now on the stage in "Counsellor-At-Law."

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "Lost Squadron" and "Bird of Paradise." Co-starring in "The 8th Wonder." For RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "While Paris Sleeps," "Gay Caballero" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox. May do "Laughter in Hell," Universal.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M contract player. Featured role in "Hell Divers," Wm. Haines. On personal appearance tour.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Bromberg, Poland December 31. Write her at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Starred in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathe.

NISSEN, GRETA; married to Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "The Silent Witness" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Amateur Daddy" and "After Tomorrow," Fox; "Winner Take All," First National. Working in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M contract star-director. Starred in "Son of India"; co-starred with Garbo in "Mata Hari." Working in "Huddle." For M-G-M.

OAKIE JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Dancers in the Dark" and "Sky Bride," Paramount. Working in "Blessed Event," First National.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn, born in Umea, Sweden, October 3. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Shanghai Express," Paramount; "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox. Working in "Burnt Offering," Fox.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured roles in "Ladies of the Jury" and "Hold 'em Jail." Next is "Hell Bent For Election." For RKO-Radio.

OLIVIER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, England, January 12. RKO-Radio contract player. Featured role in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. Working in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathe.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. contract player. Featured roles in "Famous Ferguson Case" and "Two Seconds." Working in "The Dark Horse" and "Week End Marriage." For Warner Bros.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox contract star. Starred in "The Rainbow Trail" and "The Gay Caballero." Working in "The Killer." For Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Scandal for Sale," Universal; "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount. Working in "Faith," Columbia.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," M-G-M; "Information Kid," Universal. Working in "Strange Interlude," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Are You Listening?" and "Night Court." Working in "Prosperity." For M-G-M.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Shanghai Express," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Thunder Below," Paramount. Working in "Illustrious Corpse," Tiffany.

PICKEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "The Miracle Man," Paramount; "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathe. Working in "The Ten Commandments," Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Kiki," United Artists. Returns to screen soon in "Happy Ending."

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach contract player. Featured roles in "Destry Rides Again," Universal; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox; "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathe; "Back Streets," Universal. Working in "Roar of the Dragon," RKO-Radio.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Eileen Loubard,' born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "High Pressure" and "The Jewel Robbery." Next is "One Way Passage " For Warner Bros.

PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont., November 8. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Reckless Living," Universal; "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathe.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. March 31. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Starred in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathe; "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount contract player. Featured role in "Ladies of the Big House." Working in "The Ten Commandments." For Paramount.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest Roumania, December 12. First National contract star. Starred in "The Hatchet Man" and "Two Seconds." Working in "Tiger Shark." For First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Now appearing in "Ziegfeld's Follies" in New York. Last picture was "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

ROGERS, WILL; married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox contract star. Starred in "Ambassador Bill" and "Business and Pleasure." Working in "Down to Earth." Next is "If I Was President." For Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night." Working in "Love Me Tonight." For Paramount.

SALE, "CHIC"; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "The Expert," Warners; co-starred in "Limpy Makes Good," M-G-M.; Working in "Competition," Warners.

SHANNON, PEGGY; married to Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Hotel Continental," Tiffany; "Society Girl," Fox. Next is "After the Rain," Fox.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M contract star. Starred in "Private Lives." Working in "Strange Interlude." For M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. RKO-Radio contract star-director. Starred in and directed "Greeks Had A Name For Them," United Artists. Now working in "Hollywood Merry Go Round," RKO-Radio.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary, March 15. Universal contract player. Featured role in "Heart of New York," First National; co-starred in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Miracle Man." Working in "Merrily We Go to Hell." For Paramount.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. contract star. Starred in "Shopworn," Columbia; "So Big," Warners. Working in "Mud Lark," Warners. Next is "Brief Moment," Columbia.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount contract player. Featured roles in "The Wiser Sex" and "Sky Bride." Working in "The Challenger." For Paramount.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel," "Wet Parade," "Night Court," "Letty Lynton." Working in "New Morals for Old." For M-G-M.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10 Universal contract player. Featured roles in "Unexpected Father," Universal; "Come On Marines," Paramount. Working in "Brown of Culver," Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Indiscreet" and "Tonight or Never." Returning to screen soon after birth of second child.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Road to Reno," "Girls About Town" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey, born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Unholy Garden" and "Street Scene," United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Jenale Marston; born in Bakersfield, Calif., November 16. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Starred in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Appearing in opera.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; "One Hour With You," Paramount. Working in "Is My Face Red?", RKO-Radio.

TODD, THELMA; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach contract player. Featured roles in "The Big Timer," Columbia; "This Is the Night," Paramount. Working in "Horsefeathers," Paramount.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Shopworn," Columbia; "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art. Appearing in vaudeville.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox contract player. Featured roles in "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America" and "Society Girl." Working in "After the Rain." For Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. RKO-Pathe player. Starred in "Panama Flo" and "Young Bride," RKO-Pathe; featured in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio. Working in "Is My Face Red?", RKO-Radio.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Appearing in "Ziegfeld's Follies" in New York.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE; married to Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M contract player. Starred in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Making personal appearances.

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. RKO-Radio contract star. Co-starred with Robert Woolsey in "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Working in "Hold 'Em Jail." For RKO-Radio.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured roles in "Beauty and the Boss" and "The Great Mouthpiece." Starring in "The Dark Horse." For Warners.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Daughter of the Dragon" and "Shanghai Express," Paramount. Touring in vaudeville.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in New York City, August 1. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Girls About Town" and "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. RKO-Radio contract star. Co-starred with Bert Wheeler in "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Working in "Hold 'Em Jail." For RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "Stowaway," Universal; "Dr. X," First National. Working in "The 8th Wonder," RKO-Radio.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National contract star. Featured role in "Hatchet Man"; co-starred in "Play Girl." Working in "Week End Marriage." For First National.

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M contract player. Featured roles in "The Wet Parade" and "New Morals For Old." Working in "Strange Interlude." For M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, England, November 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured roles in "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night," Paramount; "Street of Women," First National. Now in England making a picture.

What Is This Thing—?

(*Continued from page 41*)

of us, alone. Which proves that after I have 'thought' love out I am just where I was when I began—still hoping, without disillusion. And I've thought about marriage: Even with the wreckage of two of them cluttered about my feet, debris I'm never quite able to kick out of sight and mind, *I still hope* . . . I hope that I'll marry again. I hope that I'll have the sense, now, to fall in love with a stable, conservative man, a man with intelligence and humor. The matter with most of us movie girls is that *we remain on the set all of the time. We insist that our men be lovers.* We won't let them be just—husbands. And no man, nor any woman, can live at high and passionate pressure all of the time. But, with us, when the pressure abates, when our lover begins to attend to the bread and salt of life instead of the orchids and trinkets, the cold wind of divorce blows over us.

WHICH brings me to divorce. And perhaps I haven't thought about that! Divorce should be a lonely thing. A parting can be as beautiful as a meeting. Hail and farewell may be equally dignified and lovely. Divorce could have the significance of sanctified pain that marriage is supposed to have of sanctified pleasure. *It is what other people say that makes divorce the ugly thing it is.* So hard to bear, so hurtful. It is the insistence of the public and the press that the two about to divorce must air their pitiful little raggles and taggles to the whole world that makes it shameful and sordid. If divorce could take place in secret, the man and the woman alone, at the ending as at the beginning, the wound it leaves might be a clean one . . ."

And Estelle has thought about money, what it can buy, where its metallic power fails. She said, "I've found out that money can buy nothing for me, *personally.* It can buy things for other people and that is its only value. I'd hate, for instance, not to be able to send my niece through Art School. I'd hate not to be able to help my sister. But *I* don't want it. The opulence and luxury that seem to be associated with me are positively funny. I don't want a large and luxurious home. I'm trying to sell the one I have. I'd be just as content, more so, in a small, three-room apartment. I don't care about expensive clothes. I'm just as happy fixing up in a $14.95 frock (and I very often do!) as I would be in one worth five times that amount. I know because I'm an inveterate bargain-basement shopper. I never wear what jewels I have. They mean so little to me that half the time I forget I have them. I got far more kick out of driving down to the station to meet my sister a few years ago in my little Ford than I ever do in my chauffeur-driven Rolls. I feel silly and like a stuffed bird mooching about in that great thing—

OH, I've sorted everything out these past few months. I've put some things away forever and kept some things out for keeps. My bureau drawers are all in order, everything is card-indexed and filed. I know that there is no such thing as friendship. I know that where you expect to find it, where you think you have the right to expect it—it is not there. I know that where you least expect it, it comes to you . . .

"And most of all I've found that one thing and only one thing really matters to me now—*the chance to prove to myself that I have the qualities in me I think I have. I don't want to die with the thought that I've been a failure.* I don't care how success comes to me, so long as it is personal success. I don't care whether it is on the screen or on the stage or as a wife and mother in the home. So long as I can justify myself to myself. So long as, at the end, I can pat myself on the back and say 'I knew you'd do it, old kid!'

"I have come to feel, during my hours of self-research alone, that I'm not a back number. I feel that I have never, really, begun. I feel all sorts of qualities dormant in me. I don't believe that the thinnest sources of my capabilities, whatever they are, have been tapped. I don't believe I've ever been ready to do the things I've often thought I should be doing. I've always been swayed by people. If people doubted me I was as bad as they thought I was. If they believed in me, I was as good—that's all over, now. Now, at last, I'm my own judge and my own jury. I can't be very much encouraged anymore but neither can I be very much discouraged. I've stood alone, on a pretty low place, and I know that nothing is ever so bad as we think it is going to be.

"There is only one thing more to this thing called life—and that is death. I'm not afraid of that, either, just so long as I can't mutter to myself, 'Failure!' when my last bell rings. And I want to lie in the hollowed trunk of some forest tree after I am gone. Not in a cemetery where, as like as not, I wouldn't get along with the others—"

Don't Miss Elinor Glyn's Personal Interview with Gloria Swanson—All About that New Farmer Baby. In Our Next Issue—Dated August. Don't forget now!

"They always get their man"—

the Girls with

Glorious Hair!

Lovely, lustrous, soft-waved hair—it's the first thing about a woman that intrigues a man!

And now—it's so simple to always have a perfect wave. Sta-Bac Curl Set is the secret. This high quality preparation has had such a remarkable success because it is scientifically created to hold the wave longer, and to do away with those objectionable white flakes so often seen.

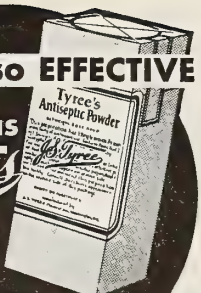
No wonder over 4 million bottles of Sta-Bac Curl Set were sold in the past 12 months!

— at S. S. Kresge Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

STA-BAC CURL SET

Women say:- Nothing so EFFECTIVE ...so SAFE as Tyree's ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Doctors, nurses and thousands of women would tell you this. Tyree's is effective because it is thoroughly germicidal in action, yet harmless to the most delicate tissues. The powder, of agreeable odor, dissolves quickly in water and is easy and economical to use. No unpleasant after feeling—it is soothing, cooling and healing. Send for the trial package and authoritative free booklet. Or secure Tyree's from your druggist. Directions on every package.

Send for trial package and free booklet.

DOROTHY N. RIKER, *Service Dept. 37*
J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Inc., Washington, D. C.
☐ I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me a large size sample package of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and your free booklet, or:
☐ Please send me free booklet.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to Hollywood studios—the only market. Not a school—no course or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Send for free booklet giving full details. Estab. 1917.
UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
523 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

X-BAZIN REMOVES HAIR

X-Bazin is safe . . . sure . . . quick! Leaves the skin white, smooth and hair-free...tends to retard re-growth.

Cream or Powder, of tested purity and controlled quality. Get the genuine. Large size 50c at drug and department stores; special size at 10c stores.

HALL & RUCKEL, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Established 1848

If You Met Gary Cooper

(*Continued from page 47*)

Hollywood can one strike roots . . . other than the surface creepers, easily uptorn?

GARY COOPER has been "typed," in the press and according to legend, as the foremost exponent of the "strong and silent." I doubt this very much. Strength, yes . . . and certainly not a great talker; but he has the human weakness to which all flesh is heir and as for talking, well, when he does, he usually says something. Personally I would run a mile from the really "strong silent" type if I ever saw it, if indeed it exists. Something, I would think, must be lacking!

If Gary Cooper has taken upon himself a veneer of what Hollywood calls sophistication, it is only a veneer. Look at his eyes . . . they meet yours very squarely. Look at the angle of his jaw, an angle which means temper, spirit if you will, slow to rouse but devastating in action, when aroused. Look at his mouth which stamps him, as we all are stamped, as his own worst enemy, a sensitive mouth, and a susceptible one.

Here is a man sensitive to a number of things; to criticism in some degree, to the softer emotions of life, in a large degree, to beauty, whether it is the beauty of landscape or a horse or merely that of a pretty woman. A mouth, I would say, which has often betrayed him.

HERE is a man who can easily be hurt, not physically, but emotionally and perhaps spiritually; a man who knows what it is to worry; who knows too, what it is to be depressed, who can't, entirely, laugh it off. A man who has perhaps not altogether outgrown the retreating within himself, which, in childhood, we call sulking and which isn't always that, at all. A man who understands loyalty and who will always find disillusion because illusion and the creation of illusion is so large a part of his nature.

Here is a man who speaks of flying down the river Nile and of a forced landing in the Nubian desert with the light of adventure in his eyes; a man who can talk sympathetically, even a little wistfully, of the problems and pangs and hurts and dangers of little boyhood. A man who hunts big game not for the mediocre thrill of killing something but because it means adventure to him and a form of release; a release from unreality into reality, not, as is usually the case, the other way around.

Here is a man who should not marry.

Had Gary Cooper stayed in Montana, drawing his cartoons or leading his cowboy existence, I would not have made such a statement. One is able, easily, to imagine the Gary Coopers of this world beautifully and happily married . . . but not in Hollywood.

For, underneath the acquired sophistication you have a man who is, whether he knows it or not, an idealist and a romantic. Who thinks he has no illusions about women and who has so very many. Who armors himself against being hurt and who is going to be hurt with an almost ironical fatality.

He is clear sighted. He is fully aware of the fantastic fickleness of the public favor which one season is in love with the rather "pretty boy" type of hero, and the next with the range riding "he-man" and the next, perhaps with the alleged he-man who doesn't ride the range but who exhibits his aggressive maleness by knocking down the heroine three or four times during the course of the story.

But he isn't clear sighted about women and love and the emotional life because you can't be and still harbor illusions.

FOR this type of man there is very little happiness to be found in marriage with a woman in his own profession; and just as little with a woman outside his profession, as long as he continues on the screen. Too much mitigates against it; and there are too many "angles" in such marriages; angles which become almost tangible and against which a sensitive person is apt to bruise himself.

But the trouble is if women are attractive to him, he will always be attractive to women. It is not at all necessary for him to knock a girl down and step on her face in order to assert his masculinity. Any woman would be perfectly aware of that masculinity without any such drastic measures. And also—and this is fatal—the Gary Cooper type is one which is apt to arouse the maternal in most women, even in women who are not in the least maternal in the usual sense. They start out by wanting to "understand" and protect him and they end up by demanding protection and understanding or vice-versa. It works both ways.

Mr. Cooper made a remark to me about women. It was a wise remark and a sage remark and a "sophisticated" remark. He may believe that he believes it; but he doesn't; or he won't for long. He may believe that such an attitude, as expressed by the remark, will be a protection to him against the next disillusionment; but it won't be, not for long.

So he'd better stay—a bachelor.

In conclusion he has a sense of humor, very marked, very quiet, dry, in the best American tradition. He has, as we all know, great charm. He doesn't work at it. It simply exists and he can do nothing about it. He has a very pleasant courtesy which any woman would appreciate, especially a woman who is conscious of the "middle-aged spread" and to whom the courtesy of the average young man—provided he has any—appears a very hollow gesture. He has excellent breeding. I

would like to know his mother for I think the answer to much about her son lies, perhaps, in her.

I hope that someday, after he has made many, many more fine pictures, and is still not too old to be free, and hasn't become too sophisticated to lose touch with the things that matter, that Gary Cooper will go back to his ranch. It may be a comfortable, modern ranch, a dude ranch, but it will have distance and space and beauty. And I hope that —with or without the chimpanzee—he will ride the ranges again with no cameras grinding and look deeply into the sunset. And wonder a little what it's all been about. Or perhaps by then he will have ceased to wonder. He'll know.

I find that I usually end my articles by a sentence of personal opinion, quite divorced from analysis, a simple statement of the reaction of one person to another. But I don't think I shall, this time. It would be much too embarrassing to Mr. Cooper . . . and to myself. For if I am certain, from a cold blooded observation, that Mr. Cooper is susceptible to the ladies . . . was it in just as cold blooded observation that I decided the ladies were susceptible to Mr. Cooper?

For even at this distance from him I happen to notice that it looks like rain and I wonder if he wears overshoes. I don't think he does. And I bet he never carries an umbrella. *Oh—well!*

Stopping Off at Albuquerque

(*Continued from page 45*)

thousand persons will be on hand to greet her. Then, there are quite a number of the more rabid movie fans who meet practically all trains in the hope of seeing a star.

Gloria Swanson is a big favorite with Albuquerque fans. When Gloria passes through, the brickwalk is thronged. This was especially true when she and her ex-husband, the Marquis, made their first transcontinental trip together.

Gloria was showing the Marquis to America. She wanted the world to know about him. There were a few lesser stars on board the same train but Gloria and the Marquis were the whole show. She introduced him to everyone. Pictures were made, the mayor made a short speech and the party went along fine until a newspaper man asked, "How come you had to go to France for a husband, aren't there any Americans good enough for you?"

"They are the only real Americans," angrily replied the Gorgeous Gloria pointing a finger at a bunch of Indian pottery sellers. This reply did not set so well with the press and the next edition of Albuquerque papers promptly panned her for it.

BUT did this panning have any effect on the fans? It did not. The next time she passed through she was greeted by a larger crowd than greeted Herbert Hoover when he passed through while campaigning for the presidency.

"No, I am not getting a divorce," or "It's really love this time," are the stock answers expected from Peggy Hopkins Joyce when she graces the brickwalk. Peggy is a good fellow. In fact she is sometimes too good to reporters.

It was this goodness and hail-fellow-well-met spirit of Peggy's that almost ruptured the marital bliss of one of the news boys. Peggy wanted to pose with the three news reporters for a bunch of amateur photographers. This was all well and good but there happened to be a commercial photographer in the background. The next day walking down the street a reporter's wife happened to see a large picture of Peggy with her arm around her husband hanging in the photographer's window with this caption, "Peggy and Her Harem."

Some of the stars of the silent days still remain fresh in the memory of fans. Frequently you'll hear some fan asking a celebrity about Anita Stewart or Mae Marsh.

Anita opened a marble tournament across from the brickwalk one time. She got down on her knees, boy fashion, and shot marbles with the previous year's champion. She became so enthusiastic about the game she almost missed her train. As she was boosted over the observation platform of the slowly moving train she remarked, "I could have beat that kid if the train hadn't started."

Mae Marsh makes the front page every time she comes through. She was born in Madrid, New Mexico, and likes to tell about the time her father was a coal miner and how, when a youngster, she used to get cinders between her toes. She'll discuss any subject but likes best to talk about her children.

CONNIE BENNETT will probably not receive as enthusiastic a welcome from Albuquerque fans in the future as she has in the past. Connie evidently despises crowds. Enroute East quite recently, the sophisticated Connie shunned the crowd. The fans could forgive her for that as she had recently undergone an operation but on her return trip she was somewhat rude.

She had the Marquis, Gloria's ex-husband, in tow. It was at 6:45 o'clock in the evening and as the train pulled in the five hundred fans gathered on the brickwalk could see Connie's beautiful blond head through the Pullman window. As the train came to a stop Connie deliberately turned her back on the fans. The necessity of sending a telegram finally brought her to the brickwalk. As she descended the steps two hundred fans gathered around the car waiting

AVOID THAT DRY "Skin Thirsty" LOOK!

Refresh your complexion daily with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

You get out under a hot sun. Play on the beach for hours. You feel great . . . full of life and spirit. But what about your *complexion?*

Sun and surf dry out the essential, natural oils. Parch the skin . . . make it coarse and leathery. The blistering rays pave the way for tiny lines and wrinkles.

Go ahead! . . . Play, but—*play safe!* Every day before you go out, use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder. Its unique *Olive Oil* base (found in no other powder) keeps your skin soft, pliant and fine of texture. Cools away any feeling of burn or smart. OUTDOOR GIRL is fluffy-dry, yet it *clings* longer than any other powder you have used.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover how it will protect your complexion . . . keep it smooth and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Large size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the *Olive Oil* and Lightex face powders and the new *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL Face Powder

Lightex in the red box for oily skins. With *Olive Oil* in the purple box for normal skins.

Crystal Laboratories,
Dept. O-7,
130 Willis Ave., New York

Enclosed find 4c in stamps for which please send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Free! TO WOMEN ONLY . . .

this little secret!

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

(*Note: *Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

RUTH TAYLOR—POPULAR STAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. G Seattle, Wash. ★★★★★ *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

PHOTOS ENLARGED

SIZE 8x10 or 11x14 INCHES

Now is your chance to get a life-like Bromide photo enlargement at an unusual bargain. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, or enlargements of any group picture. Safe return of your original photo Guaranteed.

45c EACH

Send NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 8x10 or 11x14 guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 45c plus a few cents postage or send 50c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

REX ART, 538 So. Dearborn, Dept. 52, Chicago, Ill.

Feels Peppy After Losing 50 Pounds

Scales Tip at 122 lbs. Now!

Juanita Anderson's radiant beauty is the kind which brings joy to the beholder. Yet her youth and grace were once marred by unsightly fat. Courageously she decided to cast off her overweight and now avers that she reached her heart's desire.

"I weighed 172 pounds before I started using Korein," she writes. "Within three months I had lost 50 pounds.

"I always used to feel sluggish and sleepy and would get out of breath after walking a short distance. Now I feel peppy and can walk as far as anyone."

Men and women of all ages and weights have used Korein. They report reductions from 10 to 70 pounds, easily, genuinely, comfortably.

Do you wish to improve your health by getting rid of superfluous bulk? Do you long to reduce your weight happily? Do you hope to become slender and younger looking? Then realize that you have the privilege to start this very day to shed the burdensome fat and as an aid use Korein system.

Korein is very popular. Buy it at your drug store, or a testing sample will be sent **FREE**

KOREIN CO., A-4, Sta. O, New York

Please send me Free Test of KOREIN.

Name.....

Address.....

to get a close-up view of her.

Connie stepped down from the car, looked disdainfully around and inquired, "Are these people crazy?" the Marquis circled the crowd like a football end and piloted her to the telegraph office. After regaining her car she again turned her back to the crowd and finally turned out the light in the compartment.

Remembering the experience with Gloria when she was showing off the Marquis, no one asked Connie about marrying an American husband and she refused to be interviewed about the Frenchman.

Good-natured Wallace Beery always gets a big hand. He gets off the train without a coat and shirt partly unbuttoned and starts "howdying folks." He usually gathers around him a group of kids and will pose for amateur photographers as long as they like.

John Barrymore could high-hat the Prince of Wales. One time he came as far as the Pullman steps and pityingly looked at a few fans and the reporters and declared, "I'm a Barrymore and don't need any build-up publicity."

The late Valentino also tried to be ritzy once. But once was enough. He flicked the ashes from his cigarette, looked at his new slave bracelet and declared fans in a hick town bored him. A hard-boiled fan from the plains of Minnesota who happened to hear the remark denounced Rudy loud and long and in no uncertain terms. This may or may not have cured Rudy but thereafter when he passed through he was unusually cordial and considerate.

There's many an Albuquerque youngster who has played hookey from school to see Jackie Coogan. Jackie makes only a few trips but when he does he brings out the fans.

It was on the brickwalk that Jackie was taken into the Navajo Indian tribe as a blood brother. The crowd was so large that many persons climbed onto the roof of the Alvarado Hotel to see the ceremony. The ceremony was solemn and Jackie took it very seriously. After being declared "Laughing Eyes" Coogan of the Navajos to the delight of the fans he went skipping along the walk with a little Indian girl—his adopted sister.

ALBUQUERQUE merchants owe a debt of gratitude to movie stars, especially to Clara Bow. Let this little titian-haired girl come through and a dozen flappers will do their utmost to imitate her style of dress.

Clara was somewhat ritzy at the beginning of her screen career but experience soon cured her and today she is easy to approach and friendly with the brickwalk crowd.

Will Rogers always wants the lowdown on the political situation of the state. When he is serious the fans think he is trying to be funny. If there are any other celebrities on the same train Will will go around introducing them to fans and newspaper men.

Jack Dempsey is always looking for pinion nuts at the newsstand. He won't talk about fighting but walks vigorously along the walk eating nuts until the train starts.

Ricardo Cortez and Ramon Novarro mingle very little with the fans. If press notices are published in advance a large crowd of Mexicans are on hand to speak to Novarro. He will speak, race into the curio room and buy rugs and Mexican trinkets.

A smile and nod and a few hellos is the way Norma Shearer greets the fans. She won't stop to chat until she has transacted her business at the telegraph office. Friendly but very dignified.

Al Jolson introduces someone else as Mr. Jolson and sometimes gets away with it while Harold Lloyd can't be recognized without his glasses.

"How did you know I was on this train?" is a question frequently asked reporters by celebrities. Passengers leaving the train are carefully looked over and Western Union messengers are closely watched. If this method does not locate a celebrity a tip to the Pullman porter will.

A New Tallulah

(*Continued from page 81*)

advised as to what pictures you are in that I may 'look upon thine image.'

Lovingly,
Daddy.

YET, auspicious as was the film start of this little unknown girl, the next letter immediately reveals—even at this early age—the marvelous self-assurance which has so largely contributed to Tallulah's success. We find her willing to cast aside her fine beginning in pictures in favor of the legitimate theatre for good and sufficient reasons.

Dearest Daddy: I thank you, Daddy, darling, for writing to Mr. McAdoo in my behalf but I am giving up pictures to go on the legitimate stage as that means so much more to me. I saw Samuel Goldwyn, head of the Goldwyn pictures that I made with Tom Moore. He had some extremely nice things to say about me and asked me to consent to stay in the movies, but I told him I was going to wait until I had made a reputation on the stage and then go back into the movies when I could command a real star's salary. I don't think I will ever be sorry for the step I am taking as I feel confident

that the day will come when I will be a real actress.

Tallulah.

Tallulah's first opportunity on the stage came when Constance Binney left the leading rôle of "39 East." Over forty young actresses applied for the part, but the little girl who did not know a footlight from a first-nighter got the job. She was ecstatic with happiness, and wrote immediately to her adored grandfather, United States Senator John Hollis Bankhead, who was responsible for the famous Bankhead Highway, as well as being the financial backer of his granddaughter's career. Her letter reads:

I am the luckiest girl in the world to have such a dear sweet grandfather. I am so happy, now that I am going on the stage. I knew you would not mind when I got such a wonderful opportunity. I am going to make good with a *bang!!!* Wait and see. Then you will be proud of your bad little girl with her bad little temper. But it has come in handy in this play. I have to get so mad! Please come up and see me. I am just crazy to see you. I have your picture right upon my dresser as big as day and every morning when I get up I say, 'Good morning, Grandfather,' and at night I wouldn't sleep a wink if I didn't say 'Good night, grandfather.' I used to say that to Mamma's picture too, but she took it away from me. I am kept as busy as a bee rehearsing all day long, but I love it. I have such a wonderful part. Give my love to everybody and keep bushels for yourself and please come up to see me. 'Good night, grandfather.' Now I will have pleasant dreams.

Tallulah.

TALLULAH was an immediate hit in the part. So early does the divine spark manifest itself that we find in the next letters the good opinions of Rachel Crothers, the author, as well as those of Sam Harris and Al Woods, two of the shrewdest minds of the American theatre, testifying to the excellence of the little girl to whom fame was still so marvelous that she had to write breathlessly home:

Precious Grandfather: Please forgive me for not writing before this but I have been so busy rehearsing and playing at the same time that I hardly have time to breathe . . . .Miss Crothers told me today that I would be a great emotional actress, that I had a spark that very few people had, that she never had to tell me anything because I instinctively knew what to do. Wasn't that nice, Granddaddy? I wish you would write and thank her for her kindness.

And farther on these important words:

Mr. Samuel Harris came to me after the performance and said, 'You will be an actress some day, kid, and wake up and find your pictures in all the papers.' Please don't think I'm vain, grandfather, darling, but I do so want you to know that others believe in my future. I must tell you just one more good opinion. As it comes from a man who has had a long and successful career as a producer I prize it all the more. Mr. Al Woods told my stage director today after seeing the play, that I was the best that New York had seen for twenty-five years.

Tallulah's intimates are fully aware that on a matter of principle she makes the Rock of Gibraltar seem like weak and flimsy stuff. A politician, Senator Bankhead counseled her against involving herself in the theatrical war then starting to break, the famous fraças in which the actors formed an organization, the now celebrated Equity, to get better terms from the managerial corps. But Tallulah insisted upon stringing along with her co-actors.

I joined the Actors' Equity because it was the right thing to do. Every actor in our show belongs and all the very biggest stars in the profession belong. It is a wonderful organization and if you don't belong you are called a 'scab' and are blacklisted. They called the cast of '39 East' to strike and of course *I did.* We may reopen any night now and in the meantime they are asking me to help in a benefit. I have been going every day to those Equity meetings and helping as much as I could and have been kept so busy that I really haven't had time to write before. Dear, precious grandfather, I love you to death and when I don't write it is not because I am not thinking of you for *I am* thinking of you and loving you all the time.

Your baby-child,
Tallulah.

WITH the theatre in a precarious position, hard times descended upon the little trouper. Anxious to make a good appearance, she had invested all of her first earnings in a seal skin coat, and then wrote to her aunt to tell her how important it was for her to have this wrap. "Please make Daddy realize this," she closed tactfully, "as you explain things so beautifully."

But what good is an elegant coat without nice shoes to appear beneath

KURLENE
The Eyelash Grower

For Thrilling Eyes Grow Long Lashes

WHO said you can't have long dark lashes, with eyes that thrill and lure? Just try this amazing European discovery. Apply fragrant Kurlene to the lash roots at bed-time. See how quickly your lashes grow long and silky. Framed in such glorious natural lashes your eyes appear larger, darker—mysterious, winning. Thousands of delighted users advise Kurlene. At toilet counters everywhere. Sanitary tubes, 50c; for economy buy the dressing-table jar, $1.00.

●

Curl Lashes Instantly with KURLASH

Only eye-lash curler made. Anyone can use it. No heat, no cosmetics. Simply place lashes between the curved bows of Kurlash and press. At once your lashes show a lovely curving sweep that lasts. Even short lashes appear long. Praised by movie stars and women everywhere. Toilet counters, $1.00.

Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara).
Shadette—Intensifies eyes' natural color.
Lashtint—{LIQUID FORM mascara, perfumed, waterproof, pliable. CAKE FORM in attractive metal compact—sponge moistener, tiny brush and mirror.
Tweezette—Automatic painless tweezer. All $1 ea.

Write now for free booklet, "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have them." Beauty secrets told in pictures.

THE KURLASH COMPANY
ROCHESTER - N.Y.
THE KURLASH COMPANY OF CANADA
1475 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO

Are you a George Raft fan? He's the newest fan rave and if you're not yet a rooter of his you soon will be. There'll be a grand story about him in our next issue—August

KAPAK
SANITARY
NAPKINS

Go into any S. S. Kresge store in your neighborhood and buy a package of Kapak Sanitary Napkins. You can depend on them. You'll appreciate their safety. You'll welcome the conveniently sized package. Millions of women will tell you so . . . Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the most modern sanitary conditions from the finest materials. Deodorant, highly absorbent, easily disposable, with close-fitting oval shaped ends and packaged in cartons to meet every requirement.

ONE DOZEN 20¢ SIX FOR 10¢ EIGHT FOR 10¢

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S.KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 *and* $1.00 STORES

"My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—*safely*. Golden Peacock acts *so fast*—you use *so little*—it's more economical than *all* other bleaches that *work*. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

it? And so we find the spendthrift sixteen-year-old ending a letter to her grandmother, the famous Southern beauty, Tallulah Brockman Bankhead, with:

> If you have any shoes or stockings that you don't need and it is not too much trouble I wish you would send them to me as I am rather destitute again. My love and prayer, sweet little Mamma.

"Mamma" was the term which the motherless child always employed for her grandmother. The affection between these two imperious, head-strong women of the same name was a fine and active thing, demonstrated clearly in each missive they exchanged, of which the following is typical:

> My darling Tallulah: I have your pictures on the desk and have just been studying each pose. They are truly beautiful. I love you so dearly. It seems impossible for you ever to disappoint me and shatter my hopes.
>
> Mamma.

And Tallulah's answer:

> I thank you so much for your sweet letter. I was so happy to get it and know that you are much better. My dear little Mamma is much too charming and wonderful to ever be the least bit ill. I think of you all the time, and every night the last thing before I go to sleep I say, 'Dear God, bless little Mamma and make her happy.' I love you.
>
> Devotedly, your baby namesake,
>
> Tallulah.

This affection was second only to that which Tallulah entertained for the old head of the clan. Both her love and gratitude to J. H. Bankhead for his assistance during her poorly paid days are shown in a note he received during an illness, containing the lines:

> I think your heart and your purse both need a rest, Honey. I'm afraid I have taxed them both too much. I shall make good and try and repay in time, and if I do it is for your sake and the sake of the dear family who have all been so marvelous to me that I owe it to them, too, to make a success.

And because success is the portion of the Tallulahs of the world, presently we find her being able to write in a more cheerful vein. The New York theatrical situation straightened out and Tallulah's portion of the consequent improved conditions allowed her to send home this great news:

> My Precious Granddaddy: Well, everything is settled at last. I start rehearsing Monday with ———— as his leading lady. I have my contract signed. I will tell you all about it. Mr. Al Woods called up Mr. Sam Harris of Cohen and Harris, a very big theatrical concern, and told them that I was very clever, etc., and to do something for me right away; that he had me singled out for the 'Pearl of Great Price' for next year but this year he did not want me to sit idle. So I went over to Mr. Harris the same day and he asked me how I would like to play the lead opposite ———— in his new comedy. Of course, I said 'Yes.' So the next day I read the part for Mr.———— and then signed a contract before I left the office—an Equity contract. Mr. ———— is considered one of the cleverest comedians of the stage today. The play is sure to be a success and have a long run and I shall get a lot of publicity and get experience out of it. So I am settled for this year and next. I just knew this for certain yesterday and am writing you at once to give you the good news. Everybody has congratulated me on getting with ————. You see, Granddaddy darling, everything happens for the best and I love you bushels and pecks and hug you around the neck and you must forgive this bad little girl for not writing her dear sweet grandfather. But I wanted to wait and surprise you and make you happy. I hope I have.

The following letter is a sharp commentary on Tallulah's make-up. Led on by promises, she let her hopes soar extravagantly . . . to meet with the disappointment so prevalent in the theatrical life—someone else being selected for the part. Rather than confess her failure, however, she waited until the last possible moment, until, urged by pressing inquiries from her family, she sent the following forlorn, heartbreakingly brave missive:

> My Precious Grandfather: I received your letter and was awfully glad to hear from you. Now, honey, I am going to answer all of your questions. I would have answered them sooner but Mamma wrote me that you had been ill and I did not want you to be upset or worried about me and I knew you would be if I told you. Mr. ———— who is fifty-five years old thought I was much too young to play opposite him and so they had to get an older woman of about thirty. But Grandfather, darling, it is all for the best because it turned out to be a farce instead of a comedy and there is a lot of

difference. The part was very unattractive. The girl had nothing to do but talk, not one good scene, emotional or comedy. I have several new very good offers that start right away. So Grandfather, honey, please don't be discouraged or worried. Everything will turn out all right. You don't know how I hated to write you this, that is the reason I have not written oftener or answered all your questions. I wanted to spare you any anxiety and I thought I would wait until I had started in something else—but you kept wanting to know. You know Granddaddy, I know you are my best friend and love me very much, so therefore I only want to tell you nice things that will make you happy. You are too darling and kind to everyone to ever be unhappy yourself. It makes me dreadfully so when you are. Promise me dear, you won't worry. I will have something better at the end of the week and I will write you all about it and make you happy again. It's not an easy fight, Granddaddy, and I've a lot of disappointments and heartaches, but I am young and strong. I can stand it but I don't want you to have to share them. I will make good *big* money. Stick by and see me through. I'll have good news for you right away. I love you very much, honey. Take good care of yourself.

A heart full of love,
Tallulah.

THE veteran Bankhead went immediately into action. He dispatched his secretary to New York for a report—wanting first hand information as to Tallulah's mental attitude, whether she was going to keep on fighting the good fight, or if she was faltering before the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune. The secretary's wire succinctly summed up his findings:

> Dear Senator: Tallulah is not discouraged. She'll stick till hell freezes over, if you'll excuse my language. I strongly advise you to let nature take its course.

That was all the old gentleman needed. He at once let Tallulah know that he still was championing her to his limit, and so satisfactory was this assurance that Tallulah took up the battle again with renewed courage. And with a vigor and affection quite apparent in:

> Dearest Grandfather: I think, granddaddy, you are the most wonderful man in the world. I know you were very much disappointed about the play and you did not scold or show your disappointment. You have been so kind and for your kindness I have some wonderful news for you. David Belasco sent for me and I went this morning and saw his secretary who is his right hand man. You know he's St. Peter at the heavenly gate to actors. Unless his secretary says so no one can see Belasco. He passes judgment first. He said I was the girl Belasco was looking for, just the thing, and for me to come back tomorrow and that I should meet the great man. He told me not to sign any contract or do anything until I had seen Belasco. He asked me if I was signed up for next year. He said that when Mr. Belasco takes a girl under his direction he likes to make something big out of her and he would want to have her contracts free as long as he might be interested. He was so assuring that I have to write to you. At first I thought I would wait before writing until the matter was definitely settled one way or the other, then if it did not happen to turn out just right you would not be disappointed. But on the other hand I feel so confident that it will turn out right, principally for your sake, granddaddy darling, that I am hurrying the news to you. I want you to be proud of me and be repaid for all of your efforts and confidence in me and your never failing love. You have been so square with me that I am going to be with you and write you everything that happens.
>
> Lovingly,
> Tallulah.

An impertinent little limerick is scrawled at the bottom of this letter:

> Oh, Mister Belasco,
> Why will you do so?
> You're losing a chance
> Your fame to advance
> By failing to star
> Miss Tal-lu-lo-o.

Genius of the theatre that he was, however, Belasco failed to pay further attention to the small blond Southern girl, and Tallulah went her gallant way elsewhere. During this period it was necessary for her to keep the wick of her courage constantly trimmed lest it flicker and go quite out. But she carried on, and over and over again her correspondence is marked with phrases of "I will make good, *big!*" and "I am not going to remain idle a minute!" Very true of her father to write in that first letter that there is no royal road to the top—and how she heeded that excellent maxim is revealed in every detail of her fidelity to duty.

Yet the path of a big career always is strewn with sorrow, and before Tal-

SENSATION
HAIR NETS

neater
HAIR

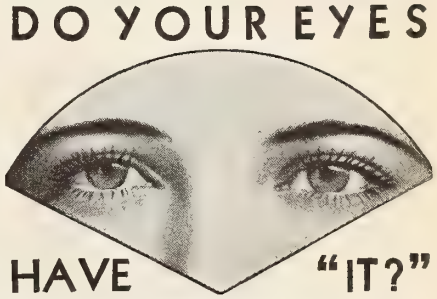
THERE is an S. S. Kresge Store right in your locality that sells Sensation Hair Nets. Every day, thousands of women are buying them . . . to keep their hair tidy and beautiful all day, to keep their waves in place at night, to act as a Sanitary safeguard in homes and offices.

Sensation Hair Nets offer the two-fold advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap shape. Natural shades!

Buy a half dozen Sensation Hair Nets today at your neighborhood Kresge Store.

5¢ each or 6 for 25¢
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S.KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 and $1.00 STORES

DO YOUR EYES



HAVE "IT?"

Are your eyes clear, sparkling? Do they have "It?" They must have if you want. . . . Here's why! Tests prove that men are first attracted to a woman's eyes. Your eyes can have "It" too. They can have that attractive, alluring, come-hither look. Use MERCOLINE—a new discovery of a famous New York eye specialist. The use of MERCOLINE for 30 days develops long, silky, upcurling eyelashes, beautiful, even eyebrows, clears up red, scaly eyelids and gives the lids that soft, white alluring effect admired by all men. Special NEW REDUCED PRICE.
Send for this new eye beautifier—bring out the hidden beauty in your own eyes. $1.00 money order, or U. S. postage stamps (50 two-cent) brings a full sized jar postpaid. Or order C. O. D. and pay postman $1.25, and remember—money back if not satisfied after 30 days' use.

THE MERCOLINE CO., Dept. M 6
Box 120 N. 310 W. 68th St., New York, N. Y.

DO FOLKS CALL YOU
"Big Fat Ox"
BEHIND YOUR BACK?

REDUCE SAFELY

Don't cover your eyes from the truth. You know how people ridicule fat folks so don't be the butt of these cruel jokes any longer!

Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast.

Not only will surplus fat gradually vanish and give way to a smart slender figure but your whole physical being will benefit. Kruschen is not only SAFE but it's a splendid HEALTH-BUILDER—a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Mrs. E. Marriott of Baltimore, Md. reduced from 200 to 145 lbs. after taking 6 bottles of Kruschen. She reports a marked improvement in health.

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

YOUR FACE!

Have you surface pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores, oily skin, coarseness, roughness, red spots? For over 15 years my method has accomplished astounding results for many, in just a short time. **No clay, peel, bleach, cream, soap, plaster, mask, appliance, bandage, exercise or diet. No trouble. No confinement. Nothing to take. Perfectly HARMLESS to the most delicate skin. Send for free book, "The Complexion Beautiful."**

ERNA SAFFAN, 646 N. Michigan Blvd. Suite 38B2, Chicago

TO MODERN WOMEN

Science brings a new way to

FEMININE HYGIENE

Now a dainty, snow-white tablet solves the problem of Modern Feminine Hygiene. *Simple—safe—sure.* Used and esteemed by physicians for 20 years, it is now brought to the women of America by eminent German scientists.

H. Y. G. Tablets are *instantly effective* (remain active for hours after use), *perfectly safe, amazingly simple* to use. Powerful enough to insure germ-free condition yet never irritating to most delicate membranes. Conveniently carried—nothing more needed, for complete protection at any time.

Simple—Safe—Sure

H.Y.G.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Try H. Y. G. Tablets without obligation. Enjoy the new freedom they insure. Send no money. Just your name and address. On receipt pay postman $1.00 plus postage for generous, handy tube of 12 tablets and valuable booklet. If not delighted your money will be refunded. Write today!

PROGRESSIVE LABORATORIES

320 S. Franklin St. Dept. 110. Chicago

lulah could "make good, *big*" old John Hollis Bankhead was gathered to his distinguished forbears. Ironically enough Tallulah's last letter reached him the day he died in his high old-fashioned bed, with her picture looking down at him from the wall:

> You know how much I love you, Granddaddy, darling, and it makes me very miserable that you are not feeling well. Please, honey, take good care of yourself and when you are quite well I wish you could come up to see me even if for a day. I miss you awfully and have not seen you for so long. Please try to come.
>
> Your baby-child,
> Tallulah.

Perhaps through the very vitalizing forces of tragedy, Tallulah began to emerge so definitely as an actress that presently, in "Nice People," she made her first great hit. A letter to Grandmother Bankhead states the case; indicating clearly how bright, from this day forward, the way led ahead:

> Precious Little Mamma: I made a big hit last night and got the best notices of the show, playing with three stars. I sent the clippings home to Daddy and told him to forward them to you. You should have received them by now. I think of you and wish so that you were here. I think you would have been very happy and quite proud of your little namesake. I have had so many offers from people I know and I shall never have any trouble any more because I have created a part in New York and have my notices by the severest critics here, saying I made the hit of the show. The other people have been on the stage for years. I hope Daddy sent you the clippings. Write me if he did not and I will try and get you some. I love you so much, darling, and think of you all the time. Bless you.

YET it was not long before this love, too, was taken from Tallulah. Grieving for her husband, the grand little old lady presently followed him, and Tallulah was bereft of one of her two remaining loved supporters. Meanwhile her career marched steadily forward. "The Exciters" followed "Nice People," in its turn to be supplanted by "Danger" and "Thirty a Week." And then an offer from London to appear with the great English actor, Gerald Du Maurier, in his new play, "The Dancers." Tallulah accepted . . . and sailed for London.

"The Dancers" went into rehearsal, opened, and presently Tallulah was writing a very happy letter home to her father:

> I have just come from watching the Royal procession of the Duke and Duchess of York. There was great excitement everywhere. I have never seen anything so thrilling. They were all riding in golden coaches much more beautiful than any fairy story and the loyalty of the people to their ruling family is marvelous. The American Ambassador sent for me and told me that he wanted me to feel at liberty to call upon him in any way in which he could contribute to my needs and pleasure while I was in England. Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten came back to see me after the play. It was Lady Mountbatten's third time to see "The Dancers."

Congressman Bankhead soon also received another letter . . . and what a prophetic document it is:

> Dear Mr. Bankhead: A very charming and beautiful young lady who brags about being your daughter has made a great success at my theatre—deservedly—and everybody is very fond of her—rightly—even the King and Queen of England. Thank you for allowing her to come here. She is most welcome.
>
> Yours very truly,
> Gerald du Maurier.

We can do no better than to close this record with that sincere and splendid tribute.

Second Generation

(*Continued from page 75*)

hard knocks so that I needn't be a softie. . ."

Probably Lon never did discuss the possibility of the boy's entering pictures—with the boy. But close friends of the elder Chaney will tell you that he was bitterly opposed to the mere idea of his son's entering pictures, that he was supremely content to see him in the plumbing business. After all, it is no wonder! Lon suffered terribly in the rôles he played. There can be no doubt that the physical sacrifices he made to achieve fantastic effects of make-up, the strenuous work he did in pictures, shortened his life by years and years. No father would want his boy to undertake to follow such a ca-

reer, no matter how successful he might be, himself. Lon knew struggle and bitterness, defeat and disappointment. He also knew the triumph of achievement—but not until he had learned all about its cost. Every parent wants to save his child "what I suffered . . ."

Young Chaney knew so little of the ways of motion picture studios that it did not even occur to him to take advantage of his father's name and reputation when he decided to take a fling at pictures! He went, without benefit of agent or representative, to a casting office and asked whether he might have extra work, "for experience!"

When astute executives learned his identity, they instantly offered him a contract if he would consent to be renamed "Lon Chaney, Junior." His refusal was prompt and emphatic. "I am *not* Lon Chaney, Junior. If my father had wanted me to have that name, he would have given it to me. He called me Creighton Chaney and Creighton Chaney I'm going to remain!"

The refusal raised difficulties. There were arguments and impatient insistence. Creighton Chaney was firm. "I shall use my own name—or go back to my old job," he said. And finally he had his way.

He was resentful of the suggestion that he—or anyone else—should ever try to replace his father or travel in his footsteps. "My father was unique!" he said, indignantly. "I shall have to feel my way and find out what I can do best." He was cheered and grateful when I told him that Boris Karloff, who has been mentioned as a "second Lon Chaney," was also resentful. "The world doesn't want *two* Lon Chaneys," Boris said.

"Nice of him! Awfully nice—to feel like that!" said Lon's son. "I shall like that chap!"

"When," I asked him, "did you decide that you wanted to act in pictures?"

"I think I have always known it—somewhere in the back of my mind," he told me. "But I never should have tried it while my father lived. Now it is different."

Once it is in the blood, no amount of parental advice, no amount of training at other jobs can efface it.

DOROTHY REID, mother of young Wallie, "doesn't know . . ." about her lad going into pictures. "His father hated it so," she said. "I know he would have regretted it. Wallie always longed for the day when he would be old or fat or bald—so that he wouldn't have to act any more. He felt, somehow, that it was un-masculine, effete, or something. He always planned to stop. Yet he was so successful at it. He was caught. I think our boy will not want it for too long. He is thrilled now, of course. He won't be fifteen until this summer. I have kept him away from studios and studio contacts as much as I could. I wanted to accustom him to a normal, routine existence. The sort of life a healthy boy should lead. And now this has happened—so soon! He has been approached by a big studio. He was studying for an engineering course and I had hoped—yet, perhaps this is the thing for him. I don't know. . ."

Maternal misgivings. Descending rather soon, one would say. What mother has to decide about her boy's career when he is only fifteen? Dorothy Reid *knows*—if anyone can know—what pictures sometimes do to young men! Yet, she will not stand in her boy's way. Perhaps this is *it*. Perhaps it was meant. If it once gets into the blood. . . Dorothy Reid is a pretty amazing woman.

Noah Beery, too, kept his boy away from the studios.

"No, I never worked during my vacations," young Noah told me. "They were *vacations*. Dad kept me on the ranch. I rode horses and learned all about the outdoor things. Dad saw to *that*, all right. I never even saw very much of my father—not to count, you know—until the last couple of years. I went to school. The only acting experience I have ever had was in school plays. The first thing I am to do out here (Universal) is a juvenile in a serial. I just have to be myself. I guess it won't be very hard."

They have to do it. It is written. Or something.

I happened to be with Irene Rich on the day when her eldest child, Frances, had expressed the serious desire to become an actress. Irene was experiencing those usual emotions of a mother at such a time—pride, apprehension, surprise that her child should really be old enough to express desires, to attempt to decide about her own future.

"I want to be sure that she is well educated and prepared to cope with life," Irene said, slowly, weighing words and thoughts. "I want to be sure that she is not just a youngster, caught by the glamor of studio life. I want to be sure that she is the sort of person who *ought* to act, before she tries it. Then I shall give her my blessing, of course. I know the bitterness that can come from a stage career—there is no glamor in it for me.

"I should be happy to see her married to that proverbial and probably mythical 'good man' for whom every mother prays, and 'settled down.' But if she chooses the other things—the struggle and strife and possible glory—who am I to try to stop her? I chose it.

"Sometimes I think that we parents cheat our children of something particularly worth while. We try to smooth the way for them, help them avoid the difficulties we faced which made us strong and gave us joy. But we love them so much—and mother love is so protective—we can't help it."

HEDDA HOPPER, too, is in some doubt about whether her tall boy, Bill, will carry on the Hopper traditions. And she, too, "would not stand in his way." Bill is the son of Hedda and De Wolfe Hopper.

"But he is probably the worst actor I have ever seen," she chuckled, "of any age or era! I saw him two years

PAPER Table-linens* and DISHES are *such* a joy for Summer Outings!

Dainty, sanitary, convenient and economical. One never has to give a thought to careful packing or bothersome re-packing. There's no breaking, and, best of all—NO WASHING. Carry them in your car always, for such happy emergencies as this.

On sale at the store where you purchased this magazine.

FREE: REED'S July Party Booklet!

With plans for new and original summer parties. All details and appropriate menus are given. Ask for it when you buy your supply of Reed's PAPER "Table-linens"* and Dishes; or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to

C. A. REED CO., Williamsport, Pa.

**Made entirely of paper*

Her HAIR was STREAKED with GRAY

After 30 every woman's hair gets a bit "streaky." That's the time to easily get rid of those first tell-tale threads of gray; no one the wiser. Women with modern ideas are not hesitating to keep *ALL* their hair one even shade by using the most modern type of preparation—clean, odorless, not greasy—that leaves a soft, youthful shade and of so *NATURAL* a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G.6
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR.....

SONG-POEM WRITER
Gets Thrill of Lifetime

When Large Audience of Friends Hear His Song, which we set to music, sung over the Radio.

The opportunities offered anyone having ideas suitable for successful songs merit immediate attention. Music Publisher's confidence in Big 1931-1932 Season, shown by paying writers $5,000.00 Advance Royalty on single song.

NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Don't Fail to Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—M.M. Newcomer Associates 1674 B'way. New York N.Y.

REMOVE FAT

A SAFE AND SURE WAY

from any part you wish reduced. No diets, medicines, exercise, baths or equipment necessary.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

La Renee Reducing Cream has slenderized thousands of over-stout people when other means failed. A cream like white preparation, a secret product of modern science, rigidly tested has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any other part of body, harmlessly and absolutely without any inconvenience.

REDUCED PRICE
LARGE JAR **ONLY 60c**
TWO JARS FOR $1.00
Send remittance or mail coupon today

LA RENEE COSMETIC CO., Dept. J-3
1851 Washington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send postpaid with directions, large jar La Renee Reducing Cream. I agree to pay postman 60c plus few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

NAME .....
ADDRESS.....

ago in a school play. Of course, he is six feet three inches tall—and not old enough, as yet, to have got over being selfconscious about it. He can't *bear* to have people look at him. What makes me think that he may eventually turn to acting is the fact that he is now extremely interested in engineering. Those two things go together, you know. Many an excellent actor has studied engineering. It is something in them that has to do with concrete construction—creativeness. All actors try to take their own brains apart—and those of other people—and put them back together again. Bill (his friends all call him 'Wolf'—and he loves it!) also has a slight hankering for the law. That is the dramatic instinct, I think.

"He hates studios now—and he hates to see me on the screen. I always play such horrid people. He says, 'Mother, do you mind if I just close my eyes until you are through with this scene? You tell me when it is over!' He hates the whole picture business because it puts me into unsympathetic rôles."

The younger parents, who have all read books about how to bring up children in the modern fashion, say, sententiously and unanimously, "I shall never stand in my child's way. Whatever he wishes to do—whatever will satisfy him and make him happy—will be all right with me."

I do not believe them. When their children are grown and ready to choose they may not stand in their way, because that is their code—but they will have emotions about it. They can't help it. It is human nature.

I talked with Bill Powell about his adored seven-year-old son. Bill's own parents were bewildered and more than a little embarrassed when their child chose, at an early age, the profession of acting.

"My boy is so *young*," Bill protested. "Just a baby—"

Then he admitted, "Of course, I watch him for symptoms of talents and tendencies. Any parent does. If he hums a little ditty, I think, 'Ah! Perhaps he will be a great singer!' If he looks at his books, I immediately decide that he will be a literary gentleman. Yesterday we went horseback riding and the little chap really did awfully well. I came home all inflated with the thought that he would be the big out-of-doors type.

"But I really do hope that I shall take the intelligent attitude when the time comes—that I shall be willing for him to make his own choice and do whatever seems to him the thing that he will enjoy the most. As for a screen career—it is grand if you succeed at it. I can think of no other line of work in which I could have had half the fun or make half the money. If your tendencies run that way, I think it is certainly worth the gamble. And I shall say that to my son if he ever asks me. I do hope—rather—that he won't choose to sell neckties for a living. I tried that once, in the lean days, and found it very dull!"

BEN LYON tells me that little Barbara Bebe's future is all settled. They had her horoscope cast and it was said that she would grow up to be a writer. Ben and Bebe approve of that enthusiastically. Asked whether they would be willing for her to enter pictures, they sigh a little dismally and say, "Well—if she wants to, we suppose she will have to try it. But, we're sure she won't!"

Neil Hamilton hopes, intensely, that his small, adopted daughter, Patricia Louise, will choose marriage as a career—and that, moreover, she will not try to combine it with any other sort of a career.

"I do hope," he says, with a worried frown which is most becoming to him, "that she won't take a notion to go into pictures. A picture career is even harder for a woman than it is for a man. I've seen the women who try to have both—a home and a career. One career or the other always suffers. A woman may be able to run a business and a home. She may be able to be a lawyer and a wife—or a doctor—but pictures are different. It is harder. And I should hate to see her go into pictures with the idea of passing marriage by. A picture career costs too much!"

The Harold Lloyds already see acting tendencies in their brood.

"Gloria is a natural actress," says Harold, as proud as Punch. "She poses and flirts and practices attitudes before the mirror now. You can see it when she is playing. She dramatizes everything, invents scenes, assumes rôles. There is going to be no hope of Gloria's being anything but an actress. And as for the baby—he is a natural comic, already!"

Douglas Fairbanks opposed young Doug's entrance into pictures. At the time he thought his son was too young, that he should have more time to complete his education, to mature and to gain enough perspective to make a serious choice of his career. But Doug, Junior, has done pretty well and his father is completely reconciled now to his acting in pictures—and inordinately proud of him!

Yes, it seems extremely likely that many of the names that are famous on the screen today will be famous again in the next generation. And motion picture parents are much like other parents in their reactions to these matters. They face their children's futures with the same fears and apprehensions, intensified sometimes, when their own experiences have been bitter ones.

But it seems that, no matter how they may feel about it, they will have to reconcile themselves to their children trying what they have tried. Once it is in the blood. . . .

Don't miss the second installment of Ricardo Cortez' life story. It's immensely interesting. In our next issue. Out about July First—dated August

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 9*)

THE ROAD TO LIFE (Amkino)—Russian film dealing with the problem of the hoodlum children and how they were tamed. **Interesting.**

THE SADDLE BUSTER (RKO-Pathé)—Typical Western with plenty of horses. Tom Keene in the leading rôle. **Good, if you're a Western fan—great for the kiddies.**

SCARFACE (Caddo-United Artists)—The last gang film. Plenty of shooting and excitement—and also some preaching against the evils of gangdom. Paul Muni in the leading rôle. **Very good—despite preaching—not good for children.**

SCANDAL FOR SALE (Universal)—Rose Hobart, Charles Bickford and Pat O'Brien in newspaper story. **Fair.**

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich in a sometimes slow but frequently exciting film which deals with adventures on the express from Pekin to Shanghai. Anna May Wong, Warner Oland, and Clive Brook are also in it. Joseph von Sternberg directed. **Very good—children will like the action scenes.**

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (Fox)—All about a girl who foregoes her small town sweetheart for the chap with money. Joan Bennett is the girl, James Kirkwood the man with money and Spencer Tracy the home town boy. **Fair.**

SHOPWORN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck, Regis Toomey, ZaSu Pitts and others in a sentimental romantic story. **Good if you like sentimental stuff—children won't care for it much.**

SKY BRIDE (Paramount)—Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie in an exciting story of a stunt flyer. Arlen is the flyer and Oakie is his manager. There are some thrilling air scenes. **Very good—kids will like it.**

SKY DEVILS (Caddo-United Artists)—Air farce with Spencer Tracy, William Boyd and Ann Dvorak. **Very good—great for boys.**

SO BIG (Warner)—Talkie version of the famous Edna Ferber story. Barbara Stanwyck has the leading rôle. **Very good—suitable for children.**

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—Automobile story with Frank Albertson, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda. The sort of thing Wallace Reid did so well. **Good—okay for kids.**

SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES (Educational)—Andy Clyde in an amusing comedy. **Very good—excellent for the kids.**

STATE'S ATTORNEY (RKO-Radio)—John Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees in an exciting drama. **Very good—children will like it, too.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

STEADY COMPANY (Universal)—A sweet little romantic story with June Clyde and Norman Foster. **Good—all right for the young ones.**

STOWAWAY (Universal)—Smuggling story with Fay Wray in the leading feminine rôle. **Fair—okay for children.**

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE (Paramount)—Frances Dee, Wynne Gibson and Pat O'Brien in a story reminiscent of "Madelon Claudet." **Good—a little too sad for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN (First National)—Ann Dvorak, Richard Cromwell and Spencer Tracy. **Good—children may like parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

STRANGERS IN LOVE (Paramount)—Dual rôle love story with Fredric March using the dual rôle experience he gained in "Dr. Jekyll." Kay Francis is the lady in the case. **Good—but it would bore children.**

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (RKO-Radio)—Story of a young doctor in the Ghetto who rises to great success only to find that true happiness comes from helping humanity without thought of money. **Excellent—splendid for the children.**

TARZAN THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—M-G-M is clever enough to put sex appeal into this adaptation of the famous jungle story—the sex appeal being Johnny Weissmuller who has a physique which makes the women sigh with admiration. **Very good—fine for the kids.**

THIS IS THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles in a highly amusing trifle about other men's wives and trips to Venice. Lily Damita and Thelma Todd are also in it. **Good—children will be bored.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Gloria Swanson as an opera singer who has always been afraid of love until she meets Melvyn Douglas. **Excellent—but not for children.**

TORCHY TURNS THE TRICK (Educational)—All about the office boy who gets the big steel contract. **Good—couldn't be better for children.**

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in a really thrilling court room drama. **Good—all right for the young folks.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

TWO SECONDS (First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Vivienne Osborne in a splendid realistic story. **Excellent—but not the best entertainment for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Amusing comedy of errors sort of thing with Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts. **Very good.**

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Prohibition story with Walter Huston, Robert Young, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton and Dorothy Jordan. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

THE WISER SEX (Paramount)—Underworld story with Melvyn Douglas and Claudette Colbert. **Very good—not for children.**

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13 (Fox)—Elissa Landi, Ralph Bellamy and Neil Hamilton in a slightly outmoded murder story. **Fair—children would be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)—George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins in a story about the Russian Revolution. **Good—children will find it exciting.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

YOUNG AMERICA (Fox)—Spencer Tracy and Doris Kenyon in a modern youth problem film. **Good—all right for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

YOUNG BRIDE (RKO-Pathé)—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees in a story of the vicissitudes of a young married couple. **Fair—okay for the kids.**

HAVE YOU THE FORM "that men admire?

DO ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? Do thin, scrawny breasts deprive you of true feminine loveliness? Have you wished you might find an easy, quick way to develop the form to the full, well-rounded curves that are all the vogue? IT CAN BE DONE!

Beautiful Breasts for YOU!

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small, flabby and undeveloped your bust may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see an amazing growth in size and loveliness. And it's SO easy! Nothing to do but devote a few minutes a day to the dainty MIRACLE CREAM TREATMENT, follow the simple instructions, and watch the marvelous change take place.

Just Give Me 30 Days!

Yes, in just 30 days, you can add extra fullness and arching shapeliness to your bust. Thousands of women everywhere praise my simple, harmless, home treatment. It is so SAFE—so EASY! No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. No longer need you be pitied by women and ignored by men. My *Miracle Cream Treatment* will make your life a fuller, richer one. It will give you a well-formed, truly feminine bust. Take advantage of my special offer and see for yourself. Send *today* for *your* Miracle Cream Treatment.

The smart figure today is *feminine*, with lovely, rounded curves. You, too, can add to the size and shapeliness of your bust.

Your *Miracle Cream Treatment* is waiting to bring you the greatest of all feminine charms. Send for it *now!*

FREE *A Beautiful Form*

Mail THE COUPON

My new illustrated book tells all about this wonderful, easy way to develop the bust. It is yours FREE! Just read my big, special offer! Mail coupon or write, enclosing only $1.00 and I will send you a large container of Miracle Cream and complete Instructions, together with my free book. Start now to develop your breasts in the thrilling, full contours Nature meant you to have—and that Fashion demands. Your mirror will show you a miracle in no more than 30 days! Mail the Coupon NOW!

NANCY LEE

816 Broadway Dept. MR-7 New York, N. Y.

Nancy Lee, Dept. MR-7
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Please send me large container of Miracle Cream and complete Instructions. Also your new FREE Book.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAGS

When you shop, and on your automobile and picnic trips, use a Deubener Shopping Bag. (America's Standard.)

Leatherlyke finish 10c
Basketweave design 5c

No other shopping bags are just like Deubener bags in appearance, durability and utility. The Deubener name on every genuine bag is your guarantee of satisfaction.

DEUBENER'S SHOPPING BAG, Inc.
Garfield Park • Indianapolis, Indiana

Improve your FIGURE!

Just Give Me 10 MINUTES a DAY

Are you dissatisfied with your figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full and embarrassing? **Creme Treatment No. 1** aids in filling out hollowness and developing round, graceful curves where needed. **Creme Treatment No. 2** helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs and hips. Send name, address for **FREE** sample and directions. *Mention creme treatment number desired.* Enclose 10c for mailing costs.

Mme. Renee' Renault
3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. G-25
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

modern girls make money in Art...

As fashion illustrators, interior decorators, fabric designers, show card writers, modern girls are making good money in art. Girls trained in art are needed. Fine incomes are possible.

Through the Federal School of Illustrating you can learn at home. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons in the new techniques of illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing, etc. Find out your drawing ability through our Free Vocational Art Test. "A Road To Bigger Things" will also be sent.

Write today for this Free Book and Test Chart

Federal School of Illustrating
7992 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sally Eilers' Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 69*)

looking crêpy-wool sport dresses I've seen in months had tiny rhinestone buttons on the sleeves. But to return to this special frock—it's worn over a blue slip and the hat that goes with it is a shallow-crowned panamalaque. The sandals match. Hosiery, in the new gray-beige shade, is perfect with blue. The fresh organdie cuffs on the very short sleeves and the organdie collar and cat's whisker bow in front lend a nice emphasis to the dress.

And speaking of collars and cuffs—it's remarkable what these novel sets will do to a frock. They're truly a tonic for tired wardrobes. As bright and refreshing as an early summer morning. They come in many different forms. The demure cape collar set of piqué with flaring cuffs, the youthful "round" set, piqué gilets that serve as blouses, the organdie embroidered bib set, the lace yoke type with a square neckline. If you have a pet dress left over from last summer, here's a prescription to doctor it up and give it new life: raise the waist-line, tint it if it has a faded look, and add one of these jolly sets. If it was a pet before, this will make it a cherished possession!

SALLY loves to "do over" things. "I've sewed since I was a little girl," she says. "While I was going to high school I made a number of my own clothes. There's a great satisfaction in knowing how, in being able to adjust a hemline or a sleeve to suit yourself. Even now, although I'm handicapped for time, I like to fuss with my things. One day when it was raining I took a felt hat of mine and cut it down to a saucer shape, turned it up in back and trimmed it with gardenias. And do you know, I've had several compliments on that hat!"

When Sally takes to the water she'll have none of your ornamental "spectator" bathing outfits. Sally *swims*. So she chooses one of those clever new one-piece suits of a close, fancy weave in the Olympic blue shade. Just to add a dash of color when she emerges on the sands she ties a Roman striped sash around her waist. The rubber shoes are a light blue. (See page 69.)

Another chic suit is of brown jersey. It's backless and the yellow belt is stitched on and ends in a wide, flat bow.

For those gay hours on the beach that follow the splash in the surf you'll see her in immaculate white flannel trousers, carefully creased and belted with a white leather strap. Her sweater is short-sleeved. It's of a lacey knit and the collar is striped red, white and blue. Her three wooden bracelets carry out the patriotic color scheme, too. And that amusing white shell cap with its saucy bow on top! In this outfit especially (See page 69) Sally seems to me to be the perfect picture of the all-American sports girl. Sometimes, when the breeze grows cooler, she throws on a brightly striped beach robe of Turkish toweling. Very plain and masculine in cut. Her white oxfords are of buckskin.

Sally's shoes are always intriguing affairs. Incidentally, shoes are her hobby. She likes to wear square-toed oxfords with fringed tongues for sports. The kind little girls wear. You see her dashing about the studio in them, with rolled socks showing below her pajamas. Some of her pumps for afternoons are perforated and underlaid with contrasting kid, the color of her bag or hat. Then for evenings she selects sandals as a rule. Sandals with open shanks, T-straps and openwork toes. They're exceptionally cool and comfortable for warm weather dances.

SALLY wears such a pair with a fascinating frock of turquoise blue star-dusted in gold. (See page 67.) It's of crêpe roma and follows the latest silhouette—broad shoulders, the hug-me-tight-effect above the normal waistline, high belt and flowing skirt. That broad shoulder look—and every athletic girl loves it—is achieved through skilfully knotted cape drapery that develops into a deep ruffle bordering the low V-shaped décolletage in back. There's a flounce, joined high on the front of the skirt with a bow, that graduates in width as it sweeps down the back. And another thing to note: the skirt is longer on the two sides. Sally's amber and gold-beaded bracelet carries out the design of her belt.

Since hers is a strictly up-to-the-minute wardrobe she has, of course, a fur jacquette. A charming one of ermine with balloon sleeves and a softly rolled collar.

Pink, like the pale afterglow of a sunset, is an excellent shade on Sally. There's a radiance about it that brings out the clear, warm color of her skin. Silk lace in that hue makes her look like an intoxicating breath of summer itself. The model she chooses is very simple, as all smart lace dresses are. It has a cape that twists around into a belt and godets permit the skirt to spread out in a subtle manner.

"There's nothing quite like laces for this season of the year," said Sally. "Satins for winter. Laces for summer. I've simply lived in this blue one I have on. When I want to wear it for dinner I use a lace belt to match it and put on blue dull crêpe sandals. But for afternoons I use black accessories. A black stitched silk belt with a buckle of brilliants, black sandals or kid opera pumps, and a black rough woven straw hat with little French blue flowers of the same shade and the tiniest veil." You can see this outfit on page 66.

It's amazing the many purposes you can put a lace dress to. When it has those very short, fluttery sleeves like Sally's it can stroll right through from tea time to dinner time with graceful assurance. She wears hers over a blue silk slip having a heart-shaped bodice.

"Above everything else I dislike indecision in clothes," she declared. "No doubt you've seen what I mean—trim-

ming that is not sure whether it should lie flat or stand up. Hats that are awry atop the head. If a hat is the type to be worn at an angle it should say so definitely. If it frames the face of a nice old lady it should be tender, curving so that it softens her face, but if it's impudent and young, then it should be frankly so.

"That's one reason why I'm fond of these new stitched hats. The tucks seem to give them a dashing, determined air. So many of the things are tucked now. Even the gloves."

SALLY'S are. The white doeskin slip-ons that go with a powder blue crêpe dress. And the dress, too, has pin tucks radiating from the bodice onto the skirt in cross currents that meet and swerve apart. The sleeves are trimmed with real Irish lace. A most attractive touch. White kid pumps and a large white linen hat, also enhanced by a bit of the Irish lace, make the costume complete.

I don't believe there's been anything in a good many moons that has captured the imagination as the new formal jacket suits and dresses have. They've won a place for themselves in every wardrobe. A big place, because you can start out happily for a walk Sunday morning in them and wind up at a supper party Sunday night still happy and appropriately garbed. You can play bridge, then dine and dance in them, marvelous style and inventions that they are! Sally has two. A crêpe de chine in a *bois de rose* shade with an Alençon lace yoke on the sleeveless dress and a fetching waist length jacket, and the other is a black crêpe. It's a suit, the cleverest little suit you ever saw. The skirt has one of those high, pushed-up waistlines that barely permits the blouse to show beneath the Eton jacket. Sometimes that blouse is a beautifully embroidered georgette and then again (if it's a bridge party that Sally is attending) it is a lace-trimmed organdy. There are bracelets of silver fox fur on the jacket. Her hat to complement it is a fine Milan—one of those intriguing affairs that manages to look dressed-up and deliberately pert at the same time.

Sally's pajamas are never the decorated kind. There's no nonsense about them. They make a business of play. Take those of ivory crêpe in which you see her on page 68. The trousers are of medium width and plain cut. Nothing of the nautical air about them. They neither flap nor swirl when she walks. And the jacket with its small collar, blue-tipped pockets and short sleeves subscribes to no fanciness. It's piped in blue and it has a looped belt and that, thank you, is all there is to it.

As Sally says about hostess gowns: "Yes, I know the smart thing to do is to have your hostess gown match the style of your house. If it's early American then you proceed to look like your great grandmother. And if it's Mediterranean you're apt to resemble a Medici princess. That's the reason why, having a ranch house, you'll find me in chaps and a sombrero when you call!"

One of her favorite outfits is a white knitted skirt with four kick pleats which she wears with a short-sleeved jacket of yellow flannel trimmed with great silver buttons. (See page 68.) White and yellow bracelets go with it. And when you see her swinging down toward her Packard roadster in it you think, "There goes Miss America!"

Most of her tennis dresses are made alike this summer. It's an extremely good pattern. Box pleats in the front and back of the skirt, a high narrow belt, simple high neck in front and wide straps that cross over the back. There's plenty of freedom in the armholes. She had to have special backless slips made to go with the dresses. Look at the picture of Sally's white tennis dress on page 69.

A very vivid person, this Sally Eilers, with clothes that serve to enhance her youth and charm.

Man Who Can Weep

(*Continued from page 65*)

books, about music, about art; but he prefers to talk about Edward G. Robinson. He does it so amusingly, however, and with such dramatic intensity, that no one objects. He says that he hates the intrusions upon his privacy that his recent fame has made necessary, but he worries incessantly about his make-up, his scarf and his conduct in personal appearances. He says that when he travels by train, reporters break down the doors of his compartment to flashlight and interview him; but he would not avoid it by traveling by plane. He might miss publicity in passing.

Robinson is Bohemian, but he likes the refinements when he can have them. He has them now. His manner is quiet and suave, but he can tell stories with gusto and plain talk. Most of them involve him. His black and belligerent cigars are famous, but that is the caricature not the portrait, and few people know that after he has spilled the heavy ash on his coat lapels, his wrists, his trouser cuffs and burned a hole in his pajamas, he discards his cigar for a cigarette.

He renounced the study of law at Columbia for the navy. Later, he discovered that a jury box was not as flattering as a theatre with a balcony and an audience that ran over into the aisles, as well; he became an actor. "Besides," he confesses, "you can't get half the publicity in law." The story is one that he tells of himself.

The 10¢ purse size has the same quality and gorgeous perfume of the famous $1 YBRY Lipstick. Size is the only difference. A shade for every type; permanent as your wave!

PARFUM Ybry PARIS

At good 5 & 10 cent stores

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
908 West Lake Street, Dept 1312-G CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IT'S NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

• Every Deaf Person Knows That •
George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums, his own invention. Worn day and night, they stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No wires or batteries. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear," also interesting booklet on deafness, its causes and relief. Address

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

$1260 to $3400 Year

Men—Boys—18 to 50
STEADY WORK
Paid Vacations
Common education usually sufficient
Mail Coupon Today—Sure

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. S-322
Rochester, N. Y.

COUPON

Gentlemen: Rush to me FREE, list of U. S. Government big pay steady positions now obtainable. 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and how to get a position.

Name.....
Address.....

Get Your Share of Explosive Laughs

Adrienne Dore, lovely Warner Brothers player.

In the big July firecracker number of

FILM FUN!

DISCOVER the lighter side of the movies with FILM FUN! It's the screen magazine with the most pictures and laughs to the square inch. In fact, it's Hollywood's only fun magazine.

Scores of gay, attractive photographs of your favorite movie folk—hundreds of jokes—and all the lively news and intimate gossip of moviedom. It's a feast of fun—to be had

AT ANY NEWSSTAND!

FILM FUN

Hollywood's Only Humor Magazine

ROBINSON was born in Bucharest, but he doesn't like you to talk about it. He says that Roumania is famous for only one thing and that is the people who had to leave it. It accounts for his prowess in languages, a prowess that even he admits is more rumored than real. He is said to have acted in eight of them, but although he can order his taxis and meals in ten, he only remembers acting in two.

As a child, Robinson came to New York. His family, distinguished for its ambition and its ardor, progressed from the East Side to the dignity of the established New York professions of law, dentistry, etc. He was the only black sheep. Today, however, the family can see the advantages of an actor among them.

Although Robinson has no desire to live in "sunny Californ-iay" the rest of his life, he thinks it has many advantages. "Lots of scenery, big mountains, nice roads, congenial people." He thinks the movies, as an industry, and the producers, as a lot, have been much maligned by travelers to and from the West. He refuses to believe in the so called Hollywood "bad deal" for actors and writers. He says that anyone with ability can succeed there, unless he does not fit into the scheme. He fits into the scheme.

Robinson has no ambitions to be a he-man of the prairies or even a straight shooting cowboy. He prefers riding the mountains of California at his ease in an eight cylinder car to bounding along on the back of a horse for exercise. He never argues with a horse or a gunman, although he has been known to do so with directors. He once went riding on the bridle path in Central Park, but when the horse showed signs of desire for stable and oats, he quickly agreed, "You know best!"

Although he is recognized wherever movies are shown and attended as a man of ruthless power, a man to avoid unless you have a gat in your pocket and a quick aim, there is something quite disarming about the man. His is not a poker face although he can play one; but a face at once sensitive and intense, the most mobile and startling on the current screen. The full mouth curves and falls down cynically at the corners, the eyebrows alone prevent him from playing the conventional hero of romance. His is the face of a character man who can play with vigor and a convincing subtlety anything from a Chinese executioner to a Russian epileptic; in each case the audience believes in his reality.

ROBINSON is always intense; moods come easily upon him, he relaxes to them. That is why he can crumble defenseless and weep. It is at once his strength and his weakness. It is the thing that makes his bad men of the screen so real and exciting; they are not fundamentally bad men, vicious, depraved, but men at bay, victims of circumstances and their own emotions, as capable of a good emotion as a bad. They are, above all, creatures suspended in an emotional flux, as easily turned one way as another. They are not hard enough to extricate themselves; a gun is the only way out. And so it is this, his seeming weakness, his emotional instability, that makes Robinson the subtle actor that he is, an instrument capable of scaling the heights as well as touching the depths. Without it, there can be no great acting.

Is Your Personality Awake?

(*Continued from page 31*)

reason why, because he was born an average person, he should remain an average person. May his tribe increase!

The personal transformations so many of the screen people have managed really do seem miraculous. But I repeat, what they have done others can do. Actually there's nothing miraculous about them at all.

In five generations which, scientifically speaking, are as nothing in the making of a man, we have sixty-two direct ancestors. From each of these sixty-two ancestors we inherit different tendencies or potentialities. It is entirely up to us which of these we develop and cultivate and which we fight and submerge.

Because of our very unstable social system it is only logical to assume that some of our sixty-two ancestors were:

a. Middle class and thoroughly worth while if not brilliant people from whom we inherit common-sense, honesty, energy, courage, a sense of responsibility, etc.

b. One or more persons of importance if not of actual note from whom we inherit concentration, perseverance, imagination, a good brain, a feeling for better things, etc.

c. Ne'er-do-wells and failures from whom we inherit laziness, dishonesty perhaps, irresponsibility, recklessness, impracticality, lack of concentration, etc.

TO use a simile, we are the gardeners. It is our work to uproot weeds which are not desirable in themselves and which will, if permitted to flourish, choke out other growths . . . to cultivate the rarer and more desirable possibilities . . . and, in order to get the most interesting and unusual results, to cross such traits as a propensity for dreaming with the hardier qualities of perseverance and application without which no dream ever is brought to fulfillment.

Barbara Stanwyck is an outstanding example of the really remarkable results

a careful and painstaking gardener can achieve. It would be impossible to imagine a beginning less desirable than Barbara's. Her mother and father died, you know, while she was a small child. And then she became a slavey in a frightful boarding-house down by the river. To carry on with the garden simile, this certainly wasn't the soil to foster the growth of whatever sensitive potentialities Barbara possessed. Many people spending the formative years of their lives in similar environments lose the ability to fight their way out. Under such conditions, naturally enough, all the undesirable traits inherited from "c" ancestors thrive while the better traits inherited from "a" and "b" ancestors—and always more difficult to cultivate—die an early death.

Barbara, in spite of all this, managed to get away from the sordid locale of her childhood at an early age. At sixteen she was dancing on Broadway. Considering her start, it would have been understandable enough if at this time she had looked upon herself as a great success, if she had felt that she had arrived. But she never did.

Instead of being impressed by the flade-da clothes displayed in the cheaper theatrical shops, Barbara wore simple sport things. She accepted the people with whom she worked with a natural warmth and understanding but she recognized them for what they were, less gracious and interesting personalities than she eventually hoped to become. She was young and, of course, she had to have gaiety and friendships as she went along but she never settled down to a life spent in side-street hotels and cheap cabarets. And somehow she managed to find the time and to make the effort to improve her speech, the tone of her voice, and her posture and carriage. Barbara, in other words, reached down into the recesses of her being to cultivate the qualities inherited from her "a" and "b" ancestors, fighting, at the same time, the tendencies inherited from her "c" ancestors. And some of these last qualities, considering the circumstances of her childhood, undoubtedly had gained an upper hand.

Not all of the stars are Cinderellas, of course. There are those who were born in comfortable, cultured homes where gracious living prevailed. And there are others who always have been too busy enjoying the fluke of their fame—and fluke is exactly the right word here—having what is graphically known as a rip roaring good time to waste any time or energy on personal development.

You have read about these people in the newspapers. They keep the reporters busy with their scandals. The only consolation is that they never remain stars for long. The movies are no different from any other field of endeavor. To keep success you must be equal to it personally.

Our towns and cities abound with girls who imitate the stars in dress. The pity is that if there must be imitation it doesn't go further. If these girls would make the same effort many of the stars make to understand all phases of the business in which

LOSE FAT
SIMPLY! QUICKLY! PLEASANTLY!

Startling Discovery!
Astonishing results from this new method of reducing!

Drink COFFEE and grow THIN

Coffee has long been known as an aid to digestion, and now science has discovered that it also contains a substance that counteracts fat and discourages its formation. In the roasting of ordinary coffee this substance is lost but in Slenderfine Coffee it is available. **It influences your digestion to turn the food you eat into energy** instead of fat. It stimulates bodily activity. You feel better, have more pep, act better, sleep better when fatty tissue disappears. Regain and retain the figure of youth.

PROOF! Altho we have always guaranteed to refund money if not satisfied, not a single person has ever returned Slenderfine Coffee because of failure to lose weight.

SLENDERFINE COFFEE

MADE JUST LIKE ORDINARY COFFEE
Drink Slenderfine Coffee. It is good for everybody—the whole family. It is rich in flavor, and appetizing. Use cream and sugar as usual. Enjoy your reducing method.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
You can have your money back if not satisfied. Try this new, easy method. Endorsed by coffee experts as well as other authorities. Don't wait. Clip the coupon. Send one dollar today and begin to discourage fat at once.

THE SECRET IS IN THE ROASTING
Slenderfine Coffee is 100% coffee—nothing else. But it is not like ordinary coffee. The secret is in the special blending and roasting which bring out the active natural elements that do the work. Drinking Slenderfine Coffee is an economical method of reducing. One package is sufficient for four weeks. Take off fat naturally, pleasantly, safely, without drugs, baths or medicine.

4 WEEKS' SUPPLY ONLY $1.00
Send $1.00 for large package of Slenderfine Coffee. Full directions and valuable information included. You take no risk.

Guaranteed by **THE SLENDERFINE CO.**
Dept. MK, 303 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

SLENDERFINE COMPANY, Dept. MK
303 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y

Gentlemen—Enclosed find $1.00. Send me at once 4 weeks' supply of Slenderfine Coffee. It is understood you will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

Name_____

Street or R. F. D._____

City_____ State _____

Don't forget Elinor Glyn's story on Gloria Swanson and her new baby. In our next issue—dated August

Also in that issue you will find a thrilling story by Lowell Thomas, the famous globe-trotter

THAT'S ONLY TWO OF THE WONDERFUL FEATURES YOU WILL FIND IN THAT ISSUE. YOU'LL DISCOVER PLENTY OF OTHER THRILLING SURPRISES IN IT, TOO

Eminent ASTROLOGER

Tells you what's coming in 1932

My fee for 17 to 19 page Astrological Forecast based on your Zodiacal sign is only $1.00. Forecast covers all 1932, month by month, giving actual predictions, with definite days, dates, and happenings. Deals with Love, Marriage, Travels, Health, changes, etc. Advises on Business, Social affairs, Employment, Promotions, Speculation, enemies, lucky days, etc. Free book on Love Psychology included. Send $1.00 and exact birth date.

A. A. Rageh, Ps.D.Ms.D.,
509 5th Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

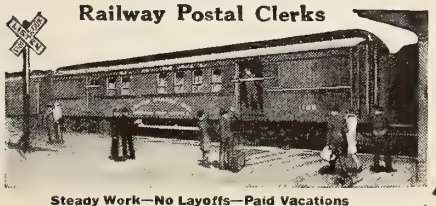
Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME
to play by *note*. Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—or to sing. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only few cents a day. Over 600,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.
U. S. School of Music, 1447 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

WANT A STEADY JOB?

Railway Postal Clerks



Steady Work—No Layoffs—Paid Vacations
Many Other Government Jobs Obtainable
MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50

$158 to $225 a Month
MAIL COUPON BEFORE YOU LOSE IT

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. S-328
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," with list of positions obtainable and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name_____

Address_____

THE LURE OF LIVING LIPS

GIRLS with lips that have naturalness use Phantom Red Lipstick. Beware of painted lips that are lifeless. The newly discovered transparent qualities that are in Phantom Red Lipstick and Rouge will never add a foreign coloring to your lips and cheeks, but a life color of your very own. Both cosmetics are of the same color harmony and when applied will vibrate to the same color tone of your skin and lips. No matter if you are a Blonde or Brunette. Naturalness in your make-up is the lure of beauty. Try today Phantom Red for a true natural make-up and you'll never change again. Sold at Toilet Goods Counters and also at thousands of Beauty Parlors. Purse sizes for sale at most any chain store.

Send 20c for Phantom Red Rouge and Lipstick that will last you a month.— FREE —We will send with above a very dainty (Wafer Thin) Vanity case.

Carlyle Laboratories, 67 Fifth Ave., New York, Dept. K-2

Phantom Red
LIPSTICK

HAIRLESS SKIN with GYPSIA FREE! Pamphlet FREE!

Marvelous imported Parisian discovery, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy! IMMEDIATE results when used according to directions. Safe and easy to use. Just apply and wash off! Liquid, clean. Will not irritate or pull. Satisfaction or money refunded. So, you can't lose by trying.

Gypsia Products Co., (C) 55 W. 42d St., New York

Sent FREE RHYMING DICTIONARY AND TALKIE SECRETS

SONG WRITERS

Send poems or music for songs for free examination and advice. We revise, compose, arrange any instruments. Copyrights secured. Publication contracts negotiated.

MAHONEY ASSOCIATES, 949-A. Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

CORNS Instant Relief

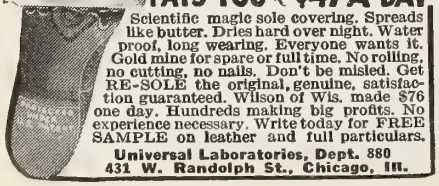
Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for 100% safe, instant relief. Loosen and remove corns in 2 days. Heal sore toes. At drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

FREE SAMPLE Spreads like butter

NEW SOLES 9¢ A PAIR AS LOW AS

PAYS YOU $47 A DAY



Scientific magic sole covering. Spreads like butter. Dries hard over night. Water proof, long wearing. Everyone wants it. Gold mine for spare or full time. No rolling, no cutting, no nails. Don't be misled. Get RE-SOLE the original, genuine, satisfaction guaranteed. Wilson of Wis. made $76 one day. Hundreds making big profits. No experience necessary. Write today for FREE SAMPLE on leather and full particulars.

Universal Laboratories, Dept. 880
431 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

they are engaged, they undoubtedly would go further and they certainly would be more interesting as individuals. After all, nothing we learn can fail to enrich us and, in turn, lead to other interests.

Gloria Swanson, even before she became a producer obliged to face such issues herself, was well informed about the financing of pictures, advised regarding the technicalities governing release and distribution, and interested in the matter of advertising.

There is, as far as I am able to trace, no banker or financier in Gloria's family. But there are relatives with good brains. Gloria has developed this inheritance to the utmost.

To know Gloria socially, you well might believe the little cards that announced her advent into this world had been engraved with a fine crest. She is the epitome of grace, charm and diplomacy.

"I am the master of my fate," wrote William Ernest Henley in his "Invictus." How the stars have accepted the challenge in those words! *And once more I repeat, what they have done others can do.*

CONSIDER Claudette Colbert. Claudette happens to earn her living in the movie studios but had she chosen a secretarial field, say, the discrimination with which she has developed her best potentialities and fought others less desirable undoubtedly would have found her private secretary to some financial potentate, earning a top salary, and personality quite as attractive as she is today.

Claudette was quite young when she determined to get out and get all the things she wanted for herself. Her family, the Chauchoins, had come to America from Paris to face an interlude of poverty. Genteel poverty.

"I always wanted big rooms with beautiful old furniture," Claudette says. "I always loved the graciousness of a tea tray beside a wood fire, of fresh flowers and new books about . . . I always was hungry for the companionship and conversation of well informed people . . .

"Not that I ever remember envying those who had these things. I always knew I, too, would enjoy them one day."

It was fascinating to talk with Claudette about her forbears. It was like putting together a jig-saw puzzle to trace to their original sources the qualities through the development of which Claudette has become a charming, up-to-the-minute woman of the world, as well informed as anyone with a college diploma, and as poised and charming as the product of a finishing school.

"I have an uncle," said Claudette, "who is an etcher. And there was a great uncle who served as an officer with Napoleon."

Another artist in the family indicates, of course, that there were dreams and imagination to be picked from Claudette's family tree. The etcher uncle chose one means of expression for his dreams, Claudette another.

A great uncle serving as an officer under Napoleon means there was courage, initiative and brains to be had for the cultivation.

And from her own mother who worked day and night during those first lean and trying years in America, Claudette inherits industry and that kind of pride which keeps people well-groomed and gracious whatever the effort.

No wonder, having developed such qualities, Claudette is where she is today, *personally and professionally.*

A FEW months ago I met an acquaintance who had come from Philadelphia on the same train with a famous motion picture star.

"And what do you think she was reading?" asked my acquaintance with all the eagerness of a person who has unearthed a carefully concealed skeleton. "A book on the proper use of English. Imagine."

"I know," I said. "I happened to be having tea with her the day that book was delivered. It was recommended to her by one of our best novelists because she complained she never knew when to use 'that' and when to use 'which' and when to use 'or' and when to use 'nor.'"

I could see that my acquaintance was disappointed. She talks often and long about her illustrious antecedents. And because she really did have a grandfather of distinction I'm sure she feels her speech is at all times instinctively perfect. Really, she makes far more glaring mistakes than the star in question was seeking to overcome.

And I wish for this woman's husband's sake—he is a rising young lawyer—that she entertained half as well as the girl she was so ready to look upon as an upstart. *Much better to be an upstart than a stand-still!*

But to return to the stars who have worked such thrilling transformations, who have kept personal step with their professional growth:—

Joan Crawford isn't anything like she used to be. I knew Joan when she came to Hollywood from New York's Winter Garden. In those first years she simply didn't concern herself about any unawakened tendencies. She was too occupied dancing with dozens of gay blades, trying to forget, likely enough, the lean years of her childhood and adolescence.

Then—I remember it well—Joan began to show unmistakable signs of restlessness. Restlessness so often marks growth. Sensitive to a marked degree, it is likely enough Joan suddenly began to mark the broader knowledge which enhanced others' conversation, to respond to the beauty of a fitness of things, to be charmed by the softly modulated tones of well-bred voices.

TODAY the young Fairbanks' home is one of the most delightful in the entire film colony. There is a casual dignity about it reminiscent of England. Joan and Doug have real feeling for fine old wood and a symmetry of line. Their library is used and extensive.

And Joan is a delightful hostess.

Certainly Mary Pickford Fairbanks should look upon this young daughter-in-law of hers with real understanding. Again and again Mary must be conscious that Joan is travelling the same road she has travelled.

Mary, you know, began her life as a humble little Irish-Canadian girl. She was half-orphaned at five and often enough worried because there were anxious tears in her mother's eyes. During the years other children spend in play and in the school-room, Mary was travelling with a theatrical company. During the years when other girls have time for an acquisition of social graces and time to find themselves as individuals, Mary was getting her foothold in the studios and, at the same time, supporting her family.

Yet no one, I think, is more entitled to the rank of "First Lady of Hollywood" than Mary Fairbanks. She has done much for motion pictures.

Maurice Chevalier is another star who really is quite different from his screen personality. Chevalier bears the marks of the hard life his has been . . . of years of poverty so great that it was attended by cold and hunger . . . of his experiences in the war when shrapnel lodged in his throat to remain there, always threatening . . . of his months in a German prison camp. Chevalier is not a gay cavalier, always happy and smiling, gay and jaunty. He is, however, other attractive things. He is a gentleman with easy manners and a wide knowledge of life. He is intelligent and sympathetic. Well-spoken. He has an epicurean appreciation of good food and wine. He has a connoisseur's appreciation of many things. Climbing from obscurity to fame, from poverty to wealth, Maurice Chevalier also has climbed personally until he has changed from an humble little boy to a really remarkable individual.

We can, to put it concisely, become whatever personality we wish to be, provided we are willing to pay for our metamorphosis in the coin of time and trouble, patience and application. For, as I said earlier in this article, we are the fruit of our family tree and it is up to us which of the tendencies inherited from our sixty-two ancestors we cultivate.

There is no end to the motion picture people who have achieved dramatic transformations . . .

MONTE BLUE was a pile driver on a movie lot when D. W. Griffith discovered him. Today he is the social and mental equal of men who always have enjoyed all the advantages of a good background and a fine education.

Rudolph Valentino came to America as an emigrant boy but in the memories of those who knew him there are pictures of Rudy on the balcony of his hotel bowing to the cheering hundreds with the aplomb of a king . . . of Rudy bringing the same warm understanding to tête-à-têtes with débutantes at society teas that he brought to chance encounters with people on the set. Rudy, as a result of his tremendous personal development, became a fascinating cosmopolite.

Doris Kenyon was born in a little parsonage. I remember Doris when she was very young and a poetess. But today Doris is far lovelier and far more interesting. Because she had widened her mental horizon she had interests to which she could turn for an anchor when she lost her beloved husband. I for one shan't be in the least surprised to see Doris, who started out a well-bred, sweet, little girl from a modest parsonage, become a brilliant figure, a prima donna in the concert world.

Anna Q. Nilsson earned her living as a domestic servant during her first years in America. I wish you might know Anna today. Somewhere in her ancestry there must have been splendid people. For according to every traditional law of conduct during the last few years of invalidism, even when it was feared she might be a cripple, Anna has proven herself a thoroughbred.

Among the newcomers, Sylvia Sidney and Mae Clarke are two girls who promise never to become dormant personalities.

And certainly if Sylvia develops the best of her inheritance she should go far.

Sylvia's father who came from Roumania as a boy is, because of his own efforts, a dentist with a splendid professional reputation.

Sylvia's mother had the courage to come to America as an emigrant, bringing with her her mother and brother and sisters.

Sylvia has an uncle in Russia who is a violinist.

Imagination and dreams there must be in the family. And these qualities, aided and abetted by the sturdier qualities Sylvia inherits from both of her parents, should carry her a long way.

Mae Clarke's parents are German and English. Mae never has enjoyed the advantages money brings. Her father was an organist in an Atlantic City theatre and she used to sell hot dogs and root beer in a five and ten cent store. Nevertheless, she already has come along in a way that seems to indicate there was among her grandparents or great-grandparents someone who belonged in a high place. Mae is not keyed to remain an average person personally or professionally. Here is what someone in Hollywood who knows Mae well wrote me about her:

"She is highly emotional and at times moody. She has an unusual eagerness to make good. She has a practical mind and a great deal of determination to give whatever it may be she is doing the very best that is in her. She is modest to a degree."

She evidently began to get a firm hold of herself back in the days when she was a salesgirl on the Atlantic City boardwalk and later when she was dancing in New York. Otherwise in the face of the sudden fame and adulation she has known lately she would have been likely to go berserk.

Now it may be said with new truth, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

JEAN HARLOW SAYS:

Freshen Up! with a Blue Bird POWDER PUFF

THIS sterilized powder puff is absolutely the finest made. Because of its quality, over Ten Million women buy Blue Bird Powder Puffs each year.

MAY BE PURCHASED AT

S. S. Kresge Co. — McLellan Stores
McCrory Stores — Grand-Silver Stores
G. C. Murphy Co. — Neisner Bros.
J. J. Newberry — W. T. Grant Co.

Also at other leading chain and department stores.

10c JUNIOR SIZE 5c

$$ SONG WRITING $$
Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

"What Divorce Costs the Stars"

An amazing feature which relates without any nonsense just what their divorces cost the Hollywood players. You'll be amazed at the figures!

Faith Baldwin, one of MODERN SCREEN'S regulars—and one of America's most successful writers today—will give you another of her fascinating personality sketches. Like her other features which have appeared in this magazine, her new article has all those magic Baldwin touches

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE—AUGUST

True Story of Ricardo Cortez

(*Continued from page 40*)

brought no success to him, however.

When he had given up hunting a stage job, someone told him about a part that had not been filled. The part consisted of wearing a French soldier's uniform and waving a flag, for which he received $12.00 a week. This, added to the $25.00 he was paid at the office, seemed like a Rockefeller's heaven to Ric. After three weeks, the show folded up, but soon after Ric stepped into the part of a sailor at the Hippodrome Theatre—at $15.00 a week. The play was called "Hip Hip Hooray" and lasted all that summer.

WHILE standing in the lobby of the Waldorf one noon, he was introduced to a chap named Frank Murdock. He mentioned that Ric looked like an actor. What was he doing?

"Oh, just closed on the road with a show," lied Cortez. "Nothing like being back in New York, though!"

"You ought to be great in pictures," commented Murdock. "Why don't you go over and see my friend, Eddie Mannix, at the Talmadge Studios on Forty-eighth Street?"

Within the hour, Ric was on his way. He arrived just as Mannix was looking for a young fellow to play the part of Ruth Roland's brother in a picture, "The Fringe of Society." Cortez, who had changed his name from Jacob Kranze to Jack Crane, was given the job. Work was to start the next day.

Ric's first bit of action came the first day of production, when gun in hand he was to sneak up a flight of stairs to kill Milton Sills, who played Ruth Roland's sweetheart in the story. At the top of the stairs he was met by Sills who was to wrest the gun from him. In the melee, but not according to the script, Ric stumbled backwards and down the entire flight of steps. His skull was slashed wide open. He got one day's pay and was fired because they couldn't use an actor with a bandage around his head! His $40.00 a week job gone!

After the wound had healed he was given a part in a picture called "The Imp," starring Elsie Janis. After that he got a part with Johnny Walker in a one-reeler. Always between picture jobs he returned to his old standby: Wall Street. It was through his work for a brokerage house that he happened to meet Manuel Goldstein, treasurer of Universal Pictures Corporation. As their friendship grew, Goldstein came to know the ambitions of the young fellow who delivered the securities from his broker.

One day, as part of his regular job, Ric was delivering some securities to Goldstein. Ric could see that something was troubling the other man. He asked if there were anything he could do. "We're having an awful time casting this new picture, 'The Merry-Go-Round,'" replied Goldstein. "Von Stroheim wants Lew Cody, but I don't think he's the type."

"I know just the man for you," cried Cortez. "Norman Kerry!" Ric and Kerry had been close friends while Norman was living in New York, in the days when Valentino, soon after to attain fame and fortune in pictures, was often so hungry he would eat a whole loaf of bread before he could stop to thank Norman for the *loan*. Ric knew that Kerry was in Detroit at the time; he also realized that Goldstein didn't know where the actor was. Further, he recognized a chance to make some money and told Goldstein that inasmuch as he was so much in need of Kerry, Ric would see to it that Kerry appeared. So it was Ric who acted as go-between and argued the producers into paying Kerry the five hundred dollars a week salary he demanded.

The next day he went to Goldstein's office, and there met with a delightful surprise.

"We appreciate what you have done for us in obtaining Mr. Kerry for the picture," frowned the studio executive. "Now there is just one little favor I must ask of you."

"Yes?"

"We will not sign this contract with Kerry or pay you your commission unless you agree to deliver him to our studio in Hollywood in person—with all your expenses paid, of course!"

(*To be continued*)

What the Author Thinks of "Grand Hotel"

(*Continued from page 37*)

But she didn't. She was skillful enough to show no signs of a star's wish to be the "whole show"—but she was exactly as good as had been prophesied. It was different with her than with the others—she was predestined for her rôle. She just had to project her own personality—for the stenographer had life and spirit and charm. But did you expect that Joan would show such emotional depth as in that moment when she decides to go to Paris with the poor sick bookkeeper and with tears still in her eyes orders the tickets for her new adventure? I was thrilled and amazed—weren't you?

I think that censorship or consideration for the public-at-large robbed Joan of one of her greatest scenes: the bedroom scene with Preysing which appeared in the stage play but not in the picture. I'm not complaining about it. Many things which slip by unnoticed on the stage appear awkward or even coarse on the screen, spoken as they are by greatly magnified heads. I only wanted to say that of all the actors who played the part of Preysing (including the German), Wallace Beery was closest to my conception of this character. I've always avoided comparing the novel with the play or the play with the movie. But in the play as performed in New York, Siegfried Rumann, because of the manner in which he played the part, gave it an enormous amount of speed. He strove for tempo, contrast, power. In the picture Preysing could be as I'd imagined him: a little comical, somewhat awkward, as a matter of fact not without a basic good-nature. I spoke neither with Beery nor with anyone else about my conception of the rôle. Therefore I was all the more surprised to see Beery exactly as I had imagined the character.

I COME to Lionel Barrymore last in accordance with the proverb that the last shall be first. I've already said that my whole heart is bound up with this character. For me Kringelein is no figure, no rôle, but rather a living creature whom I know as I know my best friend. I've carried the outline of his story around with me since my fourteenth year. That means something. As we looked about in the film world to see who should play Kringelein, I discovered that as yet no star existed for this classification of "simple human being." There seemed to be no one who could give the rôle the necessary human touch.

I believe Lionel Barrymore's was the greatest performance as a performance, as a portrayal, as art. Of course, he hasn't the beauty of Greta Garbo—even his greatest admirers will admit that—he hasn't Joan Crawford's sex appeal nor Brother John's profile. His body is somewhat too heavy for the rôle of a man mortally ill. And he had to create a character which is half comic, half tragic and for whom there was no prototype. When I say that I consider him the greatest actor on the screen today (forgive me, all you other great stars, please!), then I've said all I can.

I can speak only of the five stars, but to those others—Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and whoever else was in the cast—I can say only a fleeting "Danke schön." Only one thing I don't wish to forget: did you see the woman who played the part of Suzette, the maid? She has no real rôle; she is only a shadow, background, like the trunk and the hotel corridor and the revolving door. But what an artist! Her name is Rafaella Ottiano and it is her first time in pictures. Remember the name—I believe there's a career in store for it!

WATCH FOR MORE OF VICKI BAUM'S ARTICLES IN FUTURE ISSUES OF MODERN SCREEN

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

TOGETHER AGAIN
in another M-G-M *hit!*

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.

Joan
CRAWFORD
Robert
MONTGOMERY

in CLARENCE BROWN'S *production*

Letty Lynton

with

NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

Nils Asther's return to the screen is something to cheer. He's great in this romantic drama!

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

A SECTION OF A LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO WAREHOUSE WHERE TOBACCOS ARE STORED TO AGE AND MELLOW

A 90 million dollar reason

why Chesterfields are Better!

JUST THINK what this means for Chesterfield smokers. It means that the larger part of 90 million dollars is invested in Domestic and Turkish tobaccos that are being properly aged in Nature's way, and cured so as to make them sweeter and milder.

CHESTERFIELD tobacco is packed in wooden casks, each containing about 1,000 pounds, and stored for two years in modern, up-to-date warehouses.

These warehouses, if placed end-to-end, would be about four miles in length. From floor to ceiling they are filled with these casks of fine tobacco, ageing in Nature's slow but sure way.

It takes a lot of money to make a good cigarette — money to buy good tobaccos and money to age them properly.

CHESTERFIELDS are milder, and taste better . . . there's a 90 million dollar reason why! Just try them!

THEY'RE MILDER • THEY'RE PURE • THEY TASTE BETTER *They Satisfy*

Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Every night except Sunday. Columbia Network. See local newspaper for time.

© 1932, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

JANET
GAYNOR
CHARLES
FARRELL
PARTNERS IN LOVE AND ROMANCE
The screen's most popular sweethearts in a tender story of youth during THE FIRST YEAR of married life... Janet and Charlie have never been more captivating than in this, their happiest and sweetest romance.
The FIRST YEAR
Adapted from Frank Craven's stage success produced by . . .
JOHN GOLDEN
Directed by William K. Howard
.... A FOX PICTURE

©ClB 159907

MODERN SCREEN

FEATURES

Gloria As A Mother — *Elinor Glyn* — 26
The first interview Gloria gave out after the birth of her baby

Meet Robert Young — *Walter Ramsey* — 29
This new player's path to success will fascinate you

Miriam's Adopted Son — *Adele Whitely Fletcher* — 30
The only magazine interview on this subject Miriam Hopkins granted

Ten Commandments For Beauty — *Mary Biddle* — 32
Hints no girl can afford to miss

The Man Without a Heart — *Nina Wilcox Putnam* — 35
Why Warren William does not believe in one love alone

A Husband—A Job—Can You Keep Both? — *Faith Baldwin* — 38
Why a girl cannot successfully have both a husband and a career

Colleen Is Back! — 41
Welcoming the little Irish lass back tc the screen

The Truth About Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson — *Caroline Somers Hoyt* — 42
The first genuine explanation of their marital difficulties

The High Cost of Babies — *Helen Louise Walker* — 44

The High Cost of Divorce — *Dorothy Wooldridge* — 45
Some amazing facts about these two subjects—in Hollywood currency

When Garbo Was Late (Illustrated by Jack Welch) — *Mary Sharon* — 47
Proving that the great Garbo really has a heart

Mary Pickford's Frankest Interview — *Hank Arnold* — 54
Mary is going to do amazing things—both in her private and professional life

The True Story of Ricardo Cortez — *Walter Ramsey* — 56
Ricardo's tragic Hollywood experiences

Every Brand of Trouble — *Mary Sharon* — 60
The heartbreaking story of ZaSu Pitts' quest for happiness

What You Should Know About George Raft — *Charles Grayson* — 69
About that newcomer who really has a remarkable resemblance to Valentino

The Hardest Job in Hollywood — *Curtis Mitchell* — 72
A tribute to those too-often slighted players—the cowboy stars

Helen Twelvetrees' Wardrobe—and Yours — *Virginia T. Lane* — 76
Late summer clothes in fascinating detail

The Little Girl Who Wouldn't Cry — *Shenton Erwin* — 80
Ginger Rogers has really learned how to ignore the dark clouds

DEPARTMENTS

Between You and Me — 6
The readers have their say

Beauty Advice — *Mary Biddle* — 8
Unusual beauty problems that you should know about

The Modern Hostess — 10
Are you planning a picnic?

Modern Screen Directory : Pictures — 12
Players — 84
What's what and who's who in current pictures

All Joking Aside — *Jack Welch* — 13
Still more unbelievable facts about the stars

The Spotlight Is On — 14
They're in the news

Hollywood Times — 15
The latest news and gossip

Modern Screen Reviews — 48
The new pictures told about in detail

Let's Talk About Hollywood — 70
Some more gossip and chit-chat

And also: Gallery of Honor, 51; Two Sophisticates, 59; When the Stars are the Audience, 62; Palm Springs, 74; Scoops of the Month, 82

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* **Walter Ramsey, *Western Representative***

Published monthly and copyrighted 1932 by Syndicate Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publications at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. H. Meyer, President; M. Delacorte, Secretary and Treasurer. Vol. 4, No. 3, August, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscription, $1.70 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

What kind of food builds a 100% BABY?

READ WHAT 50 BABIES TAUGHT TWO SCIENTISTS

OF COURSE, you want your baby to be a rosy, healthy baby . . . taking his food contentedly . . . putting on his ounces regularly.

Yet you're hoping even more, perhaps, that he's building now for *future* health. Building hard bones, good teeth, strong muscles, sound nerves—to make him fit and fine in the years to come.

When mother's milk fails, can any other food build such a baby? . . . Read of a recent scientific test.

World-famous clinic makes feeding test

Recently, two infant-feeding specialists made a test with 50 average infants. Into these babies' bottles—month after month—went a food known for 75 years as a remarkable baby food. Millions of healthy citizens are living testimonials of its benefits. Yet never before had such a thorough, modern test of this food been made.

This food was . . . Eagle Brand Milk. Throughout the test, it was the only milk these babies received. The usual supplementary foods* were used.

Every modern means was employed to judge these babies' progress. X-ray pictures of bones were taken. Tooth formation was watched. Blood tests were made. Weights and heights were charted. And at last came the report.

By every known test, these babies showed themselves splendidly nourished. This simple diet—Eagle Brand, with the usual supplementary foods—had proved itself equal to the building of a 100% baby.*

If you cannot nurse your baby, try Eagle Brand. Next to mother's milk, it is the easiest form of milk in the world to digest. Send for new booklet, "Baby's Welfare," containing feeding schedules and general instructions on baby care. And we'll be glad to furnish your physician with the report of above test.

*The usual supplementary foods (used with any milk diet) are orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other source of the anti-rachitic vitamin D.

★ Well-shaped head; sound teeth in well-formed jaw.
★ Strong back. ★ Firm flesh.
★ Straight legs.
. . . Points scientists look for in judging a baby.

FREE! BABY BOOKLET

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Dept. D-7, Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me new edition of "Baby's Welfare."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name and address plainly)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

. . . Here's your chance, readers. Speak right out and say what you think about the talkies and the stars. That's what this page is for

Dear Friends:

A new type of talkie is being launched. Within the next few months, you will be seeing many films which will be based on Hollywood life or set in a Hollywood locale. There will be, for example, the talkie version of that ace stage success, "Once In A Lifetime." Then there is Harold Lloyd's new comedy, "Movie Crazy." And probably you know that Constance Bennett's next picture will have a Hollywood background. It's called "What Price Hollywood?" Tala Birell, Universal's Viennese charmer, will have for her second starring film a picture at present entitled "Broken Dreams of Hollywood." And, of course, there is "Merton of the Talkies"—now retitled "Gates of Hollywood"—with Stuart Erwin. Then, too, Columbia is making "Hollywood Speaks" with Genevieve Tobin and Pat O'Brien.

Do you welcome this chance to see your favorites against the background in which they work and live? And will you enjoy seeing glamorous, thrilling Hollywood scenes on the screen? Let's hear from you.

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

An interesting opinion. Incidentally, Mr. Van Noy, the review you mention was about "This Modern Age." Since that time, Joan undoubtedly has had better pictures

In almost all the magazines, copious panegyrics on Greta Garbo dazzle our eyes. Newspapers herald her as "The Great Garbo." Now, I like Miss Garbo and concede her much merited achievement; but, of the two most outstanding queens of talkiedom, I am caused to wonder why the reversed order of preference? Wherein do Miss Garbo's performances excel those of Joan Crawford? Except in pathos and love, which Miss Garbo expresses as well, Miss Crawford has no equal, nor has an artist lived who portrayed greater powers of expression. Whether sorrow, pain, joy, or whatever the act demands, Miss Crawford depicts it in face, voice and demeanor, in such naturalness, aptness, grace and genuineness, that one is moved with the emotion and feels and lives it, for the time, in reality.

Certainly, in personality, Miss Garbo could hardly claim precedence. And most certainly not in beauty, for Miss Crawford is very justly acclaimed by many as one of the most beautiful women of the screen.

Quoting a MODERN SCREEN review, August, 1931: "But we do wish they'd give our Joan a different story. All that they change is the title. And so we have her again as a modern maiden misunderstood by a snooty boy friend." We might obtain the mathematical four by the process of adding two and two by connecting the above with Jack Jamison's article, "Garbo on the Set," page 32, MODERN SCREEN, March, 1932: "You know, without being told, that the best minds in the studio are put to choosing stories for her. You know that gorgeous sets are built, that equally gorgeous gowns are designed for her."

Are like precautions expended on Joan Crawford's success? I seriously doubt it. In fact, judging by the first quotation and other information, she accepts what she can get. Yet, in spite of this, Joan Crawford emanates a glamor and sparkle yet to be obtained by other stars of the talkie constellation.

JOSEPH B. VAN NOY, SR.,
Phoenix, Arizona

James Cagney is going to return to Warners. See "The Hollywood Times," page 16

I have been reading for the past few weeks that my favorite, James Cagney, is quitting the screen forever, because his studio failed to raise his salary when he asked for it. Why in the world don't they raise it? James Cagney is the screen's best actor to my way of thinking. . . . If he leaves the screen I shall be heartbroken. He deserves as much salary as the "Glorious Garbo." I also notice where she is leaving the screen after her contract expires. Well, I won't be disappointed. But I shall be if Jimmy does. Warner Brothers, can't you do something about it?

MARGUERITE JOYCE,
St. Paul, Minnesota

Here's a reader who just has no nerves at all!

Why did they bill "Murders in the Rue Morgue" as a scary picture? It wasn't. It was extremely boring and not at all frightening. Ditto "Frankenstein," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Dracula." Why don't producers give us scary pictures instead of advertising shows as scary and letting us find them very tame?

DISAPPOINTED

Probably by this time, Barbara, you will have seen "Letty Lynton." How did you like it—and Montgomery?

I wish to thank Mr. Ramsey for his nice open letter to Robert Montgomery in MODERN SCREEN. Ever since Robert Montgomery appeared in "So This Is College." I liked him and watched him forge ahead. What a sensation he was in "Strangers May Kiss" and "The Divorcée"! Then he became a star and after that Clark Gable came along. Although still very popular, something did happen. Of course, I know the public is fickle. However, your letter was the first full length article I have read about him in almost a year. I think he needs more articles like that and, most of all, a different type of picture. He is becoming too William Hainesish if you know what I mean. He's very good, very clever, but he's not as thrilling as he was in some of his earlier pictures. Let's see what "Letty Lynton" will be like.

BARBARA CONRATH,
Reading, Pennsylvania

Boles has a splendid opportunity and makes good use of it in "Back Street"

I cannot let this opportunity pass without offering you my sincere congratulations on the article in the June MODERN SCREEN by Harriet Parsons about John Boles. Those of us who are specially keen about John Boles' screen career feel we have indeed a spokesman in this article because it ex-

(*Continued on page 92*)

"The OLD DARK HOUSE"
WEIRD!
Travelers on a mountain road overtaken by a thunder-storm and torrential rain, seek shelter in a mysterious old mansion. It is full of queer characters and uncanny happenings. A remarkable picture with a remarkable cast.
BORIS KARLOFF
MELVYN DOUGLAS
CHARLES LAUGHTON
GLORIA STUART
LILLIAN BOND and others
Directed by
JAMES WHALE
From the novel by J. B. Priestley
Universal Pictures
UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA
Carl Laemmle
President
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BEAUTY ADVICE

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you. However, since Miss Biddle receives so many requests, will you be good enough to ask only one question per letter? You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

It's perplexing—the problem of how much to alter the shape of heavy brows! But you might take a hint from Bette Davis' strongly marked dark brows which are just nicely groomed.

By Mary Biddle

AFTER I had finished the article, "Ten Commandments for Beauty," on page 32 of this issue, I gathered up all the odds and ends of specialized, individual information which I had relentlessly cut out of it. You see, I wanted that article to be a comprehensive one—one that would do the most good for the greatest number of people. And, of course, you can't discuss everything—every tiny, specialized case—in an article like that, can you? Therefore, I have devoted this regular beauty department this month to all the difficult things—to all the questions people write and ask me which make me groan, "Oh, dear! What can I tell her that will do the most good?"

There are, for instance, the people who write and ask me how they can grow taller. Queen Mary's hat! What would you do in a case like that? About all you can say is this: stand straight and stretch your spine as tall as you can. Wear long, straight, simple unbroken lines. Never wear a light blouse or sweater with a dark skirt because it will cut you in two. Sweep your hair off your forehead without a part and steer clear of big, floppy hats, heavy fur pieces and fur trimmings, round chokers and round necklines.

As for people who are tall and want to look shorter, I haven't any patience with them. They *can't* look shorter than they are unless they slump and slouch and surely there's no beauty value in that. I think it's grand to be tall and tall folks should stand just as straight as they can and hold their heads up proudly. And incidentally, they should never make the mistake of wearing low heels when high heels are required. It will only take the squinchiest bit off their height and spoil the effect of their costume into the bargain.

And then there are the people who want to do things about the bony structure of their faces and bodies—mostly about their noses and their ankles. I'd like to make one thing clear right now: if it's bone formation that makes your nose the way it is and your ankles thick, you can't do anything about it except resort to plastic surgery. That's an expensive matter, of course, but wonders are being done these days. No, I will *not* say that I advise you to go in for plastic surgery. And I won't recommend a plastic surgeon, either. Don't think I'm being disagreeable, but really and truly, that is too individual—and too dangerous a problem. If I could see and talk to each one of you, it would be different. But I can't and I refuse to advise on a ticklish problem like that at long distance.

IF it's cartilage or flesh that spoils the shape of your nose and ankles, you can do a little something about it. There are certain exercises and what is known as "spot reducing" for the ankles (I refer you to the fifth commandment in the article on page 32 for information about both); and there is massage for the nose (or **chin** or facial contour, if you're worrying about that) and, of course, types of hats and coiffures help a little. If your nose is broad and flat, load up the surface with a rich, gooey cream and, with the three long fingers of each hand gently but firmly lift and press up on the sides of the nose. It may help define the bridge a little bit. A nose-adjuster worn at night will help mold unbeautiful cartilage, too. Never wear off-the-face hats or extreme coiffures. The hair should dip a bit on the forehead and frame the face softly and prettily at the ears. But, honestly, you know, I do think that many people—

Difficult beauty problems—you must have one!—discussed this month

especially young people—get all worried and het up about their noses when there is really no need. "Look at my nose!" they cry, "Isn't it terrible? How can I possibly be attractive with a nose like that?" And when you come right down to it, their noses are perfectly all right. Not classically beautiful, of course, but nice, average noses with maybe a slight bump or a bit too sharply tilted tip or slightly pudgy or slightly thin, but nothing to sit down and howl about. One thing, however, all of you can remember: in applying your face powder, start under the chin, not on the nose. The puff, you see, will have a generous amount on when you first press it to the skin and there's no sense getting that excess quantity on the nose.

Another lovely, difficult, popular question is, "How can I improve the shape of my bust?" There are the large people with undeveloped bust measurements and the tiny people with too full bust measurements and the older women who have lost their figures. Whatever the reason, the bust can be made firmer and improved by calisthenics. Here are a few:

Stand, with the arms raised shoulder height and the elbows sharply bent. Put your left fist firmly into your right palm. Now push your arms slowly to the right and left. While you're pushing left, resist with your left arm and vice versa. Do this ten or twenty times.

Then, still standing and with the arms in the same position, grip the hands together and move the arms from left to right, trying to pull your hands apart. You can't do it, of course, but the idea is to offer plenty of resistence.

The head should be held up, in doing both these exercises, and the shoulders should be well kept back. Incidentally, I've noticed lately when I've been washing out stockings and underwear and blouses and things that wringing clothes—if the hands are held high enough and the wringing done vigorously enough—has a definite lifting effect upon the breast muscles. Take note of that, you busy ladies, and wring out a few good-sized pieces with your hands next wash-day instead of putting them through the wringer.

HERE are a couple more bust exercises—and, by the way, they're also good for round shoulders and aching backs. Relax your head, shoulders and back forward—quite a bit forward. Now raise your arms at the sides without lifting your shoulders. While you're raising your arms, begin to lift your back, slowly, until it is quite straight and drop your head back, very relaxed. Then pull your shoulders slowly back. Drop forward again and repeat.

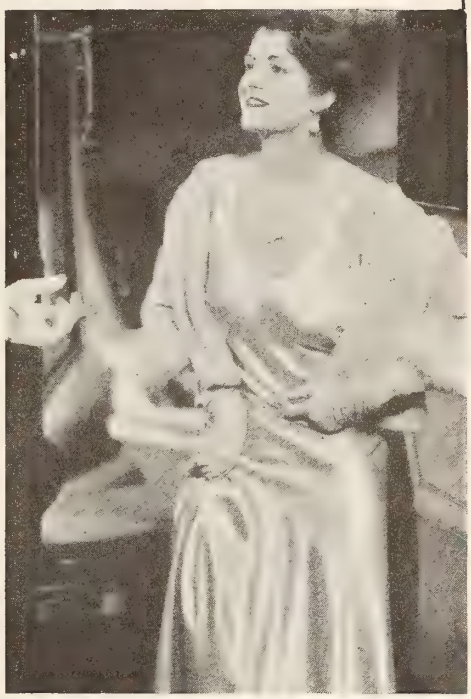
For the next exercise, get down on your knees and sit back on your heels. Drop your head back and clasp your hands behind you. Shoulders should be well pulled back and the chest expanded just as broad as you can make it. Keep your head, chest and hands in that position and very, very slowly bend your body forward until your chest pretty nearly touches the floor. Now relax

(*Continued on page 86*)

Accept this Gift

of a New Chafeless Hygiene Women Everywhere are Adopting

(NOTE COUPON)



New Discovery Ends All Discomfort and Irritation . . . Actually Softer Than Finest Silk Itself . . . 3 to 5 Times More Effective

TO avoid doubt, delay or forgetfulness, Miss Lucy Costello makes this remarkable gift offer to every reader of this magazine.

She'll send you, as a gift, a special Introductory Package of the new chafeless way women are turning to by the thousands. A way that forever banishes chafing, irritation and embarrassment from hygienic protection.

Don't delay. There's a coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it to Miss Costello today—by return mail you get the special Gift Package which is our way of introducing this amazing sanitary invention to new users.

The moment you see it, you'll realize that it is in no sense merely another "sanitary pad."

For it is not made from mere layers of crepe paper as are ordinary pads. But is made from an entirely NEW material—the same that silky underthings are derived from. Thus it is *super*-soft—as downy and gentle as fluffed silk.

The center of this new pad is completely *swathed*. Not built up in layers with harsh edges that may harden and irritate.

Thus—due to the total absence of *edges*—it can never "cut" or chafe. Nor can it ever cause discomfort by "packing" while in use.

It Differs These 3 Ways

Veldown—as this remarkable new discovery is called—differs from ordinary sanitary pads 3 vital ways.

First: It is amazingly soft because it is made from Rayon cellulose, downy and gentle as fluffed silk.

Second: It is made with a patent inner "wick" which renders it 3 to 5 times more absorptive—safe and effective hours longer.

Stop and consider what this means—you may go *wherever* you please, *whenever* you please, for as LONG AS YOU PLEASE—with perfect assurance and poise.

Third: Veldown has a moisture-proofed back—invisible, imperceptible, without weight or bulk, yet utterly impervious to moisture. A feature which ends all chance of embarrassment or need for protective garments.

Mail Coupon for Gift Package

See for yourself how amazingly different Veldown is. Let Miss Lucy Costello send you the package of six pads so you may try Veldown without trouble or delay and at our expense.

Examine this new creation carefully yourself. Feel how velvet soft it is. Test its invisible moisture-proofed back . . . contrast its astonishing features with any ordinary pad you've ever seen. Each pad is specially treated with an effective deodorant. Made under strictest medical supervision. Form fitting and disposes as easily as lightest tissue.

For your own comfort and safety, mail the coupon today. Find out about Veldown—you'll never return to less modern ways. Veldown Company, Inc., 220 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Introductory Package Free

MISS LUCY COSTELLO, R. N.,
220 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please mail me, in plain wrapper, Veldown Introductory Package of 6 pads. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

(This offer good only in U. S. A.) MM-8

Veldown

GIVES WOMEN COMFORT UNKNOWN BEFORE

Of course you recognize John Boles—third from the right. That's his wife, Marcellite, on the extreme right. The others are friends. They're having a picnic at the Boles' Malibu Beach cottage. The most delicious sandwiches, little cakes and a ham loaf which the Modern Hostess tells you how to make.

FOODS FOR THE PERFECT PICNIC—PLANNED BY MR. AND MRS. JOHN BOLES FOR

THE MODERN HOSTESS

THERE are two kinds of people in the world—those who like to go on picnics and those who don't. And it is our private opinion that those who don't are merely those who have never been on a truly grand picnic. Now if the word "picnic" conjures up in your mind's eye visions of hard-boiled eggs, dry sandwiches and soda pop, then you are one of those unfortunates who haven't been introduced to the right kind of picnics—the kind, for instance, given by John Boles and his wife on the sand in front of their charming beach home at Malibu.

After we tell you about the wonderful things we had to eat—and of course the "eats" play a major rôle in any picnic performance—we feel certain that you will want to plan a picnic *à la* John Boles for your family and friends at once. But we warn you, it will earn you such a reputation as an expert picnic-planner that the family will probably keep you at it all summer.

There are really three essential features to the perfect picnic. One is a good location (and one free from poison ivy, please). Another is the right kind of food, properly packed so that it will reach the picnic grounds in good shape. And the third is to have the proper accessories to make the eating of this food a pleasant and comfortable procedure.

Of course, the Boles family doesn't have to worry about points one and two. All they need do is to walk off their porch onto their beach, and there you are! And there is where we joined them for a merry picnic lunch that was both gay and informal. And what delicious things we had to eat! First, of course, there were sandwiches. It wouldn't seem like a picnic if you didn't have sandwiches. These were made of several different kinds of bread and had the most appetizing fillings. These fillings were all of the chopped or minced variety, a splendid idea since they are so much easier to eat.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for August—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

We were particularly keen about the nut-bread sandwiches, which had a filling of cream cheese and strawberry jam, and we certainly enthused over the devilled egg sandwiches, too. These were made on graham bread. Then there were sandwiches of tuna fish and beets, chopped together to a fine paste, moistened slightly with mayonnaise and served between thin rounds of white bread. The most unusual sandwiches of them all, however, were made of baking powder biscuits, which had been split and the centers hollowed out. Into these hollows was put a chicken salad mixture. That's what is known as plenty of variety, four kinds of sandwiches and four kinds of bread.

WITH the sandwiches there was served a particularly good potato salad, in which there were a lot of fresh vegetables. The result was colorful as well as delicious. You really must try it—you'll never be satisfied with plain, ordinary varieties of potato salad again.

Then, instead of the usual assortment of sliced cold meat, the Boles picnic featured a ham loaf. This was cut in fine slices and served with the salad. So good did we find this ham loaf that we plan to serve it often at our house for late suppers and other non-picnicing events. In fact, both the ham loaf and the potato salad are really great dishes for any hot night meal.

Of course there must be some sort of liquid served along with any picnic meal—and the Boles menu offered one a choice—hot coffee or cold fruitade. Personally, we never got any further than the fruitade, which was so good that we wanted nothing else. But we know by experience that, no matter how hot the day, a steaming cup of coffee or cocoa is sure of an enthusiastic reception from the swimmers.

For dessert we had little cakes without frosting. This cake-minus-the-frosting idea is particularly good if you have to do much packing, because frosting, if it is good and soft, does not take kindly to packing—and if the frosting is hard and sugary it is really not worth packing anyway!

Now, are you beginning to feel that having a picnic is about the grandest thing imaginable? Then you'll surely rejoice when we tell you that we have the recipes for six of the foods served at the Boles-banquet-under-the-sky. Yes, that's right, six. We have had four of these recipes printed on filing cards, which you may have free, by filling out and mailing us the coupon on page 10. The recipes on the cards are for the nut bread which makes a treat of any sweet sandwich, the potato salad, the ham loaf and the little tea cakes. After you have tried them all you will understand why we have gone simply picnic-crazy.

AND here are the recipes for the Malibu Punch and the Devilled Egg Sandwiches.

MALIBU PUNCH

¾ cup sugar
¾ cup water
¼ cup lemon juice
¾ cup orange juice
1½ cups canned pineapple juice
1 pint white grape juice
Mint leaves.

Put sugar and water in a saucepan and stir until it comes to a boil. Boil without stirring for five minutes. Cool. Add fruit juices and mint leaves. Chill thoroughly. May be diluted with one pint water or ginger ale, if desired.

DEVILLED EGG SANDWICHES

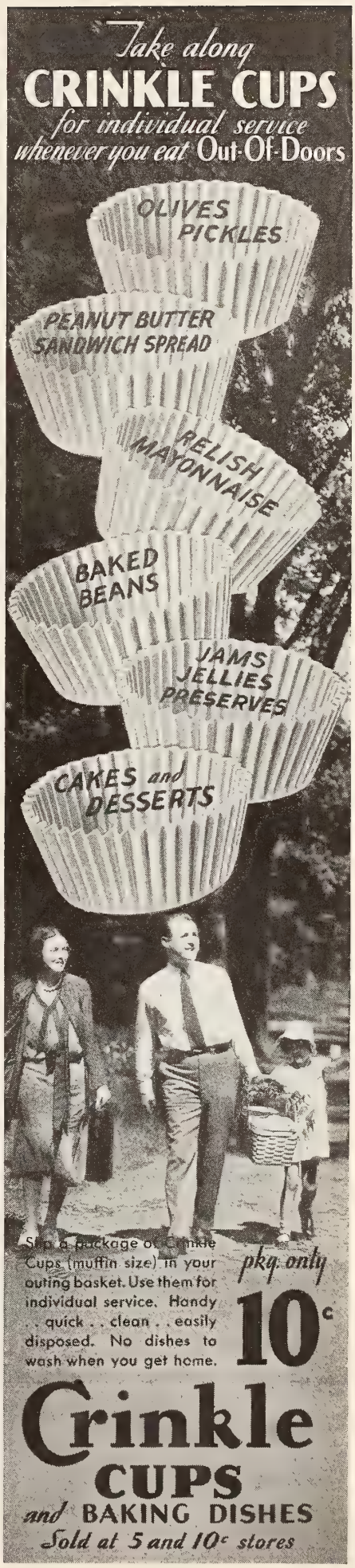
6 hard-boiled eggs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chili sauce
Few drops onion juice
1 tablespoon chopped green pickle

Put the hard-boiled eggs through meat grinder or chop fine in a chopping bowl. Add remaining ingredients. Spread between slices of graham bread.

NATURALLY, on a picnic there should be as little bother as possible. The fewer dishes there are to transport, wash and break, the better. And the fewer things there are to get lost or soiled in the line of silverware and napkins the better too. Our recommendation is that you use the paper appurtenances which are so inexpensive, so practical and so attractive.

At the very outset provide yourself with a large paper table cloth. This, if laid over an old steamer rug, will not tear, and the crisp, colorful cloth will enhance the charm of your whole picnic spread. To go with the cloth there should be paper napkins, and do be sure to have two or three napkins for each person, for people do seem to use a lot of them. And since you can get napkins and cloth to match, we think it is a very smooth idea to plan on having a color scheme, carrying it out right through, with paper plates, cups and all. Gracious! What are we coming to? Color schemes on a picnic! But why not, since there are such adorable decorated paper plates, cups, cloths and napkins in such lovely color tones. Then, too, if you are taking along a hot beverage, be sure to get

(*Continued on page 87*)



Together they made a new Garden of Eden

IT was not the barbaric rhythm of the native dance which fascinated Johnnie—it was Luana, beautiful daughter of the King.

Their love needed no voice—no language, and there was neither caste nor race when they looked into each other's eyes. They lived and loved in a blissful South Seas paradise.

But evil days were before them—waiting, like the island's brooding volcano, to engulf their happiness.

It isn't often you encounter as sweet and tender a love story as "Bird of Paradise." Read this vivid island romance in the new SCREEN ROMANCES. It's illustrated with gorgeous scenes from the actual talkie production, featuring Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea in a beautiful Hawaiian setting.

And read, too, the nine other complete stories of the newest talkies in the same issue. SCREEN ROMANCES is absorbing entertainment. Ask for it today—at any newsstand!

Screen Romances

The Only All-Screen-Fiction Magazine

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . If you don't want to sit through a picture that's not the type of thing you like, read these reviews and make sure what sort of a story it is before you pay your money

ALIAS THE DOCTOR (First National)—A doctor who becomes a surgeon without the legal right to operate. Dick Barthelmess is the doctor. Marian Marsh is the heroine. **Good—but children will be bored.**

AMATEUR DADDY (Fox)—Four little children become the protégées of a male Pollyanna. Warner Baxter is the male Pollyanna. **Okay if you like very sentimental stuff—some children may like it.**

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)—Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings in a very real story about the depression. **Good—children will like some of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

ARE YOU LISTENING? (M-G-M)—William Haines, Karen Morley and Madge Evans in a story about a young married couple and the other woman. A radio broadcasting station plays a part in the tale. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

ARROWSMITH (Goldwyn-United Artists)—A highly intelligent but not very dramatic story taken from Sinclair Lewis' famous novel. **Excellent if you like serious stuff—but children would be bored by it.**

ARSENE LUPIN (M-G-M)—A clever crook and the brilliant detective who trapped him. The brothers Barrymore play the two rôles. John is the crook and Lionel the detective. **Very good—children will like it.**

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)—This may be Garbo's last picture. It's a splendid romantic story. Melvyn Douglas is in it. **Excellent—but probably the children will find it boring unless they're Garbo worshippers, too.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

BACK STREET (Universal)—Fannie Hurst's poignant story, with John Boles and Irene Dunne. **Good—and the children may like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BEAUTY AND THE BOSS (Warners)—The homely little stenographer who suddenly blossoms out as a raving beauty when she wants to make her boss fall in love with her is here again. Marian Marsh is the stenographer and Warren William the boss. David Manners has a small rôle. **Good—okay for the tots.**

BROKEN LULLABY (Paramount)—A slow moving story of a French boy who can't forget the fact that he killed a German during the war. It plays on his mind so that he finally goes to the German boy's grave—and meets, without being aware of it, the boy's parents. From then on the dramatic interest mounts. Philips Holmes, Nancy Carroll and Lionel Barrymore have the leads. **A bit slow, but interesting—not for children, however.**

THE BROKEN WING (Paramount)—An American flyer crashes into a Mexican hacienda—and romantic troubles follow. Lupe Velez, Melvyn Douglas and Leo Carillo. **Good—children will like it.**

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK (M-G-M)—An impoverished young Englishman decides to marry for money—and then falls in love with another girl—and finally is faced with marriage to the wealthy girl to save his father from disgrace. Robert Montgomery is the young Englishman. **Good sophisticated stuff—but children may not like it.**

CARELESS LADY (Fox)—A young girl—to seem more sophisticated—pretends to be married. Later she meets the man whose name she took temporarily. **Good—but children will be bored.**

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (Fox)—Once again Warner Oland plays the oriental detective who, with the aid of a few homely philosophies, solves the unsolvable mystery. **Good—a little involved for children.**

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox)—What happens when an ex-police chief and a noted crook meet on a South America bound liner. Thomas Meighan is in it. **Very good—okay for the kids.**

COCK OF THE AIR (Caddo-United Artists)—Chester Morris and Billie Dove in a cuckoo comedy about a war pilot whose chief conquests are made in feminine boudoirs. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

CONGRESS DANCES (United Artists)—Costume musical with some fine mob scenes and a beautiful girl by the name of Lillian Harvey whose charm will fascinate you. The story is weak and somewhat confusing but it's well worth seeing for the music and for Miss Harvey. **Very good—children may be bored.**

THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD (Universal)—Just another of this series and not nearly as good as some of the others. **Poor—children will like parts of it.**

DANCE TEAM (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers as two small town hoofers who come to the big city to win fame and fortune. They do—after a series of setbacks. **Good if you like sweet stuff—okay for kids.**

DANCERS IN THE DARK (Paramount)—Dance hall romance with Jack Oakie, Miriam Hopkins and Buster Collier. **Good—children will like it.**

DEVIL'S LOTTERY (Fox)—A man invites the winners of a lottery to a house party—to see what effect the good fortune has on each. Elissa Landi is in it. **Good—okay for kids.**

DISORDERLY CONDUCT (Fox)—The police department's side of the racket problem. Spencer Tracey, Sally Eilers and Dickie Moore have the leading rôles. **Good—okay for children.**

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)—War story of the Alps and the men who fight in snow banks instead of trenches. **Good—marvelous scenery. Children might like it if you don't mind their seeing war films.**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story is here once again—this time with the added attraction of sound. Fredric March is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. **Very good if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.**

EMMA (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler as a lovable old housekeeper who works herself almost to death worrying about those she has to look after. Richard Cromwell is good as one of her charges. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

THE EXPERT (First National)—The naughty old man who just will get himself into all sorts of trouble—ably played by Chic Sale. **Very good—suitable for the young ones.**

THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE (First National)—How a famous murder case can affect countless lives of innocent persons. **Very good—not very suitable for the children.**

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warner)—Joe E. Brown as a fire-fighter who prefers baseball and blondes to fire-fighting. **Very good—perfect for kids.**

FORBIDDEN (Columbia)—Adolphe Menjou and Barbara Stanwyck in a story of unhappy and thwarted love. **Good—not suitable for children.**

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount)—Quite reminiscent of the silent "Ten Commandments." **Fair (except for Marguerite Churchill's performance which is excellent)—children won't care for it much.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY (RKO-Pathé)—Tom Keene in a typical Western. **Very good if you like Westerns—grand for the kiddies.**

GIRL CRAZY (RKO-RADIO)—The famous Gershwin musical arrives on the talking screen with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Mitzi Green and others. **Very good—you can take the children.**

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and John Barrymore, Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone in Vicki Baum's masterpiece of high-class melodrama. Excellent—although young children may be a bit bored.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell as three gold-diggers. David Manners and Lowell Sherman as two of the men in their lives. **Very good—but not for kids.**

THE HATCHET MAN (First National—Edward G. Robinson as the leading figure in a Chinatown melodrama. Loretta Young and Leslie Fenton are also in it. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE HEART OF NEW YORK (First National)—George Sidney and Smith and Dale in an amusing and sentimental picturization of Manhattan's lower East Side. **Good—okay for children.**

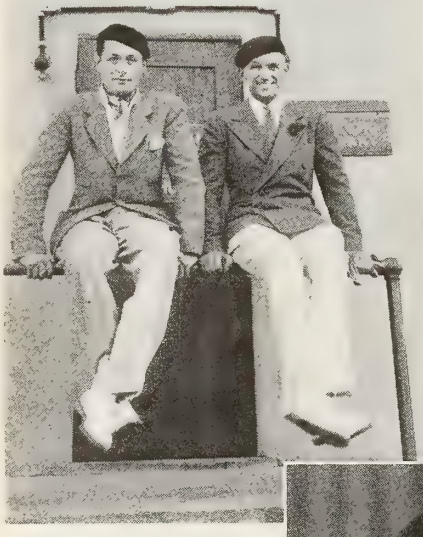
HELL DIVERS (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Wallace Beery as two guys in the navy's air force, who have no use for each other. Wally Beery's romance with Marjorie Rambeau will delight you. **Very good—and grand for the kids.**

(Continued on page 88)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON . . .

—Ann Dvorak, because she is threatening to do a Cagney and walk off the Warner lot unless she gets more money.



—Robert Montgomery because he took up polo for publicity purposes and really learnt the game.—Doug, Jr., because he had two stories published in national magazines in one week.

—Herbert Marshall (above) because Paramount paid thirty-six thousand dollars to close his New York show so they could get him for Marlene Dietrich's "Blonde Venus."—Johnny Weissmuller because there are rumors of marital trouble which Johnny and his wife claim is an attempt by Hollywood to break them up.

—Garbo, because she calmly turned down $14,000 a week in order to return to Sweden. It's said, though, that she'll be back by fall to sign a new contract.

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 6 HOLLYWOOD, JULY, 1932 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

RUMOR SAYS CHATTERTON WILL DIVORCE

May Marry George Brent After Final Decree Is Obtained Abroad

It is said that the Warner star will get a divorce while she is in Europe this summer. Former rumors concerning a Chatterton-Forbes divorce were temporarily squelched when Ruth undertook half ownership and directorship in a play in which husband Forbes was starred. Now, however, not only does divorce seem imminent, but the gossips are saying that Ruth is interested in someone else—in George Brent, whom Ruth has confessed to be her favorite leading man. Some people think they may marry after the divorce.

RKO-Radio to Offer Big Prize Money Soon

Plans are practically perfected for a gigantic tie-up contest for RKO-Radio's mystery thriller, "The Phantom of Crestwood." The story of this talkie will be broadcast over fifty-two NBC stations in a series of fifteen minute programs. The last installment will be left for listeners-in to write and submit in competition for huge prize money. Directly after the last broadcast, the picture will open in local movie theatres everywhere. The prizes, however, will not be judged by similarity.

Doug, Jr., Flies to Catalina for Anniversary

Well, we don't think there'll be a divorce for the young Fairbankses for a while anyway. You see, just recently their third wedding anniversary came around. Joan was away on location at Catalina. Doug, Jr., was busy at his studio. He wanted to spend the day with Joan and celebrate. His studio said no—too busy. Doug persisted and almost had a serious row before the studio bosses let him fly to Catalina.

Valli-Farrell Reconciled After Recent Row

Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell have had a tiff. No, don't look for any divorce rumors, because they've made up again and everything's dandy. Whatever it was that they fought about, it made Charlie march away, good and mad, on a two weeks' trip by himself. Last year they had a fight—maybe you remember—and it was Virginia who slammed the front door and stayed away for a couple of days.

Many Stars to be Loaned In Exchange Epidemic

Many of the Biggest Names Being Farmed Out to Rival Studios—Maybe Even Shearer

The exchange idea has hit the Hollywood studios with a bang. Any number of really big stars are being loaned to rival studios. This is a hitherto unheard of arrangement—big stars have always been considered too valuable to loan around to other companies.

One of the most important loans is Joan Crawford to United Artists for "Rain." Then comes the Gable-March exchange. Gable goes to Paramount for "No Bed of Her Own" while Fredric March goes to M-G-M for "Smilin' Through" opposite Norma Shearer.

Lionel Barrymore goes to RKO for an untitled picture. Nancy Carroll to Warners for "Revolt" opposite Fairbanks Jr. And, perhaps the most important of all, Norma Shearer may be borrowed by United Artists from M-G-M for a new picture as yet untitled.

Dorothy Jordan-Don Dilloway Romance Over

Just when everyone was expecting a June wedding, too! But Dorothy Jordan and Don Dilloway have decided they aren't suited to make a marriage of it. And they've called it a day, romantically.

Flashes from Here and There

Ann Dvorak is having contractitis. She wants to know why Warners will pay her only $250 a week, when they had to pay Howard Hughes, her original contract owner, $1,000 a week for her services.

Bebe Daniels' next will be "Doubles," for Columbia. The story is by Olive Hatch, famous swimmer.

Billie Dove will be with Marion Davies in Marion's next starring picture. It's a story about the experiences of two "Follies" girls.

Norma Shearer will be the hostess for the Olympic swimming and diving contestants.

Edna Murphy and director Mervyn LeRoy are divorcing after a year's separation. LeRoy and Ginger Rogers will probably announce their engagement thereafter.

The Weissmuller-Arnst divorce rumors strengthen as Johnny leaves on swimming exhibition tour without Bobbé.

You may be seeing five Barrymores in one picture—John, Lionel, Ethel, and Ethel's two children, John Drew Colt and Ethel Barrymore Colt.

JOHN GILBERT WILL MARRY FOURTH TIME

Weds Virginia Bruce About Middle of Next Month. Her First Venture

John Gilbert will step to the altar for the fourth and, he hopes, the last time, on August 15. Virginia Bruce is the name of the girl Jack is going to marry.

Virginia came to the coast when the talkie "Whoopee" was made a year or so ago. M-G-M gave her a contract some time after her talkie début but she was loaned to Columbia for one picture and Paramount for two before she got a chance to work on her home lot.

Her first home picture will be "Downstairs."

Joe E. Brown in Hospital For Several Serious Operations

When Joe Brown arrived in the hospital with a spinal injury they trussed him up in a plaster cast and told him to wait for it to get well.

Joe got bored and decided he might as well have some other minor alterations done while killing time. So he called the doctors and the nurses to a conference.

The outcome of it was that Joe had his tonsils removed while waiting for his spine to heal. He got bored again and had another conference. This time they removed his appendix.

Clara Bow's Rigid Diet Relieves Her of 35 lbs.

When Clara Bow decided to make a movie come-back, they told her she'd have to do some tall reducing—if such a thing is possible. You may remember that the Bow gal always ran to plumpness.

Well, Clara went on a diet. And, by the way, we hope to give you the details of it in our fascinating diet article in our next issue. And, by George, Clara slid from one-forty-five to one-ten.

Joan Blondell Balks at Separation from Cameraman-Fiancé

Not so long ago Warners issued instructions that Joan Blondell was to come to New York to make scenes for her new picture "Central Park."

Joan loves New York and all that but she also loves her boy-friend, George Barnes, Warner cameraman. So Joan ups and says she won't go unless George goes too. At the moment no decision has been rendered in the fight.

Buster Keaton, Walter Winchell and Schnozzle Durante. Winchell's turned down Universal's $100,000 offer.

GUY LOMBARDO'S orchestra . . . Katie Smith . . . Bing Crosby . . . the Boswell Sisters! Hollywood seems to have robbed the air of all its talent—at least, for the duration of a picture. There have been many guesses as to what the weekly salary list will read for Paramount's "The Big Broadcast," what with Lombardo drawing five grand every seven days, Bing getting five, and Katie Smith her few thousand—plus the remainder of the long list that will contain most of the important names of the radio world.

There are those who think there will be more interest displayed in this galaxy of radio artists on one program than was shown in "Grand Hotel" with all the high-powered movie stars. But believe us, it will have to be *awfully* good to top that Hollywood version of power!

JOAN CRAWFORD appeared in public recently with bangs. Now half the players on the M-G-M lot have adopted the new fad—and all the stenographers.

First, Maureen O'Sullivan appeared in the studio café with her hair dripping over her eyes in the approved Crawford fashion. The very next day, our favorite redheaded stenographer in the publicity department came to her usual desk with her tresses groomed within an inch of her life to look like the Gay Nineties. We're all beginning to wonder when the rest of the country will be "doin' the bang." Let's hope they hurry, before Joan switches.

The peep-hole columnist, Walter Winchell, left Hollywood without making the Universal picture, "Okay, America," he was slated to do. His salary would have been in the neighborhood of $100,000. Before entraining for New York, Winchell stated that he would not make the picture, supposedly based on his own life, because he was afraid it would not be completed in time for him to resume his Lucky Strike contract. Okay, Walter!

BEFORE his divorce from Ann Harding and the national publicity which followed, Harry Bannister didn't get a tumble from the many autograph seekers that abound in Hollywood. Harry was always with Ann—and Ann was the one who got all the attention.

But since his return from Reno, Harry has been much in evidence at the Brown Derby and other popular Hollywood spots. And every time he appears, he's mobbed by those who want his signature in their autograph books.

They say that Nancy Torres (Raquel's sister) and Bette Davis are engaged tooth-and-nail in cinching the affections of George Brent, Ruth Chatterton's favorite leading man.

FOR "The Sign of the Cross," a Paramount picture which Cecil B. DeMille will direct, the studio is scouring the country for a girl who will agree never to appear in pictures again for at least five years. Also, the girl to be chosen must be approved by the church organizations who are taking interest in pictures with religious themes.

If they find someone who is the type and she makes good in a big way, it will be a hard blow for her to leave Hollywood and her new success behind when the picture is completed.

The George O'Brien-Cecelia Parker romance is now two degrees below zero. Cecelia was George's leading woman in his last picture and they seemed very much in love, but their amour is quits. And George is again dating Marguerite Churchill, an old flame of his.

RENEE ADOREE needn't worry about a film comeback when she returns from Arizona following her convalescence there. As soon as she hits Hollywood, Rénée will move onto her old lot—M-G-M—and start work in a picture not yet decided upon. Rénée probably has more honest-to-goodness friends in the film colony and especially at M-G-M than any actress who's been forced to drop out.

Ronald Colman won't do "Way of a Lancer," as was announced following the discard of "The Brothers Karamazov." And Sam Goldwyn is now looking for another story in which Ronnie can shine. It is understood that "Way of a Lancer" was discarded in its present version because it would have cost $700,000 to produce—and that's too much to spend on a picture—even a Colman picture—these days.

HAVE you often wondered what had happened to Monroe Owsley—the chap who started such a promising screen career as Ann Harding's brother in "Holiday"? Several months ago Monroe left Hollywood and his career. Stardom seemed within his grasp—yet his health was broken and his doctor insisted that he leave Hollywood. Just a couple of weeks ago, Monroe climbed off the train at Pasadena and headed for Hollywood. He has never felt better in his life. He dropped in at M-G-M (the studio that held his contract before) to talk to the old gang. "Ye gods, Monroe," the casting director said. "Where've you been? We've been looking for you to play a part in 'Without Shame'. Want it?"

"Bet your life," responded Owsley. And so Monroe Owsley makes his comeback bow.

The ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey is taking dramatic lessons from the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable. Which means—Estelle

James Cagney and the missus. The news is that Jimmie is going to Europe—but we hear he may return to Warners.

Taylor is studying dramatic technique as a pupil of Josephine Dillon.

THERE are those in Hollywood who were amazed at the revelations during the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello recent divorce proceedings.

Also, there are those who wonder if Sherman's career as a director and actor has been fatally injured by the sensational divorce trial.

"What Price Hollywood?" completes his acting-directing contract with RKO-Radio studio. And it is rumored other studios will not be willing to overlook the undesirable publicity resulting from the many sensational charges aired in the courtroom.

POLLY MORAN used to be one of the few people on the M-G-M lot to whom Garbo was always cordial. But now, we hear, the Swede passes Polly by with not even a nod. Greta's chill towards the comedienne is said to date back to Polly's cracks over the radio at the opening of "Grand Hotel." Among other things, Polly said: "Hello, Garbo! I wish I were in *your* shoes tonight."

Is it possible the great Garbo can't take a joke?

There was a clause in Paul Lukas' Paramount contract prohibiting that studio from selling his contract to any other company. So Paramount ups and loans Paul to Universal for the remainder of his contract. No sooner was Paul duly installed at Universal than they loaned him to Fox to play with Elissa Landi in "Burnt Offerings." Paul's seriously considering the purchase of a dressing room on roller skates.

Stu Erwin and June Collyer Erwin will be needing a nursery, so they bought a whole new house at Beverly Hills.

SALLY EILERS received word of the death of a close relative one recent Saturday morning. Not more than an hour later, the hospital called saying that her father was there—as a result of a serious automobile accident. She rushed to the hospital. When she returned home that evening her colored cook was hilariously drunk and was running amuck with a knife. Sally had to call the police.

And all this just a few days after her own auto smash-up and the announcement of her split with Hoot Gibson. As you know, Hoot and Sally are back together again—but Hollywood wonders—for how long?

With Johnnie Weissmuller in New York personal-appearancing, and wifie Bobbé Arnst here in Hollywood, rumors of the cooling of their marriage are making the rounds. Everyone's wondering why Bobbie didn't accompany her swimming-champion-actor husband to the Big City, when she must have known the gals would go gaga about the virile Johnnie. But—see what Johnnie says on our "Spotlight" page (14).

RECENTLY Estelle Taylor auctioned off the furniture and the nine-room house which Jack Dempsey gave to her at the time of their divorce. She said the place was too big, now that she's alone. So she bought a smaller place down at the beach, but within a few days announced that she's adding a master bedroom, a bathroom and a dining room to the house. That makes ten rooms all told. Just one more than the "too big" house had.

David Blankenhorn, ex-husband of Irene Rich, has again fallen for a lady of the flickers. This time, it's Minna Gombell and it looks serious.

M-G-M heralded Margaret Perry as a new screen find, having brought her from the stage. Her first picture was "New Morals For Old"—and just as the picture was completed her option expired.

Margaret went to the preview of her first (and perhaps only) picture. The next morning she read a critic's impression of her initial appearance on the screen. In part, he wrote: "Miss Perry is a woeful disappointment. Photographically, she is a total loss." The same morning Margaret packed her bags and took the first choo-choo to Chicago, without telling M-G-M or anyone else where she was going. Then it was reported that M-G-M was frantic because they couldn't find Margaret to sign her to a new contract. The rumorers would have us believe, however, that they don't want to re-sign the lady. However, you never can tell—

When Margaret Perry saw a notice on her work in "New Morals for Old," she just packed up and left for Chicago.

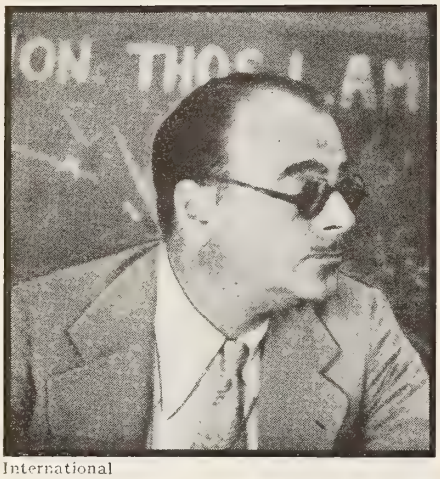
JIMMY CAGNEY'S agent announced that the rebellious Irishman is all set for a year's personal appearances and picture making in Europe. Cagney sails from New York August 1, after a motor trip from Hollywood via Lake Banff and points north.

Unofficially, however, it is said that Cagney and Warners may come to an agreement after all.

REMEMBER Jeanette Loff? She's the gal who played such a part in Paul Whiteman's picture, "The King of Jazz." A few months ago she left Hollywood, vowing never to return! Various romantic reports drifted back to the colony but that was all we heard of the blond beauty.

It has just come out that she is singing in the band that Buddy Rogers is making such a hit with in New York. Wouldn't it be funny if some producer heard her sing and offered her a new contract? Funnier things than that have happened in Hollywood!

Jackie Cooper was supposed to receive $5,000 per week (no foolin') and a certain percentage of the gate



International

Some people seem to think that Lowell Sherman's divorce (he is shown in court-room) may affect his career.

at a large Chicago theatre. The gate was so large that he was handed a check for the neat little sum of seven grand for the seven days' labor! Not bad in these times . . . for a seven year old!

PARAMOUNT wanted Herbert Marshall for the male lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus"—the picture that Dietrich and Von Sternberg walked out on for several weeks before they came to terms with the studio. But it happened that Herbert had a run-of-the-play contract in "There's Always Juliet" on the legit. So it was up to the studio to buy up his contract from the stage producer. Also, it is said, Paramount had to pay off the entire cast with two weeks' salary, besides the probable earnings of the play to the producer for five weeks—plus royalties to the author.

So when you see the English actor emoting opposite the German Dietrich, you can imagine how many pennies went from the studio coffers to get him for that picture.

Marshall, you know, is the husband of Edna Best, the gal who ran away from Hollywood and a chance as John Gilbert's leading lady, to join her husband, then in New York. Maybe Edna will have a second try at screen fame while friend hubby is making love to Marlene for the camera.

ENROUTE to Europe, Carl Laemmle, Sr., took ill and was removed to the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore. An operation seemed necessary. When Carl, Jr., heard that his aged father might have to go under the surgeon's knife, he left his busy desk at the Universal studio to go to the bedside of Carl, Sr. For the trip, the younger Laemmle took along his own personal doctor, who is treating him for a bad case of hay fever. This medico goes everywhere that Junior goes, even to parties.

ANN HARDING was scheduled to do "Bed of Roses," a story for a glamorous star. Then she balked. Fearing that it would be a bad business move to change into a sophisticated type, just after all the publicity hullabaloo that accompanied her divorce from Harry Bannister, Ann announced she wouldn't do this picture. Instead, she's working with Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom," the play which has been running on the New York stage this last winter. And, it is understood, "Bed of Roses" has been stricken from the list of Ann's forthcoming pictures.

With the arrival of Mrs. Brock Pemberton, the lady with the *trés chic* ideas on styles, Ann's studio started a glamor campaign for their glamorless blond star. Her hair was waved, her make-up watched. Her clothes were designed with a weather eye on sex appeal. But at the present writing it looks as if the studio isn't getting to first base in their attempt to Dietrich-ize Harding.

After "The Animal Kingdom," Ann will co-star with Richard Dix. The picture will probably be "March of a Nation," which won't call upon Ann for any Connie Bennett or Garbo characterizations.

The Clark Gable divorce rumors will have to wait at least a month. Because Clark and the missus have gone to Del Monte for a month's vacation . . . together. When he returns Clark starts work as a full fledged star in "China Seas."

JOTTINGS about this and that: After one of the most successful vaudeville tours ever made, Alice White is back in town. Wonder if the movies will give her a tumble?

Lew Ayres was all set to do "Air Mail" when it was decided he wasn't old enough to look like a seasoned pilot. Ralph Bellamy will do the rôle.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin needed a nursery . . . so they bought a whole new home in Beverly! Little things sure lead to big things.

Hollywood is offering odds that Crawford will take the place vacated by Garbo . . . or do you like Shearer?

Dietrich decides to fly in the face of providence by not showing close-up of her legs in "Blonde Venus". How will the customers take *that?* Here's your chance to notice how beautiful her face is.

Carl Laemmle (second from left) was taken quite ill on his way east for that European trip and sent to Johns Hopkins.

NOTES from abroad: This may be the answer to the question, "What is Gloria Swanson going to do now?" Our foreign correspondent writes that a new film company has just been registered in London—the Gloria Swanson British Pictures, Ltd. Negotiations are under way with Basil Dean's studios at Ealing, where Gloria will have her own unit. She has taken a lease on the Viscountess Furness' charming house on Farm Street, Mayfair, as Madame Glyn tells you in her story on page 26. And apparently Gloria plans to remain for some time in England. A story has already been selected for her first British talkie. It's titled, at present, "Perfect Understanding" and it's all about an American heiress in England.

"Perfect Understanding" starts production about the middle of July. The approximate cost of the film will be $450,000—a great deal for a foreign movie. Gloria admits that she has put quite a large sum of her own money into the venture.

From Paris comes the news that George Jessel is taking an extended trip through Europe, Asia Minor and Africa. The purpose is twofold—a vacation and a chance to pick up film and theatrical material in France, Italy, Africa and Palestine. Incidentally, Norma Talmadge (she and Mr. Jessel are rumored to be interested in each other) arrived in Paris almost simultaneously with George. No, she's taken no steps toward a divorce from Joseph Schenck. She's spending most of her time on the Riviera and is seen often in the company of a wealthy American, Mr. Worthington Hines. Two French film companies have made offers to her and also a London stage producer, but Norma hasn't accepted.

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

Gene Raymond has just finished "Forgotten Commandments" in which Sari Maritza, the new importation, plays. Gene lives in an exclusive apartment building and has been passing up the Hollywood girls for the Pasadena débutantes. He puts grease on his naturally platinum blond hair to make it darker. Although he is only twenty-two he is a very good horseman and is particularly skilled at jumping. For some time after he was in Hollywood he kicked around the Paramount lot without doing very much; then they put him in "Ladies of the Big House" and he was a success.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Gwili Andre is her name. And her studio—RKO—is hoping that she will have the same sort of attraction which Garbo has although, they claim, they are not trying to make her imitate Garbo. We put her picture opposite Garbo for you yourself to compare them. We chose them purposely for their identical pose. "The Roar of the Dragon" is the name of Gwili's first picture in which she appears with Richard Dix. She was born in Denmark twenty-three years ago. Her name is pronounced Jeelee Ondray.

By Clarence Sinclair Bull

Now just who can this be? We'll give you one guess. Garbo has once again scored a triumph. This time in "As You Desire Me." You've got to see it just for the thrill of beholding Greta in a white wig. There is an insistent report going around that Garbo will stay in Hollywood even if she does desert the screen. This because several of her very dear friends live in the film city. So it seems that the Swedish sphinx isn't really the friendless girl she's been pictured as being. But at that you can't be sure—not about Garbo.

Photograph by Ray Jones

Norman Foster, now free-lancing, will next be seen in "Skyscraper Souls" by Faith Baldwin. He is also in Miss Baldwin's "Week-End Marriage." Loretta Young plays opposite him in it. From now on young Foster will be able to personally give his wife jewelry every day instead of the former all too infrequent occasions when Claudette would make a Hollywood flying visit. They live in separate domiciles—just as they did when they were both in New York. This, naturally, has Hollywood full of quite erroneous divorce rumors.

Constance Cummings has the honor of having worked in three pictures all at once! "Movie Crazy," with Harold Lloyd, "For the Defense" and "Faith." She is under contract to Columbia pictures. She is redhaired and has loads of freckles. She seems to be Carl Laemmle, Jr's., favorite girl friend at present. She drives a Ford roadster and usually has a Scottie sitting beside her. Lives with her mother and younger brother. She enjoys taking long rides with someone else at the wheel—it gives her a chance to knit, which she loves.

Photograph by Powolny

Ralph Bellamy is pinch-hitting for Charlie Farrell in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" opposite Marian Nixon. This was the picture which was going to be made by Farrell and Janet Gaynor—and was even advertised by Fox. Bellamy is probably the most popular stock player America has ever known. He is married but has no children at present. He has played everything on the screen from heavy to juvenile. He's a Fox player and has been in "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America" and "The Woman in Room 13."

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Frances Dee is working in "Gates of Hollywood" opposite Stuart Erwin. This used to be known as "Merton of the Movies." In it, she plays a somewhat hardboiled rôle and is she glad? She's been getting very tired of an endless succession of ingenue rôles. She is one of Hollywood's most popular girls. She recently asked her sister and brother-in-law and their two children to come and live with her and her mother. She's crazy about her sister's two children. Frances was loaned to Warners for "Love Is A Racket"—with Doug, Jr.

GLORIA AS

We have the honor of presenting the first interview with Gloria since the birth of her baby. This famous author gives a vivid picture of the new Gloria and her daughter

By

ELINOR GLYN

I HAVE seen Gloria in many moods. Eleven years ago when we first met she was the primitive nature-creature, a little savage; unsophisticated, entirely attractive. Her blue eyes were wells of allurement, principally physical. There was something wild and untamed about her, which added to her charm. We understood one another always, and have always been friends.

I have watched her career through its ups and downs and ups again, and through it all, except for one short period about five or six years ago, when she was a suppressed wife, she has never lost her hold upon the public—she is one of the few stars who have endured, and whose magnetic personality will always hold where properly presented.

I have seen her with the mysterious quietude of the Sphinx—with the subtle devilment of Cleopatra, and with the wild abandon of a Pan spirit. I have seen her bored and her magnetism nullified by a man who was not mentally worthy to touch the hem of her garment.

I have seen her cheated of her birthright of talent and charm—pitchforked into pictures which were utterly unsuitable to her exotic personality, with everything in them to detract from and destroy her extraordinary drawing power. But I have never seen Gloria in herself touched by these outside circumstances. She is always magnetically fascinating and unlike anyone else.

She is always Gloria. The name is significant!

And now I am going to tell you how she looks as that most glorious thing—a mother. The mother of the sweetest wax doll of a perfect baby you have ever imagined.

A MOTHER

DEAR Gloria, she has been very ill, and I am the first person she has been allowed to see, propped up with pillows in her charming green silk bed in the house she has rented from Lady Furness, whom many of you will remember in Hollywood as Thelma Converse.

It is a wan and spiritual Gloria just emerging from the ordeal of acquiring that mysterious and awe-inspiring state called motherhood.

First I will tell you about her surroundings. The house is one of those tucked away in the heart of Mayfair which are so fashionable now. In the eighteenth century when they were built they were probably part of the stables of some nobleman's mansion, but are now converted by modern taste into the most cunning and attractive dwellings.

A snug hall leads to an old staircase and then up and up to the room where Gloria lies enthroned as a mother. It is a big room all pale green which suggests the spring time.

It is very simple and in exquisite

Wide World

(Left) With Elinor Glyn when Gloria was making Mrs. Glyn's story, "The Great Moment"—ten years ago. They are still great friends. (Below) Flowers being delivered at the house where Gloria is living in Mayfair, London.

taste, nothing instantly suggests that heaps of money has been spent on it, but which subtly convinces the subconscious perceptions that everything is *right*. "Right" being that which demonstrates refined taste and knowledge of how to live beautifully. It costs enormously to those who wish to buy it, but can be procured by anyone with a real sense of the fitness of things—with instinctive good taste.

Well, Gloria's bedroom is "right." There is not too much of anything. The flowers are not overdone. Only two great bowls of lilies of the valley. The curtains are lustrous green silk. There is no over embroidery or too much lace on the sheets of her bed, just the finest linen and a simple edging of Valenciennes.

Simplicity is everywhere.

The baby's cot is simple, too, and all white. None of the fantastic be-ribboned, be-laced things you see in every department store, but fine spotted muslin which can wash, and is always fresh. That it came from the Rue de la Paix and cost a large sum, is nobody's business! The tiny gossamer sheets and pillow cases have the baby's monogram, "M.B.F." embroidered upon them. The blankets also, of snowy wool, satin-edged. Everything is individual and designed as Gloria wished. And as for the dainty layette of adorable frocks and jackets and even a minute dressing wrapper—well, it would make any young mother crazy with envy could she see it! The garments are—like the cot—snowy white and simple in their costly purity.

Now imagine the room.

An old English room decorated by an artist. All the softest green of a forced lily of the valley leaf. Rather empty but for one or two bits of good furniture and the beautiful flowers. The whole place giving a feeling of the spring time. Then think of a "William and Mary" green silk bed; a white quilted satin eiderdown and Valenciennes edged sheets help to conceal Gloria!

SHE is a very fragile Gloria, with blue eyes so circled by shadows that they appear like blue lamps coming from the gloom. She has not the tiniest touch of make-up on, she is a very white pearly creature, with lips no redder than a pale rose. Her hair, which I have seen long, and then bobbed, is now below her shoulders again—it is soft and curly, but in spite of the wanness of recent grave illness, Gloria is more beautiful than ever with some added charm of striking spirituality. We are such old friends that she let me come in just as she was nursing Michaele Bridget, which is the little one's delightful name.

It—she, I mean!—was just cuddled up hungrily and voluptuously enjoying her evening meal. There is no sight so beautiful and holy as a lovely young mother nursing her babe. For ten minutes I did not see anything but a wee, dark head and sweet profile—with its greedy pursed up tiny mouth. So I could look at and talk to Gloria. We spoke of love and life and of all the years which have passed since we made "The Great Moment." And we both came to the conclusion that love, when it can be of the spirit as well as the flesh, is the only thing really worth having in this world. And I felt that Gloria is happy at last. The dignified English nurse then came and took Miss Michaele Bridget Farmer to her snowy cot, and settled the mother back in her pillows — while she put round her a lovely white dull satin and lace garment to keep off draughts.

Wide World

Michaele Bridget

"It is a wan and spiritual Gloria just emerging from the ordeal of acquiring that mysterious and awe-inspiring state called motherhood." Thus does Gloria's dear friend, Elinor Glyn, describe her

Then we talked of Gloria's plans for the future; she is vague about them. Whether she will go back to Hollywood and make a new picture there, or whether she will make one here; or whether she will just enjoy life for a while, she does not yet know. But looking at her there I could not help reflecting how seldom the real beauty and charm of her has been allowed to emerge on the screen. The charm is greater than ever—she has that fascination of the eyes never changing, even when she smiles. Her blue eyes look straight into yours with something aloof and mysterious in them—contemplative and even a little sad. And yet she may be talking whimsically of something gay. She never says stupid things, she never giggles—she never poses—she is just Gloria all the time.

At that moment, Mr. Michael Farmer came in and a pair of lovers' eyes met, and I could not help thinking of Paul and the lady in my "Three Weeks" and Gloria whispered to me—

"He has just those adorable 'ways' Paul had—do you wonder that I love him!"

I did not!

He is a tall, dark, handsome young Irishman, with a "look in the eye" and plainly he loves Gloria.

Then came a little whimper from the cot and the dignified nurse lifted the baby up—and the two faces together, Michaele Bridget's and her father's, were exact replicas of each other. She is certainly the most perfect wee creature I have ever seen. None of the crimson, crumpled ugliness which new born babies sometimes show, but every minute feature in proportion and exquisite. Then she has a specially rare thing in these days, flat ears lying close to the head and the stern nurse means to see that the flatness continues! No thoughtlessness nursemaids will be allowed to lay down this treasure carelessly!

Gloria was beginning to look wistful and tired, so I left her then, safe and happy with husband and child—and as I stood at the door we each blew a good-by kiss.

A year ago he was unheard of

Made a name in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "The Wet Parade"

Has a five-year contract with M-G-M—with options regularly taken up

Is six feet tall. Has blue eyes—and a quick smile

Still can't believe his marvelous success will last

Photograph by Hurrell

By WALTER RAMSEY

MEET ROBERT YOUNG

FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

BOB YOUNG is so much like my kid brother, that I'm afraid I can't write about him. I know exactly what he thinks of Hollywood; I realize just what he *thinks* he's up against and I know he's scared to death his good luck will fold up any moment. That's the way most young fellows would react to fame, especially when they've been brought up as Bob Young has.

If you knew Bob's story, it would be easy for you to understand why fame has always been something almost beyond his reach. You'd know why he's very close to heaven now!

Bob Young, (whom I always think of as "Young Bob" because he reminds me of a younger edition of Bob Montgomery) was born, about twenty-five years ago, in New York City. On the *East* side. At the age of ten months, he was transported to Seattle where he spent his earlier gurgling days on the *South* side! And at a very tender age, he was again transported . . . this time to Los Angeles, on the *East* side—which, by the way, is also on the wrong side of the tracks.

Bob, however, never realized then that the railroad tracks were a "dividing line" . . . they were just "the tracks" to him. In fact, he decided that he would go down and have a look at them that first afternoon . . . on the way over to the school house. He didn't want to start school until the following Monday, but he figured he should give the place the once-over just to see what he was getting himself into. Many (*Continued on page 97*)

With Margaret Perry in "New Morals for Old." This is his fourth picture—all for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MIRIAM'S ADOPTED —HER ONLY INTERVIEW ABOUT

. . . Miriam decided to give out only one magazine interview about her newly adopted boy. And she chose Modern Screen!

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

I WANT to be a good friend to him. And when he can talk I want him to call me by my first name."

Miriam Hopkins was talking of the baby boy she has adopted, to whom she has given the name she has endowed with fame and wealth, and whose future she has protected with a generous trust fund. This was her answer when I asked if she had any ideas about Michael's training. You don't catch Miriam embroiled in a morass of impractical, untried theories. You don't find Miriam subscribing to any old-fashioned ideas of maternity with its insistence upon gratitude and respect and its thwarting sentimentality.

Knowing about Miriam adopting little Michael, I no longer can insist, as I have in the past, that there's no such thing as luck. When I think of the hundreds of people who might have adopted this baby, people with less money, people with much less of what the French call *la joie de vivre,* I know him to be lucky without a doubt.

From his beautiful mother, Michael will receive understanding. And always he will be allowed the independence which is every individual's right but the lot of far too few.

I saw Miriam when she was in New York arranging all of the adoption details. She was stopping at a little hotel in the East Sixties. A hotel intimate and exclusive. Her bedroom with its maple furniture and soft rose toile might have been a room in a delightful country house. She was lying in a great four poster bed, a soft throw of peach silk over her. She was wearing a bedjacket of aquamarine blue, the very color of her eyes. Her hair, the color of young wheat, was slightly disarranged and altogether charming. She had been up until very late the night before. After the theatre there had been a party at the Casino. But as she lay there, balancing her grapefruit in its silver bowl of cracked ice, she looked as fresh as a child just awakened.

We talked of the baby. Naturally. He had been only three weeks old when Miriam had seen him first. Through glass.

"You know how scientific hospitals are nowadays," she explained the glass, with the rush of words that warm her speech. "Quite right, too! Perfect strangers always feel they have every right to kiss a baby. Babies must hate it often enough."

Talking about Michael her eyes deepened.

"He'll be just two months old when I take him," she went on. "He has curly blond hair and big blue eyes. I've arranged everything so his people never will know who has him. It's much better this way. For everyone concerned. For Michael especially. Now his mother is quite willing to have him go. But years change things. Later, if she knew where he was, she might want him. Then he'd find himself pulled in opposite directions."

I asked her about the parents. She told me very little. Who they are, what they are, all the circumstances of his birth—these things are her secret.

"IT'S enough," she said, "that I know beyond any doubt that he has an excellent chance to be healthy and happy. It's my job to give him the environment and indirect guidance that will develop the best of his natural tendencies."

Gaby, Miriam's French companion, is to have entire charge of the nursery. A long time ago Miriam engaged Gaby with this very post in mind. Just as she rented the house she has taken far down on the beach, an extra twenty minutes ride from the studios, because of the big room with a southern exposure—because of the boy she'd planned to adopt.

I asked Miriam about Michael's training and she told me how she wanted to be a good friend to him and later have him call her by her first name.

"Gaby and I are simply going to use what we hope is our common sense," she explained, "together with whatever basic knowledge we've acquired from our reading and observation. We're not going to go out and meet any problem until it arises. There'll be plenty!"

She laughed. You always feel Miriam is frightfully amused by everything, herself included.

When Miriam gets interested in her subject—and she invariably does—she gesticulates with her pretty hands and brushes back her fluffy hair. And all the time she is talking her eyes darken until they become a deep, deep blue. I'm always convinced everything she says is exactly right—even after I've left her. Which, you'll admit, is the acid test. And I've never been able to determine whether this is because of Miriam having an unusually clear vision or just loads of charm. It might, of course, be both.

This, incidentally, is to be the only story that will appear about Michael. The newspapers, discovering Miriam in court when she signed the final papers, carried a bare announcement regarding the adoption. Nothing more.

"One story, however, I think wise." Miriam smiled meaningly. "I'm hoping it will serve to forestall some of the raised eyebrows, some of the possible unpleasant gossip.

"I don't want Michael written about or photographed for publicity. I just want him to grow. I've money enough to give him the things that enrich life. Education. Travel. It will be terribly thrilling to watch him grow and develop. You know it will.

"I really think publicity for *(Continued on page 104)*

SON
HIM

"He'll be two months old when I take him," Miriam says. "He has curly blond hair and big blue eyes. I've arranged everything so his people never will know who has him. It's much better this way. For everyone concerned."

Photograph by Otto Dyar

TEN

. . . Packed full of information —yet highly entertaining—this story will tell you how to live up to these ten commandments

(Above) Of course, Marlene Dietrich was not massaging her scalp when she had this picture taken. But that's the right way to start scalp-massage: fingers firmly placed and spread out, to move the scalp itself. (Right) Myrna Loy's blond wig is dressed in the most attractive way for medium-long, medium-thick hair. A false switch can be arranged like this, too, during the growing-out stage.

By MARY BIDDLE

NO pretty poetic phrase comes to my mind to start this article going in glamorous style. But I don't mind—I'd rather not get poetic about beauty problems. I'd rather give as much specific, honest information as I can about blotchy skins and scrawny necks and duffle-bag figures and dowdy hair. I'll do that very thing—and then I'll thank you to remember that the rest is up to you. To your hard work, your patience and your faithfulness.

The first commandment—and I'll wager you can tell me what it is before I put hand to typewriter—is this: *Make and keep your skin beautiful!*

Once upon a time, people believed that all healthy people had healthy, beautiful skins. But I'm sure you all can recall among your acquaintances a girl whose health is not good and whose skin, nevertheless, is perfectly gorgeous. Or you can recall the girls in school who shone in gymnasium work and whose skins were—in spite of all—sallow and dreary looking, if not actually bad. Of course, health is the first factor in beauty. But I think we are all sensible enough to admit that we need something else, too. External enemies like dust and germs, wind, heat and cold and burning sun are things we cannot control as we *can* control our internal health to some extent. We must put on creams and lotions and things to counteract their ill effects. Some skins need more attention—more remedial preparations—than others. And that brings us to the question, "What type of skin have I?"

First there's the normal skin—the most beautiful of all, and the most rare. A skin like—let me see—like Joan Crawford's, perhaps. I choose Joan because, to me, she has just about the most beautiful skin on the screen. It's neither too dry nor too oily. Nor is it so delicate and sensitive that it won't withstand screen make-up and a reasonable amount of exposure. It's so fine textured and clear that even in close-up stills, with the necessary grease-paint smeared on it, Joan's skin gives the appearance of smooth marble. This is the treatment which a normal skin like Joan's should follow: cold cream cleansing first; soap and water cleansing after; final liberal dashings with cold water. When applying cream, follow the lines of the little arrows drawn on the three pictures of Frances Dee on page 34. If you wish to soften and

COMMANDMENTS FOR BEAUTY

relax your skin with a little home-grown massage, follow those same arrows, always smoothing and lifting *up*—never down. But to get on with the treatment for the normal skin—two or three times a week this sort of skin should treat itself to some remedial preparation. Even normal skins have their bad moments; there may be a sudden, slight excess of oil around the nose and chin. Then, quick, the astringent lotion and a nice clean pad of cotton to pat the shiny areas. Or a drying and drawn-up feeling may set in around the eyes and on the fleshy part of the cheeks. Then tissue cream should be patted into the skin and left on all night to smooth up the skin and keep future wrinkles away.

Enough, however, of this attention to the normal skin. Let's tackle something more difficult—and more prevalent. The oily skin. Spotted with blackheads and possibly pimples. The most exasperating, hardest-to-powder sort of skin. I get *so* many letters about it!

WHY do blackheads and oily skin usually go together? Well, you see, it's this way: the oil glands in the skin become clogged. They get lazy and no one wakes them up with a stimulant. The opening of each little gland, known as a pore, does its best to throw off the excess accumulation of oil—it opens very wide, which causes large pores—but to no avail. The opening and the gland leading to it becomes clogged with the oil and dirt and perspiration and rubbed-in powder. This worm-like thread ends in a little black lump which we know all too well as a blackhead.

Such a skin should be cleansed with something rough and slightly grainy. Such a cleanser, used with plenty of warm water and persuasive friction, will rub away the more prominent blackheads, remove dead tissue and leave the skin soft and stimulated. Then most of the remaining blackheads can be pressed out (with fingers padded with tissue). Stubborn ones should be left for another treatment. Now the skin is clean and clear, but the pores are still open. Many people rub a fairly strong astringent on to close the pores, which is all very well in its way, but after a blackhead treatment a cream is better. It is more soothing and will not irritate any spot which may be sensitive after the scrubbing and the squeezing. A medicated cream that is quite greaseless is the thing. It should be applied at night and left on all night.

An efficient simple treatment for a mild case of blackheads is as follows: mix two tablespoons of Fuller's earth with enough witch hazel to make a whipped cream

(Above) Joan Crawford scorns the Cupid's bow. Why be like everyone else? That's the natural shape of Joan's mouth, cleverly accentuated with lipstick—strong, sensuous and characterful. (Right) That's what is meant by a "deep wave." Girls who possess truly beautiful features, like Mary Astor, and also tall, tailored girls who are smart and wholesome looking should adopt the deep wave rather than wisps and curls.

The three pictures of Frances Dee above show, by means of the little arrows, the proper way to apply cold cream and massage the face. First, follow the arrows up and out from the point of the chin. Second, smooth the cream with the palms of your hands upward and outward over the cheeks from the nose. Lift the facial muscles when you do this and alternate the lifting with brisk, light pats. Third, follow the arrows around the eyes. The skin is sensitive here and so are the membranes under the skin, so go lightly. Gentle massage along those arrows between the brows helps wrinkles.

consistency. Apply it to the face after cleansing and leave it on until it begins to flake. Rinse away with warm water. And here's another simple—but superficial—remedy: get some powdered pumice from the drug store and a bottle of peroxide. Dip your finger in the peroxide and while it's still wet, dip it in the pumice. Scour the blackheads with this. Remember, I said it's a superficial remedy and so it is. But if you want to clear up your skin in a hurry for an evening date, better do this than resort to frantic squeezing without the proper treatment before and afterwards.

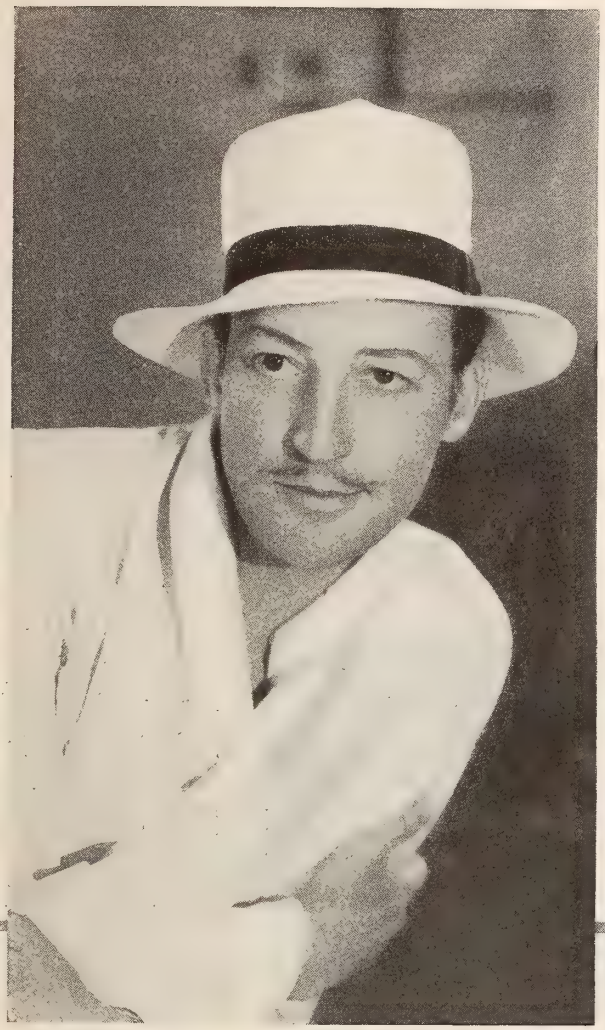
OILINESS will disappear as the pores are closed. In the meantime, the oily skin should, if possible, be treated with a powder base that is thin, shine-removing and slightly medicinal. No cream powder bases for oily skins. Pimples—another pet oily skin evil—may have resulted from infected blackheads or from the wrong sort of food. Sweets, starches and fats should be eliminated from shiney-faced people's diets. Pimples should be removed from the face in the same way that blackheads are removed and the spot afterwards touched with alcohol dusted with boracic powder, or anointed with an acne remedy.

Now the dry skin troubles. Dry skin usually looks prettier than oily skin—but it ages much faster. There's always something! Many girls with dry skin claim that they simply cannot wash with soap and water. They feel "all drawn up." And while I am a firm believer in the use of soap and water on the face—in conjunction with cleansing cream—I have finally come to accept the statement of these young ladies and say, "Well, all right. But be sure to use a mild, slightly stimulating tonic after the cream or you'll be stretching your skin or growing superfluous hair or something." If the dry skin can stand a preliminary cleansing with a bland soap and warm water, so much the better, I think. If not every day, then two or three times a week. Otherwise, the tonic. And regularly—about every other night, say—there should be an application of tissue cream for the dry skinned girl over twenty. Norma Shearer, whose skin is apt to be dry, uses a rich, gooey feeding cream to keep it supple. That's really all there is to the treatment for dry skin until the years advance and wrinkles appear. Then there's muscle oil.

1. Make and keep your skin beautiful!
2. Guard the beauty of your eyes!
3. Glorify your hair!
4. Keep your hands young and lovely!
5. Take care of your feet!
6. Work hard for a beautiful figure!
7. Study your own color scheme!
8. Be sensible about your make-up!
9. Use perfume—and in the right way!
10. Take baths for beauty!

IT'S about time I was getting on to the second commandment. Here it is: *Guard the beauty of your eyes!* You say your eyes are not beautiful? Nonsense! Or if they're not now, they can be. Shape and size and color and long lashes aren't the only things that make eyes beautiful. Expression makes them lovely and vitality makes them sparkle. Intelligence makes them interesting and—but there, I'm just raving and not telling you anything.

There are three things necessary to eye-beauty: rest, exercise, and grooming. It's a fallacy to believe that constant use of the eyes weakens them. On the contrary. Just as exercise strengthens other muscles. But there must be a good light coming over the left shoulder. And there must be periods of rest in between the periods of work. I don't mean sleep—although, of course, that's of major importance. I mean that you should take your eyes off your work every once in a while and look at something else. Preferably something nice, like a pretty picture or a green tree. Or close the eyes. And remember to blink the eyes frequently, while you're reading or sewing. And exercise them by rolling them in a complete circle in their sockets. Look up as high as you can without tilting your head and down as far as you can without bending it. Close the eyes and try to "see black." And bathe them with a weak solution of boric acid—or a store-bought eye wash. Relax them *(Continued on page 112)*



THE MAN WITHOUT A HEART

With his wife. Warren believes that one loves many times—and that each time it is "the one love." In spite of this belief he and his wife are happily married.

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

. . . Success means nothing to Warren William—and neither would failure. This is not an affectation. Experience has taught him not to care much about anything. He arranges his life accordingly

CAN you imagine an actor to whom his sudden promotion to picture stardom gave no thrill? Can you imagine a successful picture star to whom the sudden termination of a brilliant career would mean absolutely nothing? If so, you are seeing Warren William, the latest Warner Brothers sensation, the new romantic lover of the screen.

It certainly came as a surprise to find that the most romantic, the newest of the great lovers of the screen, whose whole reputation has been built on the portrayal of extremely emotional parts, is in reality, an icicle!

It's easy to be a cool, unaffected, detached personality—if you're born that way. It's easy to be a man without a heart, if you never had one. But Warren William did have one. His coolness, his utter lack of interest in the things which keep the average Hollywoodite excited, his complete indifference to life itself is a quality that he himself created within himself. Because he had to.

FIRST impressions, they say, are apt to be correct, and this strange, detached coolness which I had detected in Mr. William the moment I introduced myself to him puzzled me, and as the interview progressed I became increasingly anxious to know the cause of it—was it purely

His first talkie was "The Honor of the Family" in which he played opposite Bebe Daniels. It was a swashbuckling sort of thing.

temperamental, a physical reaction, an emotional laziness or the result of some profound shock? Rapidly I ran over the man's history, which he told me readily and freely enough.

The son of a newspaper owner in Aitkin, Minnesota, where he was born and raised, his father had wanted him to follow his own profession. Then it developed that young Warren had fought with his father because of a craving to become a marine-engineer. The quarrel between father and son might have become serious but for the fact that a greater quarrel than theirs arose to tear the world asunder and Warren joined the army and went to France.

When I heard this I began to understand the man better. He had been sensitive then—young, inexperienced in life and carefully reared in a cultured home. And then turned loose—a boy who was dreaming of boat-building—into the hell of Flanders Fields.

(Above) He appeared in Dolores Costello's recent picture, "Expensive Women." And also (below) with Lil Dagover's only American film which was called "The Woman from Monte Carlo." It was not the sort of picture to make any of its players famous.

NOW I knew why Warren William cares for nothing. He had to learn to care for nothing if his soul was to survive at all. The secret of his detachment is the World War. He has learned that if one cares too deeply one is destroyed. But, I began to realize, now, that the capacity for caring still exists down deep in Warren—schooled, controlled beyond belief. Which is, of course, the very finest foundation for the accomplishment of really great work in any line.

I asked him what thing in life interested him most. When you ask that of a picture star there are not many possible answers. He, however, managed to give me one I hadn't thought of.

"I think I rather like boats," he finally said.

"But your career!" I had insisted. "Your ambition, your art!"

He merely shook his head, faintly amused at my naïve enthusiasm. At that time I wasn't sure of his sincerity. Now I know it was sincerity. He would, no doubt, have liked to oblige with some weighty ideals about the screen—about his art. But he couldn't. He hasn't any! To him it's a job—a job which he performs with remarkable skill and success and without any personal emotion or feeling whatsoever.

YOU see, he actually does think that boats—preferably small sailing boats—are the most interesting thing in the world to him. And why not? When his first ambition was to be a marine-engineer it is not amazing that he still has a passion for boats.

It is far more amazing—and laudable, too—that he has tackled the acting job in the engineering manner. I mean that the engineer is always behind the actor, when Warren William is preparing for a rôle. It is the engineer who plans, directs, gives the instructions as to how the finely balanced result shall be achieved. It is no slap-bang, hit-or-miss method with him. Every part he portrays on the screen is as carefully thought out beforehand as the blueprints of a new and expensive yacht.

HE does not feel the emotions he portrays but keeps a cold, calculating eye on what must be done in order that the audience shall feel—and feel deeply. The romantic, lovable, swashbuckling young count in his first picture, "The Honor of the Family," was a carefully constructed figure which could not fail, from William's inception of the part, to achieve the impression he had arranged for.

It is the same in "The Mouthpiece." No matter how real his character seemed in that dramatic story it was actually built up step by step in precisely the same manner as all his other rôles. It is not an easy manner of playing—and, contrary to what one might imagine—is far more effective than the usual "temperamental" method of playing a part.

AN interesting revelation of this unusual man came

when I once asked him if any of his rôles had ever really impressed him. Naturally—for by that time I knew his philosophy of life—I expected him to reply that none of them did.

A curious look came into his eyes. "Yes," he said slowly, "one did. When I played the Christ-like character in 'The Town that Forgot God'!"

This, you'll remember, was an old Fox silent production. I'll bet, though, that you will hardly recall that the part of the carpenter was played by the same man who is now one of Warner's mainstays. Yes, Warren took a flutter in films some years ago. But his real flight is of recent date.

Curious—that that particular rôle impressed him more than any other. Doesn't it mean that Warren has been made sophisticated and cool by the effect of the world on him? And not because his nature is naturally so?

His views on love are typical of him.

"I believe one loves many times," is what he says. "And that each time it is the real thing. Man changes as he grows older, so why should not each successive love be the only love?"

"And what about after marriage?" was the question I naturally put in reply to his statement.

"I believe in careers for both man and wife," he told me. "It keeps them happier—saner—and helps develop that partnership which is even more basically marriage than is the love-interest of the bargain."

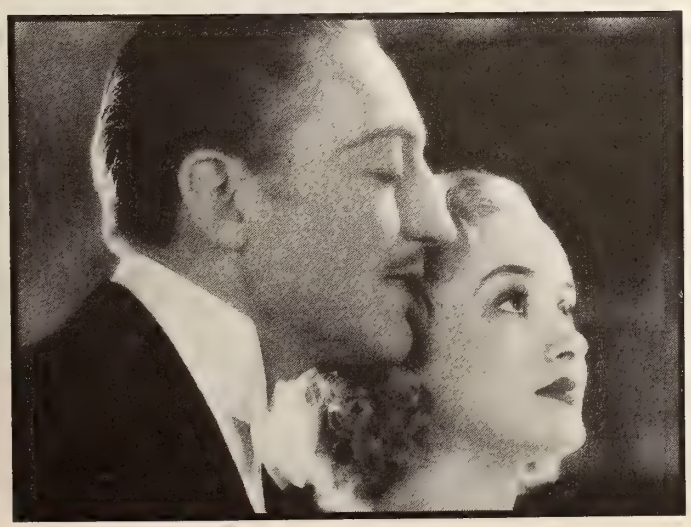
Very European, what? Incidentally, Mr. William has a wife. They are very happy. And here the cool, aloof Warren becomes amazingly like you and me for a moment — because he calls his wife "Putts." Putts is said to be thinking of doing some acting herself—for which Warren says she has real talent.

With Bette Davis in "The Dark Horse"—a political comedy in which Warren plays a campaign manager. Good rôle for him.

(Above) With Sidney Fox in "The Mouthpiece." His work as the brilliant lawyer who could always win an acquittal for a guilty man has made him famous. (Below) With Marian Marsh in "Beauty and the Boss." Not as suitable as some of his other rôles.

HIS real name is Warren Krech. He looks less like an actor and more like a casual young millionaire than any other thespian I ever met. His manners are perfect. And, what is more unusual, so is his manner. The millionaire aristocrat impression is heightened when he talks to you. And like a millionaire, he is utterly fatigued by life and one feels immediately that somehow, somewhere, he has long ago tasted and, exhausted every gift that life can bring. It is not an affectation—he is far too genuine to affect the slightest mannerism—but the result of experience coupled with his rare type of imagination.

His hobby, obviously, is boats—and sword fishing. His face—which in profile does slightly resemble John Barrymore's — is rugged and strong when he looks straight at you. He is gentle, poised, intelligent without being intellectual and—as you already know—utterly detached. I have, though, seen a wistful look on his face when he ordered a mere salad for luncheon. He's a big man—but a slim waist is part of his job and Mr. William invariably lives meticulously up to the demands of any job he might hold.



HE has an uncle who is a high officer of one of the most respected banks in New York. Although I'm quite sure that Warren would hasten to assure you that it didn't matter.

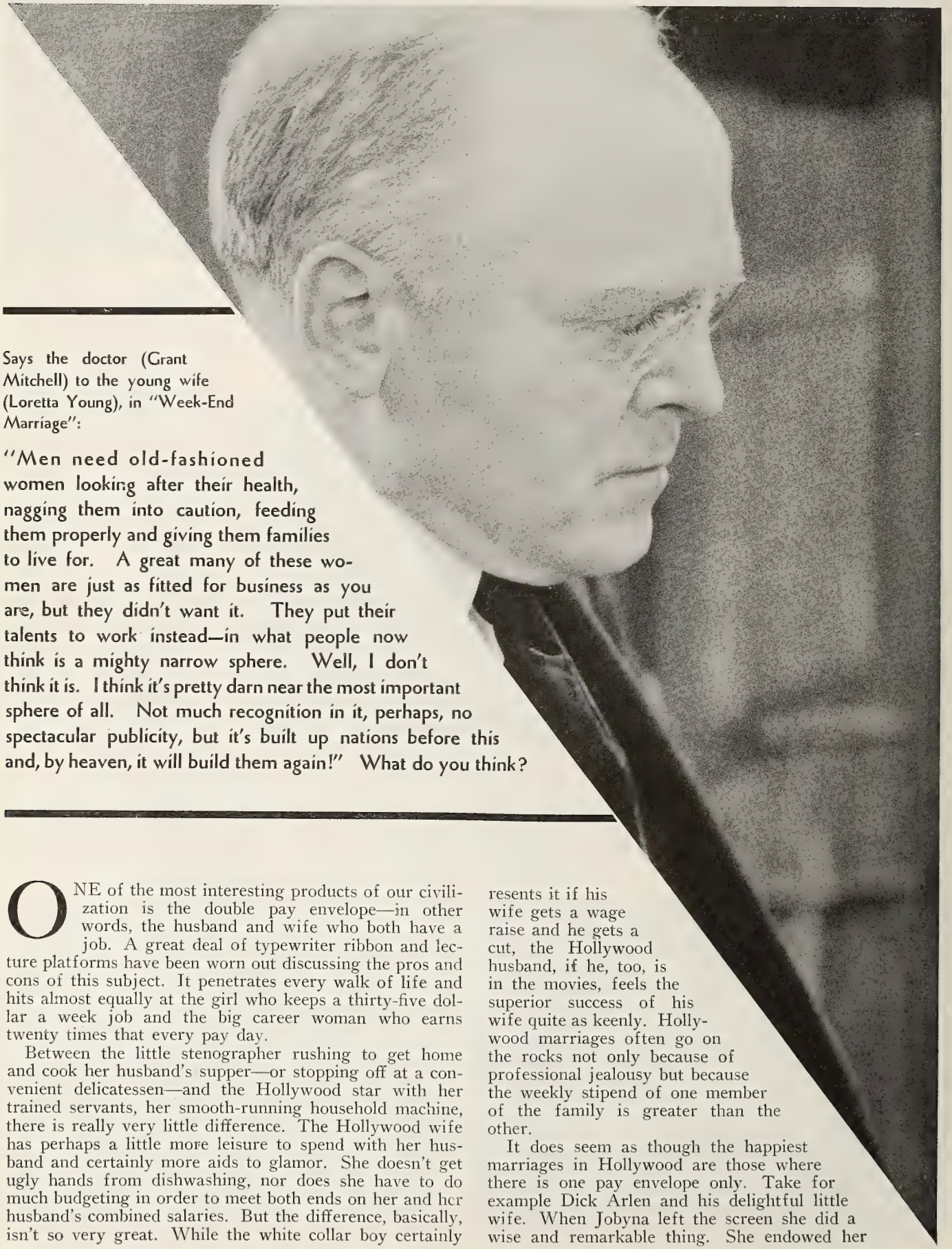
A curious chap, this Warren William. A strange mixture of simplicity and sophistication. A man with that basic fire and superficial coolness which all women find so attractive. A contradiction all the way through.

His pictures have been "The Honor of the Family," "Expensive Women," "The Woman from Monte Carlo," "Beauty and the Boss," "The Mouthpiece," and "The Dark Horse."

In "The Honor of the Family" he played opposite Bebe Daniels. In "Expensive Women" opposite Dolores Costello. In "Beauty and the Boss" opposite Marian Marsh. In "The Mouthpiece" opposite Sidney Fox. And opposite Bette Davis in "The Dark Horse."

And remember, when you see Warren William again —that he really is a man without a heart.

A HUSBAND—A JOB



Says the doctor (Grant Mitchell) to the young wife (Loretta Young), in "Week-End Marriage":

"Men need old-fashioned women looking after their health, nagging them into caution, feeding them properly and giving them families to live for. A great many of these women are just as fitted for business as you are, but they didn't want it. They put their talents to work instead—in what people now think is a mighty narrow sphere. Well, I don't think it is. I think it's pretty darn near the most important sphere of all. Not much recognition in it, perhaps, no spectacular publicity, but it's built up nations before this and, by heaven, it will build them again!" What do you think?

ONE of the most interesting products of our civilization is the double pay envelope—in other words, the husband and wife who both have a job. A great deal of typewriter ribbon and lecture platforms have been worn out discussing the pros and cons of this subject. It penetrates every walk of life and hits almost equally at the girl who keeps a thirty-five dollar a week job and the big career woman who earns twenty times that every pay day.

Between the little stenographer rushing to get home and cook her husband's supper—or stopping off at a convenient delicatessen—and the Hollywood star with her trained servants, her smooth-running household machine, there is really very little difference. The Hollywood wife has perhaps a little more leisure to spend with her husband and certainly more aids to glamor. She doesn't get ugly hands from dishwashing, nor does she have to do much budgeting in order to meet both ends on her and her husband's combined salaries. But the difference, basically, isn't so very great. While the white collar boy certainly resents it if his wife gets a wage raise and he gets a cut, the Hollywood husband, if he, too, is in the movies, feels the superior success of his wife quite as keenly. Hollywood marriages often go on the rocks not only because of professional jealousy but because the weekly stipend of one member of the family is greater than the other.

It does seem as though the happiest marriages in Hollywood are those where there is one pay envelope only. Take for example Dick Arlen and his delightful little wife. When Jobyna left the screen she did a wise and remarkable thing. She endowed her

—CAN YOU KEEP BOTH?

"Week-End Marriage" concerns a girl who tried to keep a job as well as a husband. Herein, the author of the novel on which the film was based gives her brilliant views on this timely and absorbing subject

By FAITH BALDWIN

husband with the priceless gift of permitting him to support his wife. For no matter how much you laugh that off, it still remains a fact that deep in the masculine make-up is a rooted and very ancient desire to be head of the house. It's pretty hard to feel that you are when your wife's pay equals or doubles your own—whether you live in Hollywood or in a small town or roost in a little apartment in a big city.

I DID not write "Week-End Marriage" about people who earned big incomes. I wrote it about the average boy and the average girl, who were a little afraid to get along on the boy's salary. I wrote it about a girl who wanted a husband and a job and got both, and plenty of trouble into the bargain. For the man she loved and married resented the fact that the girl he had sworn to love and cherish must go out to work every day, must hang onto subway straps and could, moreover, dictate to him what should be done with his and her money. Resented, too, the fact of her raise and his cut, and the loss of his own job.

It might be said that if he lost his job and she kept hers they were that much to the good; and said with perfect truth. Financially to the good, yes. But when a man realizes that he is living on his wife's earnings, his self respect takes a plunge toward zero. And after a while, because he resents it so much, he gets to have a certain bravado about it—to bluff it off. And then perhaps the next time she keeps her job and he loses his, he isn't in such a hurry to tramp the streets and study the want ads. He becomes accustomed to being supported and she becomes accustomed to being boss. And that's bad all

around. Nature intended men and women to be partners, each in his own sphere, and not to be superior and inferior.

This double pay envelope business is affecting the youth of the country. Young men starting out in business consider their friends who have married wage-earning wives and consider, too, the extra luxuries which the double wage can bring—the car, the better radio, the better neighborhood. And so they begin to think that perhaps a man is a fool to carry all the burden. He'd better take this new régime and like it. So they go around with girls who work and who expect to go on working after marriage and when they marry they marry a working wife—a wife who is working not so much for the good of the family unit as for herself.

For girls, many of them, do expect to work. They want their own money. They are used to earning it and aside from the little they pay in at home or toward whatever living arrangements they have made they are free to do with the rest as they please. Also, young people want so much more today than ever before. Standards have changed. They are not interested in the pleasures free to all God's creatures. They must have theatres and radios and cars and week-ends out-of-town and all the rest. It all costs money.

The average girl pays rather dearly for the privilege of running a somewhat makeshift home and a business "career" as well. She pays in nerve strain and health. The first year of married life is difficult under the very best conditions. There are physical and mental and emotional adjustments to make. If you add to these the wear and tear of rushing off to business, the trip by car or subway, the rushing home to throw a meal together and the eternal worry over trivial things—it starts to rain, did you close the living-room windows?—you are placing a burden on a young woman which is not easy to bear.

THE fear of pregnancy enters in to a large extent. Girls who marry and work can't afford babies. They can't afford the time nor the money. Few employers hold jobs open for the minimum length of time required for child bearing and convalescence. Even if they did the average girl and man do not earn enough, combined, to run a house and employ a trustworthy nursemaid. So the little working wife doesn't have babies. And very often she wants them. That makes it harder. The desire AND the fear. It all adds up. The girl who has the maternal instinct and who loves her man and chooses a typewriter instead of a baby, pays for it, even if a baby is a blessed bother and wears its mother out!

A typewriter can wear you out, too, and a typewriter doesn't grow up and learn to walk and talk and provide you with the endless anxiety, confusion and happiness which is living.

In older days a man came home tired. That was cause for a lot of kicking. He didn't want to go out, he wanted to stay home. His wife who had stayed home all day wanted to step. Now, two people come home tired and things aren't a bit better. They have to go out whether they want to or not merely because they are both too keyed up to provide any rest or relaxation for each other; so they go somewhere, anywhere—

The average so-called fifty-fifty marriage provides people with very little opportunity to know one another. Most of their conversation is limited to money, budgets and if he starts to tell what a damned old grouch the boss was this morning, she interrupts to go him one better.

In my book, "Week-End Marriage", the young husband informs his wife that she is little better than a legalized mistress. In many cases this is perfectly true. And in the year 1932 I find a number of young people who have gone one step further than the fifty-fifty marriage. They don't bother with marrying. They are afraid of the ties. They simply pool their financial resources and get an apartment and try it that way.

It doesn't last long. For a fairly obvious reason.

Deep in the human heart is the necessity to know assurance, to have something that endures. It is the only insurance against a lonely old age; it is the only comforting voice in a silence which prophesies death.

So, in the screen play "Week-End Marriage" in which Loretta Young and Norman Foster enact the sometimes tragic and sometimes humorous and always real rôles of my young couple, you will see a portrayal of modern marriage for the average couple. A portrayal, too, of the hard fact that you can't have your cake and eat it, too. If you do you will have indigestion as sure as God made little green apples.

BUT don't think that the fifty-fifty marriages where the money comes in golden floods to both man and woman are much happier. Easier, perhaps; but the problems are very similar.

The woman who works in the home, for herself and her husband and children, who manages outside interests to keep herself alert and young but whose great interest is home making and character building, may not get her name in the papers until her obituary, may never make the headlines, may always remain obscure but she knows more about real life than most people. She has a job. The biggest job in the world. And she does it without pay.

Without pay?

Think that over. The rewards of love, of young eyes that look up in trust and confidence, the reward of having a man say "I couldn't have made good without you."

An executive of a great company once told me he married on fourteen dollars a week. He said, "And if in those days my wife had been like the girls of today, going out to work, I would never have gotten anywhere. She was a good business woman. She was my partner. She helped. She reared our children, she looked to me to take care of her and of them. And I did."

There's no solution to this problem. My novel had to end so I made an ending. There is no real ending. The problem is mostly economic. But whether a wife works because of financial stress, because of unwillingness to go without, because of vanity or selfishness or ambition I can only say: Heaven help her—and her husband.

FAITH BALDWIN. "THE OFFICE WIFE," "WEEK-END MARRIAGE"—BOTH NOVELS OF HERS HAVE ALREADY BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE TALKIES. "SKYSCRAPER" IS NOW BEING FILMED

"It does seem as though the happiest marriages in Hollywood are those where there is one pay envelope only."

". . . When a man realizes he is living on his wife's earnings, his self-respect takes a plunge toward zero."

"This double pay envelope business is affecting the youth of the country."

"Girls who marry and work can't afford babies."

So says Miss Baldwin in this illuminating article.

. . . It won't be long before you'll be seeing Colleen Moore on the screen again. All of you who have been writing to ask why she left the screen will be happy at last

COLLEEN IS BACK!

COLLEEN MOORE'S banishment is over! The Lords of Hollywood have decreed, not exactly by proclamation, but by a contract and advance publicity, that the brown-eyed kid who was born Kathleen Morrison is once again to rule over her loyal subjects with the sceptre of charm.

M-G-M is the studio whose magic word has made it possible for Colleen to come back to the screen. She now has a long-term contract with them.

Colleen's screen career has had all the elements of a first class roller coaster. Years ago, when a feature picture was something which occupied two reels of fillum, Colleen did extra work at the old Essanay studio in Chicago. She wanted to become a movie actress for no better reason than that she was an incurable film fan.

Later on, D. W. Griffith, who was a friend of Colleen's uncle, chanced to meet the little girl at her uncle's home. She wanted a movie career so badly that D. W. decided to give her a really good start on the road which has so often been described as long and hard. It is, too, for most of them.

Colleen went into Griffith's movie stock company in Chicago. She did bits in pictures which had titles like "The Way of a Man With a Maid," "The Queen of the Train Robbers," "Maggie, the Tenderhearted Flower Girl." This went on for some time and then First National put her under a contract. That started a long and glamorous career for her.

Still she wasn't a star. In fact, far from it. It wasn't until she met John McCormick—who fell in love with and married her—that her real possibilities were realized. It was he, actually, who made her a star.

"Flaming Youth" was her first dent on the consciousness of the great American public. It made the whole country Colleen Moore-conscious with a vengeance.

Of course you remember her in the pictures she made after that: "So Big" (recently done in the talkies by Barbara Stanwyck), "Sally," "Irene," "Twinkletoes," "We Moderns," "Synthetic Sin," "Lilac Time."

Colleen and McCormick—he still produced all her pictures—seemed to have caught just the right formula for terrifically popular success. That formula lasted until the talkies—then something happened to it.

Perhaps the talkies scared Colleen and John. Or perhaps the silent film formula for success was no good for talkie success. At any rate, Colleen made two talkies—"Smiling Irish Eyes" and "Footlights and Fools"—and both were flops. Colleen was let out with an unceremonious rush.

At the time her contract was bought up she was making $13,000 per week! And when you stop to consider that Garbo has been making less than ten thousand you can just about appreciate the box office value which Colleen had built up for herself.

Yet those two talkie flops put a complete period to Colleen's brilliant career. Not a studio in Hollywood would consider her as a screen possibility at the salary she demanded.

Colleen didn't exactly starve. She's worth over a million dollars. But when you've been on the screen for years it's a time-worn and shiny adage that you hate to quit.

It was at this time that her marriage went on the rocks. And also at this time that she made a try at the legitimate stage and failed. All her tragedies came in a bunch.

Colleen lived in the Borough of Obscurity for two or three years. Then she struck the headlines a few months ago when her happy marriage to Albert P. Scott, New York broker, was announced.

No sooner had Colleen married Scott than she began studying to make another try at the stage. This time she chose a play called "The Church Mouse." And, finally, after weeks of hard work the play opened at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood to a pretty critical audience.

Colleen won! She even convinced some movie executives that she could act with her voice as well as in pantomime. For pretty soon she had received that M-G-M offer.

Her salary? It will be $90,000 a year. That's $2,000 a week for twenty weeks and $2,500 for another twenty weeks. And a pretty good salary these days!

THE TRUTH ABOUT SALLY EILERS AND HOOT GIBSON

"Sally Eilers really loved Hoot Gibson—and Hoot really loved Sally. But when their love was put on the spot they couldn't take it." Have they learned?

Hollywood Newspictures

THEY'RE together again—for the present. And those "in the know" say it is *only* for the present. Hoot's little daughter Lois (the child of a previous marriage), whom Sally loves dearly, is said to have brought them together. But—well, here's the story.

There is no "other woman" in Hoot's life. Nor is Sally interested in another man. Reasons for their quarrel lay in circumstances over which they had no control. And the Hollywood gossips who greeted their wedding with the ominous murmur, "It can't last," were quick to shout exultantly, "I told you so!"

The set-up was against them from the beginning. Even their closest mutual friends did considerable head shaking. When they were married two years ago at Hoot's Newhall ranch there was an almost tangible cloud of doubt hovering over the occasion. In spite of the fact that they were so in love they seemed somehow to be tempting fate in embarking on a marriage together. For the cards were stacked before the game started.

There was the difference in their ages, in their experience of life; there was the question of their individual temperaments and tastes. Sally was just a youngster—a kid who was not yet through playing. A kid who'd had many flirtations, but never a serious love affair. A gay, vivaciously attractive, happy-go-lucky kid who was always looking for a good time. Hoot was a man of the world, twice married and twice divorced, sophisticated and past believing in romantic illusions. It was a known fact that he had done a good deal of playing around. He was, in fact, regarded as one of Hollywood's leading Lotharios—as attractive to women as Sally was to men. How, then, could these two be expected to adjust themselves to marriage with one another? Sally, innocent,

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

. . . Hollywood is seething with "inside rumors" about the Sally Eilers-Hoot Gibson break. Here, told with infinite sympathy is the real truth about the Gibsons

"—they faced the situation hand-in-hand, bravely. It seemed to draw them more closely together . . . Then . . . something went wrong. It was too bad."

irresponsible, accustomed to having half a dozen youthful swains on the string. Hoot, mature, worldly-wise, used to being his own boss and coming and going as he pleased. The combination was dynamite, Hollywood said.

BUT for a time it looked as if Hollywood were wrong. Sally and Hoot settled down to matrimony with an amazing lack of trouble. You had only to look at them to know they were happy. Sally assumed the responsibilities of wifehood with an ease and grace that astonished everyone. Overnight she seemed to change from a frivolous youngster to a level-headed, responsible young woman. And Hoot? Apparently the loss of his freedom bothered him not a whit. The transition from man-about-town into a devoted husband was seemingly accomplished without a struggle, without a regret. Even the gossip-mongers were beginning grudgingly to admit that they might have been wrong about the Eilers-Gibson marriage.

And then things began to change. The deadly alchemy of Hollywood began to work. Hoot lost his money, and Sally became famous. And in those eight words were tragedy and heartbreak. Oh, it wasn't all as simple as that, of course. Neither wants to give in to the situation without a struggle. But in the end it may be too much for them. Those recent few months, instead of fighting together to preserve their marriage, they were fighting with one another.

You see, when Hoot Gibson married little Sally Eilers he was in a manner of speaking, the town catch. He was known to have a good deal of money. He owned a beautiful house, a ranch, a place in the mountains, a plane and several cars. Furthermore, he was decidedly attractive—good-looking and a congenial, (*Continued on page 93*)

THE HIGH COST OF BABIES IN HOLLYWOOD

Every mother is willing to sacrifice for her child. But the sacrifices made in Hollywood for the sake of children will take your breath away

By MARY SHARON

HOW much is a baby worth? What would you *pay* to have a baby? How much actual, personal sacrifice would you make in order to acquire a small son or daughter? I wonder how many parents in other walks of life would give up as much as screen stars sometimes do for the sake of having children.

For babies come high in Hollywood. Higher, I believe, than in any other place in the world. Not only by actual cash quotation but more especially in personal sacrifice.

They tell me that the current market price here, even in these days, of a first rate baby, equipped, delivered and assembled, is around twenty-five hundred dollars. And after that the upkeep mounts in the most disconcerting fashion. But that is a mere nothing in comparison with the price that a screen star often ultimately pays.

Bebe Daniels' baby cost her over $150,000.00 in lost salary! Besides that, she gave a year of her precious youth (and youth is never so precious anywhere else as it is in Hollywood), a year of her fame, a year of her chance to build a lasting reputation, a year of her short, short term of activity in pictures, to have that baby. What is more, rumor has had it that it was that loss of time which caused Warner Brothers to fail to take up their option on Bebe. If that is true, then her baby cost her her contract.

Norma Shearer, who is a capable young business woman, planned for the advent of her little son with great care. Her schedule was arranged to minimize as far as possible the seriousness of the loss of time involved. But—while Norma was absent from the studio Joan Crawford made a picture called "Paid." The story had been (*Continued on page 103*)

(Top, right) Dolores Costello Barrymore gave up her career for little Dolores Mae. (Below that) Bebe Daniels may lose her career partly because of the time lost in having Barbara Bebe. (Below again) Mildred Davis Lloyd did likewise for the sake of little Gloria.

(Right—upper) Marlene Dietrich has always been anxious to bring her child up abroad. What will she eventually do? (Right—lower) Mae Marsh gave up her career for Marguerite, Brewster and Mary.

THE HIGH COST OF DIVORCES IN HOLLYWOOD

. . . Babies are expensive enough—but divorces! Only in reading these actual cold cash figures can the staggering amounts be realized

(Top left) Menjou was almost left quite penniless by his divorce from his first wife. (Below that) Joan Bennett's was one of the few small alimony settlements—for the support of her baby. (Below that again) Chaplin's last divorce cost him something like a nice million. Whew!

(Left, above) Ronald Colman has been paying his wife for separate maintenance ever since 1925. (Left, below) The hundred-thousand dollar home which Jack Dempsey lost when he and Estelle divorced.

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

ERMINE, sable, mink . . . Parisian gowns . . . town cars and limousines . . . beautiful homes . . . servants . . . gold in a glittering volume . . . garnered in Hollywood's bountiful Garden of Allah (mony).

I see divorced wives of motion picture stars and directors flashing down the boulevards in high-powered motor cars, exquisitely gowned and looking cool and aloof. I see them at the fashionable restaurants "in a huddle," laughing, exchanging chatter, spending money with lavish hand and earning the appellation "The Merry Widows of Hollywood." For which the ex-husbands pay and pay and pay. For some it is "not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, but always."

The best dressed actress in Hollywood is Constance Bennett whose "nest egg" from Phil Plant was a million dollars, according to reports. In addition, she has earned possibly another million and acquired Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye. A year or two more in the studios and Connie probably will sell her home, gather up her Marquis and her millions, throw an affectionate kiss toward the City of Films, say "Goodby forever, you workshop!" and hit for the Riviera or a villa somewhere in France. She may count her money before she goes and murmur, "Not so bad! Not so bad, for just a few short years."

Which most people readily will admit.

Not so very long ago I was entering the city's most expensive restaurant for an interview with one of the outstanding stars. It's a

gilded palace where the handling of silver annoys the waiters. Silver, to them, is so vulgar. It spoils the set of their pockets. Its clinking is offensive. Paper money is *so much* more desirable for tips. Just as I turned in at the door, a magnificent automobile drove up with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel. The footman stepped forward and Lita Grey, fashionably gowned, beautifully coiffed, stepped out. She was lunching alone, that day, but her appearance started a flurry which extended from the head waiter to the 'bus boy and the lad with the bucket of cracked ice.

"Alone, Miss Grey?" asked the *garçon.*

"Yes, alone," she replied.

A selected table was placed at her service and the attentions began. Not for one moment was she neglected. Always, someone was at her command. As the ex-wife of Charlie Chaplin with his bountiful alimony in hand, she was a courted customer.

Lita Grey lived with Chaplin two years. Here is what she got in settlement:

$375,000 cash.
$100,000, September 1, 1928.
$100,000, September 1, 1929.
$50,000, September 1, 1930.

On or before September 1, this year, she will receive an additional $200,000 to be held in trust for her two sons. On this deferred sum, Chaplin has paid 6 per cent interest for five years—$1,000 a month or a total of $60,000. This in addition to the $625,000 individually allotted to Lita.

Ouch! But the comedian took it without a whimper. It was the least his wife would consider. The slate will be clean in a month or two now and Chaplin will be out a total of $951,548 after all attorneys' fees, court costs and alimony awards are settled. Lita's two years cost him:

$475,774 a year.
$39,648 a month.
$1,321 a day.
$55 an hour.

And Lita was a school girl who came from a family in moderate circumstances when she met Charles Spencer Chaplin, the king of pantomime! Now she travels to Europe when fancy strikes and lives in luxury. She harvested well.

THERE are other film actors, I know, who virtually have been cleaned dry by their resigning wives. Some of them still are in the process of cleaning. Under court orders, they must carry their alimony crosses—carry them even though at times they irk and gall. Periods of depression make no difference.

George Melford, film director, stood before a Los Angeles judge because he was $4,500 in arrears in alimony remittances to his first wife. The Court looked upon him compassionately.

"I will admit," the jurist said, "that this alimony order is outrageous. It is unfair to expect a man to pay $200 a week. But at the time it was made, it was done with the agreement of the defendant. He had his eyes open and knew what he was doing. He made it himself. He must abide by it. It is a cross he will have to carry."

(Left) Helene Costello asked $5,000 a month, $25,000 for court costs and $10,000 for attorneys' fees. And apparently got it! (Right) Constance Bennett's million-dollar divorce settlement from Phil Plant is history.

So, George shouldered his burden and plodded along.

Carey Wilson, scenarist, looked at a document spread out before him awaiting his signature. By it, he transferred to his wife, Nancy, his home in Benedict Canyon which had cost him more than $100,000. In addition, he agreed to pay her $500 per month alimony for a year, give her title to their $18,000 automobile and provide $250 a month for the support of the two children. All he would have left was a $20,000 equity in a piece of real estate.

Carey read the agreement slowly and carefully. The love of his wife was gone. Now he was turning his back upon most of his worldly possessions. He must find another place to live.

"Into that home I built my dreams," he remarked as he reached for a pen. "It is everything to me. It now is my only love, but I'll give it to Nancy. We both must face about and start life over again."

A scratch of the pen, a heartache and a new chapter in his life had its beginning.

Evelyn Brent was married to Bernard P. Fineman in New York, November 21, 1922. They separated in February, 1925, and were divorced in August, 1927. Their total life together was two years and three months. For which, according to an agreement produced in court, she would receive:

$200 a week until $52,000 had been paid.
Life insurance policies made out in her favor for $50,000.
Jewelry, stocks and bonds in an amount unnamed.

Grand total for twenty-seven months—somewhere between $102,000 and—because of the stocks and bonds—no one knows exactly what. Except Bernard P. Fineman. Evelyn has since remarried, taking a comfortable little fortune into her new home.

Some of the alimony payments in Hollywood are sufficient to make the average man and wife dizzy as they contemplate them. Take the case of Josef von Sternberg and Riza Royce, for example. Married in 1926, they quarreled and separated repeatedly, only to go back together again. Riza told a divorce judge that Josef was sullen and often struck her.

"He was always looking for a fight!" she contended.

The final separation came in 1930 when Riza sought and obtained a full-sized decree. A property agreement was approved by Judge Marshall F. McComb in which Joe agreed to pay Riza $25,000 cash outright and alimony of $1,200 a month for five years, or a total of $97,000. How's that for a harvest earned spasmodically in less than four years? Ninety-seven thousand dollars! And the Court didn't mean maybe! Joe was behind in a monthly payment not long ago and Judge Lester Roth fined him $200 for his delinquency. Riza now has her final decree while the $1,200 monthly alimony will continue until 1935.

Estelle Taylor's harvest cost Jack Dempsey the $100,000 home on Los Feliz Boulevard, $30,000 in cash plus $10,000 for attorneys' fees, and three automobiles. Jack gave a mortgage on property in Madera, Fresno and King counties, California, and on a building in Los Angeles, to guarantee the payments. They had lived together six years. When Estelle divorced (*Continued on page 107*)

WHEN GARBO WAS LATE

It was tragic, her reason for being late at the première. And it was sort of sad, the things the crowd whispered when she did arrive at last. A stirring incident from Garbo's life

By MARY SHARON

Illustrated by Jack Welch

Before the chauffeur could get to the limp form, Garbo herself was there—her gorgeous dress trailing in the dust. The poor dog was a symbol to her. A symbol of something that had happened before . . .

THIS was no ordinary première. Anybody could see that, from the tense way in which the curious throng outside the theatre watched the arriving stars and celebrities. True, all the regular features of a Hollywood opening were there. Ribbons of light were streaking the California night. Roses were being dropped from the Goodyear blimp, which was circling above the theatre. Lew Cody, master of ceremonies, was greeting each newcomer cordially, with an invitation to say something into the "mike." But there was something else. A vague air of expectancy, that lent color to the evening. As if the crowd outside were waiting for something. Somebody.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made a leisurely entrance, stopping to say "hello" into the mike, and were followed by Ann Harding and husband, Harry Bannister—long before they'd thought of divorce. Marie Dressler was the next arrival and the crowd applauded when she waved her hand to someone she had glimpsed in the mob.

But over that waiting throng hung an atmosphere of tenseness. The same sort of tenseness as when one waits for a child to be born. For along the sidewalk grapevine had run a disturbing rumor.

"Garbo is coming!"

Première habitués remembered together the last time she had appeared publicly at an opening. Before life and love had struck her down and forced her into hermitage. She had been a gay, young Greta then, swathed in a luxurious white ermine cape, with orchids on her shoulder, and clinging to the arm of her lover, John Gilbert. A lot of water had passed under the Hollywood bridge since then. Greta had become a world enigma, a creature of (*Continued on page 111*)

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are at it again. Their laugh-getting rivalry, this time, results from mother-in-law jealousy when Marie's son (Wallace Ford) marries Polly's daughter (Anita Page). Like the title, the story is particularly timely, with its homely little antidote for Old Man Depression. In her more serious moments, Marie succeeds in re-establishing prosperity in her home-town. When her grandchild needs an operation, she "borrows" the necessary funds and decides to drink poison so that her insurance money can replace what she has purloined. She takes the "poison" . . . but never fear, there's a happy ending.

IS MY FACE RED? (RKO-Radio)

A well-told story of the ins and outs of a peep-hole columnist's life with a newspaper-speakeasy-backstage setting. Ricardo Cortez scores (albeit rather mildly, remembering "Symphony of Six Million") as the ruthless, swaggering news racketeer who falls for the good-lookers on Broadway and Park Avenue. He doesn't allow his stage-actress fiancée, Helen Twelvetrees, to interfere with other amorous pursuits. The climax of his dirt-dishing career comes when his column breaks the news of a speakeasy murder, with the murderer out "to get" Cortez.

Jill Esmond, the moneyed blue-blood who momentarily finds the columnist thrilling, proves herself capable of bigger rôles.

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)

Faith is the theme of this inspired story which was originally titled just that. With the present day giving so much publicity to the depression, this story of unflagging confidence, so imperative for the betterment of current conditions, comes like a drink to a man dying of thirst.

Walter Huston is excellent as the president of a bank whose years of service threaten to topple over when gossip exaggerates a $100,000 loss to millions in the bank's funds. Depositors are panic-stricken. But Huston saves the day.

In Huston's support, Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson add much. A picture worth your consideration.

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)

A glamorous star in a glamorous story. Garbo is framed in a story of romantic intrigue, played against the luxurious background of old Italy.

We finad Zara (Garbo) singing in a café, the hard-drinking mistress of a diabolical novelist (Eric von Stroheim). She is recognized as the wife of an Italian Count (Melvyn Douglas), who had been kidnapped and maltreated by soldiers ten years previously. Zara is restored to her husband.

The Count and his "Countess" are soon bound together by an all-consuming love. Yet the doubt remains—is Zara really Maria, the Countess who disappeared? One isn't sure.

THE TENDERFOOT (Warners)

Imagine Joe E. Brown as a Texas cowboy with a ten-gallon hat, alone in New York with a $20,000 inheritance! Already you know Joe's new one is funny.

Immediately he gets mixed up with a shady stage promoter (Lew Cody) who trades him an interest in his new play plus a desk and a secretary (Ginger Rogers) for his money.

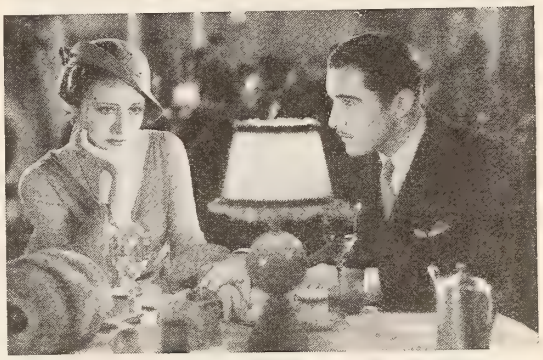
The show is a flop on the road, but with new capital, Joe takes it to Broadway. The cowboy costumes disappear and they play the show in Shakespearean rig . . . which slays the audience and the show is a hit.

If you like broad comedy and laughs, see this one!

REVIEWS

Don't just "go to the movies." Read these reviews first and choose your shows wisely

BACK STREET (Universal)



John Boles' dramatic force, which hasn't been too evident in some of his screen portrayals, shines brilliantly in his rôle of Walter Saxel, whose youthful impatience deprives him of the right to marry the girl who should have been his wife. Irene Dunne is the Ray Schmidt of Fannie Hurst's tenderly tragic story of a life-long love which never culminates in marriage. Miss Dunne scores both as an actress and a beauty.

The characters are carried from youth to maturity, and the production is beautifully executed. Director John Stahl deserves credit for his sympathetic handling.

In support are June Clyde and William Bakewell.

SOCIETY GIRL (Fox)

Like so many others, this title is misleading. For the story revolves, not around Park Avenue, but around the fight-ring, with Jimmie Dunn as the white hope, and Spencer Tracy, his stalwart manager.

The society girl (Peggy Shannon) almost ruins the Kid's boxing career when he falls all the way in love with her, only to learn she was "fooling." Just looking for a little excitement.

However, she proves true-blue, and the fade-out sees Dunn on his way back to the championship.

Jimmie Dunn and Peggy Shannon are both good, but the real acting laurels go to Spencer Tracy.

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY (Warner Bros.)

If you liked George Arliss in "The Millionaire" you'll revel in his characterization of a powerful financier who longs for simplicity and homely ease in his family life. Upon returning from a year's business trip abroad, Arliss discovers that his young wife, polo-playing son and débutante daughter are growing away from him in the merry-go-round of social engagements. In protest, he informs them that he is financially ruined, hoping to regain the intimacy of the happy family they once were. His ruse is gratifyingly successful.

Arliss is Arliss. Mary Astor as his wife, Evalyn Knapp as his daughter and William Janney, the polo-playing son, are excellent.

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount)

And still Tallulah Bankhead is waiting for her big opportunity. Too much dialogue and too little action.

It's the old triangle—husband, wife and lover—cropping up amid a picturesque tropical locale. The husband (Charles Bickford) becomes blind. Through pity and loyalty, his wife and the man she has learned to love (Tallulah and Paul Lukas) cannot confess their consuming passion to the blinded Bickford. There's only one way out of her troubles for Tallulah—suicide.

The three principals turn in some swell acting. But even their combined talents aren't enough to make the picture quite click.

STRANGE INTERLUDE (M-G-M)

Eugene O'Neill's psychological study of a woman's emotional life is definitely benefitted through its filmization. The most gratifying accomplishment made by microphone and camera is the dexterity with which the characters' thoughts are verbally relayed.

Norma Shearer gives a most interesting performance as the woman with three loves—her husband, her doctor-lover, her friend. The artistry of make-up and characterization is a joy to behold.

Clark Gable is the doctor; Alexander Kirkland, the husband; Ralph Morgan, the steadfast friend. Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young represent the second generation.

WESTWARD PASSAGE
(RKO-Pathé)

WEEK-END MARRIAGE
(Warner Bros.)

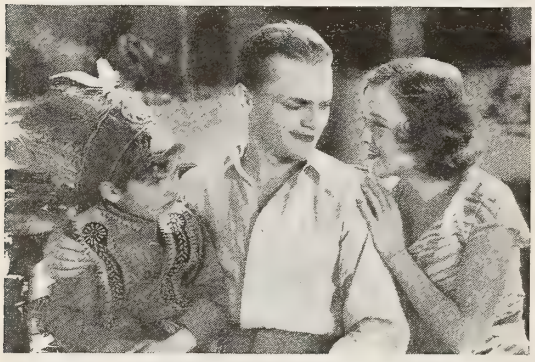
Ann Harding fans will welcome the physical change in their favorite, heretofore unbeautified for the camera. Her hair is waved, her gowns striking, for the rôle of a woman who divorces the man she loves passionately, under the pressure of clashing temperaments and poverty. She finds well-being and contentment with a second husband (Irving Pichel). But always the fight against remembering her first love is a losing one.

Laurence Olivier attains almost co-starring proportions as the handsome "first love" Ann cannot forget.

A story of a Boy (Norman Foster) who didn't make enough money to marry the Girl (Loretta Young) . . . unless she kept on working . . . so she did.

When the Boy has to pass up his big chance—an opportunity to go to South America—because of the ties of marriage, things get steadily worse.

You'll love the scene in which Loretta tricks Norman into proposing. In fact, Loretta's sincerity and Foster's humanness carry this picture to some real dramatic heights. Faith Baldwin's story is well directed.



WINNER TAKE ALL
(Warner Bros.)

NEW MORALS FOR OLD
(M-G-M)

Jimmie Cagney plays the uncouth, roughneck boxer who has bright-lighted himself out of the lightweight championship.

Recuperating out West, he falls for a widow (Marian Nixon) who is flat broke. For her, he fights the Mexican champion. He vows he'll send for her after his come back in the Big City.

But a New York blonde (Virginia Bruce) almost spoils his promises. Then the fade out, in which he kicks the blonde in the bustle and flys home to Marian.

There's a definite moral written into the well worn theme of modern children breaking away from home ties to their personal detriment. So *if* you come, bring the family. The *if* lies in the picture's general mediocrity.

Robert Young does well as the youth who, contrary to his mother's wishes, goes to Paris to study painting. Another "modern, wilful child" is portrayed by a new actress, Margaret Perry, who is only fair.

Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crews as parents give what really good acting there is in the picture.

RADIO PATROL
(Universal)

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS
(Paramount)

As the title suggests, you will see the police at work tracing criminals with the aid of radio cars. Robert Armstrong and Russell Hopton are fellow officers in love with the same girl (Lila Lee, who never looked better.) The story takes these two through police training school to exciting days as members of the force fighting gangdom.

This marks Lila Lee's first screen part since her return to health. June Clyde and Andy Devine are effective in smaller parts. Armstrong and Hopton add much to an unpretentious entertainment natural.

The title proves that the studio didn't think you would remember "Ten Commandments" . . . from which this one is made. But we're sure they're wrong . . . in fact, we are sure you'll recognize some of the scenes.

This picture, half old-timer and half modern, doesn't rate much of a rave as far as entertainment goes . . . but it does accomplish two things: A chance to judge the new importation, Sari Maritza—and probably find her "just fair." Plus the opportunity of watching some real swell acting by a beautiful girl: Margaret Churchill.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

Photograph by Powolny

We honor Marian Nixon for being her own very sweet self in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Melvyn Douglas for the thrill of his exciting new personality in "As You Desire Me."

Photograph by Ferenc

We honor an increasingly intriguing Loretta Young for her work in Faith Baldwin's "Week-end Marriage."

. . . From now on Mary will not be bossed by anyone at all. She would like to have Clara Bow in her next picture. These and other startling announcements are in this refreshingly frank and honest feature—

By HANK ARNOLD

Mary would like to have Clara Bow play with her in her new picture. Mary no longer wants to be the sole star of a picture.

MARY PICKFORD'S FRANKEST INTERVIEW

IT was to get a true estimate of the Pickford-Fairbanks domestic situation that I went to talk with Mary Pickford the other day. I found that:

Mary intends to lead her own life and not to be "bossed" by anybody. And that "anybody" includes Douglas Fairbanks.

She never had any intention of joining Fairbanks in Papeete, in fact had deliberately come to New York and taken a three months' lease on an apartment.

She is willing to look the problem of complete divorce in the face, if necessary, and will stake her future on the common sense of the American public as to its effect on her future career.

She wants Clara Bow to play with her in her new picture and if Clara is good enough to steal it, so much the better for Clara, Mary would generously agree.

She never was in favor of much of the entertainment of royalty which has gone on at Pickfair these many years.

All these and many other interesting, to me at least, vignettes of the Pickford character were picked up the other day on a blue covered chaise longue on the 21 floor of the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel in New York City where Mary had been living since one week after Douglas departed to play Crusoe in a Tahitian jungle.

"You know," said Mary with a rush, as we sat down, "all my life I've been bossed. I was the baby of the family, always someone to be petted and guarded. First it was mother, then Jack and Lottie, and finally even the public. Someone has always told me what to do and what to wear and even discussed whether I should bob my hair.

Even when mother died and I became the head of the family, there was always someone bossing me."

The famous Pickford chin came up firmly.

"Well it's all over and no one —no one—is going to tell me what to do or how to do it. I'm going to belong to myself again. All to myself."

When I had last seen Mary on the United Artists lot in Hollywood some three months before there had been great dark circles under her eyes and she had looked tired and strained. Today the new Pickford showed all the signs of the final making of a great and important decision.

She looked girlish and lovely; the sort of girl that a college senior would be only too happy to take out for an evening. When I first came in she had laughed and chuckled as we indulged in reminiscences of Hollywood people and Hollywood things.

OUR conversation turned to the reasons behind her coming to New York.

"Yes," she said frankly, "I took a three months' lease on this apartment as soon as Douglas decided to go to the South Seas. No, I never had any intention of joining him there. That was a statement given out without my knowledge or authority.

"He writes that he can't even get the necessaries of life there. I imagine he will be happy to get home." He was too. See his expression in the picture (right).

She expressed no bitterness over the fact that Mr. Fairbanks has been at Pickfair scarcely three months during the past year, but after mentioning him she switched the conversation almost unconsciously to the subject of divorce. She mentioned a recent article about herself by Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver.

"I believe he is absolutely right in his opinions," she said. "If two people have ceased to love each other, the position they occupy in the world is no reason why they should not be divorced. I believe if I make good pictures the world will not care whether I am married or single and if I make bad pictures it won't make any difference anyway.

"I am not living my life for the public and they have no reason to expect me to do so. All I can do is to work my very hardest to entertain them and I believe that is all they expect."

The writing of our talk at this point becomes very difficult because so much was said that was considered confidential. But at times, Mary herself came out and—even against the advice of an ex-press agent—urged me to tell the facts.

"I believe that the truth if honestly meant and honestly spoken, can never hurt anyone with the American public," she said. "I know that recently I have made too few pictures, and many of them have been bad. 'Kiki' was a great mistake. I believe I know the reasons why my pictures have been bad and can remedy them. I realize that the next few months will decide my career.

"I know, too, that some of the publicity given out about me has been false and misleading. There have been too many lies and half lies told about myself and every other star in the motion picture business. I want to let the public know all about me and I will never consciously try to conceal anything from them. I am perfectly willing to be judged as to myself." And she meant it.

Acme

(Left) Welcoming husband Doug Fairbanks back from his South Sea trip. Although he has only been at Pickfair three months out of the past twelve Mary doesn't seem to mind. Does that imply divorce?

FROM that point we went into a discussion of her new picture as yet untitled, which Frances Marion is writing. Although by the time this is published the film will be well along in production, Mary did not want too much publicity about it. Briefly it is a story of two sisters who fall in love with the same man.

And for the rôle of the other sister Mary would like to have Hollywood's sexiest red-head, Clara Bow.

"It might even be advisable to co-star us," she said. "I think the world has treated Clara very unkindly. She is a very great actress and her only trouble has been that she hasn't known enough about life to live it the way she wanted to live it. I would be proud to have her in a picture with me and if she can steal it, she well deserves to do it.

"Anyway, I am finished with these starring pictures. I am going to hire the very best casts I can and I want every one of the actors to feel *(Continued on page 96)*

THE TRUE STORY OF RICARDO CORTEZ

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Cortez' movie career has been more full of unexpected successes and unexpected failures than almost any other player's in Hollywood. When he began to slip in Hollywood he went to France and made a picture on a small salary—with the prospect of getting the profits of its American release. But it was a silent picture and just at that time talkies came in! (Below) In "Her Man"—the picture in which he made his American come-back.

By WALTER RAMSEY

RICARDO CORTEZ was born thirty-two years ago—on July 7, 1900. He was known as Jacob Krantz—as we told you in our last issue. His childhood was spent on New York's Upper East Side—now a fashionable, then just a fair-to-middling neighborhood. A rather pathetic, reserved little boy, Ricardo literally *could* not conform to the East Seventy-Ninth Street boys' "gangs" and their rowdy ideas of what was fun. He had a lonely childhood, brightened only by his adored mother's sympathetic understanding.

Ric loved plays and the opera and concerts. Every spare penny went for tickets. He left school early—so that he could quickly make money and be successful. A series of poorly paid jobs finally brought him into contact with the movies. He got a small rôle in a picture and was to start work the following day. That night his father died. Two days later, his sister was taken. Ric was the head of the family. The poor little movie job went to someone else. Ric took any work he could find. Clerking in Wall Street. Extra bits in plays and pictures. One day, delivering some securities to Manuel Goldstein of Universal, he learned that Universal was looking for a leading man for

. . . When Ricardo got his first chance to go to Hollywood he was supremely happy. But if he'd known the heartbreak and the disappointments in store for him—would he have gone?

(Right) With Helen Twelvetrees in his newest RKO production, "Is My Face Red?" Don't be annoyed if they've changed the title by the time it plays your favorite theatre. (Above) With Wally Beery in "Pony Express." It was a Paramount picture and was made in 1925.

(Below) Ric being directed by Raoul Walsh for a scene in "The Spaniard," (1925). At the extreme right you'll find Gilbert Roland.

(Left) With Irene Dunne in "Symphony of Six Million." Ric secured his part in this picture by making a test of himself for the rôle.

Von Stroheim's "Merry-Go-Round." Ric suggested Norman Kerry, whom he knew, and offered to find Kerry and act as go-between. His offer was accepted—and he was to be paid a commission if he would accompany Kerry to Hollywood and deliver him to the studio. Naturally, he eagerly accepted this first real break.

THE humming of the train which carried Ricardo Cortez and Norman Kerry towards Hollywood seemed to sing a song of future success in Ric's ears. It was the first time he had ever been more than thirty minutes from New York—everything was exciting, thrilling. And their destination, Hollywood, would be the open sesame for good fortune and success; of this Cortez was certain. He had everything before him, his big chance.

Seven years later, making a return trip from Hollywood to New York to fill a vaudeville engagement, this same man was contemplating suicide because of this "good fortune and success" he had found in Hollywood. Those seven years between contained a whole lifetime of experience for Ric.

Norman Kerry and Ric were whisked from the railroad station to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they had been registered with expenses paid by the Universal company. The hotel with its sweeping lawns, palm trees

Culver Service

(Extreme left) In the days when he played opposite Dorothy Mackaill. (Second left) With Bebe Daniels in "Argentine Love" (1924). (Left) With Maria Corda in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," (1927).

Culver Service

Ricardo once had the honor of playing opposite the great Garbo. It was Garbo's first picture—and playing opposite her wasn't quite the honor then that it is now. "Torrent," the picture was called, and it was made in 1926.

and profusion of terraced flower gardens seemed amazingly beautiful to Ric. He and Kerry hurried to their room, took a hasty shower bath, put on fresh clothes and were driven to Universal in a studio car. They were shown into the presence of Eric von Stroheim and Irving Thalberg, then general manager of that studio. Von Stroheim took Kerry to the wardrobe department, and Ric was left alone with Mr. Thalberg. Ric realized that having delivered Kerry to the studio, his job was over, with $300, a free trip to Hollywood, and a week's hotel expenses to the good. But now? He knew he did not want to go back to New York and he frankly told Thalberg that he would like to remain in California, asking the youthful executive's advice as to his prospects of clicking as an actor. Ric did not ask for a job. Never in his life has his aloof, retiring nature permitted him to ask anyone, stranger or intimate, for work.

Thalberg must have realized the restrained appeal back of Ric's casual questions, for he said: "There's a 'heavy' rôle in Hoot Gibson's next picture. Not much of a part but it would pay about $125 a week. Would you be interested?"

Interested? Not until that fateful picture was finally completed and Ric could see his own shadow on the screen at the studio preview, did he really believe his good fortune. And in Ric's first pay envelope, instead of the $125 he was expecting he found $175—thanks to Thalberg.

IT wasn't long after the expiration of that first free week at the Beverly Hills Hotel that Cortez realized it was far too expensive for him. He had heard of the Christie Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard, where people of the film world gathered, *the* place to be seen if one wanted to get ahead in the picture game. So he moved to a $30 per week room there. Two weeks had passed since completion of the Hoot Gibson picture and still no sign of another job. Ric visited all the casting offices hopefully but always the reply was the same: "Nothing doing." He didn't let the discouragement he felt creep into those glowing letters he wrote to his mother, telling her of the promising offers he was getting.

At the hotel he struck up nodding acquaintances with several film folk—William K. Howard, then an assistant director, Shirley Mason, a popular star, and Jack White, who was directing comedies. Cortez was in a peculiar position: he wanted work, any work. Stunts or even slapstick comedy. But his well-groomed appearance, his air of dignity and aloofness kept any such offers from coming his way. Once Jack White asked him, "Do you know any fellow who would take some falls in a comedy today for $50?"

"Yes, me," Ric replied.

"Don't kid me," answered Jack with a laugh.

Ric's pride prevented him from explaining his financial pinch to the few friends he had made around the hotel. Long weeks of nothing to do when Ric felt he should be working toward his goal—stardom. To pass time he would take the street car to the beach almost every day, but always he was back in the hotel lobby at six o'clock for that was the hour of the return of the directors and writers from the studios. There was always that possibility that they would see him and "discover" him for a big rôle.

ONE morning a young actor told Ric there was extra work to be had at the Goldwyn studio in a Mae Murray picture. Mae's husband, Robert Leonard, was directing it. Back in New York Ric had frequently worked "extra" for Leonard, but even so he was surprised when the director cordially recognized him. "You can be Mae's dancing partner in this tango scene. Hurry and get into your full dress suit," said Leonard.

Ric's face fell. He had no full dress suit and no possibility of getting one. His keen disappointment must have been more obvious than he supposed, for Leonard had no more than turned away when a young fellow walked up to him.

"Got a dress suit?" asked the boy.

"No," answered Ric. They both grinned.

"My name is William Haines," the other introduced himself. "I'm on a stock contract with the studio . . . doing extra work to get used (*Continued on page 99*)

Two Sophisticates

Photographs by Hurrell

Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, each in her own way, typifies the ultimate in the modern woman.

EVERY

Says this author: "If a person can go through the fires of Hollywood without being changed or distorted, it's a pretty good sign that he or she is made of the real stuff. ZaSu is." (Below) With her little girl, Ann.

By MARY SHARON

. . . Just as the characters she portrays on the screen are always thwarted in their quest for happiness, so ZaSu Pitts is thwarted in real life

Acme

HAVE you ever noticed that those persons who have the right to quarrel with life usually are the ones to scoff at their own troubles and help shoulder those of the other fellow? ZaSu Pitts is this sort of person. There is hardly a single brand of trouble and unhappiness that has not, at some time or another, fallen upon her slim shoulders. Culminating in her recent divorce which, it is said, was a great blow to her. Yet she is uncomplaining. She even makes light of the things that have happened to her—the tragic things that would have wrecked an ordinary girl. But there is the secret. ZaSu is not ordinary.

It is twelve years since I met her and my first impressions of her still stand, which is saying a great deal. If a person can go through the fires of Hollywood—its success and fame, its disappointments and struggles—

BRAND OF TROUBLE

without being changed or distorted, it's a pretty good sign that he or she is made of the real stuff. ZaSu is. At this moment, I can think of only three girls who have ventured into Hollywood's melting pot and have emerged without losing some of their substance and ZaSu is one of them. I'll save the other two for some other time, for this is ZaSu's story. It's a plain tale, too, of a fight against great odds, a battle that is still going strong.

ZaSu was given her first introduction to the world on a little farm in Kansas. When she was a year old the family moved to Santa Cruz, California. Her mother was Irish. Her father was an ex-soldier of American stock. ZaSu was born under an unlucky star, but she had gifts from both of her parents that were to prove invaluable. From her father—dreams. From her mother—courage. Her father was a mellow old soul, who was always visualizing things that never came to pass, and dreaming dreams that never came true. He lived in the future, while his wife struggled to ease her brood through a fearsome present. At last, he caught up with his future and his dreams ended. Then the government turned his pension of $25 a month over to his widow and she managed a precarious existence from it for herself and little ones. She somehow held the home together and put her children through school, but there was never enough of anything to go around.

ZaSu is in Universal's big special, "Back Streets." That's Irene Dunne with her. You'll see ZaSu, too, in "Westward Passage" with Ann Harding.

(Above) As Trina in Von Stroheim's "Greed." That put ZaSu among those at the top of the list. (Left) Tom Gallery, ZaSu's husband whom she recently divorced. With him is the little son of Barbara La Marr whom ZaSu adopted.

AS the next to the oldest child, much of the burden fell upon ZaSu's slim shoulders. She had a bicycle and by delivering packages for the neighbors managed to supplement her mother's pension. But she never quite fitted in with the rest of that little, wanting brood. Like most persons of genius, she was misunderstood. More than anything else, she longed to be one of them, but she remained an alien to the family. Life was hard on her from the first. Grade school was not so bad, for children are not so particular, but in high school, she was utterly alone and lonely. There were so many places for young folks to go, so many things—happy things—for them to do. But ZaSu was always on the outside looking in. She was never asked to any, except the formal, class affairs. The boys never asked her for a date, and she missed out on everything because she did not have good enough clothes to go.

AS a child, she was unlovely—lean, lanky and big-eyed. She grew even more lean and lanky, if that were possible, as she grew older. But she had a certain grace of movement which she had gained from her cycling. Her ankles were nicely slim and her hands beautifully shaped. But it was her eyes, even then, that one noticed first and last. Large, brooding eyes that dominated her small, oval face. They held the wistful intensity of a soul starving for companionship and understanding. Tragic eyes.

Only one bright spot stands out in her entire high school career. She played the leading rôle in a play put on by her graduating class. The billing read: "ZaSu Pitts in Fanchon and the Cricket." Friends, who witnessed her first starring effort, advised her to try for an acting career, but ZaSu did not succumb to its lure immediately. Her mother finally persuaded her to try her luck in the movies.

She came to Los Angeles alone, secured a cheap room at the Lankershim Hotel and set out immediately to conquer Hollywood, which was then little more than a suburb. Those first few days proved a nightmare. She made the rounds of the studios every day, then, when she returned to Los Angeles, instead of resting for her tramp on the morrow, she devoured the city sights. She did not speak to a single soul in the hotel. She only slept there. Every waking moment that she could (*Continued on page 106*)

AT THE RINGSIDE

(Right) Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. They're still happily married in spite of the fact that they prefer to keep separate establishments in Hollywood. If you remember, they did the same stunt in New York—we had a story about it some time ago. (Upper right) Jimmie Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan. Maureen is Jimmie's newest romance.

(Left) Pat O'Brien—the man who always gets cast as the cub reporter—and his pretty young wife. (Below, left) George Barnes, the famous cameraman, and Joan Blondell. Lots of rumors about their being secretly married and all that—but as far as we know they're still just romancing. (Below) He-man Charlie Bickford.

(Starting at the top and reading clock-wise.) 1. Richard Arlen right smack up at the ringside. 2. Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck. There's talk of Fay's going back into pictures. 3. A somewhat amazing picture of Jack Oakie. Who says he couldn't play a villain and sneer beautifully? 4. Spencer Tracy with thoughtful mien. The gentleman with the dark glasses in the background isn't George Bancroft. 5. The exterior of the Hollywood Legion Stadium—where the fights are held every Friday night. These fights are one of the most popular Hollywood weekly events with the players.

Pictures on these and subsequent pages by Hollywood Newspictures

AT THE RINGSIDE

Edward G. Robinson

Joan Marsh

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

At the top of the page we have Maurice Chevalier. The pictures above show (left) Conway Tearle and Ricardo Cortez and (right) George Raft. Some of the ringside shots on this and the previous two pages were taken at the Hollywood Legion Stadium and some at the Olympic Auditorium.

+ + + AT AGUA CALIENTE

Robert Coogan and his père.

Eddie Cantor

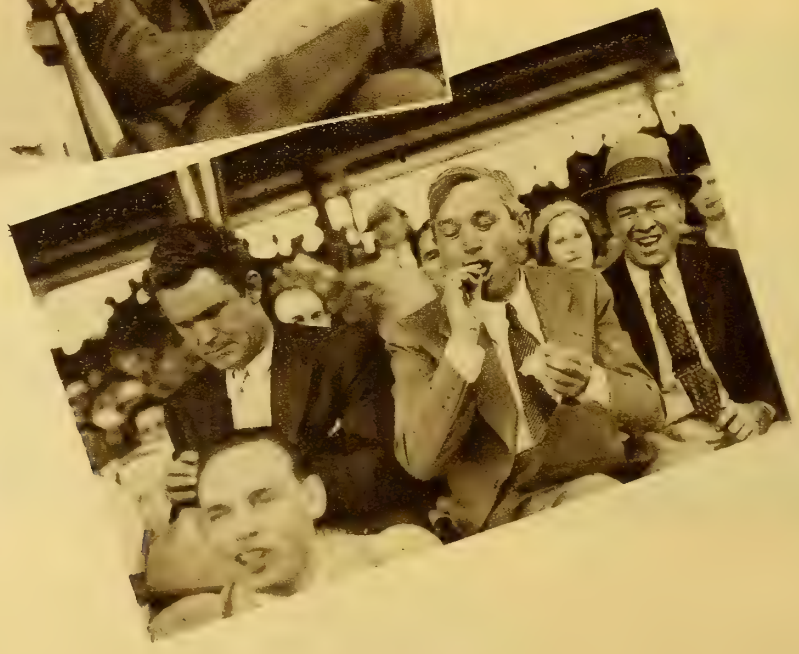
D. Dilloway and D. Jordan

Of course you've heard about Agua Caliente (Hot Water). And do the stars hate it! (Above left, reading left to right) Gilbert Roland, Larry Kent, a lady friend and Buster Keaton. (Above right) Keaton again and Dot Lee.

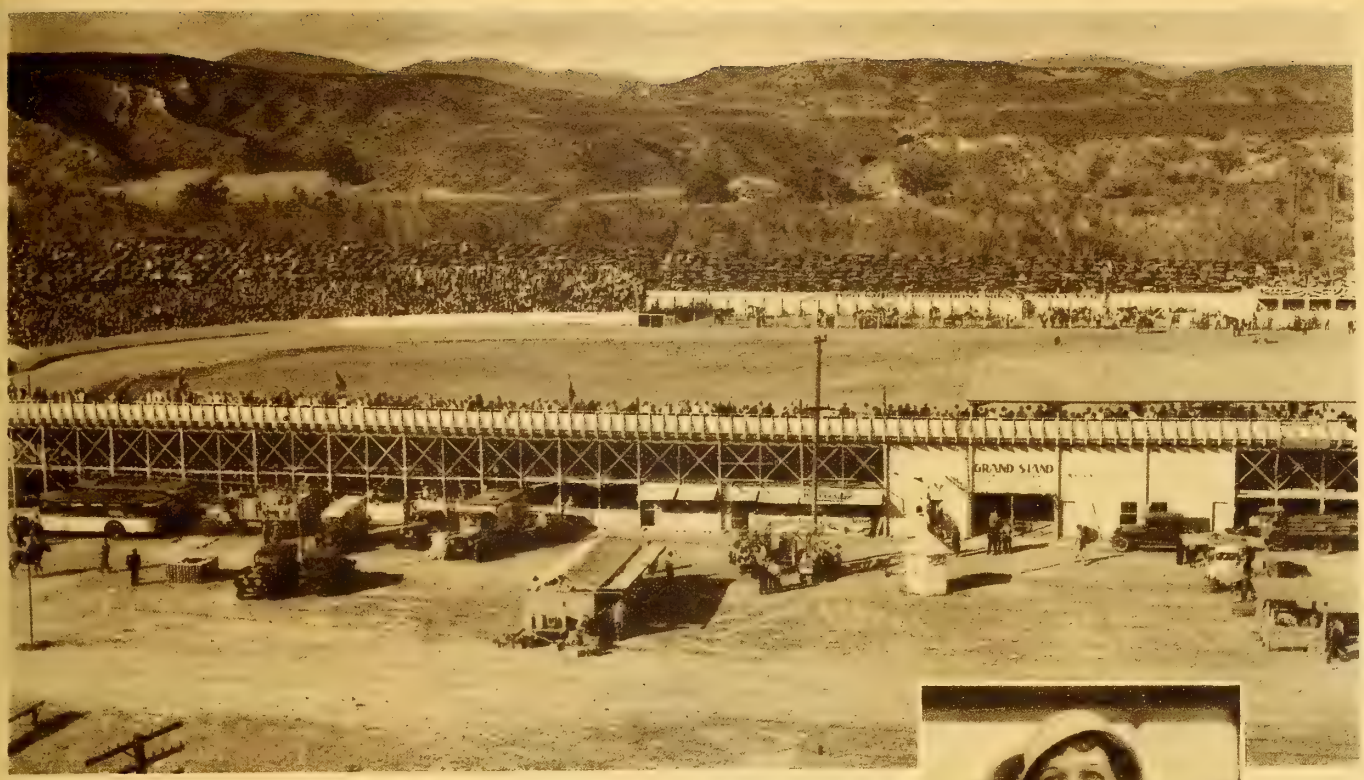
AT THE RODEO

Amid the thundering of the horses' hoofs and the yelling of the cowboys, the stars join in with a chorus of audience approval

(Above) Do we have to tell you who that is? It's his wife with him. (Above left) Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, the main riders of the show. This was taken before their separation, of course. Did you read the story about their separation on page 42? (Extreme left) Donald Dilloway and Dorothy Jordan. They're still rumored engaged, but they have not made any official announcement.



(Above) No doubt William S. Hart is well able to give some constructive criticism about these doings at the rodeo. The youthful admirer's name is unknown. You can call him Joe. (Right) Big Boy Williams and Will Rogers. Maybe it's peanuts Will is wolfing.



(Above) A general view of the grand stand where the rodeo was held. See Hoot over there by the telegraph pole? No? Well, neither can we, but he's there, somewhere. (Extreme right) Marian Nixon, Fox's newest bet for big pictures and rôles. You'll see a new picture of her if you turn to our Gallery of Honor, starting on page 51. (Right) Tom Mix and his family. Would you reckon Tom knows anything about horses and rodeos?

(Left) Reginald Denny and his wife, Barbara Denny. Reggy has temporarily given up acting and is directing short comedies for M-G-M—to whom he's under contract. (Above, left) No. 36 goes through his paces. Will he stay on or will he fall off? You tell us. (Above right) Will you just look and see what being on location in Honolulu did to Joel McCrea? Some tan—that makes a chap look so dark.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GEORGE RAFT

By CHARLES GRAYSON

HE is five feet ten inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. His hair is black and seal smooth, his eyes light brown. Like Jimmy Cagney he grew up in Hell's Kitchen in New York, and like Jimmy he does not use liquor in any form. The result of years of life in night clubs, his skin has a dead white pallor. George Raft is his real name.

He made Hollywood sit up with a gasping "Look at *that!*" in "Scarface," and repeated immediately with his swell portrayal of a killer in "Dancers in the Dark." Overnight he was made. Paramount beat the other studios in signing him to a long term contract. And now they are as full of plans for him as the proverbial early bird is of worms.

He was born September 27, 1904, on 41 Street between 9 and 10 Avenues, one of the toughest districts in the world. A lot of his playmates turned out to be gangsters, racketeers, jail-birds of all forms. George has a cigarette case which is a gift from the Prince of Wales. He still, however, says "cherce" for "choice."

He attended Public School 169 in New York, and later St. Catherine's. After school and during summer vacations he worked as an electrician's helper. He earned four dollars a week. It wasn't enough. Then, as now, he was crazy for clothes. His grandfather was that joyous German who first introduced the merry-go-round into this country. The same enterprising gentleman also prospected for gold in the early days of California, and made several small strikes. But little of this money came to George. And he did want clothes.

A retired pugilist named Bert Keyes had a ring set up in a vacant lot near George's home. There the boys of the neighborhood watched the professionals work out and often staged bouts of their own. George was fast and strong. At fifteen he decided to enter the professional game. The next two years, as a bantam-weight, he fought twenty-five times. (*Continued on page 109*)

Rudy Valentino wanted George Raft to be his double!

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

. . . Lupe's joke on Gary. George Arliss takes a cut. A miniature fight in the Daniels-Lyon household. Are Mary Brian and Ken Murray still that way? Tashman's new clothes—and other news

CLARA BOW won't get that $75,000 offered her to star in "Children of Manhattan," for Columbia, before starting in "Call Her Savage" for Fox.

Although Clara is eating with both eyes glued on the calorie chart and is undergoing daily work-outs with a trainer, she couldn't lose enough pounds to look sylph-like for the camera earlier than the date for production to start on "Call Her Savage."

So they had to get another gal for the leading rôle in "Children of Manhattan"—and Clara loses out on the $75,000. However, there's the possibility that Clara may play in a picture with Mary Pickford, no less! (See story on page 54.)

GARY COOPER is taking the baby chimpanzee he brought from Africa to boarding school. Gary wants his pet to be well-behaved. "Toluca" is the name he's finally bestowed on his pet. That wasn't what it was christened, though!

And while on the subject of Gary—one of the most amusing little intrigues was broken up when Gary Cooper came on to Hollywood from New York, bringing with him the Countess Frassco (Dolly Taylor). New Yorkers were getting plenty of tee-hees out of Gary's predicament. You see, Gary's been heavily attentive to the Countess, while Bert Taylor, the Countess' brother, has been hot-and-heavying-it with Lupe Velez.

Lupe's idea of a good joke was to check up on where Gary and the Countess would appear on a certain evening. Then she'd make her entrance with Taylor and seat herself at a table adjoining Cooper's.

The only one who seemed to enjoy the joke was Lupe . . . with the others hemming and hawing uncomfortably.

Wide World

Billie Dove and Bebe Daniels were among the list of prominent players at the reopening of Jack Dempsey's Hotel Barbara at Los Angeles. Estelle Taylor was there but she and Jack still insist no reunion.

Another of the big stars to willingly take a cut in salary is George Arliss. The ante for his appearance per picture has been reduced from $80,000 to a mere $60,000. And Dick Barthelmess is making three pictures for the former salary for two.

THE "Grand Hotel" première turned out to be a lucky break for a lot of independent producers. They set up their cameras and shot all the big stars as they arrived. And this footage will be incorporated in a dozen or so independent productions based on the Hollywood scene.

From Tahiti, Doug Fairbanks brings the news that the paradise house which the late director, Murnau, built at an approximate cost of $40,000 rents for a mere $40 a month!

AN honest to goodness fight threatened the Daniels-Lyon household—between little Barbara Bebe Lyon and her young guest, Irving Thalberg, Jr., to whom Norma Shearer is just mama. Barbara had a bracelet of her mother's and Junior Thalberg wanted it. Barbara held on for dear life. And open battle was averted until Norma instructed her son not to forget he was a little gentleman. And that was that.

There's romance in the air over at First National. On adjoining sets, Mary Brian and Ken Murray are working. And if you haven't heard, Mary and Ken are supposed to be engaged since they did that vaudeville tour together.

Ken seems to be taking his movie career seriously now. He has a publicity agent, lives in the swankiest apartment house in Hollywood and is in love with one of our most beautiful young actresses.

Rumors are strong that the Fox studio will merge with Warner Brothers. So those high-salaried stars, Chatterton and Bill Powell will become Fox players—if the merger goes through.

Elissa has splurged to the tune of $60,000 for a new home, for her husband, John Lawrence.

Acme

Esther Ralston aboard the S. S. Paris as she left for Europe. Yes, that's her baby she's holding. In private life Esther is the wife of Webb Frey, Englishman. She's going abroad for a seasonal vacation.

The fourteen trunks which Lil brought back from Paris and New York have Hollywood gasping. She has sports clothes of satin and silk—and evening gowns of cotton. Her new hats sit on one side of the Tashman head with everyone on pins and needles waiting for them to slip off. They're called saucer hats, and Lil says you can buy them anywhere from fifty cents to fifty dollars—the tinier the costlier. She has sweaters with décolleté backs—and an evening wrap fashioned of woven straw! Her sports coats are of brilliant hues, padded as much as a man's top coat.

June Collyer Erwin is preparing for a visit from the stork sometime in the fall. And are June and Stu happy!

MARIE DRESSLER splurged and bought the King C. Gillette estate in Beverly Hills. It's one of *the* show places of Southern California, built in Georgian style. There are gorgeous grounds and elaborate flower gardens, and the house has fourteen rooms.

(Right) We seem to remember a chap by the name of Will Rogers who once made an awful fuss about getting dolled up in a dress suit. And will you look at what they've done to him now? And he isn't even registering a squawk. That's what Hollywood does to you.

(Below) Arlene Judge and Roscoe Ates parade in the latest beach attire. Miss Judge's costume is one of the snappy 1932 models. Mr. Ates' is also very smart—quite the thing to wear if you want to get a lot of attention and neck craning. Does your neck crane?

He's coming all the way from England to see his actress-author wife.

Ruth Chatterton is planning a three-month European vacation . . . without Ralph Forbes. Ruth must know that this will give new impetus to those divorce rumors that have been hanging fire despite her and Ralph's denials of any domestic difficulties.

IF Nancy Carroll wants to stay on at Paramount, she'll have to take a straight salary of $1000 per, with no bonuses in the immediate offing. The $1000 weekly has been Nancy's contract figure for a good many months now—but when she got sort of Garbo-ish at the box office, the studio added some big bonuses to her weekly stipend.

Now that Nancy has lost some of that box-office come-hither she'll take the $1000 and like it . . . or else! "Number 55," with George Raft, is slated for her.

Billie Dove and ex, Irvin Willat, may have stopped to chat together several times of late—but that doesn't mean there's a re-romance between these two or anything like it.

They are friendly . . . speak to each other . . . but that's that.

PEOPLE are laying bets as to whether or not Lil Tashman can maintain her title of "The Best-Dressed Woman in Hollywood" with her latest sartorial splurge.

Tim McCoy

Hard indeed is the job of filming an exciting Western drama. This magnificent shot shows the "Hello Trouble" company at work. Buck Jones and Lina Basquette are in it.

THE HARDEST JOB IN HOLLYWOOD

George O'Brien Buck Jones Tom Keene Ken Maynard Tom Mix Hoot Gibson

. . . Hats off to the Western stars—those men of steel who brave hazard after hazard for the sake of putting genuine realism into their screen efforts

By CURTIS MITCHELL

THUNDERING hoofs, hear them? Snorting broncs and squealing calves, the yip-yip of cowboys, the rat-a-tattoo of exploding six-guns, these are the sounds of the "horse opera." And the "horse opera" or Western picture, if you don't know, is a grinding, grueling cinema mill that takes women and breaks them, that takes men and makes them—and fills their laps with gold and gold and gold.

It is the stellar rôle of these sagebrush sagas that represents *the hardest job in Hollywood.*

King of all the cowboys was Tom Mix that summer noon he rode Tony, his wonder horse, through the grand ballroom of the Astor Hotel in New York City. Call it a madcap prank or a publicity stunt, it was typical of its time. The western picture with its hard-riding, straight-shooting hero was America's favorite form of entertainment. And Tom Mix's salary was the unbelievable sum of $17,000 a week.

That is a salary, that $17,000—especially when you remember that Metro-Goldwyn officials have been wooing Greta Garbo with a mere $10,000 a week, and Garbo is just about the biggest name on today's cinema billboards.

The other side of the picture, though, is different. While Mix in ten gallon hat and dinner suit of white buckskin and silver studded boots was waltzing Tony across the Astor's ballroom, a cowgirl from Montana named Lena Holquist—she never played under that name—was swallowing veronal in a Tia Juana honky-tonk. Why? Because a half-dozen seasons in the saddle under sun and wind had crisped her complexion and knotted her muscles until her only future was back in the tumbleweed waste whence she came. She hadn't learned what Hollywood expresses today in the adage: Once a cowboy, always a cowboy—or cowgirl.

Generally, for a woman to work in Westerns is to enter the quicksands. Lillian Gish and Mabel Normand were cinema cowgirls but their tremendous talent saved them. More recently, Loretta Young and Sally Eilers, threatened with oblivion, successfully fought their way to finer parts and pictures. But the others, all those others who have donned Stetsons and buckskin skirts, where are they? They are forgotten, lost in a limbo that is crowded with anonymous lovely ladies who furnished "love interest" for six-gun supermen from Bronco Billy and William S. Hart right down to George O'Brien and Tom Keene.

PRACTICALLY, the Western picture is a man's picture. Whirlwind pursuits and surging stampedes leave little space for dainty femininity. Or art, for that matter. Its one purpose is to entertain—and if you want to know how much it entertains, just ask the little boy next door to name his film favorite.

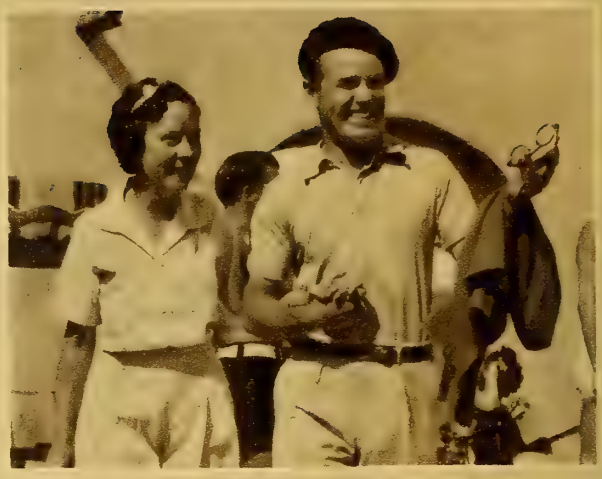
In certain circles, however, it has become fashionable to greet the mention of a cinema cowboy with curled lip and lifted brow. The inference is that he is an unlettered roughneck or a tailor's dummy dressed in chaps and sombrero. Is either inference true? Rise up, you Western fans, and hurl your deny. The man in the cinema saddle is a better man, nine times out of nine, than his brother in the business who sticks to drawing room and boudoir scenes and sneers at break-neck chases along the Tonto Rim. He has to be better in order to hold his job, for his public is the most merciless in the world—and I'm still talking about that little boy next door.

But what about this stellar rôle, this star's job that is the hardest job in Hollywood? Listen. . . .

What other actor must absorb the punishment of bareback rides, dives off cliffs, slugging matches, and knockout punches in picture after picture? What other actor must work on locations where, invariably, the sun is hottest and the wind strongest? What other man in pictures dares broken legs, arms, or neck so often? Only the cowboy! He is a perennial daredevil.

Check off the magic names. . . . Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, Tom Keene, Tim McCoy. Drawn from the four winds, their collective hold on the minds of thirty millions of American youngsters is unrivaled. Oddly but logically enough, whether ranch or town-bred, they share a similarity of background that is amazing. Invariably, they were adventurous wanderers before they struck the gold lode of Hollywood; invariably, they were ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

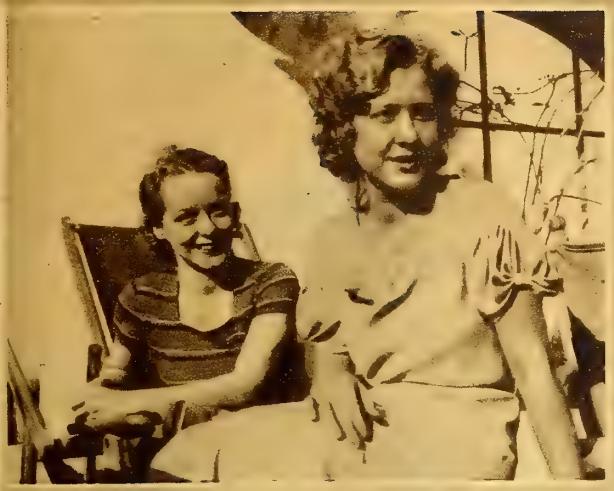
(Continued on page 88)

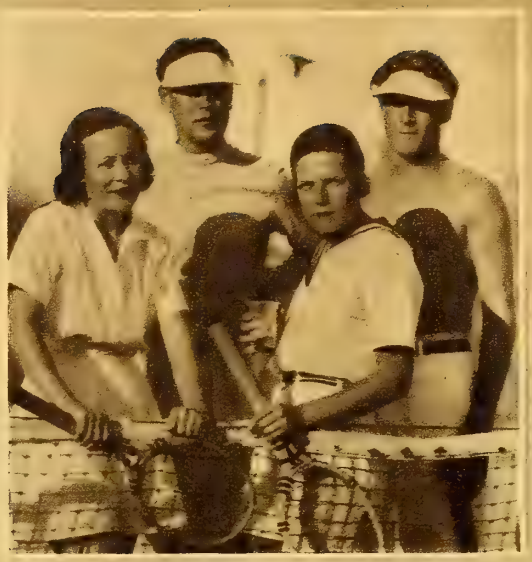


PALM

(Starting above and reading counter clockwise) 1. Regis Toomey and his wife. 2. Sari Maritza, that new importation. 3. George Bancroft. 4. Paul Lukas, a friend and Wally Beery. 5. Lukas and Mrs. Toomey.

Pictures by El Mirador Hotel





SPRINGS

(Starting above and reading by the clock) 1. Florence Lake and Mae Clarke. 2. Virginia Valli, Lydell Peck, a friend and Charles Farrell. 3. James Cagney. 4. Lucille Powers and Ken Maynard. 5. "Schnozzle" himself.

HELEN TWELVETREES'

Write to Virginia T. Lane about your own particular wardrobe problems. Address her in care of MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. She'll be glad to help you

(Above) It gives height, that evening gown of dove-grey crêpe roma on the left. Its lines help, of course, being long and unbroken, with just enough graceful fullness achieved by a center godet. Helen gives the dress a gay accent or two with a buckle of sapphire and crystal and a tricky blue braided silk necklace. (Above, right) Helen puts on a beige crêpe dress with brown linen fixin's. The length of the dress and the simple lines give her height. (Right) A charming gown for formal afternoon or informal evening. The plain black chiffon lines are given distinction by means of a surplice closing and sash of white satin and black ciré ribbon.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

WHEN you go out to visit Helen Twelvetrees at her beautiful new Brentwood home, you find yourself playing ping-pong with an adorable youngster. Golden curls tossed about by the four winds, wide, innocent blue eyes, and brilliant red pajamas that don't look like pajamas at all. They're knitted and they have short, skirt-like trousers and a middy blouse.

Then a couple of nights later she invites you to dinner. It's a surprise party. A surprise on *you*. Because the Helen you thought you knew has disappeared. In her

WARDROBE—*and yours!*

"HOW CAN I MAKE MYSELF LOOK TALLER?" PETITE HELEN TWELVETREES HELPS YOU SOLVE THIS PROBLEM

(Above, left to right) The sort of a suit that's just grand to wear in the summertime. The material is light-weight wool and the jacket ties with an amusing red bow. Next, Helen's best pajamas—black velvet trousers and a silver lamé jacket. The trousers are cuffed at the ankles—a nice idea for small people, since it adds to the general cute effect of the ensemble. The jacket fastens at neck and waist with a pair of novelty pins. And now on the extreme right, you can see Helen in a pair of quite tailored pajamas. Two shades of blue and the blouse is white satin.

place is a ravishing young moderne. Sleek coiffure, drop earrings that dazzle, a gown that says its wearer knows all the smartest and most interesting things to do.

It's puzzling—this dual personality of Helen's. And gentlemen *love* puzzles.

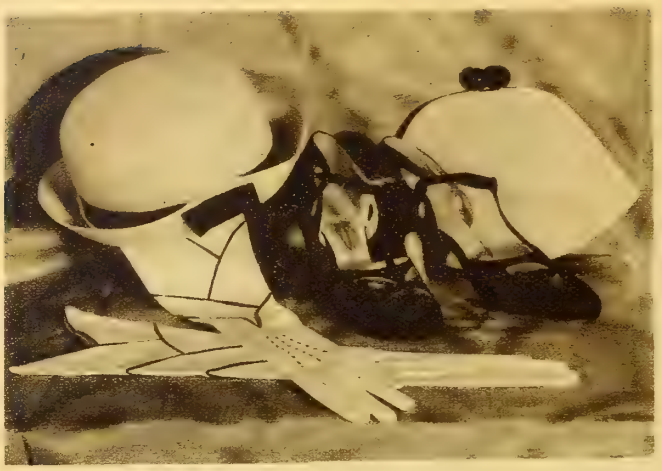
"They like variety," Helen stated when we went into conference on this clothes matter in a corner of her living room. "That's why no woman can afford to settle into one mold for a lifetime. Of course, she must continue dressing according to her type, following the lines that are best suited to her; but she can still alter her appearance whenever she cares to. There's no type that doesn't permit of variation. You may have to stick to long, simple lines as I do but that doesn't mean your wardrobe has to be standardized year in and year out.

"Two years ago I suppose I would have laughed at the idea of wearing small sailors. I can just hear myself say: 'What! Fancy *me* in such hats!' Well, today I'm wearing them—and liking 'em! I have several and I consider them about as smart as anything I own. For one thing, the upward tilt at which they're worn gives me height. That's an advantage. And then they're so *right* with these new suits. Just tailored enough.

I BOUGHT a black sailor of shiny straw with a wide band of black, grey and white ribbon not long ago. It was to wear with a grey suit of light weight wool that I have. (There's a picture of suit and hat on page 79.) It turned out to be such an attractive outfit that I wore it in 'State's Attorney.' The suit is softened somewhat by a rolling surplice collar and tiny cuffs of white crêpe. The coat's double breasted and has big patch pockets and an epaulet arrangement on the shoulders. That gives me the effect of a nice wide top. Clever, isn't it, this new cut of clothes? A tremendous help, too, to small girls with that difficult combination of narrow shoulders and a well developed bust."

Oh, my dears, *did* that last register properly? It's one of the most outstanding features of summer 1932 style. You absolutely have to give your shoulders that wide look, either with trim little epaulets like Helen has on her suit or with capes. Scarfs will do it, too—those that are draped like a folded handkerchief and flung over one shoulder. And yokes made in one with the sleeves offer their assistance. It's the greatest boon we women have had in years because all too many of us have developed wrinkles wondering how on earth to overcome that

(Right) No, it isn't a coat—it's a suit. One of those dress-up, "after five o'clock" suits. Very sheer black wool, with shawl collar and deep cuffs of ermine and rhinestone-edged black buttons. The length is just right for the rather formal sort of suit that it is. (Below) First, a group of black and white accessories. The little hat is stitched white piqué with a black grosgrain bow. Second, a pair of brown and beige oxfords and a brown bag.



pinched-in top, large "buzzoom" and thick waist effect. Now our worries are over—for a season or two at least.

Capes are such gracious things—and comfortable. You have them of chiffon for evening wear and they add a note of mystery to your backless gown. Then again they may be of linen, cut in an amusing military fashion, to go with a sports outfit.

Just observe that brown linen cape that enlivens Helen's suit-dress on page 76 for a moment. Isn't it the last word in chic? The dress itself is of beige crêpe matmira —a fascinating new material. Those scallops; around the upper part of the skirt, and the cape help to give it the appearance of having a jacket. Cavalier cuffs of the brown linen flare at the elbow and buttoned wrist bands of the crêpe add to their smartness. The bodice is fitted and buttoned up high on a slant. Helen's hat is a modified brown derby with a touch of the beige crêpe and a wisp of a veil. (You can see the hat in more detail on page 79.) Her kid gloves and her big brown bag match it. The oxfords she has selected to carry out the color scheme are *very* new. They lace on the sides unex-

(Left) A suit of light-weight wool that can be either very sporty or dressed up a bit (as Helen has done it) with patent leather pumps and a black shiny straw sailor. The epaulets widen the shoulders nicely. (Below) First, two perfect ducks of hats—a brown grosgrain derby with a bit of beige spliced in, and a black Milan with grosgrain bows. Second, brown afternoon accessories; the hat and purse are of matching roshanara crêpe.

pectedly and there's open-work across the toes. There's a picture of them on the opposite page.

MRS. BROCK PEMBERTON, style specialist extraordinary to the theatrical world, says that Helen is at her best in straight, slim lines and in simple things with soft details. "Brockie," as she is affectionately known to her friends, is the foremost fashion arbiter in America. She has costumed more than six hundred plays on Broadway and three months ago RKO captured her.

"There's something ethereal about Miss Twelvetrees," she said to me once. "You cannot put gaudy colors on an ethereal character in real life any more than you can in a play. She reacts to blue—feels more at home in it than in any other shade. That's natural, with her blond hair and blue eyes. If she had grey eyes or was dark she'd have to be a bit more careful about wearing it. *Blue, you know, reflects itself. It draws from the natural color of the face and accentuates the lines.* That's why touches of white are so excellent with it, especially for older women. It's wise to use special (*Continued on page 95*)

With her mother, "Leelie" Rogers. It's from her that Ginger gets her "It's-better-not-to-cry" attitude.

(Left) On vacation at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs. (Below) A photographic study taken at the age of eighty-four months—or, if you prefer, seven years.

(Right) With Joe E. Brown in "Tenderfoot." (Below) The Rogers' lass when she was three years old. Even then she didn't bawl.

By SHENTON IRWIN

When she was a kid Ginger Rogers learned it's better to forget your

I KNEW her when she was a freckled-faced, long-legged, eleven-year-old with red hair and so much personality none of the neighborhood mothers could get their children home at meal time! They were all having too much fun "play-acting" in Ginger Rogers' backyard!

I knew Ginger when she used to act in all the school plays and show my little sister and the other children the latest dance steps to our victrola. That was when Hollywood and stardom was just a misty dream back of her blue eyes. And when she set Forth Worth agog by winning the Charleston contest in 1925 and signing up for the Keith-Orpheum circuit. Everybody was glad because everybody liked Ginger, and we all predicted great things for her. But I doubt if any of us realized then just how important those things would be.

I remember Ginger Rogers best as the little girl who wouldn't cry. There were never any tears shed when

she hurt herself because "if you don't cry and if you don't look at the hurt place it gets well lots quicker."

I recall one day my little sister came home with the story of how one of the children had accidentally slammed the car door on Ginger's hand.

"Oh, it was awful!" she said, big-eyed. "It left a terrible gash right across Ginger's four fingers. But she didn't cry. She just got sort of white and said, 'Let's don't anybody look at it.' And we didn't and pretty soon she was playing with us again. Wasn't that brave?"

Ginger is still like that. The freckles are gone and in place of the long-legged awkwardness there is poise and beauty, but Ginger still doesn't cry over the "hurt places."

You have only to meet "Leelie," Ginger's mother, to realize where Ginger gets her never-say-die spirit. It has been Mrs. Rogers' own courage that has been a guide since Ginger was a tiny girl, her unflagging optimism that has kept Ginger going when things looked darkest.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T + + CRY + +

I VISITED the Rogers' New York apartment the other evening. Leelie proudly showed me the scrapbook in which she has kept the pictures and mementos of her daughter's career that all mothers love to cherish. On the first page was a picture of Ginger at the age of three, long before they came to Fort Worth.

"This was taken just before my baby was kidnapped," Mrs. Rogers explained.

Here was something that, long as I had known the Rogers, I had never heard! Kidnapped?

It seems that Ginger's mother and father were not happy together and separated soon after the child's birth. The father felt the child should belong to him and, balked in other attempts, proceeded to steal her from her home. A frantic three weeks elapsed before Mrs. Rogers could trace her. And then she was forced practically to kidnap the child back again.

"I'll never forget that mad ride over miles and miles of Texas dirt road, Ginger huddled on the seat beside me, never crying, never whimpering, as I tore along," Leelie went on. "I felt she should belong to me, her mother. So I simply went and got her. It was exciting, I suppose, but it wasn't very pleasant."

It was only after a long fight in the courts that she was officially granted the custody of the child.

We turned another page, and there was Ginger at six and some pages of childishly scrawled writing. There was a story to that, too. It was during the long years of the war that mother and daughter were separated again. Mrs. Rogers went to Washington to do her bit, leaving Ginger with her own mother in Kansas City. The "bit" consisted of recruiting with the marine corps, to do publicity work and learning to fly. Mrs. Rogers, incidentally, has the proud distinction of being the first woman ever to fly an airplane under government orders.

Ginger, at home, was doing her bit by writing to mother. Mrs. Rogers passed the little letters around the office, and soon even the gray-haired officers were calling her "mother." Can't you see the little redhead struggling over this?

Dear Mama
I get your letter yesterday I am wateing for you. to day I. heard the tran commening in and I sead to myself. on that tran is my mama wiell granddaddy and me made a garden and put onions and pets and radehas and that is all we had in the garden and haf of it is mine. Mama I want a big doll. and I want a Bugay too if you can't get the doll are if you cant bring the Bugay netr. it is all rite wiell I must leve so love and Kisses
your baby Virginia

WHEN Leelie came back home, Ginger used to fly with her. That was before the days of commercial flying and she was one of the first children to go up. Ginger insists she was never afraid because she knew Leelie was with her.

After the Armistice, times were hard and jobs were scarce even for a woman with a service record like Mrs. Rogers'. She was forced to do almost anything to support herself and Ginger.

"We lived on five dollars a week for a while," Mrs. Rogers told me. "And then on twelve. I shall never forget my raise to eighteen. A princely sum!"

All the while, in childish fashion, Ginger had her mind on (*Continued on page 105*)

(Above) Seven-year-old Ginger. (Right) Ready for a "She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain." (Extreme right) After she had won the Charleston contest.

trouble than to cry about it—she still lives up to it

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

Culver Service

Ah, young love is here again. It is spring! The birds are twittering in the trees. The hero and heroine tiptoe through the dandelions. While in the background, the wicked villain lurks, thinking of another kind of spring. The girl? Fanny Ward.

Globe Photo

(Above) Before the days when Connie Bennett was known as the "sophisticated Constance." The house apron—with Connie behind it—was for a scene in "My Son" with Nazimova. (Left) Ain't Bill Powell cute as an historical character? Not surprising that Dorothy Gish's mouth dropped open.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Wears $10 shoes
Ignores her tender gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

CAN'T BLAME HER for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people always have considered and always *will* consider a *face* more important than a *foot!*

If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to *smile!*

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the *soundness* of your teeth.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. (Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. For there's ziratol in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in bringing the gums back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive *years* from now!

IPANA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-82
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn., February 2. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Speed Crazy," Universal; "Huddle," M-G-M.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Penn., December 16. First National player. Featured in "A Successful Calamity," "The Jewel Robbery" and "Night Flower," First National.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 26. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "High Pressure," First National; "Tom Brown of Culver," Universal.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount star. Featured in "Sky Bride," Paramount. Working in "Tiger Shark," First National. Next is "Hot Ice," Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Man Who Played God" and "A Successful Calamity." Next is "Rise and Fall of Rothschild." For Warner Bros.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 20. RKO-Pathe player. Featured in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; "Radio Patrol," Universal; "Is my Face Red?" RKO-Radio. Working in "Madison Square Garden," Rogers.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "But the Flesh Is Weak" and "Letty Lynton." Working in "Washington Whirlpool." For M-G-M.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio; "A Successful Calamity," Warner Bros. Temporarily retired awaiting birth of child.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Young Bride," "Roadhouse Murder" and "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio. Making personal appearances.

ATWILL, LIONEL; married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Silent Witness," Fox; "Dr. X," First National.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World." Working in "Laughing Boy." For Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cheaters At Play," Fox; "Back Streets," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavis Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Paramount star. Starred in "World and the Flesh." Working in "The Challenger." For Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Thunder Below" and "Devil and the Deep." Next is "Blood and Sand." For Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel" M-G-M; starred in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio. Next is "Moon and Sixpence," RKO-Radio.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel." Working in "Washington Whirlpool." For M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor." Working in "Cabin in the Cotton." For First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Surrender," "Amateur Daddy" and "Man About Town," Fox.

BEERY, WALLACE; Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hell Divers"; co-starred in "Grand Hotel."

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Young America," "Woman in Room 13" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next is "What Price Glory?" For Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. RKO-Pathe star. Starred in "Lady With a Past" and "What Price Hollywood?," RKO-Pathe. Working in "Two Against the World," Warner Bros.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Careless Lady," "Trial of Vivienne Ware" and "Week Ends Only," Fox.

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Arrowsmith," United Artists; "No Greater Love," Columbia. Working in "Sporting Widow," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal For Sale," Universal; "Thunder Below," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, Austria, September 10. Universal star. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Working in "Broken Dreams of Hollywood." For Universal.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Crowd Roars," "Famous Ferguson Case," "Miss Pinkerton" and "Big City Blues," Warners. Working in "Gates of Hollywood," Paramount. Next is "Three on a Match," Warners.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Careless Lady," Fox; "Back Streets," Universal. Making personal appearances.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starts soon in "Call Her Savage," Fox.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Starred in "The Big Gamble" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathe. Will do series of Westerns for Darmour.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Wiser Sex," Paramount; "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance. Featured in "High Pressure," First National" and "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Rich Are Always With Us," "Miss Pinkerton," "Week-End Marriage" and "Night Flower." Working in "Children of Pleasure." Next is "They Call It Sin." For First National.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "It's Tough To Be Famous" and "Blessed Event," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, Eng., June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Shanghai Express" and "Man From Yesterday." Working in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." For Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Fireman Save My Child" and "The Tenderfoot." Working in "You Said A Mouthful." For First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Laces of the Rio Grande," Universal; "Fatal Alarm," Trem Carr. Working in "Vanishing Frontier," Darmour.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal contract star. Featured in "Famous Ferguson Case," First National; "Fast Companions," Universal. Working in "Tom Brown of Culver," Universal.

BRUCE, VIRGINIA; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., September 29. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride," Paramount. Working in "Downstairs," M-G-M.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "Beauty and the Boss," First National. Working in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Society Girl" and "Week Ends Only," Fox.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. Star. Starred in "The Crowd Roars" and "Winner Take All," Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days." Working in "Kid From Spain." For Goldwyn-United Artists.

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl From the Rio," RKO-Radio; "The Broken Wing," Paramount.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Broken Lullaby" and "Wayward," Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Fox player. Featured in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox. Working in "Children of Pleasure," First National.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, Eng., April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights." Now in Europe.

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Nickle Nurser," "Balmy Days" and "First in War," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Rich Are Always With Us." Working in "Children of Pleasure." For Warners.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Valee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Next is "The Way to Love." For Paramount.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox; "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. United Artists star. Starred in "The Greeks Had A Word For Them," Goldwyn-United Artists. Appearing on the legitimate stage.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Universal player. Featured in "Reckless Living," "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World," Universal. Now recuperating from nervous breakdown.

(Continued on page 90)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR JULY AND AUGUST—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Wynne Gibson	July 3	Dolores Del Rio	August 3
Ricardo Cortez	July 7	Leo Carrillo	August 6
John Gilbert	July 10	Ann Harding	August 7
Irene Dunne	July 14	Sylvia Sidney	August 8
Barbara Stanwyck	July 16	Dorothy Jordan	August 9
James Cagney	July 17	Charles Farrell	August 9
Lupe Velez	July 18	Norma Shearer	August 10
Richard Dix	July 18	Gene Raymond	August 13
Clara Bow	July 29	Joan Blondell	August 30

How long could YOU stand "WEEK-END MARRIAGE"?

Lola and Ken found it didn't last very much longer than its name . . .

HE gave up an opportunity for promotion in South America to marry her. He swallowed his pride when his cut salary forced her to continue working as a secretary—and when a raise made her earnings larger than his own.

But a slovenly house and delicatessen fare eventually drove him from home to the poor consolation of a speakeasy—and wild company. Was this to be the end of their pathetic "week-end marriage"?

Find the real, human story of Lola and Ken—"Week-End Marriage"—in the August SCREEN ROMANCES. You'll like it—every line of it—because it's the story of people you know—of the people next door—perhaps even your own story. Don't miss it!

And don't miss the nine other absorbing talkie stories in the same issue—all liberally illustrated with rotogravure "stills" from the actual Hollywood productions. Today—at any newsstand—ask for the latest

Screen Romances

THE 10 BEST TALKIE STORIES OF THE MONTH!

Look for the
COMPLETE STORIES
of these late pictures
in the August SCREEN ROMANCES:

WEEK-END MARRIAGE: *Loretta Young* and *Norman Foster.*

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?: *Constance Bennett* and *Neil Hamilton.*

BIRD OF PARADISE: *Dolores Del Rio* and *Joel McCrea.*

WINNER TAKE ALL: *James Cagney* and *Marion Nixon.*

BACK STREET: *Irene Dunne* and *John Boles.*

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY: *George Arliss* and *Mary Astor.*

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM: *Marion Nixon* and *Charles Farrell.*

HUDDLE: *Ramon Novarro* and *Madge Evans.*

LOVE IS A RACKET: *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.* and *Ann Dvorak.*

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL: *Fredric March* and *Sylvia Sidney.*

It's Easy to Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—with wonder-working Tintex Color Remover

1. Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . .

2. Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . . .

3. Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 9*)

completely—drop the head, droop the shoulders and let the abdominal muscles go. Then move by slow stages back to your first position—abdominal muscles in first, back raised and straightened next, shoulders pulled back third, chest expanded again fourth, and head dropped back fifth.

These exercises—repeated with unflagging faith every day—will improve the posture and firm up a flabby bust. Also, simply rotating the shoulder joints will help—one shoulder at a time, then both together, then with the arms down at the sides, stretched out at shoulder level, or raised to shoulder level and bent upward at the elbows.

There now—that's quite a few exercises to go on with. And I have some more—some of them worked out by a well known beauty expert and some of my own. I'll gladly send you a mimeographed copy of whichever set you want (hips, stomach, bust, shoulders, feet or whatnot) if you'll write to me. I'd set them down here except for the fact that exercise descriptions do take up so much space.

Another problem which I left out of my article was the freckle problem. There are two kinds of freckles—temporary and permanent. The temporary freckles are the ones which startle you out of your wits when you look into the mirror after your first day on the beach. I know. The sun does me that way. And I've made a point of plastering myself with a good bleach cream the minute I return from a swim—and I refuse to look in the mirror for one solid hour! Temporary freckles will disappear—honestly and truly—if they are constantly daubed with a freckle remover or bleach cream. As the old song went, "It may be for years and it may be forever," but they really will go away. Permanent freckles—the ones which have been left untreated for years or those which have pierced too far down for ordinary bleaching agents to reach—are something else again. Personally, I think that if sensitive skinned folks will just keep chasing each summer's batch of freckles away with bleaches, the few permanent freckles left are attractive and piquant and not a bit disfiguring. There are, to be sure, peeling preparations on the market which will even take those off. But I frankly state that an efficacious peeling preparation is as expensive as platinum, practically. A very small treatment costs in the neighborhood of ten dollars and that's a heap of money these days.

PEOPLE who freckle and burn easily should treat themselves to a sunburn oil or cream. There's no fun at all in getting a blistering red that never turns to tan and a remedy really comes under the head of a skin medicine rather than a cosmetic. The top to the beach pajama should be a turtle necked sweater for such people and the beach hat should be a large, friendly, floppy one.

Another beauty problem that I'd like to say a word about is eyebrow-plucking. People write and ask me whether they should or should not pluck their eyebrows, whether they should arch them or keep them the natural shape. Now, I ask you? How can I tell? Except that I can—and always do—advise against changing the natural shape of the brows. True, a change of eyebrow does give an entirely different expression to the face and add a certain zest to life sometimes. But for girls in ordinary walks of life I think it's a mite silly—not to mention a great deal of trouble. I do think that shaggy brows should be groomed—stray hairs tweezed out, I mean, and a neat, smart appearance strived for. But I don't always hold with plucking heavy brows. No, sir! There's nothing that gives strength and character—yes, and beauty, too—to a face more than strongly marked brows—*if* they are neat and tidy. Especially brunettes. And decided blondes with definitely marked dark brows are lovely, too. Look at Bette Davis on page 8. She would be just another pretty blonde without those good looking dark brows. They're groomed nicely, but their shape isn't altered one iota.

NOW, a word to young girls. Don't—please don't—get so morbidly worried about yourselves! Some of your letters would have me in constant tears if it weren't for the fact that I know you exaggerate your problems. "Dear Miss Biddle," some of you say, "I don't know what I'm going to do. I wish I could die. My skin is terrible. My hair is a horrible color and I can't fix it any way at all. No wave will stay in it. I'm so fat (or so thin) that all my friends make fun of me and I never have any dates. Please tell me what to do. I'm just desperate." Now, of course, *I'm* exaggerating a little bit, but you get the general idea. Young girls seem to go through this stage when they're at the in-between age—neither little girl nor young lady. It's a tough time, I admit. But please just try to think of this period as a preparation time for the day when you're going to blossom out as a really lovely person. Spend your time experimenting and trying hard to have a nice skin and pretty hair and a beautiful figure. And if your friends laugh at you—then they're not real friends. And if the boys don't keep your telephone ringing—well, don't bother about the silly creatures. In a couple of years they'll be positively pestering you to death for dates and then you can just lift a supercilious eyebrow at them and say, "Sorreh, but I'm afraid I'm busy tonight. No, I'm busy tomorrow night, too. Well—let me see—I'll save a week from Thursday for you, if you *really* want to see me!" That'll fix 'em!

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 11*)

some of the new hot beverage cups which also come in a choice of colors. These special cups will hold hot drinks without melting or leaking, which is something the ordinary paper cups were not designed to do. And speaking of cups, bake those little individual cakes for which we are giving you the recipe in this month's booklet in individual crinkle cups. They are easier to pack and eat than a single large cake, and look dressier in the bargain.

DOUBTLESS you already know about the paper forks, spoons, straws and plates, and other paper picnic helps. But if you don't you had better look over the surprisingly large variety now available. The Kress and Kresge stores carry a large and attractive assortment. We want especially to call your attention to the little serving dishes which are ideal for individual serving of salads or for holding pickles and other condiments. And, when you are picnic shopping, be sure to pick up plenty of waxed paper in the form of bags as well as rolls or sheets, in which to wrap the sandwiches and cakes.

For packing the food and the eating equipment we recommend those ten cent paper shopping bags. They are so convenient and so easy to carry. In fact, you will find that the arranging of any picnic can be much simplified if you plan to have on hand, during the summer months, one or two of these shopping bags well stock with paper picnic aids. In this way you will always be ready to start off on a picnic on very short notice.

Large mayonnaise or preserve jars are ideal containers for the salad—and be sure to carry the lettuce separately in its own jar if you want it to arrive at the picnic fresh and attractive. And just to remind you! Before you start out on your picnic, remember to put in the picnic bag a sharp knife, a long handled spoon, an anchor bottle opener and the salt and pepper.

Be sure to send for this month's Star Recipes for the favorite picnic foods of John Boles. They will go far towards helping make any picnic a thoroughly enjoyable event. We hope that this summer's picnics will be the best you have ever attended. And they will be, if you follow the John Boles formula, which reduced to its simplest terms is merely good food, attractively served, amid pleasant surroundings. Come to think of it, that is the formula for making any meal a success, isn't it?

Next month the Modern Hostess will talk about afternoon tea parties and tell you how to serve them on the veranda or in your living-room. Clive Brook was kind enough to give us some really splendid ideas for this one which you'll enjoy—so, don't miss it!

Tint or Dye It at Home With Quick, Easy Tintex and Save Money!

Perfect Professional Results Assured

No Muss—No Fuss—No Spots—No Streaks

Go over your wardrobe today! Pick out all the faded "washed-out" garments or those with unfashionable, unbecoming colors . . .

In just a few minutes, and at next to no cost, Tintex will restore all their original color-freshness or will give them new and *different* colors, if you wish!

And it will do the same for *household* fabrics, too! Curtains, table-runners, bed-spreads . . . *any* decorative fabric may be made to bloom with bright new color easily and quickly.

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter. 35 beautiful colors from which to choose! Marvelous results assured from your very first trial! Try it today!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box — For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover — Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 12*)

IMPATIENT MAIDEN (Universal)—Lew Ayres as a young hospital interne, Mae Clarke as the young girl who falls in love with him. **Good—okay for kids.**

IS MY FACE RED? (RKO-Radio)—Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in a story based on the life of a Winchell. **Good—a mite risqué in spots for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS (First National)—How a man's life—when he suddenly becomes a national hero—can very nearly be ruined. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the national hero. **Fair.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (RKO-Radio)—Concerning how a jury came to their verdict—with Edna May Oliver as the most obstreperous member of said jury. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Pathé)—Another young lady who pretends to have had a glamorous past in order to impress the man she loves. Constance Bennett is the young lady and David Manners the boy she is trying to impress. **Good—kids will like some of it.**

LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford as a girl who loves and leaves. Nils Asther is the one who is left—and tries blackmail. Robert Montgomery is the man to whom Joan really gives her heart. **Very good—but not for the young ones.**

LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, Robert Armstrong and Eric Von Stroheim in a story of the stunt aviators who risk their lives for thrills for the camera in Hollywood. **Excellent—okay for children.**

LOVE AFFAIR (Columbia)—An heiress falls in love with an aviator—and finds many difficulties besetting the path to happiness. Dorothy Mackaill has the leading rôle. **Fair.**

MAN WANTED (Warner)—Kay Francis as a modern business woman and David Manners as the man who becomes her secretary and, of course, falls in love with her. She is unhappily married—so the plot thickens. **Fair—dull for children.**

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD (Warner)—George Arliss as a brilliant pianist who loses his hearing in an accident and who—after an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide—spends his life doing good to his neighbors. **Good, if you like sentimental drama—all right for the kids.**

MATA HARI (M-G-M)—Hollywood's newest version of the famous war spy. Greta Garbo and Lionel Barrymore have the leading rôles. Ramon Novarro is the young lieutenant who falls for Garbo's charms. **Excellent—but not for children.**

MICHAEL AND MARY (Universal)—Pleasant little English story, written by A. A. Milne, played by an all-English cast and imported by Universal. **Very good if you like English characters and speech—children may be bored by it.**

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)—Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, Hobart Bosworth and John Wray in a talkie version of the famous silent in which Lon Chaney made his name. **Very good—children should like it.**

MISS PINKERTON (Warner)—Thrilling mystery story with Joan Blondell and George Brent. **Good—children will find it exciting.**

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warner)—The story of a lawyer who, because he unwittingly sends an innocent man to the electric chair, becomes the mouthpiece for crooks and makes a name for himself in securing sensational acquittals. Warren William plays the lawyer with fine feeling and excellent humor. Aileen MacMahon is his secretary and Sidney Fox the girl he really falls for. **Very good—older children will like it.**

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)—A Hollywood version of the famous Edgar Allan Poe story. **Very good if you like horror pictures—better not take the kids.**

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M)—Another story about the younger generation. Robert Young is good. **Good—the children could find a profitable lesson in it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Ernst Lubitsch bedroom musical with Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young and Charles Ruggles. **Excellent sophisticated stuff—kids probably won't like it.**

THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante in a slapstick comedy which was taken from—of all things—"Her Cardboard Lover." **Very funny—excellent for children.**

PLAY GIRL (First National)—Loretta Young, Norman Foster and Winnie Lightner in a modern romantic story. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS (M-G-M)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a story with a circus background. Clark Gable plays a he-man minister. **Good—okay but not very entertaining for the offspring.**

PRESTIGE (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding and Melvyn Douglas as a young married couple whose troubles begin when they have to go and live in a penal colony because the husband has been ordered there for duty—he is an army officer. **Fair—children will be bored by it.**

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in another hilarious comedy. **Excellent—and by all means take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

RADIO PATROL (Universal)—Robert Armstrong and Lila Lee in a story about the men who chase crime in the radio cars. **Good—and children will find it exciting.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (Warner)—Wealthy married woman's love problem when she falls in love with another man. Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and John Miljan head the cast. **Good—but youngsters will find it dull.**

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY (Universal)—Tom Mix in his second come-back picture. This was erroneously reported in our last issue as his come-back picture. **Good—fine for children.**

ROADHOUSE MURDER (RKO-Radio)—A murder story with an unusual twist to it. Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan have the leading rôles. **Good—okay for children.**

SCARFACE, SHAME OF THE NATION (United Artists)—The last of the honest-to-goodness gang films. Paul Muni and George Raft have important parts. Ann Dvorak is also in it. Full of shooting and excitement—and a good deal of preaching. **Very good—not for children.**

SCANDAL FOR SALE (Universal)—Newspaper yarn with Pat O'Brien, Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford. **Fair.**

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—Exciting goings-on which almost all take place on Shanghai Express. Marlene Dietrich, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and others are all very good. But the locomotive almost steals the picture. **Very good—children will like the action scenes.**

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE (Fox)—Joan Bennet as the girl who decides that money is more important in marriage than love. **Fair.**

SKY BRIDE (Paramount)—A story of a stunt flyer who loses his nerve—until the appropriate dramatic moment arrives. Jack Oakie and Richard Arlen are in it. **Very good—kids will like it.**

SKY DEVILS (Caddo-United Artists)—Spencer Tracey, William (Stage) Boyd and Ann Dvorak in an amusing air comedy. **Very good—great for boys.**

SO BIG (Warner)—Edna Ferber's famous story in talkie form with Barbara Stanwyck in the leading rôle. **Very good—suitable for children.**

SOCIETY GIRL (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn, Peggy Shannon and Spencer Tracy in a prize fight story. **Good—take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—Frank Albertson, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda in an automobile story. **Good—okay for kids.**

STATE'S ATTORNEY (RKO-Radio)—Another story about the brilliant lawyer who spends his time securing acquittals for guilty criminals. John Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees have the leading rôles. **Very good—older children will like it, too.**

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE (Paramount)—Something like "Madelon Claudet" with Frances Dee, Wynne Gibson and Pat O'Brien. **Good—a little sad for the children.**

STRANGE INTERLUDE (M-G-M)—Eugene O'Neill's psychological study of a woman's life and loves emerges beautifully on the screen. Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan, Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young. **Excellent—but much too grown-up and sophisticated for the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN (First National)—Ann Dvorak, Richard Cromwell and Spencer Tracey in a love and mother-love story. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY (Warners)—George Arliss in a story about a millionaire who plays poor to reunite his family. Mary Astor, Evalyn Knapp and William Janney are in it. **Good—children will like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (RKO-Radio)—Ricardo Cortez as a young doctor of the Ghetto who rises to great heights and forgets his former ideal that money means nothing. Irene Dunne plays opposite him. **Excellent sentimental type of story—splendid for the children.**

TARZAN, THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan. His magnificent physique will inevitably win your admiration. Neil Hamilton and Maureen O'Sullivan are also in the cast. **Very good—fine for the kids.**

THE TENDERFOOT (Warners)—Joe E. Brown in a very funny comedy about a cowboy who comes to New York with his big inheritance. **Good—and children will just love it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

THIS IS THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Amusing comedy about a timid man who gets himself into a jam with another man's wife and gets still more mixed up in trying to extricate himself. Roland Young, Charles Ruggles, Lily Damita and Thelma Todd are in it. **Good—children will be bored.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)—Gloria Swanson in love comedy with Melvyn Douglas. **Excellent—but not for children.**

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas and Charles Bickford in a triangle story. **Good—children won't care for it much.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)—Thrilling court-room melodrama handled with imagination and skill. **Good—all right for the young folks.**

TWO SECONDS (First National)—Edward G. Robinson in the exciting story of a man's review of his life as he is about to die. **Excellent—but not the right entertainment for children.**

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in an amusing comedy of errors. **Very good.**

WEEK-END MARRIAGE (Warners)—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in a story about young love and its difficulties. **Good—children may like parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

WESTWARD PASSAGE (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding, Laurence Olivier and Irving Pichel in another triangle story. **Good—but children would be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Robert Young and others in a story about prohibition and pre-prohibition days. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND (M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper in another kid picture. **Very good—great for kids.**

WINNER TAKE ALL (Warners)—Jimmie Cagney and Marian Nixon in a prize fight story. **Good—children will like the fight scenes and Cagney's roughneck acting.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13 (Fox)—A slightly outmoded murder story with Elissa Landi, Ralph Bellamy and Neil Hamilton. **Fair—children would be bored.**

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)—Russian revolution story with George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. **Good—children will find it exciting.**

YOUNG AMERICA (Fox)—Story dealing with the modern youth problem. Spencer Tracey and Doris Kenyon are in it. **Good—fine for children.**

YOUNG BRIDE (RKO-Pathé)—The troubles of a young married couple—the husband of which is a terrible bluff and show-off. Helen Twelvetrees and Eric Linden are the couple. **Fair—okay for the kids.**

The Hardest Job in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 73*)

FOR instance, Tom Mix.

Not many persons know the story of his really amazing career. Or that he is part Indian. Or that he carries a half-dozen lead slugs in his body as souvenirs of gun fights that were *not* fought before cameras.

Born near El Paso, Texas, fifty years ago, with a father who was a captain of U. S. Cavalry, he learned to ride as soon as he could walk. At eighteen, he followed his first glory trail to war.

Old Spain and America had come to grips in Cuba. He fought through the Battle of Guaymas, helped the Rough Riders at Christobel Hill, and was a scout for Theodore Roosevelt until a guerilla shot him through the mouth.

Next, the Philippines. And then China—with a battery of United States artillery. During the siege of Peking, a Chink shell stripped his skull of skin from eyebrow to crown. One would think that he had seen enough of the world and war, but his discharge from a military hospital saw him off to South Africa to join the British.

Home after the Boer surrender, he returned to our own southwest. In

those days, cattle rustling was rife. He undertook to stamp it out with such success that he became successively sheriff in three separate states, U. S. Marshall in Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona, and finally a Texas ranger.

It was he who went alone into the desert after the notorious Shonts bandits, who was shot in the back by an Indian woman during the chase, who outfought and outwitted the badmen and then, despite his wound, brought them back to jail. Again, while arresting three rustlers in Colorado, not many months later, he stopped a load of buckshot—but he got his men!

Along the way, at various western round-ups, he won every title a cowboy could own . . . roping, riding, bulldogging. Which brought him to the attention of the famous old Selig company, pioneer movie makers, who persuaded him to sign a contract. But the first booming of guns in the Madero Revolution in Mexico drew him like a magnet and he had a final fling at war until a leg wound sent him back to Hollywood to become a Selig star.

Tom Mix's gift to the screen was a robust personality and rich experience. The public was weary of the synthetic thrills of that smart little Broadwayite named Max Aronson who called himself Bronco Billy. It welcomed Mix with open arms. They knew, beyond doubt, that his riding and roping *belonged*.

Always, the popularity of western pictures has depended upon the personality of its stars. What a tribute to Tom Mix that he started and maintained, with the help of such stars as Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, and Buck Jones, the vogue for virile westerns.

BUCK JONES, who is under a Columbia contract, has had a life that rivals a Horatio Alger hero's. It started after he ran away from home to become a Montana cowboy. An enlistment in the U. S. cavalry took him to the Philippines where he learned the ins and outs of jungle death. On his return to America he became a trick rider for the famous "101" Ranch Wild West Show.

The World War was his oyster. He wanted to fly and fight but appointments were slow and red tape was endless so he joined the air corps as a lowly mechanic. Before the armistice was signed, he had become a pilot with the famous American 17th Pursuit Squadron on the Picardy, Somme, and Flanders fronts.

After the war, he was showing the crowned heads of Europe his brand of horsemanship when William Fox saw him. A fountain pen, a dotted line, and Hollywood had gained a brand new hero.

Ken Maynard, recently a Tiffany star but now producing his own pictures, also carries out the Mix tradition. Born a Texan, he was only twelve when he ran away from his home ranch to join a circus. Even then, he was a cow punching prodigy. It was four years before Mr. Maynard, Sr., found him and persuaded him to enroll in the Virginia Military Institute.

Ken left V. M. I. with a diploma and training for the engineering profession. Ahead, he glimpsed the bright lure of tanbark and horseflesh or the excitement of building bridges and damming rivers. He chose his old love, the circus, and abandoned engineering until during the war when a busy government submerged him at Camp Knox, Kentucky, and told him to build roads and forget about horses. He forgot, as ordered, until Armistice Day—and his first week out of uniform saw him going back to the show business as head rider for Ringling Brothers circus.

Hoot Gibson is a cowboy who is proud of it. With Mix, he has been turning out clean, fast yarns for young Americans since that remote day when a string of rodeo and round-up championships won him a motion picture contract. Beside his business, just one thing absorbs his interest—sheer, blinding speed. Just to show you, he owns a motorcycle that can better 100 miles per hour, a racing car that he threatens to drive at the Indianapolis speedway this year, and an airplane that he himself piloted to victory in last year's National Air Races.

Yearly, he stages a gigantic round-up. Yes, his own, personal, private round-up. To it come the greatest and the least of all those who make Westerns. Yearly, he sends an invitation to that dusty hostelry just off Sunset known as the Cowboy Hotel and invariably its high-heeled, sombrero-wearing residents pack their boots and

saddles and respond. They know that this may be the break that will start them to the top for they will have chances at outlaw broncs and untamed steers under the eyes of the biggest personages in Hollywood. Nobody who is anybody, they know, ever misses a Hoot Gibson Round-up.

The advent of talking pictures disrupted the development of the old-time silent slam-bang saga. And it cast, almost immediately, the Western film into the doldrums.

What to do, Hollywood wondered. Was the Western doomed? Cautious producers curtailed production plans.

AND just to confound them, there appeared a gentleman with a long upper lip whose first rôle was a cowboy "bit" in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Within months, a new Western star was flaming in the sky. People who had wearied of cowboys came back to see him. Production plans had to be expanded to new proportions. Once again, the cowboy star rode high. That's what Gary Cooper did for Westerns.

Of course, Gary went on to other things. And again Hollywood wondered what would happen.

Today has an answer in two young men who represented a new type of Western hero. They are men who were cowboys before they were actors and actors before they were cowboy actors. Tom Keene, the RKO star, is one. George O'Brien, of Fox, is the other.

Tom was born, of all places, in Sleepy Hollow, New York, but went west while still a youngster. Nebraska prairies were his kindergarten and an ill-tempered cayuse was his hobby horse. While still in his 'teens, he graduated to the wider ranges of Montana and the Dakotas where he varied cow punching with driving a government stage. When America's declaration of war found him two years too young for service he went further west to do his bit in the Seattle shipyards.

Here was his first taste of cities, and he found that he liked it. He saved his money and went to night school. Returning to the east of his boyhood, he went to Carnegie Tech to study drama. And then he tackled Broadway. His first rôle was a line in "Madame X." A year of stock experience prepared him further. The big break came when he won the lead in "White Cargo" and played it around the world.

Cecil DeMille introduced him to pictures. Who remembers George Duryea, as he was called then, in that stirring film called "The Godless Girl"? Who remembers him with Lon Chaney in "Thunder," or as the brother in "Tol'able David"? That was six foot, blue-eyed Tom Keene, today's cowboy star, before RKO discovered his horsemanship and dexterity with six-guns . . . and before he got the new name that he is making famous.

We all knew George O'Brien long before Fox made him a cowboy. His rôles in "The Iron Horse" and "Sunrise" are unforgettable. Of course, he never was a cowboy in the sense that he grew up on a ranch, but a cowboy cop who was riding instructor for the San Francisco police force of which O'Brien's father was chief taught him the business while he was still a kid. Sports were easy for him, particularly the three R's of his cowboy mentor, "ridin', ropin', and rasslin'." When Uncle Sam declared war in 1917, he was one of the first to enlist in the Navy where he fought his way to the light-heavyweight boxing championship of the Pacific fleet.

IT was Tom Mix himself—and who can fail to see Fate's finger here—who later picked O'Brien from a group of Santa Clara college kids to work as an assistant cameraman, and who finally saw that George got a chance to play a minor rôle on the Fox lot where he himself was kingpin . . . and where George would some day succeed to his position after Mix had passed on to other undertakings.

With a bent for natural, vigorous acting and a superb physique, George O'Brien was an inevitable selection when Fox looked about for a man to build into a Western ace. His "Lone Star Ranger" and "Last of the Duanes" confirmed their choice. All over the country, kids took him to their hearts —and O'Brien found himself launched on a new career.

These two men, O'Brien and Tom Keene, are new faces in the Western film, new faces that were badly needed. Their contagious charm and enthusiasm is again accomplishing what Gary Cooper accomplished several years ago. Together with Mix, Gibson, Jones, and Maynard, they have accepted the hardest job in Hollywood and are sweeping public interest to new high levels.

Perhaps the pictures they make are not "art." Certainly, as individuals, they can never aspire to the serious dramatic heights of a Barrymore or an Arliss. But they can, thank Heavens, give us more of those death-defying, heroic pictures which hypnotize our sons and daughters . . . yes, and our sons' and daughters' fathers and mothers, too.

Now here is Tim McCoy, authentic gentleman of the old West and as dashing a horseman as ever spurred a bronc over a cliff. But he is more than an ordinary cowboy, much more. For one thing, he can throw lead faster than any man in the movies. "Chain lightning with a six gun," they say of him. His record is drawing a gun and firing six shots through a half dollar at ten paces. Try to tie that some dull afternoon. For another thing, he knows more about Indians than most anyone you might mention.

Remember those furious scenes in "The Covered Wagon" where embattled white settlers fire between the spokes of their wagon wheels at hordes of attacking Redskins? Tim McCoy was behind all that. He had brought those Indians from their reservation near his 7,000 acre ranch in Wyoming, had persuaded them to don warpaint and feathers, and set them on the wagon trains. His title, just for the record, was technical director for the "Covered Wagon" company.

HE was only eighteen when he left home in Saginaw, Mich., to get a cowpuncher's job in the West. His range, it happened, was near an Indian reservation, and he made it a point to study them and their sign language. Presently, when he could talk fluently, they became his friends and companions. When he asked them to go to Hollywood with him, they trusted him and went.

During the filming of "The Covered Wagon," he had to cover a lot of ground at breakneck speed. His riding was phenomenal and thrilling. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him a leading part in a series of Westerns . . . just because he could ride so well. He took it, and became the idol of millions almost overnight. Today, he is still riding. His latest picture is "Two-fisted Law" for Columbia. And Tim McCoy fits the title. A six-footer with brown hair and flashing blue eyes, he is anybody's idea of a two-fisted man—just another doing the "hardest job."

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 84)

CLYDE, JUNE, married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Steady Company," "Cohens and Kellys In Hollywood," "Radio Patrol," and "Back Streets." For Universal.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "File No. 113," Tiffany; "The Tenderfoot," First National. Working in "Drifting Souls," Schlank.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "The Wiser Sex" and "Misleading Lady." Working in "Man From Yesterday." For Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount; "Handicap," Chadwick; "Phantom Express," Educational. Appearing on legitimate stage.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, Eng., February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith." For Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Strangers in Love," Paramount; "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathe. Working in "Children of Pleasure," First National and "Devil and the Deep," Paramount.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Attending military academy.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Paramount player. Featured in "The Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride," Paramount.

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Working in "Devil and the Deep," Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Champ" and "When a Feller Needs a Friend." After personal appearance tour will make "The O'Shaughnessy Boy." For M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. RKO-Radio star. Co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million." Working in "Is My Face Red?" For RKO-Radio.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton," M-G-M. Working in "Rain," United Artists.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Emma," M-G-M; "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," First National; "Tom Brown of Culver," Universal.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract player. Featured in "Dream House" and "Bill Board Girl," Sennett. Working in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "The Big Timer," Columbia; "Movie Crazy," Lloyd-Paramount; "Attorney for the Defense" and "American Madness," Columbia. Working in "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Goldwyn-United Artists player. Featured in "This Is the Night," Paramount. Making personal appearance tour.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Last picture was "Honor of the Family," next "Radio Girl." For Warners.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Polly of the Circus." Working in "Good Time Girl." For M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Rich Are Always With Us" and "The Dark Horse." Working in "Cabin in the Cotton." Next is "Three on a Match." For Warners.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount; "Love Is A Racket," First National. Working in "Lone Cowboy," Paramount.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced; born in San Antonio, Texas, January 10. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal For Sale" and "Destry Rides Again," Universal.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. RKO-Radio star. Starred in "Girl From the Rio" and "Bird of Paradise." Next is "Moon and Sixpence" For RKO-Radio.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai

Express." Working in "The Blonde Venus." For Paramount.
DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Featured in "Miss Pinkerton" and "Strange Love of Molly Louvain." First National; "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M.
DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO-Radio star. Starred in "The Lost Squadron." Working in "Roar of the Dragon." For RKO-Radio.
DORE, ADRIENNE; unmarried; born in Fort Sherman, Wash., May 22. First National player. Featured in "Famous Ferguson Case," "Rich Are Always With Us" and "Street of Women," First National.
DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 15. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Young As You Feel." Fox. Touring in vaudeville.
DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., October 29. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided," Universal. Appearing on the legitimate stage.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN, married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Goldwyn-United Artists player. Featured in "The Wiser Sex" and "The Broken Wing," Paramount; "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House," Universal.
DOVE, BILLIE, divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Caddo contract star. Write her at 7020 Romaine St., Hollywood. Starred in "Age For Love" and "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.
DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity," M-G-M.
DUNN, JAMES, unmarried, born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Dance Team" and "Society Girl." Working in "Walking Down Broadway." For Fox.
DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin, born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO-Radio star. Co-starred in "Symphony of Six Million." RKO-Radio; "Back Streets," Universal. Next is "Nurse Smith." RKO-Radio.
DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M. player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Wet Parade." Working in "Speak Easily." For M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "The Crowd Roars," "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Love Is a Racket," "Without Consent" and "The Crooner." Working in "Revolt." All for First National.
EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "Walking Down Broadway." For Fox.
ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Strangers in Love" and "Misleading Lady." Working in "Cities of Hollywood." Next is "The Big Broadcast." For Paramount.
EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Lovers Courageous," "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle," M-G-M. Working in Al Jolson's untitled picture at United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "It's Tough To Be Famous" and "Love Is A Racket." Working in "Revolt." For First National.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Working in "Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas," United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox star. Starred in "After Tomorrow." Co-starring in "The First Year." For Fox.
FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Producer-star. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."
FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beast of the City," "Freaks," "Are You Listening?", "Wet Parade" and "Prosperity," M-G-M.
FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Steady Company" and "Cohens and Kellys In Hollywood," Universal; "Week-End Marriage," First National. Working in "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M.
FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal; "The Mouthpiece," First National. Working in "Once in a Lifetime." Universal.
FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Man Wanted" and "Street of Women." Co-starred in "The Jewel Robbery." Working in "One Way Passage." For Warner Bros.
GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude." Starring in "China Seas." For M-G-M.
GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me," M-G-M.
GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Co-starred in "Delicious." Working in "The First Year." For Fox.
GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takoma, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "Local Bad Man," "Spirit of the West" and "A Man's Land," Allied Productions.
GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Case of Clara Deane." Working in "The Challenger." For Paramount.
GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "West of Broadway." Working in "Downstairs." For M-G-M.
GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Featured in "Fast Companions," Universal. The Challenger, Paramount. Next is "Madison Square Garden," Charles Rodgers Prod.
GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "After Tomorrow," "Careless Lady" and "Bachelor's Affairs." Fox.
GRANT, CARY; unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "This Is the Night," "Sinners in the Sun" and "Devil and the Deep." Working in "The Blonde Venus." Next is "Blood and Sand." For Paramount.
GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "When a Feller Needs a Friend" and "Huddle." M-G-M.
GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy." Next is "Little Orphan Annie." For RKO-Radio.
HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.
HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Tarzan," "Wet Parade," "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox; "What Price Hollywood?" RKO-Pathe. Working in "Two Against the World," First National.
HARDING, ANN; divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO-Pathe star. Starred in "Prestige" and "Westward Passage." For RKO-Pathe.
HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "County Hospitals," also in feature length comedy, "Pack Up Your Troubles." For Roach-M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beast of the City." Starring in "Red Headed Woman." For M-G-M.
HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Featured in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists. Next is "Farewell to Arms," Paramount.
HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Night Court," "New Morals for Old." Working in "Skyscraper Souls." For M-G-M.
HOBART, ROSE; married; born in New York City, May 1. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount; "Scandal for Sale," Universal. Working in "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M.
HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount player. Featured in "Broken Lullaby" and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount; "Night Court," M-G-M. Next is "70,000 Witnesses," Charles Rogers Prod.
HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Maker of Men" and "Behind the Mask." Working in "War Correspondent." For Columbia.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM; divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Co-starred in "Dancers in the Dark" and "World and the Flesh." Next is "Not Married." For Paramount.
HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night World" and "As You Desire Me," M-G-M. Working in "Speak Easily."
HORTON EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "But the Flesh is Weak," M-G-M; "Roar of the Dragon," RKO-Radio. Appearing on the legitimate stage.
HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Featured in "Devotion." Working in "Animal Kingdom." For RKO-Pathe.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Sunrise Trail" and "Hold 'Em Jail." Working in "Is My Face Red?" For RKO-Radio.
HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade" and "Night Court," M-G-M; "American Madness," Columbia. Working in "Rain," United Artists.
HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Freaks." Working in "Red Headed Woman." For M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "South of the Rio Grande" and "Hello Trouble." Working in "McKenna of the Mounted." For Columbia.

Guess Who?

THE boy, of course, is Jimmy Cagney. Though the attitude's Victorian, the smile is unmistakable. But the lass? Ah, well, that's something else again! . . . Give up? . . . Well, don't let the brunette wig fool you—it's Joan Blondell. Of course you should have known—who could forget those great big beautiful eyes?

These two help to put the fun in FILM FUN—the magazine that turns Hollywood into Hollerwood!

Laughs . . . all the latest news and intimate gossip of the screen colony . . . scores of attractive pictures of your movie favorites . . . and more laughs—that's FILM FUN.

Find out for yourself today—from any newsdealer!

FILM FUN

HUNDREDS OF HOLLYWOOD HOWLS!

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade," M-G-M; "Lost Squadron," "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio; "Down to Earth," Fox. Working in "Cabin in the Cotton," First National.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy," "Young Bride" and "Is My Face Red?" Working in "Roar of the Dragon." For RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF BORIS; married; born in London, Eng., November 23. Universal player. Featured in "Frankenstein," "Night World" and "The Old Dark House." Next is "The Invisible Man." For Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber." Working in "Speak Easily." For M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. RKO-Pathe star. Starred in "Ghost City," "Sunrise Trail" and "Gun Law." Working in "The Law Rides." For RKO-Pathe.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal; "Young America," Fox.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "Strange Interlude," M-G-M. Working in "Undesired Lady," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "High Pressure," "A Successful Calamity" and "Big City Blues." First National. Working in "The Sporting Widow," Paramount.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Devil's Lottery" and "Woman in Room 16." Working in "Undesired Lady." For Fox.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "County Hospital" and in the feature length comedy, "Pack Up Your Troubles." For Roach-M-G-M.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio. Appearing in vaudeville.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Radio Patrol," Universal.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I., august 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance. Starred in "Manhattan Parade"; featured in "Play Girl." For Warners.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "The Crowd Roars," First National; "Young Bride" and "Roadhouse Murder," RKO-Radio; "Big City Blues," First National. Working in "Life Begins," First National.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy," Paramount.

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "No One Man," and "Sinners in the Sun." Next is "Pick Up." For Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Heaven on Earth," Universal; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Misleading Lady," Paramount; "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia. Working in "Chandu," Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade" and "New Morals for Old," M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox; "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Universal player. Featured in "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Working in "Suicide Club." For Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "No One Man" and "Thunder Below," Paramount. Working in "Undesired Lady," Fox.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Featured in "Lady With A Past," RKO-Pathe; "The Big Timer," Columbia; "Week Ends Only," Fox. Working in "Murder Express," Columbia.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You." Working in "Love Me Tonight." For Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "Safe in Hell," First National; "Love Affair," Columbia. Appearing in vaudeville.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. First National player. Featured in "Beauty and the Boss," "Man Wanted" and "Without Consent." Working in "The Crooner." For First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Strangers in Love," "Merrily We Go to Hell," Paramount. Next is "Smilin' Thru," M-G-M.

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance. Featured in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss," Warners.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Lost Squadron" and "Bird of Paradise." Co-starring in "The Most Dangerous Game." For RKO-Radio.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Gay Caballero" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox. Appearing in vaudeville.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Fox player. Featured in "Skyline" and "Cheaters at Play." Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance. Featured in "Forbidden," Columbia; "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox. Working in "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man Wanted," First National; "Huddle," M-G-M. Working in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Night Court," M-G-M; "Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Working in "Without Shame," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Rider of Death Valley" and "Good Bad Man." Working in "The Marked Man." For Universal.

MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA; unmarried; born in San Sebastian, Spain, September 11. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Cisco Kid" and "The Gay Caballero," Fox. Appearing in musical comedy.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M player. Starred in "But the Flesh Is Weak"; featured in "Letty Lynton." Working in "Good Time Girl." For M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct," Fox; "Winner Take All," First National; "No Greater Love," Columbia. Working in "Million Dollar Legs," Paramount.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at her studio. Free lance. Featured in "Men in Her Life," Columbia. Appearing on the New York stage.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Arsene Lupin" and "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Man About Town," Fox. Working in "Washington Whirlpool," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Miracle Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Next will be "Lawyer Man," First National. Now on New York stage.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married; born in Ireland, June 22. Universal player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood." Next is "Cohens and Kellys in Politics." For Universal.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Divers," M-G-M.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Bromberg, Poland, December 31. Write her at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Starred in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathe.

NISSEN, GRETA; married to Weldon Heyburn; born in Olso, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "The Silent Witness" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Amateur Daddy" and "After Tomorrow," Fox; "Winner Take All," First National; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star-director. Co-starred with Garbo in "Mata Hari"; starred in "Huddle." Next is "Man of the Nile." For M-G-M.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Dancers in the Dark" and "Sky Bride." Working in "Million Dollar Legs." For Paramount. Next is "Madison Square Garden," Charles Rogers.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden, October 3. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance. Featured in "Shanghai Express," Paramount; "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox. Working in "Undesired Lady," Fox.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "Ladies of the Jury" and "Hold 'Em Jail." Appearing in musical comedy.

OLIVIER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, England, January 12. RKO-Radio player. Featured in "The Yellow Ticket," "Westward Passage." RKO-Pathe.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Famous Ferguson Case," "Two Seconds" and "The Dark Horse." Working in "Week End Marriage" and "Life Begins." For Warners.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Rainbow Trail," "The Gay Caballero" and "Mystery Ranch." Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal for Sale," Universal; "Strange Case of Clara Deane," Paramount; "American Madness," Columbia. Working in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tarzan," M-G-M; "Fast Companions," Universal; "Strange Interlude," M-G-M. Working in "Skyscraper Souls." M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?", "Night Court" and "Prosperity." M-G-M.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Shanghai Express," "Dancers in the Dark" and "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Illustrious Corpse," Tiffany.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Featured in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathe; "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Kiki." Returns to screen soon in "Happy Ending."

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox; "Westward Passage," "Roar of the Dragon" and "Is My Face Red?", RKO-Radio; "Back Streets," Universal. Working in "Gates of Hollywood," Paramount. Next is "Auto Camp," Universal.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Jewel Robbery." Working in "One Way Passage." For Warners.

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31. Write him at RKO-Pathe studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathe; "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

RAFT, GEORGE; unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists; "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount. Working in "The Sporting Widow," Paramount.

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Ladies of the Big House" and "Forgotten Commandments." Working in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." For Paramount.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Two Seconds," "Graft" and "Tiger Shark." Next is "Silver Dollar." For First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Now appearing in "Ziegfeld's Follies" in New York. Last picture was "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathe; "The Tenderfoot," First National. Appearing in vaudeville.

ROGERS, WILL; married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Ambassador Bill," "Business and Pleasure" and "Down to Earth," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night." Working in "Love Me Tonight." For Paramount.

SALE, CHIC; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Expert," Warners; co-starred in "When a Feller Needs a Friend," M-G-M; starred in "Without Consent," Warners.

SHANNON, PEGGY; married to Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Hotel Continental," Tiffany: "Society Girl," Fox. Working in "After the Rain," Fox.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Private Lives" and "Strange Interlude." Working in "Smilin' Thru." For M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. RKO-Radio star-director. Starred in and directed "Cracked Ice." Next is "Her Forgotten Husband." For RKO-Radio.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary, March 15. Universal player. Co-starred with Charlie Murray in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood." Next is "Cohens and Kellys in Politics." For Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Ladies of the Big House," "Miracle Man" and "Merrily We Go to Hell." Next is "Anything For Sale." For Paramount.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Shopworn," "Columbia," "Red Headed Woman," "Night Flower," Warners, and "Working in "Brief Moment," Columbia.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "The Wiser Sex," "Sky Bride" and "The Challenger," Paramount.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Wet Parade," "Night Court," "Letty Lynton," "New Morals for Old." Working in "Red Headed Woman." For M-G-M.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Unexpected Father" and "Tom Brown of Culver." Next is "Auto Camp." For Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmon; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never." Working in "Perfect Understanding" in England.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girls About Town" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount. Appearing in vaudeville.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance. Featured in "Unholy Garden" and "Street Scene," United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to Jennie Marston; born in Bakersfield, Calif., November 16. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Starred in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Appearing on operatic stage.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Columbia player. Featured in "One Hour With You," Paramount. Working in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia.

TODD, THELMA; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "The Big Timer," Columbia; "This Is the Night," Paramount. Working in "Horsefeathers," Paramount and "Speak Easily," M-G-M.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Shopworn," Columbia; "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art.

TRACY, LEE; unmarried; born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 14. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Love Is A Racket" and "Dr. X." Working in "Blessed Event." For Warners.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America" and "Society Girl." Working in "After the Rain." For Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. RKO-Pathe star. Starred in "Young Bride"; featured in "State's Attorney" and "Is My Face Red?" RKO-Radio. Working in "Without Shame," M-G-M.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; "The Broken Wing," Paramount. Appearing in "Ziegfeld's Follies" in New York.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY; married to Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan," M-G-M. Making personal appearances.

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Patterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Co-starred in "Peach O' Reno," "Girl Crazy" and "Hold 'Em Jail," RKO-Radio. Appearing in vaudeville.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Patterson, N. J., August 28. Write her at First National studio. Free lance. Starred in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany. Appearing in vaudeville.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Beauty and the Boss"; starred in "The Mouthpiece" and "The Dark Horse." Warners. Working in "Skyscraper Souls." M-G-M.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Rider of Death Valley," Universal. Working in "Children of Pleasure," First National.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "Shanghai Express," Paramount. Next is "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Co-starred in "Peach O' Reno," "Girl Crazy" and "Hold 'Em Jail." RKO-Radio. Appearing in musical comedy.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance. Featured in "Stowaway," Universal; "Dr. X," First National. Working in "The Most Dangerous Game," RKO-Radio.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Play Girl" and "Week Ends Only." Working in "Life Begins." Next is "They Call It Sin." For First National.

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old" and "Strange Interlude." Working in "Without Shame." For M-G-M.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night," Paramount; "Street of Women," First National. Now making a picture in England.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

plains exactly how we feel about him and the unmerciful way he has been treated since the film-going public was credited by the producers to be tired of musicals.

STELLA JOHNSTON,
London, England

Yes—and wouldn't the youngsters just be crazy about them?

Why don't we have some moving pictures taken from our comic sections? Such as "Little Orphan Annie" with Mitzi Green, or—oh, yes!—"Bringing Up Father" with Polly Moran and Marie Dressler. Imagine Polly Moran singing the operatic selections, as George McManus has Maggie Jiggs do.

BUCK,
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Our artist will be right over to thank you as soon as he takes off his smock

I am writing to tell you that your magazine covers are the best I've seen on any movie magazine. I like them because they are pretty and really look like the stars. The cover of Sylvia Sidney was perfect. I think all the fans like to keep pretty colored pictures of their favorites. I hope you will have covers of Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow and Greta Garbo soon.

DOROTHY RYAN,
Kansas City, Missouri

Miss Chatterton is looking for stories, G. G. Maybe she'll consider this

I would like to see Miss Ruth Chatterton play Irene in "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy. She is the only one in Hollywood who could do justice to the story.

G. G.,
New York, N. Y.

Bouquets for two beautiful ladies

Please—can't you do something to keep Helen Hayes in pictures? It is such a relief to see one of the fair sex who can really act.

MAY,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Marlene Dietrich is a wonderful actress and she always looks so beautiful without a lot of make-up and false lashes glued on her eyes. I hope she will be given better pictures. . . .

VIRGINIA LANG,
St. Clair, Michigan

Sally-Hoot

(*Continued from page 43*)

amusing companion. Women made a good deal of fuss over him and his Don Juan reputation gave him an undeniable glamor. The kind of glamor that could not but impress anyone as young as Sally. It had been known to impress women a good deal older and more experienced.

Sally at the time of their marriage was practically unknown. Hoot, on the other hand, had been a cowboy star for years. His fame was well-established and though he was in his forties he was still a popular figure in Westerns.

In other words, when Sally and Hoot walked to the altar Hoot was the big shot, the celebrity, the star of the family. Sally was Hoot Gibson's wife. Today the situation is reversed—Sally is the important member of the family. And Hoot is Sally Eilers' husband.

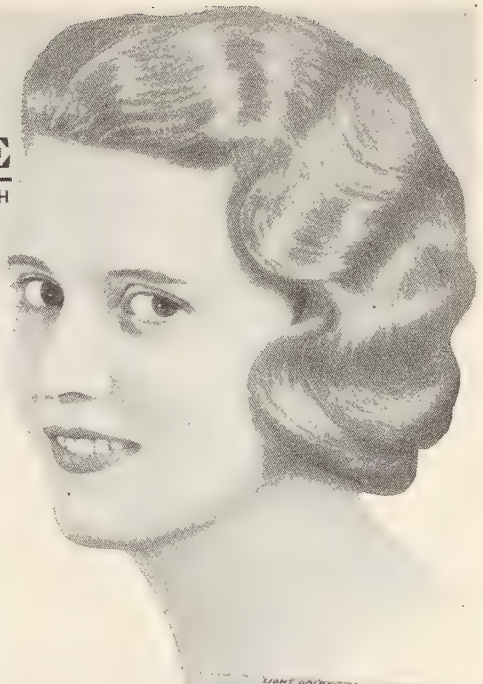
Well—Hoot isn't the first Hollywood husband who couldn't stand his wife's success. It's happened before. It's just happened to Harry Bannister. And it'll happen again. No man with any pride can stand being a squaw man for long. The tragic thing is that had Hoot not encountered serious financial set-backs at the same time Sally was shooting to fame and economic independence, their quarrel might have been avoided. But it was the combination of circumstances that brought it about.

SALLY EILERS really loves Hoot Gibson—and Hoot really loves Sally. But when their love was put on the spot they forgot that love. At first they faced the situation hand-in-hand, bravely. It seemed to draw them more closely together. Sally made every effort to help tide Hoot over his financial crisis and to comfort him. Hoot made every effort to be a good sport about things. They took a modest little bungalow. Hoot sold his Rolls Royce, his plane, his place in the mountains.

It wasn't easy for either of them. How deeply it hurt Hoot to part with the things he loved no one knew. He laughed it off. More than the loss of his personal possessions, however, the thought of Sally worried him. He knew that they must sacrifice every luxury, scrape together every cent they could to pay the interest on his investments so that he would not lose them altogether. He knew that, in the end, if he could hang on long enough he would be rich again. But would Sally understand? Sally who had married him when he had everything. She was so young, so unused to responsibilties. Would she have the courage, the wisdom and the steadfastness to see things through? Was her love for him strong enough to stand the test?

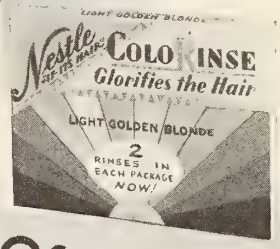
But Hoot needn't have worried. Sally came through like a thoroughbred. She was as enthusiastic about their little bungalow as if it had been a mansion. She accepted the situation cheer-

Nestle
ColoRinse
NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH



Glowing Glory
FOR YOUR HAIR

LOVELY HAIR is colorful hair . . . Natural, youthful, glowing with tone color. Give it a soft sheen of color glamour, without dyeing or bleaching, by using ColoRinse in your shampoo wash. It's just harmless vegetable compound . . 12 shades to choose from . . but you'll find it amazingly attractive. It is especially desirable for sun bleached hair. 2 rinses in every 10c package . . . try it today!
The NESTLE-LE MUR CO., *New York*



Nestle SuperSet . . a greaseless finger waving lotion, free from sediment, for longer, lasting waves of new allure.

Nestle Hot Oil Shampoo . . free from soap or alkali . . the preferred method for revitalizing and cleansing the hair.

Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor, drug store or department store.

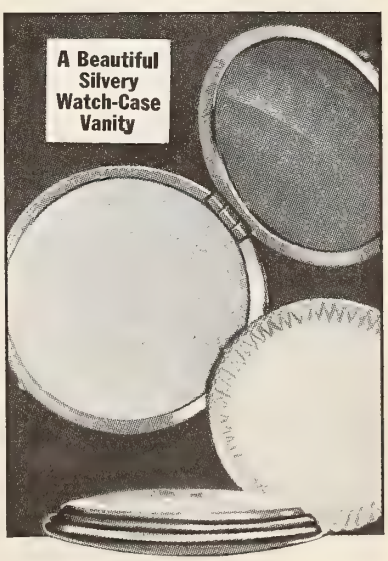
10c

Watch the next Modern Screen for a thrilling new novelty
All about a young girl who goes to Hollywood for a lark
It's called "The Lure of Hollywood," by Alice Williamson

It's Amazing What You Can Buy for 10¢
(15 CENTS IN CANADA)

Now just step up to the cosmetic counter in any 5-and-10-cent store and look at this new Heather Rouge compact. Dainty. Beautiful. Complete with unbreakable mirror, cake rouge and puff. And it costs only 10¢! What a bargain in beauty!

Like all Heather Cosmetics . . . powder, lipstick, Cosmetiko (mascara), eye shadow and eye-brow pencil . . . the rouge in this new Heather compact, obtainable in 6 most popular tints, is absolutely pure and as refined as can be made. All Heather Cosmetics have the character and quality you want. Try the



HEATHER COSMETICS
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

MADE BY THE HEATHER COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

fully and uncomplainingly. Hardly more than a child herself she tried to be a mother to Hoot's small daughter of a previous marriage. And Hoot's pride in her and his gratitude for her loyalty was touching.

Then just as they seemed happiest something went wrong. Sally's phenomenal success in "Bad Girl" and her meteoric rise to film fame did something to Hoot Gibson. Coming at a moment when he was in financial straits and down on his luck it was too much for Hoot. It tortured his pride to know that his wife was able to buy things for herself which he could no longer buy for her. And when, finally, he even had to accept help from her he suffered the agonies of the damned.

Now, Hoot is not only liked but respected by those who know him. It would never have occurred to anyone to regard him as a "Hollywood husband." His friends all recognized the ordeal through which he was passing and admired his courage. But Hoot, in his outraged masculinity, grew morbidly sensitive. He began to view Sally's success and his own temporary hard luck with distorted vision. He was so terrified of losing Sally's love and respect that he lost his nerve and his perspective. He began to be unreasonably jealous of Sally—to imagine that she was paying undue attention to other men—and that in her heart she wanted to leave him.

Probably in the beginning Sally had no such idea. She was deeply in love with Hoot and I believe she honestly wanted to make their marriage a success. But Hoot's constant suspicion and continual accusations began to tell on her. He would watch her moodily when she danced with other men. His desperation and wounded vanity made him say things he did not mean. The more afraid he grew of losing Sally the more impossible he made it for her to continue living with him. Poor Hoot! That perverse instinct which makes us do all the wrong things when we feel ourselves at a disadvantage in love got the better of his sanity and judgment. And eventually, as was inevitable, Sally began to be a little fed up.

PERHAPS she wasn't always as patient with Hoot as she might have been. And perhaps the exhilaration of sudden success made her a little cocky sometimes. After all, Sally is very young and she is getting her first taste of fame and public acclaim. At any rate, whether rightly or wrongly, Hoot got it into his mind that success had gone to Sally's head.

Quarrels, bickering and angry scenes began to be a pretty regular part of the routine of the Gibson ménage. It was all very pathetic and very understandable. Had they loved each other less they would undoubtedly have treated the situation with more wisdom and skill. But Hoot was hurt at what he considered Sally's indifference—not realizing that he himself was estranging her by his attitude. And Sally was hurt by what she considered Hoot's unreasonable jealousy and suspicion. And in their hurt and bewilderment both did foolish things—things which only made matters worse. Hoot, sulky and defiant, would seek convivial solace with his men friends and show up two hours late at a dinner party which he and Sally were supposed to attend together. Sally, annoyed by his ungrounded suspicions, would sometimes tease him like a naughty child, pretending an interest in other men. And with each quarrel they drifted farther apart.

The situation had reached a critical stage when Sally did a very unwise yet very understandable thing. She went to New York—without Hoot. Now there was every reason for Sally's wanting to go to New York. She was just a kid and fame was still a new and thrilling thing to her. She knew that she would be wined and dined, feted and made a fuss over in New York. She had been working hard and trying at the same time to cope with a difficult domestic problem. And if she wanted a change and some fun—if she wanted laughter and play instead of scenes and recriminations for a while, who can blame her?

How about your diet?

Are you too fat?

Or too thin? If so

do you know the correct

way to diet?

See the next

MODERN SCREEN

On the other hand, one can equally comprehend Hoot's point of view. To him Sally's departure for New York was the final straw. He felt that she was walking out on him just when he needed her most. That she could leave him knowing that he was worried and depressed seemed to him the final proof that she no longer loved him.

AND when Sally came back things were worse than they had ever been before. Fresh from her triumphs in New York she was naturally less patient than ever with Hoot and his demands upon her. And Hoot, feeling shut out and unnecessary to her happiness, became more jealous and unreasonable than ever.

It's easy to say that Sally should have been more tolerant and sympathetic and that Hoot should have been less self-pitying and suspicious. Both were at fault, I suppose—yet it seems to me that neither should be blamed. They were handicapped from the start—and to complicate matters, fate threw every possible stumbling block in their way.

Eventually, of course, the blow-off came—and came in such a way that concealment was impossible. For weeks the papers had been lying in wait for an Eilers-Gibson split-up story. But Sally and Hoot, whatever they said to one another in private, were steadfast in their public denials of any difficulties.

Then, at the final Mayfair dance of the season came the quarrel that was fatal. It was no different from any other quarrel between them—but circumstances built it to serious proportions. It was the aftermath that set the seal on things and brought Hoot and Sally to a public confession that they were through with one another.

Hoot, blindly jealous as usual, spoke insultingly to Sally. Sally, not wanting to face another of his rages, left the party with Edward Cline, the director, and his wife in Cline's car. Cline, in trying to avoid a reckless speeder, ran into a telephone pole and Sally was injured—not seriously but painfully. After receiving emergency treatment at a clinic, instead of going home she went to the Santa Monica house of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, close friends. She did not telephone Hoot.

WHEN she did not return home all night Hoot was first frantic, then furiously angry. Even after he heard about the accident he still saw red. He felt that Sally was his wife and he should at least have been notified—not stopping to realize that Sally was as angry at him as he was at her and that he himself had provoked the quarrel. In a way you can't blame him. He must have suffered during that night, not knowing where Sally was. But you can't blame Sally, either. She was shaken and unnerved, not only by the accident but by her scene with Hoot, and she was painfully cut and bruised. Perhaps even feeling toward him as she did, she should have let Hoot know where she was—yet most of us in her frame of mind would have acted the same way.

By the next evening Sally had made up her mind that she was never going back to Hoot—that things had come to a pass where it would be futile to attempt a reconciliation. Hoot, still bitterly hurt and resentful, had not been to see her. And both, for the first time, made statements to the newspapers admitting the trouble between them.

Of course, there is always the chance that Hoot and Sally may stay together in spite of everything. The latest news is that they've reconciled to the extent of Hoot's buying a new house for them.

I know they love each other still. But I also wouldn't be at all surprised if an emotional reconciliation might turn out to be only temporary. Sally knows that, too. She feels that the misunderstanding between them is fundamental, that it will take a great deal of tact and diplomacy to weather another storm.

Will Hollywood write "finis" to the romance of Sally and Hoot? Is the Heartbreak Town winning another tragic victory over a happy marriage?

Helen's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 79*)

make-up with it as well. Warm, flesh-toned powder and under it a subtly blended rouge. The violet-red lipsticks and rouges go best with these lovely purple blues. *But* they're quite ugly when you try to use them with a lacquer red dress. You have to experiment.

"Another color that Miss Twelvetrees is fond of is beige. That's a decidedly neutral tint and it requires an accent—something to bring it out. She simply uses a more brilliant lip rouge."

Try it if you already haven't. I did after I saw Helen in a beige summer suit. She didn't have a single splash of color on it but her lovely facial coloring supplied just the right accent. It's a very tailored sort of suit. The material is light weight wool, the kind you want for a vacation trip up into the mountains. It has double revers and the belt is at the normal waistline. Helen doesn't like belts as a rule. When she wears them at all they have to be at just the correct place or she says they make her look stubby. She refuses to wear them high in accordance with the present mode. That wide look through the shoulders is attained by a blue fox fur that runs across them in back and rambles down the arms to form the elbow length sleeves. It's as cute as can be. There's a soft beige silk blouse that makes it a "threesome" and long beige suède gloves that are the right answer to short sleeves.

"I adore hats. I think I'm a bit mad about them," Helen confessed there in her living room. *"Simple dresses—drastic hats. That's my style creed.* I like extreme hats. I like them saucy and beguiling, demure and picturesque. You certainly can take your choice this year. They come at every conceivable angle and with brims of varying widths. And what they do to your profile, my dear! Have you seen those starched mesh ones that have scarfs to match? *Everything seems to be meshes this summer*—gloves, hosiery, bags and even shoes combine mesh with kid.

SO many of the hats have a two-color scheme. I have a black turban—it's really a ducky thing—with a white crêpe top. Isn't it funny how we used to consider black the worst thing possible to wear in summer? And furs were absolutely taboo! Now they're not only permitted but emphasized by fashion authorities! This turban goes with one of those 'five o'clock' suits. A rather formal affair of black very sheer wool. It has a shawl collar and wide cuffs of ermine on the small jacket. Then there are jet buttons edged with rhinestones that are quite large. I wear an onyx ring surrounded by diamonds to match them." (See page 78.)

Right after she'd told me about that obviously expensive suit, she said a most

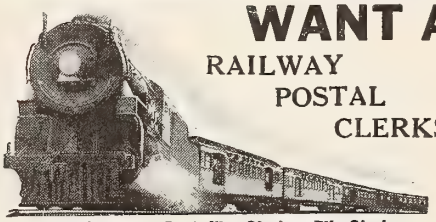
These Hysterical Women

CRYING . . . sobbing . . . laughing! The slightest thing drives her to distraction. Constant headache, backache, and dizzy spells are robbing this woman of youth, beauty and health. How pitiful it is—and how unnecessary.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has benefited 98 out of 100 women who have reported after using it. Don't think your troubles are any different. Try this medicine. Watch those headaches and backaches yield to its tonic action.

The tablet form is so easy to take. Send fifty cents to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, 1141 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass., for a regular $1.50 bottle.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form



WANT A STEADY JOB?

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

$158 to $225 Month

City Carriers—Postoffice Clerks—File Clerks
Inspectors of Customs—Immigrant Inspectors
Steady Work—No Layoffs—Paid Vacations

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

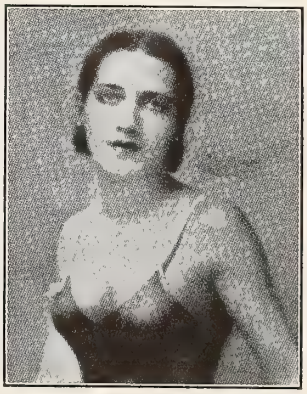
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. T-327, Rochester, N. Y

Sirs: Rush to me without charge copy of 32-page book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," list of positions open to men—women 18 to 50 and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name .....

Address .....

FORM DEVELOPED



Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? It is SO easy to have the full, firm form that Fashion demands.

Yes, in just thirty short days you can increase your feminine charm and mould your contours to the firm, youthful shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day.

FILL OUT YOUR FORM this New Easy Way

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how undeveloped your figure may be, you owe it to yourself to try this wonderful method. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my figure fill out until now it is shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement."

FREE My valuable new Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form and how to fill out the figure to graceful, feminine curves.

Mail Coupon with only $1.00 and I will mail you large container of Miracle Cream, with complete instructions for developing shapely feminine form, together with FREE BOOK, all in plain wrapper. Offer limited. Send at once.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-8
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

NANCY LEE, Dept. MR-8
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose only $1.00. Send me large container of Miracle Cream with instructions and Free Book in plain wrapper.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

SKIN ERUPTIONS
NEED NOT WORRY YOU

Pimples, eczema, itching, burning skin, undue redness, minor rashes and scaly scalp are no longer necessary when relief is so simple. Poslam will show what it will do for you in one application. Just apply at night and note improvement next morning.

JUST TO PROVE IT

we will send you a test package FREE. Simply send your name and address to:

POSLAM CO., Desk W, 254 W. 54th St. New York, N. Y.

You can get Poslam at any drug store, 50c.

WAVED HAIR
PERMANENCY $1.00
that's amazing

Astonishing new method, the result of research now makes it possible to wave your own hair at home with professional results. Why pay for a costly permanent when ARANAR method gives you a wave that makes your hair more beautiful and is so permanent? No electricity, therefore no danger of scalp or hair burns from metal heaters, bakers or ovens. ARANAR is *safe* and *simple*. Sent (with complete instructions for home use) postpaid $1.00 or C.O.D., postage extra. As a special introductory offer, we will also send FREE a $1.00 pint-size package of ARANAR Hair Set, which should keep that glorious wave indefinitely. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

ARANAR LABORATORIES
P. O. Box YY105, Station A, Flushing, N.Y.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired.
47c

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C.O.D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
908 West Lake Street, Dept 1312-K CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

$$ SONG WRITING $$
Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

A Big Future in Commercial ART

Successful commercial artists are just ordinary men and women who liked to draw, found out they had talent and developed it. If you like to draw, you have the same opportunity as they. Take our Free Art Test now and find out if your talent is worth developing. The Federal School course trains you quickly and thoroughly. Many Federal Students, women as well as men, are earning $50 $60, $75, and $100 a week—some even more. Write for Free Art Test now. State age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
829B Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minnesota

startling thing: "Do you know, a price tag doesn't amount to a row of pins these days! Not so long ago inexpensive dresses *looked* cheap; they don't any more. *Some of the cutest things I have cost less than twenty dollars.* And let me tell you a secret. A star who is noted for her superb taste in clothes went on the set the other day and one of the extras in the scene was wearing a duplicate of her prized Parisian model! She had paid more than a hundred dollars for it, thinking it was an exclusive model. The extra paid $19.50 for hers and it was the same material!

"Originals are copied so cleverly that the girl in Four Corners has an equal chance of being fashionably dressed with the girl who buys her things in Paris—and at considerably less cost.

"A change of accessories will spruce up the most tired and dejected of dresses. I honestly think they're more important than the dress itself. They have to strike just the right 'tone' as Mrs. Pemberton says; so much depends on them. Now, you take that beige suit of mine. I like to do a bit of shifting about. Sometimes, instead of the hat with the bow, I wear a turban of roshanara. There's a flat under-arm bag of the same material piped in beige to go with it. (The bag and hat is pictured on page 79.) I can use both the turban and the bag with a white dress and brown jacket or with a very soft green frock that I have. That's the sort of thing that makes wardrobes interesting."

WE had wandered up into Helen's boudoir by this time and she showed me a pair of lovely lounging pajamas. They're copied after a pair she had in her wedding trousseau. The trousers are of black chiffon velvet and have tight cuffs. They're in excellent contrast with the silver lamé jacket. It's hip length, this jacket, and the clasp on the belt repeats the design of the one at the neck. (See page 77.) Notice that the neck is high and round—it's exceptionally good on Helen, and on all you girls who are blessed with the same sort of facial contour.

In those crêpe pajamas with the white satin blouse (see page 77) she's completely the young matron, Mrs. Frank Woody. The sash adds a soft, feminine touch. And speaking of sashes, since they're with us again, let's be prejudiced in their favor. They're so graceful.

That one of ciré satin on Helen's black chiffon frock (page 76) ends in a glorious bow. It's draped in a charming manner and lends a touch of whimsy to the frock. The surplice collar outlined with the satin is always good on ingénue and matron alike. Little dresses like this one are becoming more and more popular. They serve a dozen different purposes—all jolly. Quite appropriately they are called the "five o'clock-and-after" frocks. The little sleeves take away any suggestion of formality and the heel-length skirts give them just enough of a dressed-up air. Helen sometimes wears an amusing black Milan straw hat with hers. The crown is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon that bursts forth in small bows. (There's a picture of the hat on page 79.)

Like most of the blond stars, she prefers black or white for evening—and occasionally gray. A soft dove gray that soothes irritated nerves and quiets emotional storms. That shade made up in a pictorial gown of crêpe roma enhances the ethereal quality of Helen's. Just look at it—on page 76. With those stately, simple lines and cowl neck it might be a gown from a Romney painting. But Helen gives it life and newness with those accents of sapphire blue. The ornate belt buckle combines blue with crystal. The braided blue silk necklace in three strands is the latest thing in the way of accessories. A dream dress—and don't forget, you practical lassies, that it's the kind that will remain in style the longest. The princess line, in one form or another, is invariably good. A jacket of the same gray crêpe is trimmed with matching fox fur.

"The loose fitting suits of light weight material are simply grand for shopping or business," said Helen, bringing out a suit of that description from her closet. "They're so comfortable and cool and smart. This one, as you see, is collarless and has my favorite neckline. (See page 77.) The sleeves are bracelet length and look—it's tied with these red and white bows. Usually I wear white blouses with it but yesterday I found the cutest blue sweater to match with a white and red trim. Here's the hat that goes with it. A white *paillasson* straw, they call it. And it has a blue veil. I'm so glad veils are in vogue. I've been wanting to wear them since I was a youngster and this is my first opportunity!" She paused a moment and then she told me with a happy little laugh, "I'm not buying another dress for quite a while. In fact, I'm having all the seams let out in my old ones. . . ."

"Oh," I said. And after that we discussed bassinets and bibs, to say nothing of christening clothes!

"If it's a girl," Helen remarked, "I hope she's born with a flair for clothes. They do make life interesting!"

Mary's Frankest Interview

(*Continued from page 55*)

free to make his rôle stand out just as much as possible. The days of the picture built entirely around one star are over."

She cited "Grand Hotel"—which she had seen—as an example of the sort of thing she meant.

She told me what else she had been doing in New York. She had taken in most of the musical and dramatic shows, visited the art galleries and, I suspect, dabbled a bit in society. Her portrait had been painted twice, both times by women.

At the end, quite as if it had been some new and startling adventure in her life, she confessed:

"Twice I've had a date."

Meet Robert Young

(*Continued from page 29*)

things happened that afternoon . . . things that shaped the whole first half of his career.

On the way to the school house, he saw two kids playing in a clay heap. Maybe he had better stop and inquire about the school from them. He asked a few questions and received not a single answer. In fact the two kids didn't even look up from their clay building. He walked closer and asked why they didn't answer him. They condescended to look his way. Then they both burst into a loud, derisive peal of laughter.

The new kid had shoes on!

Wearing shoes to school caused him to be set apart! None of the other kids *owned* shoes and so they decided that Bob Young, the new kid, must be in a class by himself. Certainly he didn't fit into the gangs that infested the entire neighborhood of Boyle Heights! His home was just between the Italian sector and the local Ghetto . . . and on either side there was a gang for every block. The biggest gang leader, "Ears" Ceppo, took a liking to him and made him mascot of the outfit. Until the time of this appointment, Bob had been fighting for his life every day . . . but as soon as the news of his mascotship got nosed around, Bob was well let alone. It was understood that "Ears" would "fix" any kid that picked on "Shoes" Young!

ALL during the grammar school days, "Shoes" Young spent his out-of-class hours being a single handed cheering section to the "Ears" Ceppo Gang. Generally sitting atop a box car yelling encouragement while his outfit fought the "Paradise Alley" gang.

Until he graduated from the "grades," Bob was just the kid brother of his family. His older brother, the head of the little family—they had lost their father—looked upon him as just a kid and his sister spent most of her time "helping Mom" . . . so Bob Young merely came home to eat.

But the day he started Lincoln High School he became a "man." The family treated him as though he had grown up. They allowed him to sit in on the conferences held every night in the Young front room. It was then that Bob began a habit that has lasted until recently . . . that of sitting up half the night with the family "just talking." Dinner, that had always been a time to eat, became a time to talk. The dinner hour lengthened into three. The Youngs were great talkers.

Bob got good grades in his studies . . . but the gang had decided not to go to "High" so there wasn't much left for Bob to do but study! He'll never forget the time he asked the vice-principal for an "un-excused" tardy slip . . . and received an "excused" slip because he admitted that he had no alibi! He recalls this particularly for the reason that his English instructor was also in the room when he made his admission . . . and his frankness was the reason she took an interest in him. This is important to Bob because the English teacher is the reason he is in Hollywood today—but more of that later.

He took the ordinary subjects in "High" and even played in some of the school plays. "Robin Hood" was his first effort . . . in which he wore green tights—he was six feet tall and weighed 130 pounds! He thinks he must have given the impression of a green barber's pole!

WITH graduation, came the conviction that he must get out and make some money. He was forced to this decision by a little talk from his brother. So he went to work in a bank. "I really had a great ambition to set the world on fire at that time," says Bob. "Can you imagine anyone setting the world on fire as a bank clerk?"

He almost got fired within the first six months. This, because he thought he would lend a helping hand to some of the bank's customers. He thought he could accomplish this by listening to the stock market gossip in the broker's office next door and relaying the tips thus acquired to the depositors! "I guess I'll never know how many fortunes I was responsible—for losing!" is the way Bob sums up that youthful experience.

But he wasn't fired . . . which was a very lucky thing for Bob . . . and Hollywood. Because the day afterwards, while tending a teller's window as a relief man, he happened to wait on his former English teacher from the school. "Bob," she said, "don't you have any ambition to go on with your dramatic work? You did well in the school plays . . . and your six feet, blue eyes and quick smile should get you far." He explained that he still wanted to go on the stage . . . but the $75.00 monthly salary was too much needed by the family . . . he couldn't quit his job at the bank. The English teacher left the impression that he could do *both!* She'd see.

The following Saturday afternoon he found himself on the way to the Pasadena Community Play House . . . in company with the English teacher. There a long conference ensued with the director of the company . . . yes, Robert Young would be given a chance! That was the start of a series of events that place Bob in his present frame of mind!

He would work in the bank all day, eat a hasty supper, jump on the street car for Pasadena, then a short rehearsal before the play was enacted . . . catch the last car for Los Angeles, just in time to make the "owl" for Boyle Heights! A few hours sleep and then up and to the bank at eight!

All this for seventy-five dollars a month!

Yes, he "acted" for nothing . . . except the experience. They gave him

Try the new NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF Maybelline

NATALIE MOORHEAD, GORGEOUS PHOTOPLAY STAR

Beautify your eyes, this marvelous, *new*, easy way. Give them a dense, rich fringe of dark, long-appearing lashes, instantly with the *new* Maybelline. This truly wonderful preparation

—is very much easier to apply
—positively will not smart your eyes if accidentally gotten into them
—will not run or smear with tears or rain
—will not make your lashes brittle
—contains oils that will tend to stimulate the growth of your lashes
—removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

Already, countless thousands have voiced enthusiastic approval of this new eye cosmetic. You will like it, too. Black or Brown —75c at leading toilet goods counters.

Special Purse Size obtainable at all 5 and 10 Cent Stores—or for dime and coupon sent direct to us.

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier

PURSE SIZE for 10c AND THIS COUPON

14-8

Maybelline Co., 5900 Ridge Ave., Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size Package of the new Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

Name.....

Address.....

.....

IN THESE SCORCHING DAYS YOUR *Skin* GETS "*Thirsty*" TOO!

Restore its natural moisture with this famous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

WHEN the sun's hot rays beat down on your skin, the tissues soon dry up . . . grow drawn and shriveled.

Little lines creep in under the eyes. Around the mouth. Your skin peels, flakes, wrinkles. Lacking vital moisture, the glands get "thirsty" . . . Something *must* be done!

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder replaces the missing, natural oils. Its unique Olive Oil base (found in no other powder) keeps your skin marvelously smooth and supple . . . gives your face the radiant glow of youth. Satiny in texture, OUTDOOR GIRL *clings* for hours. Yet, it is soft, dry and fluffy as any powder you have used.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover how it will protect your complexion . . . keep it young and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Large size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the *Olive Oil* and Lightex face powders and the new *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

Lightex in the red box for oily skins. With *Olive Oil* in the purple box for normal skins.

Crystal Laboratories,
Dept. O-8,
130 Willis Ave., New York

Enclosed find 4c in stamps for which please send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

a chance and he progressed from "bits" to good parts. But the time came when he was tired all day at the bank . . . and loggy all evening at the Play House. It was too much. He must decide between his two careers. He chose banking . . . merely because the seventy-five dollars was important.

About six weeks had passed before he was called upon to make a decision again! The head of a stock company had seen him at Pasadena and wired to say that he could have the juvenile rôle in their play . . . however, *they could only pay him $60 a week!*

He wired "yes" within eight minutes! Screwed up enough courage to quit his bank job (thus severing his chances of security for good) and took the train. Out on the road . . . tank towns, the *sticks!* The play went rather well . . . but somehow the larger towns always cancelled their dates beforehand. Bob suddenly realized that he wasn't going to be "seen" or "discovered" in the sticks . . . so he must save some of his money. Soon he would be back home . . . no job . . . nothing! He bunked with another fellow . . . cut down on the eats . . . even got the ingenue to iron his shirts—and in return, he ironed the lady's panties! He arrived in Los Angeles with $110.

How his next break came, Bob has never been able to understand. An actor's agent had seen his work in the "sticks" and thought he might go over on the screen. Then someone had seen him on tour! Bob wasn't so sure he would make the grade on the silver sheet . . . movies, as a matter of fact, had never occurred to him. However, Bob Young took a test at M-G-M the next day.

I won't take you through all the harrowing details of a "first test" . . . especially at one of the biggest studios in Hollywood. It would take too long. Bob got through it somehow and was told to go home and "wait." Three days later a call told him to be at the studio at three o'clock. He got there at two and waited around outside until the appointed time. It required only four minutes to sign him to a contract. Only four minutes and Bob isn't over it yet!

HE took the streetcar downtown with the contract in his pocket. What should he do? He wanted to laugh . . . he was beside himself to tell someone about it all. In the end, just to kill a little time, he walked all the way home!

"I didn't tell the family about it when I got home," he said. "I knew that they would be so overjoyed that they wouldn't be able to stand it. After our long lack of money I could well realize what their reaction would be when I told them of all my good luck.

"We started supper . . . and still I hadn't told them. I had thought I could wait until the meal was over . . . but right in the middle, I found I could no longer swallow my food! So, as nonchalantly as I could, I told them the story. They all sat there as though I were telling them I'd murdered a man. Not a word was spoken. They were dumbfounded. Then the storm broke! It was like a bedlam . . . like the day the Armistice was signed! Yells and cheers. Patting first one and then the other on the back with loud, resounding thwacks. The meal was forgotten, and (though this may sound a bit fishy) we joined hands and danced in a circle until we were exhausted!

THE next morning I told them the hitch!

"The studio executive had said that I was to be loaned for a part in a Fox picture called "The Black Camel." The company was to leave for Honolulu in six days. I had to be on the boat when it sailed—*with a complete wardrobe. That* was the hitch! The moment I mentioned it, the combined faces of the family dropped. I had but *one* suit to my name! They broke into a babble again that lasted almost until noon. It was then decided that we should call all the relatives on the phone and try taking up a collection that would place enough money in the pot for my *complete wardrobe.*"

There is no necessity of going over the details of that hectic week . . . except to say that Bob Young arrived at the dock with two suitcases full of clothes—*two minutes* before the boat sailed.

That was a year ago, and since that time he has had a chance to display that wardrobe in some mighty big pictures: "The Sin Of Madelon Claudet," "The Wet Parade" and "New Morals for Old." Each time he has done a good job for himself. In fact, he accomplished one thing that had never been done before: he attended a World Première of a picture in which he had a large part just one year to the day from the date he signed his contract. A contract, by the way, that pays him more in a *week* than he has ever made in a *month* before!

Do you know, by now, what it is that is troubling Bob? I'll tell you:

He comes of a family who never in their wildest dreams expected any member of their group to get anywhere to speak of.

He worked four years at the acting profession for *nothing*—a procedure that makes it very difficult for him to understand why they should now *pay* him so much for doing the same thing! It seems kind of amazing.

During the four years that he was working in the bank all day, and playing at the Pasadena Play House all evening, Sunday was a big holiday to him. He looked forward to it all week as an event. Nowadays, between productions, he often has as much as four or five days without a thing to do. And the pay check goes right on—just as if he were working.

So Bob is scared the studio will call up one of these days when he is on a five day vacation and say: "Well, Bob old man, since you are having such a good time loafing, you might just as well keep right on loafing. We won't need you here any more!"

For that reason, Bob Young goes to the studio every day—whether he is wanted or not! He hangs around *just in case* they *might* want him. You see, he hates banking worse than sin.

True Story of Ricardo Cortez

(*Continued from page 58*)

to the camera. I've got a dressing room here and a couple of dress suits. Come on over—one of them might fit you."

Ric and the kid who had introduced himself as Haines went over to his cubby-hole of a dressing room. The suit fit Cortez as though it had been made for him. He started to thank the stranger who had so spontaneously helped him.

"Forget it," the other interrupted. "We're all in the same boat trying to make shore."

The next time these two met, Ric was "Valentino's successor" on the Paramount lot, and Haines was the biggest male box-office attraction on the M-G-M lot next to John Gilbert.

Ric's bankroll was augmented by $50 for that day's work, but it opened no new channels towards success. He returned that evening to his six-o'clock vigil in the hotel lobby, discouraged and blue. More grey days of nothing to do.

One afternoon on the boulevard he ran into Herbert Somborn, who at that time was being rumored engaged to Gloria Swanson. Ric had known him in New York. "Jack Warner is looking for a Latin type," Somborn told him. "Maybe we could promote you."

But Somborn and his protégé were just three days too late, for Warner, in the meantime, had found and put under contract Don Alvarado. "All right," said Somborn, "but someday you'll be hearing from this kid, Jack."

"Hope so," laughed Warner.

BEFORE they parted Somborn gave Ric a letter to Jesse Lasky, power-in-chief at the Paramount studio, but it didn't get the aspiring young actor past Lasky's secretary. Ric was downcast and disheartened—he felt that he would go mad if he stayed cooped up in his small room that night. He needed relaxation and with an extravagant gesture invited one of the few girls he knew to go to the Cocoanut Grove with him. When they won the dancing contest, the spotlight was turned on them.

Lasky was dining with his wife and a small party, which, incidentally, included Pola Negri. He sent for the dark fellow who had been awarded the dancing trophy. "Ever think about going in pictures?" inquired the executive. Trembling, Ric nodded, as Lasky scribbled something on a card. "This will get you in to me at the studio at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning." The casual interview was ended. Not for several weeks did Ric understand the politics of the studio world which had brought so unexpectedly the break he had been waiting for.

Rudolph Valentino was on a salary strike. With his wife, Natacha Rambova, he was sulking and refusing to work. They had left Paramount for New York without warning, leaving the studio with several pictures they had planned for Rudy ready to go into production. It was vitally important that they find someone who could fill the bill of a romantic Latin—and immediately.

Ric knew little of this inner studio difficulty and when Lasky offered him a contract starting at $150 a week without even the preliminaries of a screen test, he nearly fainted. He was convinced that he, or Hollywood, or Lasky, or all three were slightly insane. For months he had been seeking work before the camera—any kind—and now, through no effort of his own, he was being handed a contract. It didn't make sense.

Lasky sensed the boy's confusion and frankly explained the studio's situation. "We want to build you into Valentino's successor, and you'll probably suffer in comparison at first—get off on the wrong foot with the critics and the fans. I know you are eager for the work and the opportunity. Yet as an actor it may be years before you will be able to break down the prejudice of being Rudy's successor. Think it over—and let me know tomorrow."

Ric did think it over and, needless to say, accepted the contract. One week after the potent paper was signed and following innumerable conferences with publicity men, Jack Crane (really, Jacob Krantz) was laid to rest—and Ricardo Cortez, Latin lover and successor to Valentino, was introduced to the movie world!

WHEN stories about the new Spanish "discovery" started going out to the world via the publicity department, Ric thought little about the deception. This change of personality and name was merely a business move. Hollywood itself was "in" on the deal, and the rest of the world had never heard of him before. They might as well know him as Ricardo Cortez, Spanish successor to the Italian Rudy.

But he didn't reckon with the malignant envy of those he had considered his friends. On every side he heard unfriendly grumblings:

"Ricardo Cortez? Huh! Yeah, a 'Spaniard' from New York's East Side. He's nobody else but Jack Crane and he's been hanging around doing extra work for almost a year. A new Latin discovery? Phooey."

Some of the rumors were even more ominous: he heard stories of how he had blackmailed Lasky into giving him a contract when the executive had no intention of giving him work!

When weeks passed and Cortez was still unassigned to a picture, this rumor gained momentum. He was wretchedly unhappy. The few friends he felt he knew now avoided him. People who did not know him before were not anxious to make his acquaintance. All the excitement and happiness attendant on signing the contract vanished and Ric's days were lonelier than ever before.

He wanted very much to make friends with several likeable chaps who were

"No KISS... until you wipe off that PAINT"

"THINK of Jack's saying that! He wasn't joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!"

You too may have that painted look! It's a fault all too common when you use ordinary lipstick. And it's one thing men simply cannot stand!

Tangee is different. It makes your lips lovely—alluring. It gives that smart natural make-up that all men admire.

Tangee can't make you look painted! It isn't paint . . . but a marvelous new discovery that changes on your lips to the one color best for you! Its special cold cream base prevents chapping, caking.

Try Tangee at once. At any druggist's or cosmetic counter. Costs no more than ordinary lipstick. Or send 10c for Miracle Make-up Set.

Tangee Lipstick and Rouge—10c trial sizes at all 5c and 10c stores.

Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either!

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick does on the lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . ends that "painted look!" When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

Approved by Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send 10c for Miracle Make-Up Set

containing samples of lipstick and rouge

The GEORGE W. LUFT CO. MM3-8
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

X-Bazin is the safe and simple way to remove unwanted hair. Cream or powder of the highest quality . . . kind to the skin . . . discourages re-growth of hair.

Get genuine X-Bazin. Large size, 50c at drug and department stores; special size at 10c stores.

Hall & Ruckel, Inc., Bklyn., N.Y., *Established 1848*

Don't forget that fascinating diet article. You mustn't miss it Our next issue—dated September

New Freedom for Modern Womanhood

SCIENCE MEETS DEMAND FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION

German scientists have developed an amazing formula now presented as H. Y. G. TABLETS. Pure, safe, convenient and a reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene, they provide the necessary protection to womanhood. Removes fear and uncertainty. Antiseptic vapor liberated by these tablets, destroys germs without harming delicate membranes. Dry, greaseless, non-poisonous, non-irritating and stainless. No water, liquid antiseptic or cumbersome accessories needed. Comes in a small, compact package which can be conveniently and easily carried.

MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

Progressive Laboratories, Dept. H-7
228 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me sample of H. Y. G. Tablets, Directions and Valuable Booklet. I enclose 10c.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

SONG-POEM WRITER
Gets Thrill of Lifetime

When Large Audience of Friends Hear His Song, which we set to music, sung over the Radio.

The opportunities offered anyone having ideas suitable for successful songs merit immediate attention. Music Publisher's confidence in Big 1931-1932 Season, shown by paying writers $5,000.00 Advance Royalty on single song.

Don't Fail to Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *WriteToday*—M.M.Newcomer Associates 1674 B'way. New York N.Y.

NEW BOOK SENT FREE

starting in on "stock" contracts around the studio lot. Among these were Richard van Mattimore (Richard Arlen), Charlie Farrell, George O'Brien and Bill Boyd. This group lunched together almost daily, and Cortez, alone at a corner table, hoped they would some time invite him to lunch with them . . . but they never did. Some months later, when George O'Brien and Ric *did* become friends, George told him that the bunch had always considered him a "snooty high-hat . . . faking his way, posing as a Latin . . . ashamed of his own nationality."

His first rôle with Paramount was a "heavy" rôle in a Walter Hiers starring picture. Ric received good notices, but it was almost two months before he was cast in another picture called "Children of Jazz." Unknown to Ric, Paramount and Valentino were thawing out their disagreement, and with the possibility of Rudy's return to the studio fold there was no reason for pushing his "successor" ahead.

EXCEPT for George O'Brien, Ric had no intimate friends. Frequently he and George went dancing with a couple of girls they knew. Sometimes they would go to the Sunset Inn at Santa Monica and sit at a corner table watching the big celebrities at play, keeping quietly in the background while Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd (then rumored engaged) won a dancing cup.

The ill-concealed resentment he had felt exhibited toward him, when he was first put under contract, was climaxed in a deplorable event one night in the lobby of the Christie. Ric, in evening clothes, was on his way to his first Hollywood première, "Robin Hood," at Grauman's Egyptian. He had timidly invited Claire Windsor to attend the opening with him and had almost gasped from surprise when she accepted. Crossing the lobby of the hotel, he met Sid Grauman and paused to congratulate him on his beautiful new theatre. A young actor, standing nearby and well under the influence of liquor, sneered as he listened in on the conversation between Ric and Grauman. Under his breath he made a particularly nasty remark about the nationality of Grauman and Cortez, adding, "Just a couple of *Spaniards* backslapping each other." Suddenly, before Ric realized just what was happening, the drunken man shot out a sharp uppercut that caught Ric square on the chin.

His first impulse was to fight back, but his second was more practical. He was wearing his only tuxedo, and he had invited the beautiful Claire Windsor to be his guest that evening! Trembling with rage, Ric yelled at his assailant, "You wait here until I come back!"

A few minutes later Ric returned from his room wearing an old sweater and flannels, and it was only a moment before the two men were rolling in the gutter back of the Christie in a fight that was long remembered in the annals of the hotel. He had the supreme pleasure of denting the nose of his opponent more often than the man dented his. When the actor began to whimper and whine under the blows from Ric's fist, Ric dragged him up to his own room. He washed the other's bloody face as well as his own, changed back into his dinner clothes and arrived on time with Claire Windsor at the première.

The following morning, feeling he could no longer bear the antagonistic attitude around the hotel, he moved to a small, inexpensive apartment within walking distance of the studio.

THE second year of his Paramount contract began, and finished, more happily than his first. True, Valentino had come back into the fold, but Ric had earned consideration on his own merits. His option was taken up at a sizable increase in salary. (Before the agreement between Ric and the company was finally completed, five years later, he was earning $1,750 weekly.)

He had been advanced quickly from "heavy" to romantic rôles, playing the lead opposite such stars as Dorothy Mackaill and May McAvoy. In one of these pictures, Lon Chaney played the part of Ric's servant. Other studios began to take notice of Cortez and he was tested for such important productions as "Scaramouche" and "Ben Hur." But by this time Paramount was finding plenty of work for him and he was confined to activities on his home lot.

Three and one half years after signing his contract, he visited the Goldwyn studio with Lewis Stone one day and was introduced to Alma Rubens and her mother. It was a meeting that will long remain in Ric's memory—he had never seen anyone so gloriously beautiful as this girl. He knew that he had seen that lovely face before and recalled the day, several years ago, when he had glimpsed her looking in a jewelry window on Fifth Avenue in New York. He remembered how her old-world beauty had fascinated him then when he hadn't known who she was. She seemed like a bit of rare alabaster.

Alma was friendly toward Ric from the very first. She was having a dull time in Hollywood while appearang in "Cytherea" for Samuel Goldwyn. She didn't know many people and was lonesome for Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies and other of her New York pals, at that time still making pictures in the East. She was a beautiful, successful star, but above all that, she was *kind* to him, interested in him! Kindness was one human quality that had not been showered upon Ric by Hollywood. He was her abject slave from that first meeting.

Alma invited him to dine with herself and her mother that evening at the Biltmore Hotel where they were living. Over their coffee and cigarettes, they found many things to discuss. For the first time since his arrival in Hollywood, Ric had found a sympathetic friend. He poured out the entire story of his loneliness and his ambitions—and Alma kept nodding in understanding. She told him a great deal about herself—of the husband from whom she had been separated for six months. Their unhappiness formed a strong bond of friendship between Alma and Ric from that first meeting. Their friendship grew. Alma

finished her picture, but did not return to New York. By this time she and Ric both realized they were deeply in love. Alma started divorce proceedings, and it was understood that when she was free they would be married.

On January 28, 1926, they were married in Riverside, California, by a Justice of the Peace. Then they learned her divorce decree would not be valid until February 4. They were re-married at the same place on February 5, with the judge's wife and servant acting as witnesses.

Four months of ideal, blissful happiness followed. They rented a modest house, employed one maid, drove an inexpensive motor car. Their great pride was that they did not live like actors. Far into the early morning they would talk about the money they were saving so that they could in several years quit Hollywood and spend the rest of their lives traveling. Alma had signed a starring contract with Fox; Ric was still clicking at Paramount. Their future looked dazzlingly bright.

ALMA was Ric's first and only real love. He loved to sit and look at her when she was reading; he never tired of the spectacle of her beauty. It seemed impossible to him that this beautiful girl whose spirit was as lovely as her face, truly and deeply loved him.

At the end of their fourth month of marriage, Ric was sent to New York to make "The Swan," and Alma was forced to remain behind to work on a picture for Fox. The separation was bitter; every night Ric called Alma long distance from New York; every day flowers arrived for her studio dressing room. While in New York Ric was offered a new long-term contract by Paramount which stipulated he would make three more pictures in the Eastern studio. Because it meant separation from Alma, he turned it down. His refusal meant the loss of $300,000 to him, but he decided against the contract to return to Hollywood and Alma.

Again Ric was summoned East to make "The Sorrows of Satan," and Alma cancelled her own Fox contract to accompany him. They were crazily, happily, impossibly in love—but it was more than this that made Ric insist upon staying beside his wife constantly. It was at this time that he realized she was a very sick girl. The dreadful knowledge stunned the boy who so idolized and idealized her. At first he could not believe it, but as time went by, he could not doubt it. On the set he was like some mechanical thing wound up—he was in a spiritual daze. His one hope was to finish the picture and devote his entire time to Alma and curing her.

His idea was that a change of surroundings might benefit Alma. In the next twelve months he drifted from the Eastern to the California coast three times—taking Alma with him—hoping first that Hollywood and then New York might bring about a reversal of her condition. His restlessness and unhappiness mounted; he came to an open break with Paramount and asked for his release which was granted. He planned to take Alma to Europe but before they could leave he received a call from M-G-M to appear opposite Greta Garbo in "Love." It was too great an opportunity to turn down. Too, he argued, if Alma was to be permanently cured it would take a great deal of money. Alma could no longer help herself—it was up to him to see her through.

His new part thrilled him! Once more he was alive to his career. But two weeks after the picture went into production Greta was taken seriously ill, and the picture was indefinitely postponed. Ric couldn't afford to wait for the star's recovery, without pay, for Alma's doctors' bills, and their living expenses were eating heavily into Ric's savings. Irving Thalberg, now at M-G-M, was very sympathetic and cast him in "Terror" with Lon Chaney. While that picture was still in production, Garbo recovered, John Gilbert was rushed into the picture as her co-star —and the greatest opportunity of Ric's life slipped by him! If circumstances hadn't been as they were Ricardo Cortez would have appeared with Garbo in "Love" and possibly arisen to Gilbert's heights at that period.

It was only the beginning of a series of bad breaks that almost wrecked Cortez's spirit. Months went by and he could not secure a picture engagement. The greatest of Hollywood calamities was befalling Ric; he was losing prestige. He had been forced to take a big cut in salary. He was, he heard, pretty well "washed-up."

Once more the prospect of Europe loomed in his plans. With the first glimmer of good luck he had had in months he managed to arrange to make a picture in France, "The Orchid Dancer." He was allowed $2,000 for traveling expenses, a very small salary and the rights to the proceeds from the American distribution of the film. Alma and Ric crossed on the *Ile de France* and remained in Europe for five months, returning to New York in May of 1929 with the film ready for American release. Just as he was about to close a deal for its distribution—talkies came into their own. Exhibitors would not touch the silent picture. Ric, who had worked for a very small salary planning to take his profits out of the release of the picture, found himself practically strapped financially.

He couldn't get work, he had an unsalable picture on his hands, and the heartbreaking knowledge that Alma was incurable faced him. Her illness, long stays in sanatariums, necessitated their separation, but he still assumed a financial obligation toward her. He managed to get only a few weeks' work at $750, exactly one thousand dollars a week less than he had received under his Paramount contract.

The next six months were the blackest of his life. Alma's tragic affliction was no longer a secret known to only a few of her intimates; the story had broken sensationally in newspaper headlines throughout the country. Producers who had previously been helpful in securing him screen engagements retained

RADIANT HAIR BEAUTY
depends upon
PERFECT GROOMING

VENIDA DOUBLE-GRIP
40 BOB PINS ON EACH CARD 10c

The exclusive, patented, *double crimp* prevents slipping. Guaranteed by the makers of Venida Hair Nets.

THE RIESER CO., INC., NEW YORK
VENIDA RULES THE WAVES

If you have a money problem—and we defy you not to in these days!—you'll be interested in the new department we've started in MODERN ROMANCES. Mrs. Madeleine Tracy not only gives you advice on SOLVING YOUR MONEY PROBLEMS but offers you a chance to help yourself by telling others about your solution. On sale where you bought this MODERN SCREEN.

SHAPE YOUR NOSE
NEW SCIENTIFIC WAY
THIRTY DAY HOME TRIAL

New scientific device shapes flesh and cartilage of nose quickly, safely, painlessly—or money refunded. New automatic spring action. Only device of its kind in the world. Small cost. FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Write today.

PLASTIC APPLIANCE INSTITUTE
Dept. 382
MATHER TOWER - - CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me your FREE booklet, "The Nose Beautiful." I am not obligated in any way.

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)
Address.....
City..... State.....

The fun of the
SUMMER OUTDOORS
is often spoiled by
PAINFUL SUNBURN
and WINDBURN . . .

NIVEA CREME
Protects the Skin

Nivea* Creme protects, soothes and smooths the skin. No stickiness or staining—no danger of collecting sand or dirt. No interference with work or play. Send for a trial tube—free!
**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

P. BEIERSDORF & CO., Inc.
Dept. M8 200 Hudson St.. New York City

STRAPHANGER
Never Slip
Shoulder Straps

Freedom at Last!
No more worry about falling shoulder straps.
Straphanger Shoulder Straps Never Slip, Never Show, Never Twist. No Metal. No Clasps! No Embarrassment! Sewed on in two minutes on Slips, Chemises, Dance Sets and Brassieres. Made of fine quality silk tubular ribbon with concealed flexible stay. In pink, peach, white or black. If your dealer is out of Straphangers, send 10c to Goodbar Co. 81 Madison Ave., N. Y.
10c A PAIR
STRAPHANGER SHOULDER STRAPS

PERSONAL STATIONERY
Your Monogram or Name and Address neatly printed on 200 Sheets and 100 Envelopes. Correct Style—Sent Postpaid in U. S. for $1.00 bill.
BRADLEY STOUT CO.
1127 Brandywine Blvd., Wilmington, Delaware

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc.. Suite 986, 70 5th Ave.. New York

REMOVE FAT
A SAFE and SURE WAY

from any part you wish reduced. No diets, medicines, exercise, baths or equipment necessary.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
La Renee Reducing Cream has slenderized thousands of over-stout people when other means failed. A cream like white preparation, a secret product of modern science, rigidly tested has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any other part of body, harmlessly and absolutely without any inconvenience.
LARGE JAR AT NEW
REDUCED PRICE
ONLY $1.00
Send $1.00 or mail coupon today.

LA RENEE COSMETIC CO., Dept. J-4
1851 Washington Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send postpaid with directions, large jar La Renee Reducing Cream. I agree to pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.
NAME .....
ADDRESS.....

their sympathy but were afraid to use Ric in their pictures because of the notoriety. His problem was a maddening circle of futility. He must have money; he needed it for Alma, yet because of this girl whom he so deeply loved every door was closed to him.

HE received but one offer for work—vaudeville. At that time vaudeville was the last resort of Hollywood failure; few, if any, of the stars who branched out on the boards ever returned to their former position in Hollywood. It was like signing his professional death warrant—yet Ric accepted the engagement.

Riding back across the country to New York he thought of that first trip he had made with Kerry seven years ago. His ambitions had been so high; he had been so sure of success in Hollywood. Now looking at those same landmarks, he was planning to take his own life! After he had made some money on the tour to send back to Alma he was going to kill himself! There was nothing more for him to live for. He believed his career to be finished—horror had overtaken his marriage—only hopeless futility lay ahead of him.

He was surprised when his vaudeville act proved brilliantly popular; now he realized how many friends he had been making through his picture work. But after three successful months the hard work, the strain, his repressed mental condition began to take their toll and he was forced to cancel the remainder of his bookings. His doctor predicted a complete breakdown if Ric didn't rest. On the physician's insistence he went to Paris and lived quietly until the money he had allowed himself for his vacation gave out; then he returned to New York.

AT his hotel a wire awaited him: "BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU. HAVE GOOD SPOT IN PICTURE TITLED 'HER MAN' WITH TWELVETREES. WIRE ME IMMEDIATELY. SIGNED: CHARLES ROGERS." This telegram had arrived on May 26 and it was June 1 when Ric returned from Europe. Salary, terms—everything was forgotten in Ric's joy. He didn't even haggle when he learned he must pay his own railroad fare to Hollywood. All he knew was that Hollywood hadn't forgotten him—he was being given another chance.

"Her Man" was not only a tremendous personal hit for Ric but a box-office clean-up. Pathé, a studio laboring along for several years previous under indifferent productions, was delighted with the film. Charlie Rogers told Ric: "I may be a few months doing it, but I'm going to see you a star with this organization before I'm through!"

"Her Man" opened the gates of other studios for Ricardo; his salary, thanks to Darryl Zanuck, jumped from $750 to $1250 a week. He was receiving calls for more jobs than he could handle as a "heavy." But he realized he must reinstate himself as a leading man before permanent success could be his.

One morning the telephone rang: "Hello, kid, this is Rogers," boomed that voice Ric had begun to recognize as the herald of good news. "I've sold you to Bill Le Baron. You're coming with RKO and Pathé on the merger as a featured player. The salary is okay. I've put it over for you, Ric."

There was a strange gulping sound from the other end of the wire. Rogers waited but there was no answer. "Say, Ric, are you crying?" he asked.

Still no answer, and Rogers hung up the receiver very gently. To this day Rogers probably believes that Ric broke down because of the unexpected good news, but to Ric the most amazing thing of the news was the fact that this man, *his friend,* had gone to bat for him! Someone was actually pulling for him, wishing him luck.

Alma Rubens died while Ric was making "Big Business Girl" for Warners.

Slowly the past was dropping away from him, wiping the slate clean for another writing.

The facts of Ricardo Cortez's comeback during the past year are too well known for detailed recounting here. He made pictures not only for his home studio, RKO, but scored in many hits for other companies. But more important than the step by step story of his career was the change in Ric himself that was intriguing Hollywood. On every hand you heard that "Cortez is really a heck of a good guy if you get to know him. Wonder why he always kept himself so aloof when he was a star before?"

The prop-men, the electricians and the camera boys around the studios swear by Ric, and it was due to a little scheme he cooked up with the crew that he was to obtain the greatest rôle of his screen career—the young Jewish doctor in "Sympathy of Six Million."

The studio was testing every actor in Hollywood but Ric for the rôle, Gregory La Cava, the director, couldn't see him for it. Together with his own cameraman, an assistant director and a script of the story, Ric made a test of himself. He knew he could do that part. When La Cava saw the test he knew it, too, and this is the rôle that has done more for Cortez than any other one since his career began.

He's jumped the hurdles on the path to success; at some of them he fell, although always managing to pick himself up again, wiser and sounder from the temporary jolt. He is just beginning, I believe, to really know and understand the man whom so few have understood—himself. His career is assured, he is saving his money, his comparatively small group of acquaintances are *friends.*

Life for Ricardo Cortez is just now blossoming with the serenity and peacefulness he so richly deserves.

WORRYING ABOUT DIET? SEE SEPTEMBER MODERN SCREEN

The High Cost of Babies in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 44*)

bought for Miss Shearer. And that picture established Joan at once as a real rival of Norma for acting honors on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

Even the most firmly established actresses can hardly *afford* to have babies!

Women expect to make sacrifices for their children, of course. It has always been so. But few women in the world are required to make the compromises that screen stars must make in order to fit chubby little toddlers into their schemes of existence.

In the first place, the physical facts of motherhood make it more difficult for these women than for others. An actress' looks are her stock in trade, her chief assets by which she makes her living. Any appearance of maturity is a serious liability. The very expression in her eyes which sometimes results from the experience of maternity and which may be a lovely thing in another woman, is a handicap for an actress. If she is to portray beautiful, innocent and beleaguered maidens upon the screen—then she must not look like a happy young mother!

THIRTEEN years ago Mae Marsh was one of the brightest stars in the cinema sky. Her salary was four thousand dollars a week—a colossal sum for those days. She was as brilliantly successful, as famous, as sought-after as Constance Bennett is today. She married, secretly and against the wishes of Sam Goldwyn, her employer.

A terrific hullabaloo ensued—with the result that her contract was terminated, then and there, and she went to live in Jersey, to keep house for her husband and to prepare for the arrival of little Mary Arms. Her husband was then earning $125 a week.

That's what Mae Marsh's baby cost her. All the glitter, the fame, the fortune, the luxury of a successful screen career.

And, of course, there's Gloria Swanson. Twice Gloria has jeopardized her career to have a child. First when she was with Paramount, ten years or so ago, when she had her first child, Gloria Somborn. Gloria's tremendous popularity and appeal was strong enough to stand her absence from the screen then.

But will it be strong enough now? With all these newcomers springing up and making fame overnight, can Gloria once again become a mother without harming her career? Elinor Glyn thinks so—as you'll see for yourself if you read the story on page 26. How about you? Do you think the advent of Michaele Bridget Farmer—for any of the reasons mentioned in the beginning of this article—may harm Gloria Swanson's popularity?

When Mildred Davis married Harold Lloyd, it was agreed between them that she was to retire from the screen. That meant, tacitly, anyhow, that they wanted children. The advent of little Gloria was very, very hard for Mildred. Hard and even dangerous. "I shall never dare to face that again!" she told me then.

Later she said, wistfully, "Much as I love her, Gloria has made a prisoner of me—almost. It is like this. No matter where we go, no matter who comes to see us, the talk is always and eternally of pictures. The women talk about it just as much as the men. 'Listen to what happened on the set today!' they say. Or, 'I'm going to do this in my next picture.' Nothing but studio chat, picture gossip. And there I sit, feeling like a little lump. The only thing I can add to the conversation is, 'Gloria has a new tooth.' I might be someone from the wilds of Africa!"

At last Mildred did make another picture. A small program picture at Paramount. And I have never seen a girl so ecstatic as she was to be working again. "Now *I* can say, 'Listen to what happened on the set!'" she burbled when I went to watch her working one day.

But somehow, I don't know exactly why, the picture wasn't a great success. And Mildred never returned to work after that. She has her gorgeous new home now and the little adopted daughter, so nearly Gloria's age and the little son who arrived amid so much anxiety a year or so ago. Her life is pretty full and I think she doesn't feel like a prisoner any more. But even voluntary retirement from the screen is difficult in Hollywood. You feel so *left out* of things.

A woman who is a wife and mother and nothing more doesn't feel like that in other walks of life. Here it is hardly normal. It is *harder* for these people than for other folk!

WHEN Winifred Westover and William S. Hart separated, Bill was determined that Winifred should give up acting and devote her time to their child. So he settled a hundred thousand dollar trust fund upon her with the stipulation that if she worked in pictures or if she used the child in any way for publicity (that is, gave out pictures of him or interviews concerning him), she should forfeit the money.

It was five years before the divorce was finally settled and Winifred was again free to work in pictures if she chose. Five years is a long time to be absent from the screen if you wish to work again. And even when she made "Lummox" for Sam Goldwyn, she was not allowed to use Bill Hart's name or to use pictures of the baby for publicity purposes.

When Leatrice Joy married John Gilbert, she was forbidden by her employer, Cecil de Mille, to have a child.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT—BETTY HASN'T GAINED A POUND IN MONTHS

"Quack" claims won't build your child's weight!

Be "SURE" of the food you give your child

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Cocomalt is accepted and approved by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. *That is your guarantee of its trustworthiness.*

COCOMALT, the delicious chocolate flavor food drink, is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods. This is your guarantee of the quality of COCOMALT and the truthfulness of the claims made for it.

Mothers everywhere find that COCOMALT, the quick-energy food, mixed with milk, increases the weight of their children. Gains of a pound or more a week are not uncommon.

The wonderful results achieved with COCOMALT are due to the fact that mixed with milk according to directions, it adds more than 70% food energy (nourishment) to the milk, nearly doubling the food value of each glass.

Furthermore, COCOMALT is the only food drink licensed by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, under the Steenbock Patent, to incorporate SUNSHINE VITAMIN D. This SUNSHINE VITAMIN is essential to the child's diet, for it converts the mineral salts (calcium and phosphorus) so richly furnished by COCOMALT and milk, into strong bones and sound teeth.

So remember that two or three glasses of Cocomalt a day will give your children all the extra Sunshine Vitamin D they need for sound teeth, strong bones and sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt comes in powder form easy to mix with milk—HOT or COLD. At all grocery stores in half-pound, one pound and 5 pound family size. Mail the coupon for a trial-size can free.

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 39J, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt, *free*.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Lost Her Boy Friends Because of FAT

Depicting the physical charm and attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast makes reducing a delight—it's so SAFE and CONVENIENT. It leaves no ugly wrinkles, no dark circles under the eyes or ill after effects.

Rather it's a splendid health-builder—a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly. You lose ugly, unhealthy fat at the same time gain strength and energy. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Ethel Smith, a nurse in Norwich, Conn. lost 16 lbs. with the first bottle of Kruschen and reports a marvelous gain in health.

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores thruout the world. Start to-day and reduce—stay younger longer!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Modern Art Pays Big Money

In this Age of Color . . . the demand for art work is creating hundreds of big-pay opportunities. Manufacturers, decorators, publishers... are seeking men and women with art training.

Through the Federal course many have found fascinating careers. Many Federal students now earn from $2500 to $6000 a year. Learn at home in your spare time the Federal Way. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons in illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing.

Send us your name, age, occupation, and address, and we will send our book, "A Road To Bigger Things," and Vocational Art Test free.

Federal School of Illustrating

8992 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Well—as Cecil might have expected, she had one anyway. And he was pretty annoyed about it. So Leatrice worked, quite as if there were nothing of the sort going on at all, until two months before the arrival of small Leatrice.

I believe that De Mille never forgave her. Certainly Leatrice, who had seemed one of the most promising of the younger actresses, never had a real break in a picture after little Leatrice was born. She has definitely retired from the screen now and has married a gentleman who has nothing to do with the industry. But—how different do you suppose things would have been for Leatrice if she hadn't had that baby? It is hard to judge just what her child cost her in opportunity.

Lina Basquette courted tragedy when she tried to give up her child for the sake of her picture career. She found that she could not live without her and there ensued the struggle between Lina and her first husband's family which occupied columns in the newspapers for months and led at last to Lina's attempt at suicide. Lina's second marriage went on the rocks, temporarily at least, during this period. Motherhood was an expensive business for Lina . . .

When Esther Ralston longed for a baby of her own, her husband, George Webb, who was also her manager, feared for the price she would have to pay. So they compromised. They drew up an agreement, a legal affair, signed before a notary, that Esther was to work for two years more and then she was to be allowed to have a child.

She had her baby, as per the terms of her contract with her husband-manager, last summer. Later she is going to try to minimize the price by taking the baby with her on a vaudeville tour. It will be interesting to see how far Esther succeeds in avoiding the price of maternity. . . .

BELLE BENNETT'S first success in pictures came *simultaneously with the death of her son!* There was a legend, shrewdly capitalized by the press agents on the picture, that Sam Goldwyn was convinced of her ability to play the leading rôle in "Stella Dallas" only when he saw her terrible grief over the death of her boy. A terrible price for Fate to set on success in pictures!

It seems likely that Dolores Costello Barrymore has definitely given up her picture career for motherhood. She has made one picture since the birth of her baby and one hears nothing of any plans for her to make another. . . .

Helen Hayes says, facetiously, that her little girl who received such tremendous publicity as the "Act of God Baby" a few years ago, has stolen the limelight from her.

"The morning after I arrived in California, I looked in the papers to see whether there would be an announcement that 'the eminent actress' had arrived. Instead, a headline met my eye. 'Mother of Act of God Baby Arrives.' She's pretty young to be stealing my thunder like that!"

Miss Hayes, who is married to Charles McArthur, says that she would like to have two more children. "But I shall have to retire and give up all thoughts of my stage and screen careers. You can't have both!"

You can't have both. At least, it is pretty difficult to have both. Enid Bennett gave up her career for motherhood. So did Diana Kane (Mrs. George Fitzmaurice). So did Mae Murray.

Marlene Dietrich is already thinking about the price she must pay for her child. She wants to have her grow up in Europe. Marlene's great opportunity in pictures is here in Hollywood—particularly since she's patched up her squabble with Paramount. She cannot bear to be separated for long at a time from her little daughter. What sort of compromise do you suppose Marlene will ultimately make? What price to pay for her child's welfare?

Babies come high in Hollywood. Motion picture actresses want children just as intensely as other women want them. But it is difficult, when you have given your youth and your energy when you have struggled and agonized and maybe starved a little, trying to gain a foothold in this glamorous profession—it is hard to sacrifice opportunity, time, your chance at advancement, just at the moment, perhaps, when everything for which you have struggled seems within your grasp.

The years when most women are having their babies are the years during which an actress should be doing her best work, establishing herself, making her place secure. Her time is so *short*—so precious.

How many women, faced with such a choice, would choose motherhood?

Miriam's Adopted Son

(Continued from page 31)

stars' families horribly unfair to the families anyway. They're never by any chance treated as individuals. They're hauled into interviews and sometimes into photographs only for the sake of background. And color. They're used exactly the way mob scenes are used.

"I don't want Michael to grow up as any background for me. I want him to have his own life, whatever he may make it."

WATCHING Miriam, young and beautiful, aware of her present fame and considering the even greater fame which is believed to await her,

it seemed strange that she should be so impatient to undertake the responsibility of rearing and educating this baby. It means, of course, that she will have much less time and money for herself. It means economy all round. She is making a large salary, true. But the larger any salary the greater the demands made upon it. And within the next few harvest years she must save enough not only to protect her own future but Michael's as well. And we haven't been led to expect ladies as glamorous as Miriam, ladies with fame, fortune, and beauty with which to beckon all the gay pleasures of the sophisticated world to be interested in much besides these very things.

Nevertheless, I must admit when Miriam told me she planned to adopt this baby, pledging me to the greatest secrecy since the final papers had not yet been signed, I wasn't at all surprised. I happened to know that when Miriam was in New York a year ago she came with the same purpose. Unforseen complications arose and she returned to Hollywood alone and very much disappointed.

It isn't, after all, the actual biological process of having a baby that makes mothers of women. Some are born with a maternal instinct highly developed and prove more essentially mothers, even though they never have children of their own, than some mothers of large families ever do. Miriam had shown me her natural maternity in a dozen little ways . . .

WHEN it was suggested to Miriam that she was generous and a little noble to adopt Michael she was impatient and not in the least flattered.

"That," she said with a clarity of vision most people do not possess when they view themselves, "is all really very silly and stupid. I'm adopting a baby because I want a baby. There's nothing generous about that.

"Nature has seen it fitting to have a baby the greatest thing any woman can know. I have sense enough to know it wouldn't suit Nature's scheme of things to have it otherwise. Later I fully expect to have a baby of my own. But in the meantime I have no intention of missing the greatest experience in life, so I've taken Michael. There's nothing very noble about that."

She is a welcome relief to the sentimental mother who goes about inflicting her madonna's halo upon anyone and everyone, to the mother who talks long and often of the denials she has made for her childrens' sake. Never, I'm sure of this, will Michael Hopkins hear how much Miriam has done for him. And when he has grown I can see her offering him her hand with gratitude, thanking him for all the years which have been richer because he had a share in them. She's like that. She's so simple and understanding and warm.

However, even though Miriam will never talk about it and likely enough never be aware of it she will give this son of hers many great things. He will have the most worth while things money can buy. While he is an infant there will be expert care that he may grow straight and strong. When he is in his formative years there will be gracious environment and stimulating companionship that he may acquire high standards. Later on there will be education and travel. And always he will know the understanding and independence of which I spoke before.

Here's to little Michael! May he grow into the boy and man Miriam dreams he will be. And may he bear the proud name his mother has given him with high honor.

And here's to Miriam, an up-to-date, refreshingly sensible madonna!

The Little Girl Who Wouldn't Cry

(*Continued from page 81*)

a stage career. Seeing her natural aptitude for dancing and singing, Leelie encouraged her, writing little skits for her to act. As a result Ginger learned all her "routines" in childhood and never had a dancing lesson in her life until a few years ago!

It was in Fort Worth where her mother was doing newspaper work that Ginger made her first appearances. The scrapbook is full of programs and pictures of Ginger's theatrical activities from that point on.

"The Charleston contest was honestly the big moment in my life," Ginger says. "The state contest was held at the Baker Hotel in Dallas. I thought the Fort Worth contest was bad enough, but when I saw all those state contestants I just wanted to cry. I didn't, though. I just did the best I could. And then the judges told me I'd won."

Then followed long, weary months on the road, Ginger doing an act with two other youngsters. Finally there came an opportunity to appear with Paul Ash at a theater in Brooklyn, N. Y., where a producer of "Top Speed" saw her and offered her the part of Babs.

When singies came in Ginger was grabbed up by the screen. Then, when the singies went out Ginger went out, too. But she had set her heart on the screen and that little set-back didn't worry her. She didn't cry. Instead she made up her mind to become a dramatic actress. She played in "Suicide Fleet" and "Carnival Boat" for RKO and now she's in "The Tenderfoot," for First National. You'll be seeing a lot of Ginger Rogers from now on.

and ColorShine *is only* 10¢ a bottle

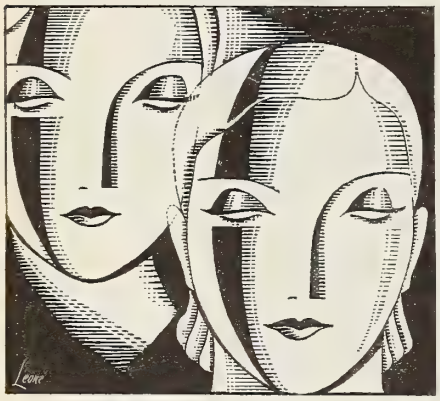
KEEPING white shoes white and new looking is no problem at all with ColorShine. *White Kid* Cleaner cleans, polishes and preserves smooth, white leather shoes. *White Cloth* Cleaner is for all white cloth and buckskin shoes. A few minutes and your shoes are like new again and there's enough in the generous 10c bottle for many pairs of shoes.

There are also ColorShine Dressings for all tan, brown, blonde, light-colored and black leathers, and Dye to dye white or colored shoes black.

Sold in 10-cent stores everywhere (15c in Far West and Canada). On your next trip to the 10-cent store at the hardware counter get several bottles of ColorShine for your different kinds of shoes. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

ColorShine
SHOE DRESSINGS
MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW
10¢ 15¢ in Far West and Canada

KAPAK
SANITARY
NAPKINS



Kapak Sanitary Napkins meet the demands of millions of modern women who insist that a sanitary protection must be both safe and economical.

Kapak Sanitary Napkins come in convenient sizes for every requirement . . . whether it be for home use, week-ends, travel or emergencies. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the finest sanitary conditions of high quality materials. Deodorant, highly absorbent, easily disposable, with close-fitting oval-shaped ends.

ONE DOZEN 20¢ SIX FOR 10¢ EIGHT FOR 10¢

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S. KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 *and* $1.00 STORES

"My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—*safely*. Golden Peacock acts *so fast*—you use *so little*—it's more economical than *all* other bleaches that *work*. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Every Brand of Trouble

(*Continued from page 61*)

spare she spent in, what was then, Hamburger's Department Store. She wasn't feasting her eyes on the things she would buy if and when she had the money. No. She was riding upon that wonder of wonders—an escalator. It was like a magical toy to ZaSu. She couldn't get enough of it. Her home town could not even boast of elevators so an escalator was simply staggering. Up and down, up and down, she rode every day until closing time. She says she is ashamed now, to think of the spectacle she made of herself in her drab, ill-fitting little clothes, clinging excitedly to the escalator rails. It was the only recreation she knew. It wasn't long before she had to give up even this joy, because she could not afford to live in town. Her small capital was dwindling at an alarming rate.

She got a cheap, furnished room in a poor section of Los Angeles—what was then the red-light district. ZaSu did not know this. She knew nothing at all of the city. She had no friends and when she found a cheap room for rent, she moved in without asking any questions. She remained there several months and saw nothing wrong with it, since she was away all day and, at night, so tired from walking around the studios all day, that she would often drop to sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

AT this time, ZaSu had only one suit —a cheap, navy blue serge, trimmed in red and an old straw hat which she had tried to make more presentable by a copious application of dye. Her shoes had been half-soled and had lost their shape. Her general appearance was enough to evoke sympathy from even a stranger. But sympathy is something that ZaSu has never desired. She did not, then. She was out to lick the world on her own, and she asked no odds of anyone. She made the rounds of the studios for weeks before she finally got a chance. She secured a small bit at Universal. It wasn't long before she was working some place every day. Life suddenly seemed very simple and pleasant. Directors and the people-who-mattered were beginning to treat her with respect. Then, out of a clear sky, she was approached by a director of a small independent company with an offer to become a stock actress in his productions. She accepted with alacrity and when he asked her what salary would be acceptable, she told him twelve and a half dollars a week. This seemed like a large sum to her, then. He signed her up promptly at this figure, but in justice to him, it must be told that within three weeks he advanced her wage to thirty-five dollars a week. She could not believe her good fortune, and she insists that she would have gladly signed a contract to act for the rest of her life at this figure. Universal next offered her a short-term contract and when they asked her to name her own price, she said: "Thirty-five dollars." And thirty-five dollars it was, though they raised her in two weeks.

Frances Marion happened to visit the Universal set where ZaSu was emoting, saw her wistful face, recognized the genius behind her tragic eyes and secured for her the part of the slavey in "The Little Princess," with Mary Pickford. ZaSu's lankness was such a contrast to Mary's blond prettiness that she became a fixture in Pickford productions. And incidentally, Mary boosted ZaSu's salary to seventy-five dollars a week. When Frances Marion learned where she was living, she told ZaSu that it was an undesirable location and advised her to get a room at the Studio Club, which she did.

IT was at this time that I became acquainted with and liked ZaSu.

From the moment she began to make real money in her work, ZaSu sent most of her wages home to her mother. When she was making fifty dollars a week, she sent forty of it home, keeping the ten for her carfare, lunch money, clothes and expenses. Later, when she was raised to sixty-five dollars a week, she gave her mother the benefit of her raise and still kept only ten dollars for her own spending money. And when she began working for Mary Pickford at seventy-five dollars a week, she sent for her family.

ZaSu's greatest fault has always been her generosity. I remember an old tramp, who made a business of bothering everyone who would listen to him. He finally reached ZaSu and she would not rest until she had gotten him a job as a watchman at Lasky's. And the funniest part about it is, that he kept the job and made a good watchman, too. He was still there, when I went East three years later.

On the set, in her character make-up, ZaSu looked like something the cat had brought in. Her hair hung in two heavy braids to her knees and was straight as a string. She wore a flat, little sailor hat, a pinch-back coat of uncertain age and color, a skirt that whooped up one side and down the other, plaid stockings and shapeless shoes. Her rôles in Mary's pictures were usually pathetic ones of the homely girl who never got anything that she wanted. ZaSu could play it skillfully because she had known what it means not to get the things one wants. ZaSu and Mary became good friends and it was a common sight to see them sitting off to one side, deep in confidences. This was before Mary divorced Owen Moore. When Mrs. Pickford lived and directed her destiny, Mary did not mingle and converse much with her coworkers. But with ZaSu, it was different. They were practically inseparable on the set. It was Mary who advised her to sign the contract offered by Charlie Chaplin. Nothing came of it, except her salary. She did not ap-

pear in a single scene when the picture was released and the report went around that Charlie was afraid ZaSu would steal his picture. At any rate, when the contract terminated, ZaSu found herself out in the cold, free-lancing again.

However, for the first time in her life she was happy. She had succeeded in making a wide circle of friends in and around the studios. She was earning enough money to dress comfortably and she was providing for her relatives in a fashion far better than they had ever known. They had good clothes to wear, a comfortable home in which to live and they were accepted as equals by their neighbors. It was about this time that ZaSu made a lasting friend in a Mrs. Wiley, who taught her smartness in dress. Soon ZaSu was being seen to advantage at dances and parties and then she met young Tom Gallery. It was a case of love at first sight. ZaSu had never "kept company" with a boy, and after she met Tom she never gave another boy a thought. A year later they were married and went to housekeeping in a cosy little bungalow. They were blissfully happy together, those two. And in a couple of years, there were three of them. It was after she became a mother that ZaSu developed into a real beauty. When baby Ann got out of her arms, ZaSu returned to work again. It was while she was under contract to King Vidor, that Von Stroheim saw her and secured her for "Greed." She proved her worth as a dramatic actress in this opus. It was after she finished her part in this picture that something happened to her marriage. Nobody knows what, but a breach of some sort appeared.

ZaSu won't talk about it.

"It was too beautiful to last!" she told me in confidence once. "And the most wonderful part about it to me, was that Tom wanted me when I was nobody but a girl named ZaSu Pitts. I hadn't done anything worth while. I had no influential friends nor money. He simply wanted me for myself. And I truly loved Tom. I will never love anyone as I did him." That is all she would say. No wonder the divorce was such a blow to her.

Most directors say that ZaSu is lacking in sex-appeal. Yet, Von Stroheim swears that ZaSu has more sex-appeal than any other actress in talking pictures.

There are those who call her homely, and I have heard others rave about her overpowering beauty. One world-famous man, who visited Hollywood, refused to attend an elaborate dinner given in his honor until he was assured that ZaSu would be among those present. And when she finally came he had to content himself with a bare word of greeting. Yet, she is a fine conversationalist when she wishes to be.

She is not very strong, physically. Her little girl, Ann, was born through a Caesarian operation and ZaSu has never been quite well since.

It is a source of deep regret to her, that she must wear her genius out in comedy. It almost broke her heart when her part was cut from "All Quiet on the Western Front." She thinks it is her voice that has ruined her career in talking pictures. That it sounds funny. That may be so, but the fact remains that ZaSu will have a nice dramatic rôle in the new Fox opus, "Walking Down Broadway." Her newest pictures are "Westward Passage" and "Back Streets."

ZaSu has two children—her own little girl and the adopted son of Barbara La Marr. She also pays for the support of the five children of her sister who died two years ago. She has a nice, fat contract with Hal Roach to co-star with Thelma Todd in eight comedies a year, with the privilege to free-lance between these comedy pictures. She enjoys these comedies because Thelma and she are fast friends. She has a definite goal in sight—she intends to make a million dollars before she retires. And if her present luck holds—as it certainly should—she will do it.

High Cost of Divorce

(*Continued from page 46*)

Kenneth Malcolm Peacock in Philadelphia in 1925, she got no alimony. He was an employee in a furniture store.

THE way some of these film folk toss around such terms as "twenty thousand," "fifty thousand," "a hundred thousand" and so on suggests a check-up day in the government mint. If money is "filthy lucre," some stars and actors must be terribly soiled from handling it.

Adolphe Menjou handed over to his ex-wife $25,000 in cash, a $75,000 home on Doheny Drive and $650 a week until $67,500 was paid. Grand total, $167,500. Adolphe's attorney said that it left the actor "almost penniless."

Cliff Edwards ("Ukulele Ike") has been battling his Irene through the courts in an effort to void a property settlement under which he gave her something like $100,000. Irene, he declared, was quite indiscreet after she left him. While contemplating a divorce complaint, Ike remarked, "We have no children but I'm going to sue for the custody of the dog." When Mrs. Edwards was seeking maintenance of $250 per week, and told of Cliff's earnings as a singer, he retorted: "If my wife thinks my songs are so valuable, I'll sing her one or two for alimony." And when Mrs. Edwards insisted she had to have that $250 to maintain her social position and keep up appearances

SENSATION
HAIR NETS

neater
HAIR

THERE is an S. S. Kresge Store right in your locality that sells Sensation Hair Nets. Every day, thousands of women are buying them . . . to keep their hair tidy and beautiful all day, to keep their waves in place at night, to act as a Sanitary safeguard in homes and offices.

Sensation Hair Nets offer the two-fold advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap shape. Natural shades!

Buy a half dozen Sensation Hair Nets today at your neighborhood Kresge Store.

5¢ each or 6 for 25¢
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S.KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 and $1.00 STORES

CORNS Instant Relief

Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for 100% safe, instant relief. Loosen and remove corns in 2 days. Heal sore toes. At drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

ZIP 50¢
DEPILATORY CREAM
Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All Stores. Giant Tube 50c. Small 10c.
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only $1
Permanently Destroys Hair

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin 50¢

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.

Dept. 13 Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.

Each delicately perfumed in smart bottle with stick or brush attached to stopper

the NEW MANICURE MODE

NEW beauty secrets for romantic finger tips. Cost less. Last longer.

1. *A Liquid Nail Polish.* Brilliant, lasting lustre. Will not chip, peel or discolor. Ruby, Vivid Red, Natural, Colorless.

2. And a Liquid Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover, Liquid Nail White.

Kwik 10¢ each

KWIK COSMETIC CORP., NEW YORK

IT'S NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

• Every Deaf Person Knows That •

George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums, his own invention. Worn day and night, they stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No wires or batteries. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear," also interesting booklet on deafness, its causes and relief. Address

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

I was a Tub of FAT!

LILLIAN IANCHUCK weighed 190 pounds. Then she saw an advertisement of Korein and decided to try it. "I have nothing but praise for Korein," she writes. "Five years ago I was a tub of fat. **After using Korein I lost 40 pounds.** Now my weight is just right for my height. I have no more excess fat on me."

MRS. C. W. HAYS weighed 200 pounds. While using Korein, **she lost 40 pounds.**

MAMIE JACKSON **weighs 116 pounds now.** Before taking Korein, she weighed 148 pounds.

MARIE KOSCIOLEK weighed 160 pounds. She weighs only 130 pounds **since reducing with Korein.**

MARGARET ALLEN used Korein and **lost 27 pounds.** Has kept present weight of 123 pounds ever since.

Korein is very popular. Buy it at the Drug Store. Or use coupon below.

FREE

KOREIN CO., B-4 Station O, New York

Please send me Free Test of KOREIN

Name.....

Address.....

as Mrs. Cliff Edwards, he glared at her.

"Don't call me 'mister,'" he exclaimed. "I'm just plain 'Ukulele Ike' and although my voice goes into the best of homes on the radio, I've got no social standing whatever."

Cliff lost his suits and must continue to pay and pay and pay, one-third of his salary. Last February, Irene sued for $24,999.92 saying he was that much in arrears.

IT keeps the actors hustling sometimes to meet their alimony requirements. Lloyd Hamilton was hauled into court to tell why he was $7,500 behind in remittances due his first wife, and this while his second wife was suing for divorce in another division of the court. The latter accepted $1,200 cash in lieu of further alimony. Lloyd went bankrupt last June and among his debts he listed $12,500 as due Ethel, Wife No. 1. Cullen Landis contracted to pay his first wife $350 a month and to place a $20,000 piece of real estate in trust for their two children. That $350-a-month has had him in and out of jail since 1927. At one time he was sentenced by a Los Angeles judge to sleep five nights behind the bars and spend the intervening days looking for work. Al St. John is a third who, for a while, managed to keep about two jumps ahead of the process servers. They locked him up once and Judge Charles Burnell said:

"He can stay there until he pays up his alimony debts even if it's the rest of his natural life."

As Al was being led away by a bailiff, he turned to June St. John, his second wife, and remarked: "Keep the lights burning in the window for me, honey. Maybe some day I'll be back."

But when he got a good look at the inside of the jail he did some hasty telephoning and got himself rescued.

Irene Rich was married to David Blankenborn in April, 1927. They separated in May, 1931. How much did *she* get for her four years as Mrs. Blankenborn? Plenty! The beautiful Irene annexed the magnificent home in Hollywood, certain stocks and bonds and was made beneficiary in life insurance policies aggregating $150,000. It seems that Mr. Blankenhorn annoyed Miss Rich by telephoning her cross-continent at night when she was on the road in vaudeville. This, she said, interfered with her career. Blankenhorn protested, too, that Irene would not stay at home like most wives do. Total cost to him—something around a quarter-million.

The Garden of Alimony still thrives and gives forth munificent yields even though times be hard throughout the rest of the country. When Helen Costello and Lowell Sherman came to "talking cold turkey" following their separation a few months ago, Helene allowed that she could get along on $5,000 a month but she must have $25,000 for court costs and $10,000 for attorneys' fees. To which Lowell, metaphorically speaking, replied, "Oh, yeah?" In a lawyer's office they got down to brass tacks. Helene had described Lowell as cruel and said he once twisted her finger until he broke it. Lowell retorted that Helene had called him "a fat old man" and "a ham actor." Which made him pretty mad. Screen artists don't like to be called "ham actors" and "fat."

"The dispute was settled most satisfactorily," Helene's lawyer said brightly, at the end of the conference. Which seemed to have a significant meaning. Lowell looked as if someone was standing on his foot. The exact amount of settlement was not divulged.

There's Colonel Tim McCoy, two-gun hero of Western films and noted Indian authority. His wife, Agnes Miller McCoy is the daughter of the late Henry Miller, stage star. When the Colonel came down from his ranch in Wyoming to become a film actor, he "went Hollywood," Mrs. McCoy declared in her divorce petition. He liked life among the "movie" actors and actresses, and began writing and wiring Mrs. McCoy to please get a divorce or let him get one. At least, that is what her attorney said.

Did she get a decree? She did! She got it together with the Colonel's stock ranch near Thermopolis, Wyo., the custody of their three children and $200 a month until the children become of age. Such was the order of the court in Wyoming.

When Mrs. Helen Gibson divorced Hoot, a property settlement was presented in court which awarded Mrs. Gibson some real estate and other property together with $150 a week until a total of $30,000 had been paid. Hoot also agreed to carry $100,000 life insurance for his daughter, Lois. Alan Crosland agreed in 1927 to pay his departing wife, Juanita, $500 a week but with the provision that if he was out of work for any period of six months, the amount was to be reduced to $250 a week. Last October, Alan was hauled into court on the charge that he was $71,150 behind in his remittances. Then it developed that Mrs. Crosland had sought and obtained a divorce in Nice, France, in 1930 and Alan had not been legally served with a notice of final decree. Accordingly, he was absolved from the debt. Alan married Natalie Moorhead, December 21, 1930, in the Yosemite.

AL SANTELL, director, and his wife, Ruth, separated about twenty-five times before they decided that they were incompatible. He gave Mrs. Santell $20,000 in cash in 1927 when they decided to get a divorce. Then they changed their minds and made up. When they came to the real fork in the road in 1930, Al handed over an additional $12,500 in cash and agreed to pay her $500 a month for a period of five years. Grand total, $62,500. He's paying now.

William Wellman, director, has been sending his divorced wife, Margery, $200 a month for the support of their child. Nacio Herb Brown, song writer gives $750 a month to Mrs. Ruby Porter Brown for the maintenance of herself and their ten-year-old son. Mrs. Milmosa Fejos gets from $75 to $100

a week from Director Paul Fejos, the amount depending on his income. John Gilbert pays Leatrice Joy $2,600 a year for the support and education of their daughter, Leatrice Joy II. Marshall Neilan has been paying his first wife, Gertrude, $50 a week for the support of their son. "Mickey" was hauled into court once last year on the charge that he was $9,500 in arrears.

Joan Bennett was awarded $50 a month from John Marion Fox of Seattle, her first husband, for support of their child. The early part of last year, a Seattle jurist ordered Fox to pay her $1,200 in a lump sum. Joan did not fare so well as her sister, Constance, in the alimony mart.

Two of Reginald Denny's expensive automobiles were impounded by deputy sheriffs last year when his first wife brought suit for $5,400 back alimony and caused attachments to be levied on the machines. Ronald Colman started paying his wife, Thelma Ray, $500 a month for separate maintenance in 1925. She lives in a villa in France. Recently he opened negotiations for a divorce according to dispatches from Nice, the outcome of which has not yet been disclosed.

And so it runs—on and on like that little babbling brook.

The well-alimonied divorcée in Hollywood needs at least $24,000 a year on which to live, according to Mrs. Christine Aaronson, wife of the celebrated orchestra leader, Irving Aaronson. In her suit for separate maintenance, she listed her monthly requirements as follows:

Rent, $200; tips, $50; cook and maid, $100; laundry, $25; dry cleaning, $50; food, $300; clothing, $750; entertaining at home and at clubs, $150; automobile and chauffeur, $200; estimated doctors' bills, $150; massages, $50; personal care of hair, nails, face, etc., $25. Total, per month, $2,050.

Assimilate that, will you—Mr. Average Man! Twenty-four thousand, six hundred dollars per year for the maintenance of a wife!

In the heyday of their careers when money rolls in as a flood, the alimony payments are of little consequence. But when adversity comes—as it has come to many—the yokes grow heavy and there are some away behind who cannot pay and who never expect to pay. Their accounts may be listed in the column titled, "total loss; no insurance."

What You Should Know About George Raft

(*Continued from page 69*)

Not with much success. He was knocked out seven times. After the last beating he quit the game. His best known opponent was Frankie Jerome, who later died as a result of a bout with the champion, Bud Taylor.

AT this time Georgie weighed but 122 pounds. Despite this light weight he next went in for professional baseball, signing as an outfielder with the Springfield Club of the Eastern League. He was dropped after two seasons because, while his fielding was good, he could not hit. Baseball still remains his favorite sport, as an active game. He likes to watch prize fights and the horses. Not long ago he lost all his savings—$35,000—on the New York tracks.

Returning to New York from Springfield, he decided to make use of his other ability. So he secured employment as a dancer at Churchill's on 48th Street, a professional partner during the tea-dance hour. The other gigolo was Rudy Valentino. The clarinet player in Earl Fuller's orchestra was Ted Lewis. Lewis attracted small attention, but even then Rudy was Valentino.

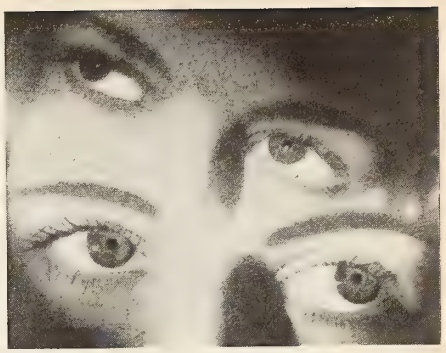
"He was a nice kid," George says, "and the women went for him. Not so much as later, for that was before the time of the Latin-type vogue. The women preferred the blond boys to dance with. But Rudy did all right. So did I, for that matter—they generally wanted a sober man to take them home."

George and Rudy bore a marked resemblance. Rudy left dancing for pictures, and George kept to the polished floors, but their friendship continued. When Valentino was established as a great star he sent for George to act as his double. But he died before Raft could make even this small entrance into pictures.

George did not mind the lost opportunity, particularly. He was doing well in his own line, and he did not think that he would be able to get anywhere in the films. From Churchill's he went to Rector's, then Healy's—all well known places in those gay days. Then Joe ("What's The Use of Dreaming?") Howard drew him into vaudeville. Years of this, all over the country: the cities, the burgs, the tanks, the sticks, wearing out scores of pairs of dancing slippers. Often he hoofed with another New York boy—Walter Winchell.

Walter wasn't so good, but George was. Elsie Pilcer took him on as her partner, and presently he was back in the big town, working in shows: "City Chap," "Gay Paree," "Manhatters," "Palm Beach Nights," "No Foolin'." The last show he did was "LeMaire's Affairs," But before that he had become an international sensation.

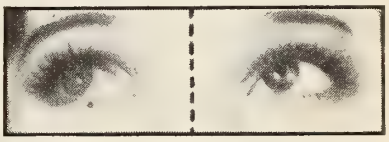
His favorite food is hot dogs. He



Makes Eyes Look and Feel Just Fine!

Think of *Murine* the very next time that exposure to sun, wind and dust inflames your eyes and makes them look simply awful. This world-famous lotion will relieve the burning, bloodshot condition in short order and leave your eyes enchantingly clear and bright!

***Murine* is utterly free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients. Noted stage and screen stars use it daily to keep their eyes *always* clear and sparkling. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and dept. stores.**

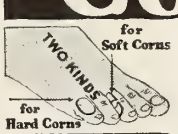


MAKE THIS TEST! ***Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!***

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Corns



End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c package. **FREE SAMPLE.** Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1642 Locust. St. Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

Make Song Writing Pay You Big Money

New FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

WHY not send for this amazing book? Or better still, send poems or music for songs for free examination and advice. One of our Famous Writers who has ONE HUNDRED SONG HITS to his credit will revise, arrange, and compose music to your poems or poems to your music.

It obligates you in no way whatsoever. If we consider your work worthwhile, and compose music or write verse, fair assurance is given that it will reach the hands of one of New York's prominent publishers with complete copyright protection.

Don't wait any longer. Send for your FREE copy of this book today. It may be the answer to your financial independence.

MAHONEY ASSOCIATES, 949-A Broadway, New York, N.Y.

JEAN HARLOW SAYS:

would like to buy one suit a week, with a particular passion for blue serge. He leans to dark, conservative colors always, whether in clothes, automobiles or neckties. He is proud of the fact that once he was mascot for the New York Yankees. He only weighed 135 pounds until two years ago, when suddenly he began to put on weight. He moves with the lithe, pantherish grace of the born dancer.

It was as a dancer that he took New York as completely as it seems he now will take Hollywood. One night he introduced into his routine an odd, side-kicking dance he had seen the little nigger boys do, when playing vaudeville down South. Faster his feet moved—and faster. And when he was done the house applauded for five minutes. That was New York's introduction to the Charleston.

George was a success. This was five years before the dance became popular, and all New York wanted to see the sleek black-haired boy do his spectacular stuff. He went from club to club, theatre to theatre—once he was working in four places simultaneously: two nightclubs, a show and a picture house. He always was featured. In smaller type under his billing were to be found such names as Helen Morgan, Morton Downey, Lillian Roth, and many others now on top.

Dancing was Georgie's life. Dancing and Broadway. He no longer has enthusiasm for the former, but he still loves the latter. Hollywood bores him to yawns. He misses the old gang, the old laughs, the old "tomorrow's another day" attitude. Hollywood is too set for him, too quiet. He never could be happy in a town where there is no place to go after midnight. He thinks the Main Stem is the "only spot in the world."

Ten years under the incandescents, scrolling his name heavily in the Book of Broadway, to emerge worldly wise, pleasant, nonchalant. He was a familiar figure: Winchell (who recently featured him over his Lucky Strike broadcast) and Mark Hellinger mentioned him often in their columns. Ward Morehouse once wrote that "on the screen he'd be a second Barthelmess." That must have startled both Barthelmess and George. His ears are large but well-set against his head, his nose is straight until it jumps out engagingly at the tip. At the height of his success in New York he was earning between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars a week.

THEN he went to London, where he repeated his smash. As a novelty he took a little colored boy with him. "Snowball" would dance as his shadow, and with their weird gyrations they captured the town. Among the first of the many to whom George taught this new Charleston was the Prince of Wales. Eddie Windsor loves to dance, and is better at it than he is on a horse. He gave George his cigarette case and many new clients.

George reads but little, with a preference for naturalism to romance and biography over fiction. He used to keep his press notices, and has two large scrap books full, but he doesn't any longer. That's because of his increasing tendency to let bygones be bygones. "Yesterday is gone, tomorrow is coming. But today is here. I live for it, and don't worry. As long as I have the arms and legs and head that God gave me, I'll get along." He is of German-Italian descent.

And the highest paid American dancer ever to trip the light fantastic before European audiences. His itinerary took him to all the old world capitals, and in each he was a sensation. On one occasion he split headline billing with Nazimova. His voice is slow, deep and interesting. He likes house pajamas, sun baths and beaches. One of his good friends is Owney Madden, the New York big shot. He has a picture of Madden inscribed "to Gigolo Raft, the black snake from Tenth Avenue."

Like most of the boys who have made their way up from down under, he is a curious mixture of hardness and sentimentality. A bad guy to have mad at you; a good friend. He lives with a pal of ten years standing in a swank apartment house in the heart of Hollywood. The walls of his suite are decorated with the signed photographs of well-known actresses. The telephone rings a great deal. He is not married.

Nor does it seem that he soon will be. "Beyond everything else I want freedom," he says. "I want to feel that I can leave a place whenever I want to—and there will be no reason why I shouldn't. That's why I want money, to make this possible: to travel, where and when I want to, is my single wish. I never give a thought to tomorrow beyond that one."

Returning to New York from London, he danced in virtually every night club and motion picture theatre in the town. He was one of the first entertainers signed when the Paramount Publix circuit was organized. He was one of Texas Guinan's most popular performers. Then he met Rowland Brown, the director, and was persuaded to come to Hollywood for a rôle in "Quick Millions."

He had become interested in pictures, and had just dropped his bankroll of 35 grand at Belmont and Jamaica. He was taking a vacation from show business, the first one in ten years, and the trip West seemed like a good idea at the time. He came and made the picture. Then there was a long period when nothing happened, interspersed with small appearances in "Hush Money" and "Palmy Days." Then Hughes signed him for "Scarface." And that Started It.

"I can't act," he states. "I simply must be myself, do the things that seem natural to me. When I get with a director who wants me to act, I'll be lost. I don't like long speeches, because I don't know anything about delivering lines. I just try and be the guy in the story—not George Raft giving an impersonation of him."

FOR years on Broadway he did not get enough sleep. Seven o'clock in

Freshen Up! with a BlueBird POWDER PUFF

THIS sterilized powder puff is absolutely the finest made. Because of its quality, over Ten Million women buy Blue Bird Powder Puffs each year.

MAY BE PURCHASED AT

S. S. Kresge Co. — McLellan Stores
McCrory Stores — Grand-Silver Stores
G. C. Murphy Co. — Neisner Bros.
J. J. Newberry — W. T. Grant Co.
Also at other leading chain and department stores.

10c JUNIOR SIZE 5c

Complexion

Many have cleared their complexions of surface pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin, etc. Wouldn't you love to have a complexion soft, rosy, clear, and velvety? My method is so different. No cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* "The Complexion Beautiful." Get facts today.
ERNA SAFFAN, 646 N. Michigan Blvd. Suite 38C2, Chicago

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures
Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to Hollywood studios—the only market. Not a school—no course or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Send for free booklet giving full details. Estab. 1917.
UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
523 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Eminent ASTROLOGER

Tells you what's coming in 1932
My fee for 17 to 19 page Astrological Forecast based on your Zodiological sign is only $1.00. Forecast covers all 1932, month by month, giving actual predictions, with definite days, dates, and happenings. Deals with Love, Marriage, Travels, Health, changes, etc. Advises on Business, Social affairs, Employment, Promotions, Speculation, enemies, lucky days, etc. Free book on Love Psychology included. Send $1.00 and exact birth date.
A. A. Rageh, Ps.D.Ms.D.,
509 5th Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

STA-BAC CURL SET

is the secret of lovely, lustrous, soft-waved hair. Holds the wave longer. Leaves no white flakes. 10c.
—at S. S. Kresge Stores
VI-JON LABORATORIES
ST. LOUIS
Q4

the morning usually was his bedtime, with early rehearsals and matinées getting him up scarcely before he had closed his eyes. Now he gets more sleep than he wants. He does the local stay-up places, but they are no effort for one whose feet have stirred the dust of a hundred night club floors, dancing into a thousand dawns. He does not care much for Agua Caliente.

"I do not drink and there is nothing else to do there, when the hosses aren't running, but gamble. I don't bet on a hoss unless I know it's going to try, and gambling is a sucker's game. I've seen too much not to know that you can't beat the house. If you feel that you must play, however, there is only one way to do it. That is to make one bet, and only one. If you win, pick up the money and walk away. If you lose, quit too. Think 'Well, I played. I had my fun' and let it go at that."

His clothes are extremely modish, but they cover a trained, muscular and athletic body. His hands are white and well-manicured, but balled into fists they can punch like pile-drivers. His house slippers are faced with patent leather and his robes brocaded, but he has hair on his chest and in any kind of a brawl at all I'm betting he could put the usual film hero on the carpet.

He's a new kind of figure for the hurrying tintypes, purely a creation of the modern world—and one elegant menace for the modern screen. As ball-player, prize-fighter and dancer, he's entertained Vanderbilts and vagrants, princes and poets and pickpockets, college boys and cultured tramps, sight-seers and suckers—all the strange, colorful, overexcited and fantastic habitués of nightclubs and music halls and cafés. . . .

Now he's starting to entertain you as a movie actor. And from what we've seen of him so far, it looks as if he's going to be even more successful in his fourth profession than he was in the first three put together!

When Garbo Was Late

(*Continued from page 47*)

sudden impulses and strange habits. Clothed in an aura of mystery. And she was coming tonight! Nobody doubted the rumor. Even after most of the stars had arrived and gone inside, still the crowd waited. Murmurs rippled through, but they were not murmurs of doubt.

"What can be keeping her?" they asked one another.

AND at the big house on Rockingham Drive, a cruel thing had happened. As cruel things usually happen—without warning.

The Glamorous One, resplendent in a Paris evening gown of gold brocade, and wrapped in a cocoa ermine cape, had given a final pat to her face from her powder puff and had swept down to the Rolls-Royce that stood waiting for her. For this was to be a state occasion and, since she had relented enough to give her presence to the opening, the studio had prevailed upon her to go in the style befitting her high position.

With a sigh, she settled back against the rose-colored cushions and ordered the chauffeur to proceed.

They were passing through the gate when it happened. A fuzzy little shape bounded in front of the car. The chauffeur threw on his brakes, but not quite soon enough.

Swallowing an oath, for chauffeurs had been fired for less than this, he leaped out to see how seriously the dog had been hurt.

But before he could reach it, the Glamorous One was down in the dust, gathering up the limp, bleeding little body in her ermine-clothed arms.

"Quick!" she ordered, "the hospital. Four blocks down."

She was breathing hard. Distressed. How could he know what this small dog meant to her, in a land where most things meant nothing?

This was not merely an animal upon which she had lavished her affection. It was a tie. A bond between herself and the homeland for which she longed. A man had given it to her, the evening he had returned to Sweden. A man, who had meant much in her life.

And so it was that the Glamorous One, hugging the bleeding little form to her breast, went into the operating-room herself with the night-surgeon and helped quiet the little beast while an examination was made. And not until she had been assured that it would live would she consent to leave it there alone. . . .

There was much craning of necks as the big, rose limousine drew up in front of the theatre. The Garbo alighted, gave a careless nod to Lew and went inside. But that one moment paid the curious ones for their long wait. They forgave her for being late. It was enough for them that she had finally come.

"Look how tousled her hair is!" a fat lady in the foreground criticized. "And her clothes look like they had been thrown at her. She has no style."

"Sure—" a slim girl on her right answered. "But isn't she the smart one to be late! A born actress!"

HIS HORRIBLE CARESSES OR HER JOB—HOW DID JOAN CRAWFORD SOLVE THIS SITUATION? SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE

SHE LOOKS YOUNG till
She Takes Off Her Hat

The hair the new hats are showing must be free from gray. Streaked, fading hair is unbecoming. Spoils a well groomed appearance. Keep ALL your hair one even shade but avoid that artificial look by using the most modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, not greasy, that leaves a soft, youthful shade, of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. MG-7
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name
Street
City State
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 8318-H Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

Supposing you were a chorus girl and the oily stage manager wanted you to accept his attentions—or else? Supposing you dared not lose your job—how would you get the best of such a situation? See how Joan Crawford managed it—cleverly

September MODERN SCREEN

Ten Commandments for Beauty

(*Continued from page 34*)

with pads of cotton wrung out in witch hazel or hot water popped over the lids. All the movie stars do it. They feel that it's imperative, after their work under the merciless Kleigs.

The stingiest of eyelashes respond to the constant, nightly application of vaseline. I hear someone saying, "I've rubbed vaseline on my eyelashes for *months* and it hasn't done a bit of good! And I reply, "Yes, it has. But the growth is so gradual that you don't notice it." Mascara will show up the additional length, all right—but more of make-up later. And, of course, there are false eyelashes nowadays that are natural as life. Brush the lashes and brows with a little brush dipped in warm olive oil or castor oil. You can train your brows that way, too. Pluck the brows? Certainly. I'm not going to say, "Not to a thin line," because you must have heard that hundreds of times. But I am going to tell you to pluck the little stray hairs *only* from underneath if you want to make your eyes look bigger. Also, brush the little hairs diagonally upwards to give them a smarter look—instead of straight across. That's all I have to say about the eyes until I get to the subject of make-up.

THIRD commandment: *Glorify your hair!* There's so much to say about the hair that I'll just have to boil it down to as many facts as I can cram in—without trimmings.

Rules for shampooing: normal hair, every three weeks; oily hair every two weeks or ten days; dry hair, once a month; excessively oily hair, every week; excessively dry hair, alternate soap and water with herbal shampoos.

Olive oil treatment for every type of hair: warm a small cupful of oil (or a prepared oil treatment) to a comfortable temperature. Massage it well into the scalp with the fingertips and rub it along the length of the hair. Wrap a hot towel around the head for ten minutes or so. While you're waiting, shave down a quarter or half cake of pure soap or have ready a liquid shampoo. Warm this a little. Shampoo thoroughly. Rinse thoroughly. Finish under the shower or with a hand spray.

Helpful remedies for oily hair: a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the melted soap or liquid shampoo. A lemon rinse (one lemon) or a couple of tablespoons of vinegar in the last rinsing water.

A nice treat for any hair: an egg shampoo. Beat up the eggs (you should use six, but I've used less myself when the pantry hasn't been too well stocked) add a little cold water, wet the hair in warm water, rub in half the egg mixture, rinse, repeat, and shampoo.

Treatment for drab, lifeless, beginning-to-go-gray hair: a good tonic, or a mild bleach or color rinse, or both.

Brushing: every single day. Gently and in moderation for fine hair. Briskly and plentifully—about a hundred strokes—for coarse hair.

Massage: ten minutes a day. Plant the fingers on the scalp in a spread-out position. Move the scalp around, don't slide the fingers around on it.

For brunettes and redheads: four drops of rose of geranium oil added to a glass of hot water finishes off the shampoo in grand style and gives a pretty gloss. Both Nancy Carroll and Sylvia Sidney make use of this trick.

Waving: don't get a bargain-counter permanent or marcel. Insist upon a non-sticky lotion for finger- or water-waving. Learn to do it yourself if possible and save money.

Brilliantine: beneficial for dry hair. Should be applied with the palms of the hands—sparingly.

Learn these ten beauty commandments by heart—and live up to them! If you do this, your life will be fuller, you will have more friends, and happiness will be with you every day

FOR the fourth commandment, we'll take this: *Keep your hands young and lovely!* Dry them thoroughly to prevent roughness. Smooth a little hand lotion into them to keep them supple. Plaster them with cold cream and wear old white cotton gloves to bed if they're very chapped or sunburned. Stroke large knuckles down toward the palm of the hand to improve their shape. Hands which have a tendency to go beef-red just at the wrong moment can be whitened if you will hold your arms up over your head for five minutes.

Fingers can be tapered somewhat in the following way: anoint them with cream, wrap them in cotton, and put on ten thimbles. Helps a little and the cream softens up the cuticle nicely.

A layer of good white soap inserted under the nails while you're doing housework will keep the fingernail tips white and clean looking. Rubber gloves (if you'll *only* take the trouble!) will keep away that water-soaked look.

A solution of ten parts of peroxide to one part of ammonia will bleach minor discolorations off the hands. It will also remove nicotine stains and ink.

Exercise the hands—bend the elbows up and, with the forearms limp, try to shake your hands off. Hold your hands up in the air and play imaginary scales.

Now about manicuring. To look at some nails, one would think a manicure kit consisted of only a nail file and a bottle of gory polish. Mostly polish. As a matter of fact, one day, trying on dresses in a department store booth, I overheard two girls talking in the adjoining booth. "Heavens Katy!" said one, "look at my nails. They're simply a disgrace. And I have a date with Bill at six." "Oh, that's all right," replied her friend. "Slap some polish on them. As long as they flash and sparkle that's all that's necessary."

Polish on ill-groomed nails is like a smart hat atop a dirty face. The nails should be pink, glowing, clean and beautifully shaped and cared for without the polish. That is simply a cosmetic to heighten their pretty effect. The nails should be filed (before soaking) with a long, flexible file. The file should be swept from one side of the nail to the other, not see-sawed back and forth in one spot. Anyone can learn to do it properly even with the clumsier left hand. File from *underneath* the nail and then smooth the edges with an emery board. Then give the nails a good soaking and scrubbing in soapy water. Smear a cuticle remover on and work around the base of the nail with an orange stick—never use a steel instrument. Cut the cuticle if necessary (but do try to give it up gradually). Be sure to cut the dead skin off evenly and not too close.

As a rule, oval nails are best. Pointed nails, to my way of thinking are cruel-looking and ugly. And, mark my word, most men don't like them. Neither do they like carmine polish. "Ugh!" I've heard them say. "Her long red fingernails. Like claws!" But the brilliant shades do remain in favor and, of course, it's up to you to use which you like. However, here's a thing I've often wondered: why are girls so stingy about nail polish? Why don't they remove the brilliant shade they've used for a formal party and put on colorless or medium polish for the office?

YOU'RE going to laugh at the next commandment: *Take care of your feet!* But it's not funny. Many a wrinkle on the face comes from miserable feet. Many an ungainly walk is the result of corns and callouses. Most of the rules for care of the feet are plain common sense. Wear shoes and stockings that fit—neither too big nor too small. Don't economize on footwear. High heels, in spite of what any of you want to say, are still dress-up affairs.

Cut toenails straight across, remove the rough edges with a file, and push back the cuticle just as you do on your fingernails. Not only a beauty rule, but a hygiene rule. If your feet perspire, give them a soaking and scrubbing in hot soapy water and then a plunge into cold water, into which a couple of handfuls of coarse kitchen salt or sea salt have been thrown. (Yes, you can buy sea salt at the drugstore.) Always dry

them thoroughly and powder them with a foot powder.

I get many questions about fat, or thin, ankles and legs. If your ankles and legs are big because of big bone formation, you can't do anything about it. If it's excess flesh, you can. Doing the goose-step will remove fat from piano legs and put flesh on scrawny ones. Funny, but true. Cocoa butter will put flesh on the calves, too, if you keep rubbing it in long enough. And here's a trick that may help reduce a thick ankle: dissolve two squares of gum camphor in a quart of rubbing alcohol. Bind the ankle firmly with a strong bandage soaked in this. Keep it on all night and under your stockings in the daytime, if possible.

And the mention of that word "reducing" brings us to the sixth commandment: *Work hard for a beautiful figure!* I'm not going to say a great deal on this subject for two reasons: in the first place, it's a practically inexhaustible subject and I haven't the space. And in the second place, next month in Modern Screen, Adele Whitely Fletcher, ace writer for this magazine, will have just about the completest and most informative article on diet and exercise that you ever read. Watch for it.

The movie stars keep their figures down—or up—to contract weight by hard work that sometimes amounts to slavery. Take Joan Crawford, again, for example. When she first came to Hollywood the girl weighed one hundred and forty-nine pounds! Honestly. And it was the hard, solid flesh that dancers have, too—difficult to take off. And now look at Joan—so slim and beautifully symmetrical that she can wear almost any gown, no matter how difficult and bizarre it may be. It has brought out the character in her face, too—making her eyes look more enormous than ever and bringing out the strength of her jaw.

It's laziness, mostly, that keeps figures bloppy. The fat lady should be out of bed at six-thirty in the morning, no matter what. She should go through a stiff routine of exercises for at least half an hour. Her breakfast should be just enough to start the alimentary canal working—black coffee, a glass of orange juice and a slice of whole wheat toast with, possibly, honey. Her lunch should be nourishing enough, but mighty low in calories—vegetable bouillon (I have a grand recipe for one if you'd like it) and a nice green salad. And her dinner should be just substantial and tasty enough to leave her a little bit hungry when she gets up from the table. She should stop all sipping at meals. She can take laxatives in discreet moderation and with the proper precautions. And she should take note of the fact that it requires a little time to start losing weight even *after* you begin the diet and exercise routines.

Thin people can have more fun over their food. Milk, butter, olives, cheese, sweets and starches should figure largely in their diet, along with the ever-necessary vegetables, fruits and lean meats. I've heard tell that a glass of half rich cream and half ginger ale, taken at mid-morning or mid-afternoon, makes a luscious drink, easy to assimilate, and quickly fattening.

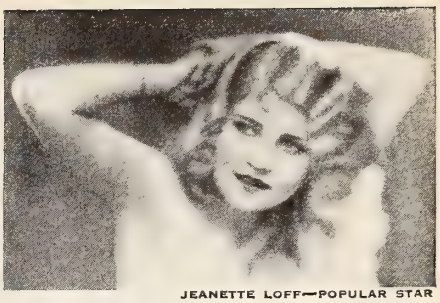
A good idea for all dieters—thin or fat—is a three-day fruit diet before you begin your prescribed routine. Eat oranges, grapes, bananas (in moderation for the fat ones) and any other fruit that is in season whenever you feel hungry. Clears out the system and gives you a nice fresh start.

THE rest of my commandments are more fun. We'll step off the strict beauty track for a moment and talk about colors. *Study your own color scheme!* The tone of your skin, rather than the color of your hair or eyes, determines the shades that will be most flattering. Fashion still gives us heaps of off-shades so there is no reason why we can't all find colors that beautify us. There's no reason why neutral types can't wear the smart pinky beiges—where ordinary beige would be taboo; and redheads can experiment with browny-reds where plain red would be just dreadful. Here's a sort of color chart to guide you a little bit—but, remember, they're arbitrary choices and you must experiment yourself.

Red really belongs to blondes. A vivid blonde, naturally, can wear vivid red, while the ash blonde must be content with the dull, soft shades. Yellow is good, especially if it practically matches the hair. Faded yellows are best for ash blondes. Orange isn't especially good for either. Blue is excellent. Almost all greens are good on the vivid blonde—the soft shades are flattering to the ash blonde. Purple—off-shades only for both types. Gray's nice—especially a dark, expensive-looking gray. Carole Lombard is especially fond of gray—she's an ash blonde with gray eyes. Beige, brown, black and white are all good for the vivid blonde. No beige or brown for the pale blonde unless she has brown eyes, black only if she's young; white is perfect.

The brunette can wear red, yellow and orange to perfection. The bright shades of blue and green are best, gray is all right, black is always smart, and off-whites are good. Purple isn't and brown and beige are not particularly attractive, either. The sallow brunette can wear the same colors, but they should be of softer, duller tones, and she must *not* wear orange. Black should be touched up with off-white or flesh pink or a red scarf or something. Gray isn't particularly good either—but let her take cheer because all the off shades (except orchid) were made for her. By off shades, I mean, roughly, coral and pale pink, green-blues and blue-greens, if very pale, aquamarine, pinky-beige, ivory white and eggshell.

The red-heads' best colors are blues and greens, black and white, all the off shades (except coral and definite pinks) brown, and golden yellow. Beige is nice and gray is sometimes. In-betweens with sallow skins should steer clear of orange, purple, gray, beige, dead black, lemon or chartreuse tinges, and



JEANETTE LOFF—POPULAR STAR

Sh-h-h----------!

(a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

J. W. KOBI CO.
602 Rainier Ave., Dept. H, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair _____

FREE LESSON
Home Art Craft

GOOD MONEY FOR SPARE TIME
A new, easy way. Art novelties in big demand. Get free lesson and quickly learn to decorate Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Toys, etc. No experience necessary. Anyone can succeed with simple "3-step" method and you earn as you learn. Everything furnished including supply of Novelties for you to decorate and Homecrafters Outfit.

NO CANVASSING
Just sit at home and make up to $50 a week spare time or full. Write today for big illustrated book and FIRST LESSON FREE. Absolutely not one cent to pay. Lesson is free. Openings in every locality. Write quick.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 147-K, ADRIAN, MICH.

GRAY HAIR PENCIL
INSTANTLY gives Desired Youthful Shade to Gray Hair. Sure easy way to keep gray from showing at roots, temples and parting. To quickly introduce Oratex Pencil NOW only 10 Cents a full size given for 10c. Lasts months. State shade wanted.
ORATEX CO., 5819 N. Fairfield, Dept. A-18-T. CHICAGO.

$1260 TO $3400 YEAR
Men—Women—18 to 50
STEADY WORK
Paid Vacations
Common education usually sufficient
Mail Coupon today—SURE

COUPON
Franklin Institute
Dept. T-321
Rochester, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay positions now obtainable. Send me FREE 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and giving full particulars on how to get a position.
Name.....
Address.....

orchid. They wouldn't be good.

Ladies with gray hair should be guided by the colors for either the silver blondes or the in-betweens—depending upon the amount of gray in the hair. White is, of coure, the perfect evening color for platinum blondes. Jean Harlow sticks pretty closely to it—and black—for evening.

MAKE-UP should be varied with the color worn—which brings up the next commandment: *Be sensible about your make-up!* Start with a nice clean face and your proper powder base and fluff a generous quantity of powder onto your skin with a spotlessly clean puff. Brush the surplus powder away with another puff or a camel's hair brush. Rouge under a bright light and remember that nature never puts color on *quite* symmetrically. A cute stunt is to circle the rouge around on your cheek, leaving just the teeniest white spot in the middle for a highlight. With your lipstick, follow the natural lines of your mouth exactly, staying away from the corners if your mouth is large and accentuating them a bit if your mouth is small and thin. Kindly refer, everybody, to the picture of Joan Crawford on page 33. Note that Joan's mouth is rouged in its natural shape—no Cupid's bow for her! Not a pretty-pretty mouth, but a strong one. There's a tendency these days to accentuate a full lower lip. Greta Garbo's is done that way and surely no one has a more individual mouth than Garbo.

Blend lipstick in well—don't ever let it look sloppy and cakey. Orange shades seem to be out of favor, thank goodness, but bright lipsticks that are young and gay are best for everyone with the exception of the red-head and the gray-haired woman, who should choose a rather subdued, rosy shade.

Mascara for everyday affairs should barely accentuate the length of the lashes and the arch of the brows. The mascara brush should be used with an upward, slightly outward sweep on both the upper and lower lashes and the brows should always be pinched with the thumb and forefinger after the mascara is applied to give them a nice line. In the evening, vivid types can put on a lot of mascara (always brushing the lashes out with a clean, dry brush afterwards) and blend a little eyeshadow upward and outward from the corner of the lid.

I shall not go into the details of shades of make-up again in this magazine. I've harped on the subject so much that I'm ashamed to take up the printer's time with it any more. But if you want advice about your own particular type, write to me (as many of you have been doing) and I'll try to pick your proper colors.

THE ninth commandment is included all on account of the men: *Use perfume—and in the right way.* They like it. Some say they don't, but just try some faint, seductive odor on them and watch 'em sit up and take notice. But it must be faint and it must be suitable to you and to the occasion. The best way to use perfume is with the aid of an atomizer. But that can run into money. If you can't afford enough perfume at once to fill an atomizer, soak little pads of flannel in perfume and sew them in your clothes. Or fill sachets of silk with fragrant sachet powder and keep one or two in a drawer with your underclothes and pinned to your dress-hangers. Plain orris root makes a lovely, inexpensive sachet and, of course, lavender is always delightful. I like to keep my gloves in a box with a little sachet—there's nothing more feminine than a delicately scented glove. The ancient Romans, you know, always perfumed their hands so that they would leave a fragrant reminder with a friend when they clasped hands in parting.

Don't be offended when I tell you the tenth commandment. It's this: *Take baths for beauty!* I'll bet not many of you have ever thought that bathing makes you beautiful, have you? Well, it does. The perfect bath arrangement is a cold shower in the morning and a long, lovely, luxurious soaking at night. Don't think that you can get really clean under the shower, because you can't. You need to soak and scrub for cleanliness— and for a soft, satiny skin texture, too.

THE Japanese—noted for national cleanliness—always scrub themselves all over with a medium stiff brush and a nice, bland soap before they get into the tub. I like this arrangement; it stimulates the skin and gets the real dirt all off before one starts soaking. And you really should use some bath preparation—to make the water soft and to make you smell nice. The most practical, least expensive and generally satisfactory bath preparation is a simple chemical compound, so refined and improved in the manufacturing that doctors recommend it for the tenderest of skins. It comes in a special perfumed variety for the bath and I'll tell you about it if you'll write to me.

Just dump it into the hot water and then sit yourself down in the tub and relax. Use a rough bath-mitt, if your skin will stand it, and scrub yourself—yes, in addition to the preliminary scrubbing. Only don't use any soap for the second scrubbing. Then when you get out of the tub, all the soap will be out of your skin and you will have just the least coating of the soft, perfumed powder on your body. This sort of bath should be taken at night, of course, and very fat and very thin people should not have the water too hot. Oh—and by the way—let me assure you that Epsom Salts baths really *are* reducing—if you'll use plenty of the salts, if you will have the water hot enough, if you stay in the tub long enough, and if you roll up in a blanket afterwards so that you perspire profusely.

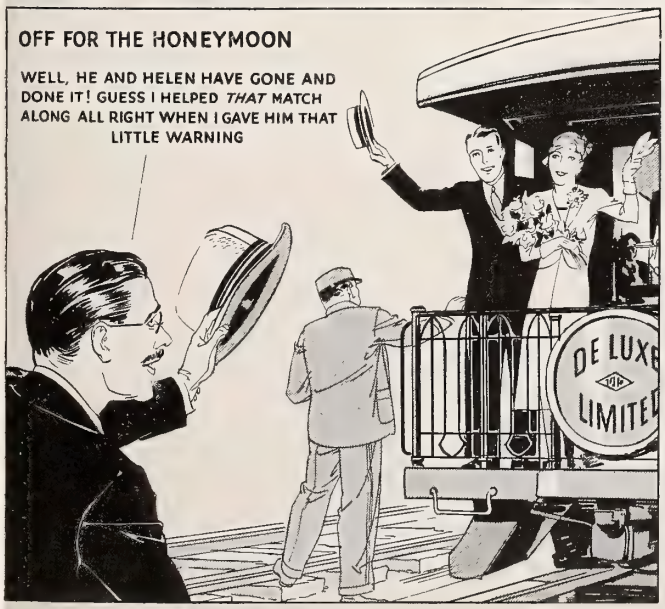
This last isn't a commandment. It's just general advice—but I simply will not leave it out: *Cultivate good taste!* How, you ask? Well, I must admit I don't know, exactly. Watching people you admire is one of the best ways. The smart, clever girls on the screen, for example. Good taste was just naturally born in some of them, but many of them had to acquire it. You, too, can acquire that sense of the fitness of things. As, for instance—if you live in a very small town where extremes are looked upon as freakish, it is bad taste to wear bizarre clothes and exotic make-up. And, although black and white are always smart, it is overdoing things to wear a black and white dress, a black and white hat, a black and white purse and black and white shoes and gloves. And, although little curls and puffs and bangs are the order of the day in coiffures, if you are a great, big athletic girl, you had better stick to a plain hairdress. Green eyeshadow is absurd on a baby face and triangular eyebrows do not belong on a high school sophomore. You can read beauty hints till you're blue in the face and spend every nickel of your money on beauty preparations—but if you cannot learn to be self-critical you will never acquire beauty and charm.

Hollywood Newspicture

Did you ever see a picture of Mrs. Lewis Stone? There she is, next but one to the extreme right of the picture. Lewis is on the left, of course. The others are some of the Lewis' friends. This was taken at a Mayfair reception after a recent important opening.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

HELPING HIM WITH HELEN . . . by ALBERT DORNE

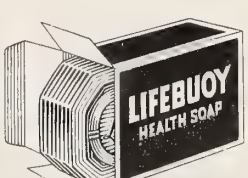


"B. O." means UNPOPULARITY
(body odor)

PEOPLE won't excuse "B. O." (*body odor*). And why should they? Even on the hottest, sultriest day when the least exertion makes us perspire freely—it's so easy to check "B. O." Take this simple precaution. Take it even though you think you don't need to—just to be *safe!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, penetrating lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B. O." Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent vanishes as you rinse.

Watch your skin improve

Millions know it—*Lifebuoy for lovely complexions!* Its pure, bland lather—so gentle, yet so cleansing—makes dull skins bloom with healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

DO YOU INHALE?

"Everybody's doing it!"

7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly—the other 3 inhale unknowingly

DO you inhale? 7 out of 10 smokers *know* they inhale. The other 3 inhale without realizing it. Every smoker inhales—for every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Do you inhale? Of course you do! Lucky Strike has dared to raise this vital question . . . **because** certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by Luckies' famous purifying process. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, after Luckies had been furnished them for tests, *basing their opinions on their smoking experience*, stated that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

"It's toasted"

Your Protection against irritation—against cough

O. K. AMERICA—TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

Copr., 1932
The American
Tobacco Co

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

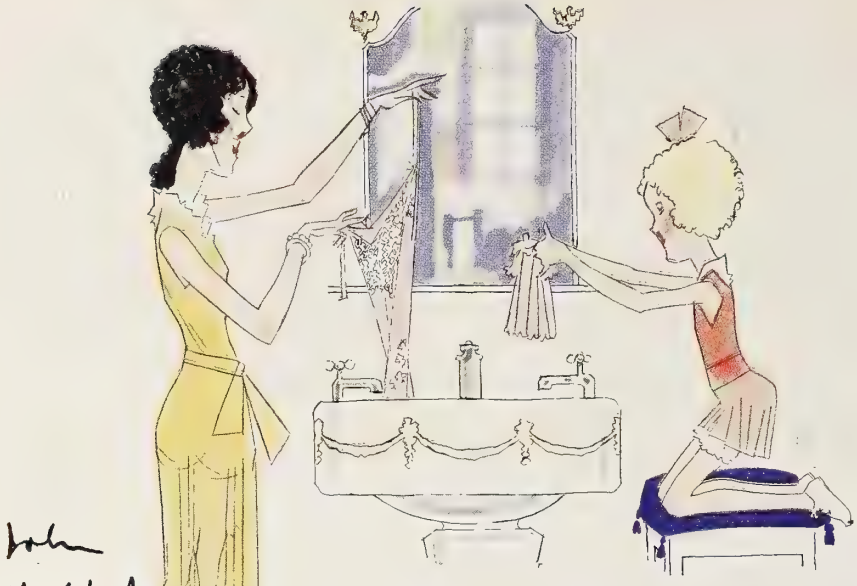
OCTOBER

32

SEP - 8 1982

Constance Bennett

The Inside Story of the RUTH CHATTERTON-GEORGE BRENT ROMANCE



Keep Appearance Up —Expense Down!

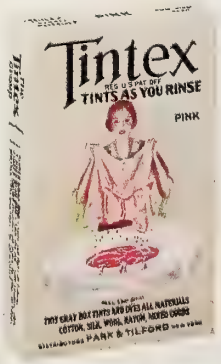
Perfect Professional Results in Home-Tinting and Dyeing so Easy and Quick with Tintex

Why spend hard-to-get dollars replacing faded underwear . . . dresses . . . drapes . . . curtains . . . etc.? Just spend a few pennies for easy-to-use Tintex and restore their color-freshness—or give them *new* colors.

That's how Tintex is helping millions of families to keep up smart appearance and keep down needless expense—in wearing apparel and home decorations.

Simple!...even a child can use Tintex. Perfect! ...only professional work can equal it in results. Smart colors!...35 from which to choose at any drug or notion counter.

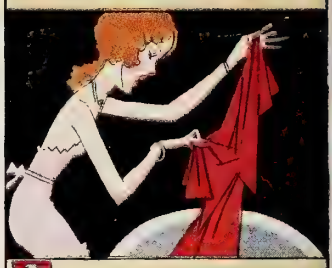
Tintex
TINTS AND DYES



One trial will prove to you why Tintex is the largest selling tint and dye in the world.

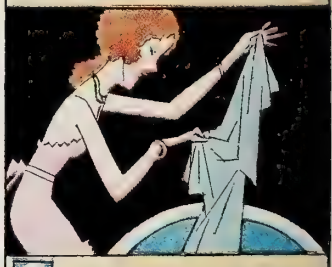
You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with Tintex Color Remover



A Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .

B Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . . .



C Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

CHANDU..He Lives on the Screen!
The sensational CHANDU, The Magician, greatest of all radio mystery thrillers NOW on the screen—thanks to Fox Film. Millions have sat spellbound, listening to the exploits of daring of this super magic maker—NOW you can both see and hear and CHILL with CHANDU and his further adventures in this marvelous Fox Film.
CHANDU
THE MAGICIAN
WITH
EDMUND LOWE
IRENE WARE · BELA LUGOSI · HENRY B. WALTHALL
DIRECTED BY MARCEL VARNEL AND WILLIAM C. MENZIES
A FOX PICTURE

SEP -1 1932

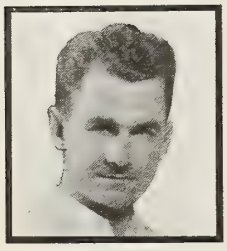
©C1B 164669

This Month in
MODERN SCREEN

MODERN SCREEN

These famous authors give you their very best

Faith Baldwin, *basing her article on the picture, "Skyscraper Souls," which was taken from her novel "Skyscraper," gives her fascinating views on a difficult problem which confronts almost every girl of today. "Girls Are In a 'Tough Spot'" she cutely calls it. It's full of wisdom, common sense and charm* Page 47.



Lowell Thomas, *whom you've met before in Modern Screen, and who gave you that fascinating story "Into Nature's Battlefields" in our last issue, now offers another thrilling tale of the jungles. This time it's the Martin Johnsons and the terrific dangers they encounter in their search for jungle camera material.* Page 38.

Albert Payson Terhune, *whose name stands for greatness in the literary world, has an article full of interest to the movie fan—to you. It's called "Wake Up, Hollywood!" Coming at this time, when Hollywood is all of a dither trying to devise pictures which will make money, Mr. Terhune's ideas are a revelation.* Page 36.

And also—among others—Adele Whitely Fletcher, Walter Ramsey, Alice Williamson, Jack Jamison, and, of course, Modern Screen's own beauty oracle, Mary Biddle.

FEATURES

What's Behind the Chevalier Divorce? *Walter Ramsey* 18
The inside story of the debonair Frenchman's break with his wife

It Might Have Been You *Dorothy Wooldridge* 26
The tragic story of the lost girls of Hollywood—those who try and fail

Are You Going to Give Fatty A Break? *Edward J. Doherty* 28
Amazing evidence that Arbuckle never was guilty—it should convince you

What I Know About Ann Dvorak *Walter Ramsey* 30
Ann through her mother's eyes—very sane, intelligent eyes

Wake Up, Hollywood! *Albert Payson Terhune* 36
The world-famous author has delightful things to say about dog pictures

Two Against the Jungle *Lowell Thomas* 38
Dangers the Martins Johnsons brave to secure their animal pictures

The Strange Case of Eric Linden *Charles Grayson* 42
This amazing, brilliant boy talks about his secret dreams

Girls Are In a "Tough Spot" *Faith Baldwin* 47
Words of wisdom for the modern girl—from a brilliant pen

The Lure of Hollywood (Illustrated by Jack Welch) *Alice Williamson* 54
What happened to the girl who went to Hollywood for a lark

The Chap Who Supports Me *Jack Jamison* 57
Hardie Albright's dog—with the help of Jack Jamison—tells on Hardie

Hollywood's Weight Secrets *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 58
More priceless diet data that you can't afford to pass by

Strange Slants on Hollywood

Edward Everett Horton's Remarkable Memory *Edith Kendall* 62
Horton owes a lot to his Scotch grandmother

Was It a Ghost Elissa Landi Saw? *Jack Grant* 63
What do you make of this curious supernatural experience?

Revealing the Sari Maritza Hoax *Laura Louise Lowry* 64
Sari's amazing method of getting into the movies

Fate's Special Interest in Charles Starrett *J. Eugene Chrisman* 65
Was it a premonition—or just coincidence?

Your Fall Wardrobe *Margery Wells* 66
The new clothes, with a grand new feature—patterns!

How He Does It *Gertrude Hill* 70
The secrets of Jean Hersholt's amazing characterizations

Watching Out for the Babies *Franc Dillon* 74
What happens when a baby gets a movie job

He Starred in His Own Life Story *Jack Jamison* 76
Stuart Erwin and "Merton of the Movies"—how similar their lives are!

DEPARTMENTS

Beauty Advice *Mary Biddle* 6
Fall beauty hints—and also how to change your personality

The Modern Hostess 8
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., tells about his favorite desserts

The Hollywood Times 13
The very latest movie news in newspaper form

What Every Fan Should Know 14
The spiciest news and chit-chat from the film city

All Joking Aside *Jack Welch* 33
Our monthly amazing facts about the stars

A Tour of Today's Talkies 48
Modern Screen's up-to-the-minute detailed reviews—hot from the coast previews

Let's Talk About Hollywood 78
More of that movie gossip and chatter

Between You and Me 80
Where the readers become authors

Modern Screen Directory of Players 82
Information about the stars; new pictures, studio affiliations, marriage status and where to write them

Modern Screen Directory of Pictures 84
All the latest movies in brief review

And also: "Strange Interlude" Opens; Portraits, 19; The Roving Camera, 34; Gallery of Honor, 51; At the Whippet Races, 61; From Ben Lyon's Own Camera, 72

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* | **Walter Ramsey,** *Western Representative*

Published monthly and copyrighted 1932 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office and publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 4, No. 5, October, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $1.70 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

HAROLD LLOYD
in
"MOVIE CRAZY"
with
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
Happiness for Millions Everywhere! . . . Entertainment for Everybody! . . . You'll laugh and forget your troubles! . . . the King of Comedy at his Very Best! . . . Fresh, fast, gloriously funny! . . . See it - - - sure!
A Paramount Release
Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation
NO EXTRAS WANTED
Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Marian Nixon's new bob. Lovely for young people. Don't you like the slight modified bangs?

The left side. There's a roll of curls and then feather curls in front of the ears.

The right side. A water-wave follows the head line. The ends are curled up softly.

The back view. A mass of ringlets, nicely groomed but not over-exact. Nice for hats.

BEAUTY ADVICE

By Mary Biddle

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

HERE comes the fall and winter! Well, not right this minute, maybe, but pretty soon. Soon enough to begin thinking about what sort of a person you want to be for this new season. Do you want to have a good time this year, or just the same old dreary routine? I don't care how old or how young you are, whether you're married, single or engaged or whether you have plenty of money or are as poor as Job's pet turkey gobbler—you can take a new lease on beauty with such a *very* little expense.

All beauty writers get especially poetic and flowery in the fall about "repairing the ravages of summer" and all that. You're probably sick of hearing those familiar words, but I'm going to repeat them just the same. You may be all full of health and everything at the end of the summer, but you're not any visions of beauty. Your skins are (1) leathery or (2) freckled or burned or both or (3) pasty and blemished, in the cases of you city girls who have had to work all summer. Here and there are a few of you who have used sunburn creams or oils before baking yourself chocolate brown and you doubtless look very nice indeed. Maybe next year *everybody* will have sense enough not to place too much faith in the beauty-giving effects of the sun.

The thing to do, for any of the skin ills listed above, is to smooth and scrub away gradually the upper layer of your skin. Announce to your families that you'd like to have the bathroom to yourself for half an hour before bedtime each night for the next ten days or so. Then at the appointed hour, arrange on the bathroom shelf the following things: a jar of light, pure cold cream, a box of cleansing tissues, a small cupful of almond meal, and a jar of tissue cream. Cover up your hair with a towel and slather the cold cream generously over your face and neck. Pat it in for a minute or two, then remove it with light, quick wipings with tissue. Now wash your face and neck in warm water and mild soap. Repeat both the cream cleansing and the soap and water washing, taking time on the second treatment to pat the cream more thoroughly into your skin before you remove it. Don't hurry — you're not going any place, anyway, except to bed.

TRY to let the skin absorb a good quantity of the cream. Then remove the excess and wash. Now dash down to the kitchen and hang up two old Turkish towels to get hot. Skip back to the bathroom again and give your arms, chest and shoulders the same treatment you've just given your face. Only don't remove the second application of cream. Instead, sprinkle the almond meal on top of the cream. Then go get the towels and wrap 'em round your arms—devote an extra one to the neck, too, if the skin there is scrubby looking. The towels should be quite hot and you should leave them on until they cool. Then wash the almond meal and cream off yourself with warm water and soap. Don't use cold water for a final rinse, or ice, unless you have been in the habit of regularly treating your skin with alternate hot and cold applications. I've just recently discovered that the use of very hot and then very cold water or ice is inclined to bring out every single impurity in the skin. To be sure, this measure—if kept up regularly every day —will eventually clear up the skin in grand style, but it seems to me that there are more practical ways of accomplishing this end.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Let's take a new lease on beauty for the new season!

FAOEN—the ONLY Beauty Aids at 10¢ that Give You PROOF of Quality!

• Scientific Tests Prove That • FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS Equal $1. to $3. Brands in Fineness and Purity.

Imagine! Faoen . . . at 10c . . . equal in quality to the costliest beauty aids. Amazing . . . isn't it? Yet TRUE!

Here is the proof. A famous Research Laboratory compared Faoen Beauty Aids with the most expensive brands. They reported:

"we have found that every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Remember, Faoen are the *only* beauty aids at 10c that give you absolute proof of quality.

Remember, too, Faoen is sponsored by Park & Tilford—a quality name for nearly 100 years.

Do you wonder, now, that thousands of women are changing to Faoen Beauty Aids? Try them . . . today! You, too, will discover that Faoen can save you money . . . without sacrificing *quality*.

Every Faoen product has received the Good Housekeeping Institute seal of approval.

Tested and Approved 4667a by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK PARIS

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

10c each at S. S. Kresge Co. Stores

CLEANSING CREAM · COLD CREAM · SKIN TONIC · LOTION · FACE POWDER · ROUGES · PERFUMES

Doug, Jr.'s, first favorite is vanilla ice cream. But as close seconds come a delicious pie and an apple pudding. And he dotes on parfaits. The Modern Hostess gives you these recipes this month.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., TALKS ABOUT HIS FAVORITE DESSERTS TO

The Modern HOSTESS

DESSERT! To an Englishman it means fruit, and usually raw fruit at that, (for when an Englishman thinks of puddings and pastries he refers to them as "sweets"). To a child, dessert is the reward for being good and eating up all his spinach. To you, dessert is probably something to worry about if you are counting your calories. But to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., dessert means vanilla ice cream. Wouldn't it be *wonderful* if life could always be so divinely simple!

We discovered what Doug, Jr., likes for dessert while we were having luncheon with him one day at a little Hollywood restaurant. When it came to the dessert, we noticed that he didn't even glance at the menu. Most men, though they may know perfectly well what they are going to order, will study a menu intently for some minutes, wrinkle the brow, and finally give their order in a tone which suggests that their selection was made with considerable difficulty and their ultimate choice arrived at by a process of elimination. But not so with Doug. He merely said to the waiter, "Vanilla ice cream," and then, after a second's hesitation he added, "with butterscotch sauce."

"IS that your favorite dessert?" we asked with interest.

"Not that combination particularly," he replied, "but vanilla ice cream is the foundation for most of my favorite desserts, served with various sauces. Though, as a matter of fact, I like it almost as well plain, especially when it's home made. Joan's favorite dessert is *chocolate* ice cream. She permits herself to have it only once a week, though. But I think I could eat vanilla ice cream every day in the week," he said with enthusiasm.

"Well," we argued, "we think you would soon find yourself pretty tired of that—even with a different sauce for every day in the week, and an extra special one for Sundays. Why don't you give us some of your *other* favorites?" we asked.

Thus prompted he admitted that he also likes certain kinds of pie and that there was a special apple pudding Joan makes that he liked a lot and that he was really very fond of parfaits. But with his mention of parfaits we gave up! Here we were right back with the ice cream family again. But we did find out the kind of pie Douglas likes best—and we are happy to report that it is a California product which should be received with equal enthusiasm in any other state in the country. It is called Sunshine Pie and has a graham cracker crust and a perfectly divine filling. The apple pudding Doug dotes on is really a sort of apple cake, served hot out of the oven with a velvety pudding sauce. Now that the apple season is with us again this dessert is (*Continued on page 83*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for October—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
(City) (State)

"AIR MAIL"

A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA — *Carl Laemmle President* — 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

STAR POWER.

Marion Davies

Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Marie Dressler

Greta Garbo

Jimmy Durante

Buster Keaton

Ramon Novarro

John Gilbert

Laurel & Hardy

Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play

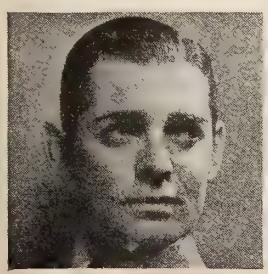
Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

Other M-G-M Personalities:

Lewis Stone
Polly Moran
Jean Hersholt
Jean Harlow
John Weissmuller
Walter Huston
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Karen Morley
Dorothy Jordan
Leila Hyams
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Conrad Nagel
Robert Young
Nils Asther
Wallace Ford
Ralph Graves
Neil Hamilton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
Verree Teasdale
Helen Coburn
Nora Gregor
Hedda Hopper
Diane Sinclair
Louise Closser Hale
Ruth Selwyn
Diana Wynyard
William Bakewell
Helene Barclay
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlyle
Claire DuBrey
Muriel Evans
Lawrence Grant
Gertrude Michael
Kane Richmond
May Robson

METRO-

Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"..."POSSESSED"..."TARZAN THE APE MAN"..."MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"..."RED-HEADED WOMAN"...*space prevents listing them all!* A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.


Clark Gable

Wallace Beery

John Barrymore

Ethel Barrymore

Lionel Barrymore

Helen Hayes

Jackie Cooper

William Haines

Colleen Moore

Rob't Montgomery

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL... STRANGE INTERLUDE... NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH... MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY... JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK...WALLACE BEERY in FLESH...JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

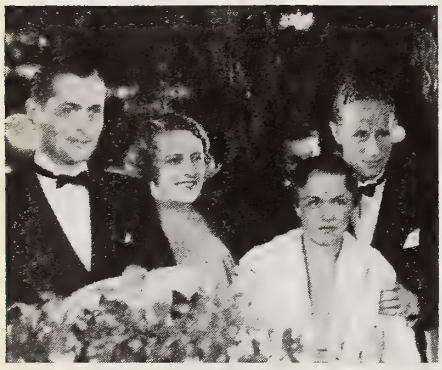
—and many others

GOLDWYN-MAYER

Hollywood Newspictures

"STRANGE INTERLUDE" OPENS

Hollywood Newspictures



The opening of "Strange Interlude," starring Norma Shearer and with Clark Gable in support was a record in Hollywood events. It's fully described in the opening of the gossip section on page 14. At top of page you see Clark Gable and his wife, Jimmie Durante, the master of ceremonies, and Mary Pickford with Gary Cooper. (Left) Sid Grauman, Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg and Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Leslie Howard, Mrs. Montgomery and Leslie Howard. (Right) Nancy Carroll and Colleen Moore. (Below) The crowd which began to arrive early in the day. The girl in the front row with the glasses was trampled on.

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 8 HOLLYWOOD, SEPTEMBER, 1932 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

OLYMPIC GAMES CREATE STIR IN HOLLYWOOD

Cupid Starts Many Rumors In Filmland But Talmadge-Jessel Romance Scouted

Hollywood Famous Must Be Thinking It's Still Spring

There's Ricardo Cortez, for example, and Doris Warner, pretty niece of the brothers Warner. It's a long time since there has been a rumor about Ric. Then there's Minna Gombell and David Blankenhorn, Irene Rich's ex. These two are planning to wed soon. It is hoped that Miss Gombell's career won't wreck this marriage as Miss Rich's did the previous one. Charlie Chaplin, too, has been seen so often with beautiful platinum-haired Paulette Goddard, Mack Sennett bathing beauty, that folks are wondering if Chaplin will forget his former unhappy marriage ventures and try again.

One romance rumor, however, is definitely scouted—that one about Norma Talmadge and George Jessel. These two have been in vaudeville together—but, say both, their affiliation was purely business and there'll be no wedding bells for them.

Warners Contract Battle Goes on With Ann and Jimmie

Two of the likeliest young Thespians ever to play in pictures—Ann Dvorak and James Cagney—just can't come to terms with their employers, the Warner Brothers. Ann's in England, negotiating with the Gaumont Company for a British Contract. She'll return to Warners, she says, when—and if—she gets a raise. Ann walked out, you know, while still under contract and against her mother's and friends' advice. Master Jimmie is in New York and refuses to return to Hollywood until he gets that raise.

Ronald Colman May Quit Screen for Stage Unless—

Ronald Colman doesn't want to film "Cynara." Sam Goldwyn, his producer, does. M-G-M wants to borrow Colman for a talkie version of his silent "White Sister." Colman would like to do that picture. Sam Goldwyn doesn't approve. So Ronnie may return to the stage.

Vilma Banky Returns to Screen After Three Years' Absence

After an absence of three years, Vilma Banky, happily married wife of Rod La Rocque, will resume her picture career in Universal's "The Rebel." The film will be made in the Austrian Tyrol, with Luis Trenker of "The Doomed Battalion" acting a leading part and directing. Now, at last, the fans who have been clamoring for Vilma's return will be happy.

Clara Bow All Set For Long-Awaited Film Come-Back

Beloved Red-head Her Old Slim Self Once More

She never looked better. The red hair is aflame again, after its temporary blondness. The Bow figure weighs just what it should weigh. The brown eyes sparkle as they once did. Perhaps most important of all, Clara is in perfect health. And she's most excited about her come-back and anxious to get to work on "Call Her Savage." Incidentally, that report about a stork coming to the Bow-Bell home was just a lot of unfounded gossip.

Hollywood mourns the death of two of the best friends it ever had—Florenz Ziegfeld and James Quirk, editor of Photoplay magazine. From Ziegfeld's "Follies" came much of Hollywood's present beauty and talent. The stage and film world will miss this far-sighted, brilliant showman. And James Quirk's friendly counsel and sincerity will be mourned by writers and actors alike.

News Flashes

Hereafter, the Warner Brothers, not the Warner stars, will okay stories. This means that Arliss, Barthelmess, Chatterton, Powell and Edward G. Robinson can no longer select their own stories.

Tallulah is being borrowed by M-G-M from Paramount to make "Tinfoil."

Dolores Del Rio is studying voice for a future light opera career.

Gary Cooper will play opposite Mary Pickford in Miss Pickford's forthcoming Frances Marion story.

Contestants From Every Country Visit Studios—Festival Spirit Reigns

Possible Screen Material Seen in Olympic Entrants

Hollywood is having plenty of company these days. The visiting participants in the current Olympiad have been thronging the studios—to visit the stars, to attend luncheons, to listen to speeches and to watch the movie favorites at work on the sets. It is a grand holiday for all concerned. Studio routine is forgotten in the general festival spirt.

Don't be surprised, either, if some of these super-athletes remain in Hollywood for screen careers. Fox has tested several of the girl entrants for camera and microphone possibilities and some excellent screen material has been discovered. Eleanor Holm of the New York swimming team, for instance, is a very pretty girl. Not so long ago she was offered a rôle in the late Ziegfeld's "Follies." After all, Johnnie Weissmuller, another swimming star, hasn't done so badly on the screen.

Fox Plans "State Fair" on Same Scale as "Grand Hotel"

Fox is going to produce "State Fair" with a cast that will probably include Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Jimmie Dunn, Sally Eilers and a great number of prominent supporting players. There will be the enormous sets and all the other paraphernalia of a mammoth production. M-G-M started it all with "Grand Hotel." Then Paramount produced "The Big Broadcast." The fashion—and a good one it is, too—of combining many big box office names in one production seems to be holding sway.

Buddy Rogers Signs Contract To Make More Movies?

Many thousands of fans will be glad to learn that Buddy Rogers may come back to the screen. The former Paramount star may sign a contract with Columbia. Chief credit for this should be given to one Walter Wanger, formerly with Paramount and now head of Columbia studios.

Joan Blondell and George Barnes, Cameraman, Married in Oregon

At last! That peppy little Joan Blondell and that excellent cameraman, George Barnes, have found time to get married. They ran away to Oregon and the wedding was all over before reporters caught up with them and persuaded them to admit the truth. They're spending their honeymoon at Rogue River, Oregon. We hope they'll be very happy all their lives.

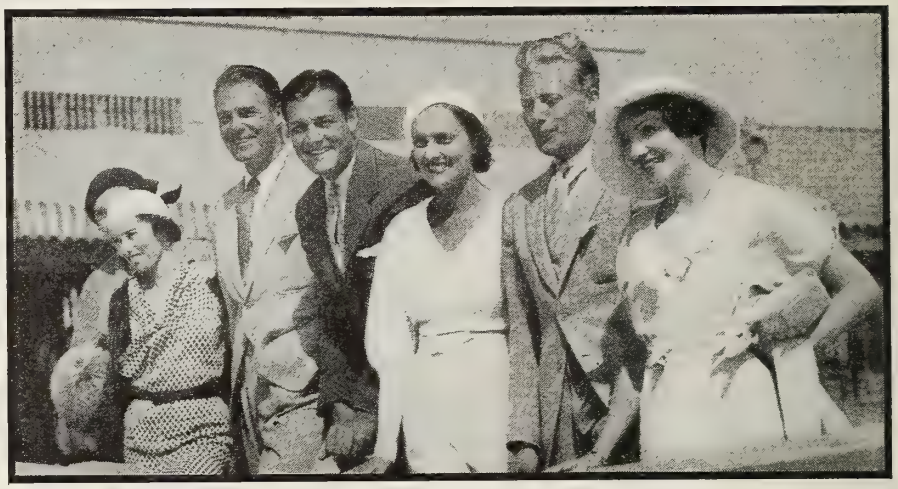
WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

● **Billie Dove and David Manners are so intrigued with each other that they're giving a tea party together as a housewarming for Dave's new home.**

These two just kinda sit and gaze at each other, and when they are together at a party, they dance with no one else. Dave's one of the handsomest guys in this man's town—and Billie's undisputedly one of the most gorgeous of beauties. A very purty team.

Copyright N. Y. *Evening Journal* from International

Extra! Extra! Greta Garbo poses for a news photographer. Yes, it's really she. She told reporters she'd be back in this country in the autumn.



Hollywood Newspictures

A bunch of Paramount stars got together on the beach. Randolph Scott, Charles Starrett, Mrs. Starrett, Gene Raymond and Claudette Colbert. Isn't Randolph Scott a dead-wringer for Paramount's other star, that Gary Cooper chap?

THE World Première of "Strange Interlude" was the greatest night Hollywood has seen for years! Up till now, the opening of "Hell's Angels," with its unruly and terrific crowd had all the records. But the loving cup has changed hands!

Fifty policemen were required to keep the crowd behind the ropes—but even *that* didn't do any good. The crowd started to assemble about two o'clock in the afternoon and by nine o'clock (when the stars began to arrive) the ropes were not able to do their duty. The enthusiastic mob surged over the restraining cords and up the entrance of the theatre! And there they stood—*nothing* would make them leave! Not even street-cars! The police attempted to lead some of the star-gazers out of the way of approaching automobiles but they had little if any luck. Two hilarious women were knocked down and run over by passing automobiles! Twenty-five ambulance calls were sent out on account of fainting women!

Ann Harding must have had a hunch that the stars were going to have their troubles—because she arrived in a black wig! And she was successful in her disguise—up to the time the play let out. Elissa Landi was the only person who had recognized her!

Clark Gable's arrival almost held up the starting of the picture. If the thousands of women who wanted to get to him had succeeded, we would have been minus a swell heart-throb!

The colony couldn't have anticipated quite such an evening as they were shown—the gowns and wraps were nowhere near as formal or startling as we were shown at the opening of "Grand Hotel." On the other hand, Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Connie Bennett and a host of others appeared looking almost as though they had stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine. It was the first real chance that Hollywood has had to wear its summer things. They made the most of it!

● Norma Talmadge says that her interest in Georgie Jessel goes no further than their business affiliations. They've been appearing on the vaudeville stage together at the reported salary of $12,500 a week! And in these days of twenty per-cent cuts, that's some business affiliation!

● There's more than a little heartbreak back of Natalie Talmadge Keaton's decision to divorce comedian Buster Keaton. No matter how you look at it, there must be some tragedy in a situation which finds a couple married for eleven years—and parents of two growing sons—obtaining a divorce.

Of the three Talmadge sisters, Natalie has always been considered the "homebody" of the family. While Norma and Constance were having their marital shake-ups, Natalie was busy being a happy wife and mother.

Billie Dove and David Manners seem to be really interested

● When they first ran through a rough showing of Marion Davies' new picture, "Blondie of the Follies," they say it looked as if Billie was the star, instead of the second female lead. She it was who, everyone thought, stole the picture—with some darn clever histrionics.

So long considered beautiful but no actress, Billie has blossomed out during the past year and proved her personality.

● More fun! Gilbert Roland may play opposite Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage." Clara and Gilbert were once making headlines with their romance.

Gilbert has lost twelve pounds, shaved his mustache and looks like a different man. What's more, his long-standing romance with Norma Talmadge is definitely over. When Norma arrived in town the last time she didn't even let him know she was coming.

Hollywood Newspictures

Bebe Daniels, Carmen Pantages Considine, Harriet Parsons—Modern Screen's contributor—a friend, Sally Eilers and Lily Damita. You can also see Constance Talmadge Netcher peeking over the cute shoulders of Lily Damita.

International

Once again a prominent Hollywood film player becomes introduced to motherhood. This time it's Sue Carol, Nick Stuart's pretty little wife.

Nothing seemed to disturb her peace of mind.

The first inkling of any difficulty in the beautiful Keaton Beverly Hills mansion came with the headlined account of the fracas with Kathleen Key in which Buster was, rightly or wrongly, hinted at as being culpable. Natalie stood staunchly by, her friends amazed at the calm with which she faced the much-publicized situation.

The next word of a breach to reach the newspapers was the account of Buster's airplane trip to San Diego, taking the two Keaton children with him. But this breach, too, was apparently smoothed over.

Then Buster bought a yacht! No doubt he got it at a terrific bargain, even for these depression days. He didn't seem to realize that upkeep on such a palatial ship was prohibitive—or, if not actually that, exorbitant.

Natalie just couldn't understand Buster's attitude—and vice versa. It wasn't an overnight decision on Natalie's part to divorce her screen star husband. There have just been too many matters coming up lately on which they couldn't agree, and the only desirable solution of the situation lay in a divorce.

It wasn't Buster's fault—nor his wife's. It is more than a little sad, though, that their marriage, long referred to by Hollywood as one of its happiest, should fail.

● Mrs. Skeets Gallagher gave a birthday party for a number of Hollywood's kiddies, in celebration of her little son's third birthday. The two most interested guests were Arline Judge and husband, Wesley Ruggles. They were comparing notes with all the mothers, 'cause the stork visits the Ruggles' in October.

● Estelle Taylor again seems to have had a change of heart. The ex-Mrs. Jack Dempsey appears to be all aflutter over Edmund Burns, actor-around-town.

● Tenants in the apartment below Jimmie Dunn's have been complaining about Jimmie's tap-dancing spurts—usually about 7 a. m. Seems like he does a tap routine instead of calisthenics.

Jimmie, incidentally, is considered one of *the* Don Juans of movietown. And deservedly, too. If he's not out dancing with Maureen O'Sullivan or Gloria Shea—or Irene Ware—or—what's the use? He'll probably have a new sweet number by the time you read this. There's no keeping up with this Jimmie lad.

● You could have knocked us over with Lil Tashman's throaty drawl when up walks Lupe Velez at the opening of "Strange Interlude"—with no escort more exciting than three elderly ladies.

● Helen Hayes, working over at Paramount, upset all traditions of etiquette strictly adhered to by movie stars.

Clara Bow may play opposite her old romance, Gilbert Roland

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

● **The studios are experiencing a bit of annoyance with the recent visitors. There was a group of them watching Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes emote in "Farewell to Arms." The director did some private muttering when the visitors spoiled a scene with their remarks.**

Over at Fox, one of a group of visitors knocked over a high-powered lamp that is listed on the prop sheets at $400.00. Oh, well!

International

Tom Mix, in appropriate costume, poses with members of the India Olympic team at the famous Breakfast Club. Isn't he a swell Hindu?

Hollywood Newspictures

Here's Mary Astor and her almost-brand-new baby, born in Honolulu. She's only had it a few weeks. Her husband, Dr. Thorpe is with her.

International

Thelma Todd upped and got married without telling anyone about it until it happened. Pasquale de Cicco is her husband's name.

One very hot afternoon Helen's double was standing-in while lights were being arranged for a take. The director was trying to get an unusual camera effect—and after two hours of light shifting, he and his crew were still working at it. With Miss Hayes' double wilting more perceptibly every minute that the intense heat of the lights played on her. Helen herself was on the sidelines. Finally she said: "I'm going to stand in for myself. That girl is thoroughly worn out." And she did!

● And at the same studio, Bing Crosby has every mother's daughter aghast and agape at his boyishness. He does all his own errands, and isn't calling for a messenger boy every minute like a lot of actors we could name. The director told the coatless Bing that he'd have to wear his coat for the next scene. A few minutes later everything was all set for shooting to start—and no Crosby. Five minutes went by before Bing appeared, breathless, wearing his coat.

"Where the devil have you been?" the director demanded.

"I had to go over to my dressing room and get my coat," answered Bing. Only a matter of seven blocks from the set. It's downright refreshing, that's what.

● Old friends have been walking right past Dorothy Mackaill since her return from a vaudeville tour. She's *that* much thinner. Dot was a little on the plump side just before she left Hollywood the last time. Now she's so slim no one recognizes her.

● After local previews of "The First Year," the newest Gaynor-Farrell opus, some opinions were that Janet and Charlie were a little miscast. But you can't blame the casting office at Fox, for they had picked Sally Eilers for the rôle—when Janet got back from her European jaunt and insisted upon that part for herself.

● Only a few knew it. We mean the one-time romance of George Brent and that star shimmy-shaker, Gilda Gray. Their friendship had been cut off when George left New York to come to Hollywood and the movies—and, as it turned out, to Ruth Chatterton.

Gilda arrived on the Hollywood scene a few weeks before the announcement of the coming Brent-Chatterton nuptials was made. Ostensibly, you know, to present her new version of the shimmy for Los Angeles theatre-goers. But some people think it was to resume her romance with Mr. Brent. With Miss Chatterton prominent on the horizon of the Brent affection, Gilda didn't seem to have a chance. Apparently she wasn't as perturbed as one would have expected, for she blithely had a good time during her stay in the company of a local night club proprietor. And that was that.

● Sally Eilers has been quite ill with

Why does Jimmie Dunn go in for tap dancing at seven a. m.?

● Mary Pickford left for New York by plane, accompanied as far as Albuquerque by Doug Fairbanks and Johnny Mack Brown. After all these months it turns out that Mary won't do that story called "Happy Ending" written especially for her by Frances Marion. In it she would have played the rôle of an old maid seamstress—and at the last minute she decided that wouldn't be such a good idea. Pollyanna mustn't go spinsterish.

● England is jolly well perturbed about an American film company's acquisition of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade." The English consider this England's greatest modern play—and the monocle-wearers are put out that Hollywood has it. Herbert Marshall looks set for the lead. Maybe Fox will have to import four English children—because this play introduces four kids—and they've got to be oh-so-English in their speech.

Mrs. Walter Clark. Walter Byron, Mae Clark. Russell Gleason, and Cora Sue Collins. The occasion was a Hollywood tea. Stop frowning, Russell.

Meet Harry Bannister's rumored fiancée. Nancy Lyon is the young lady's name and she appears in the new Eddie Cantor picture, "The Kid From Spain."

George Brent and Loretta Young arrive in New York for a personal appearance tour. They were said to be that way—until George fell in love with La Chatterton.

with an attack of "flu." She spent several days in bed, with a nurse on duty and everything. Nothing serious, but very inconvenient.

● If you think about the Johnny Weissmullers at all—you probably make the mistake of thinking they're not getting on so elegantly in this Mr. and Mrs. game. From one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other, smirkers have been saying, "Johnny and Bobbé are washed up—it won't be long now."

If you could have seen Bobbé Arnst the day before her Tarzan pulled into the local train-yards—well! It must be love. Bobbé was running around in circles, so that everything would be running smoothly when Johnny got home. If there's a break in the Weissmuller family, it won't be Bobbé who wants it. Even Johnny pooh-poohs the idea of trouble in the old homestead. Ah, well, they oughta know.

● Howard Hughes was *that* burned about the story appearing in the newspapers of what Ann Dvorak and her hubby, Leslie Fenton, had to say about Hollywood producers in general. Ann is quoted by the scribes as getting off some pretty hard-hitting statements about Hollywood and studios and contracts, etc., etc. Also that the producers were nothing but a bunch of slave drivers, and that Hughes was getting $1,000 a week from Warner Brothers for her services, while he only paid her $250.

What burns Hughes up is that the newspaper item didn't tell the truth. As a matter of fact, he sold Ann's contract to Warners for $40,000. Up to that time he had been paying her $250 a week *every* week whether she worked or not—and on two occasions did farm her out but only for $450.

No wonder Ann thinks the studios harbor slave-drivers. She made something like eight pictures without a layoff in between. Nevertheless, we all think she'd have been smart to stay in the old burg long enough to emote with Ronald Colman in "Cynara." A lead opposite Colman to her credit would have been a strong argument in her favor when she talked raises with Warners.

We hear that "those-in-the-know" think that Leslie Fenton started the germs of rebellion in the Dvorak head. And maybe Ann will live to learn her walk-out was premature.

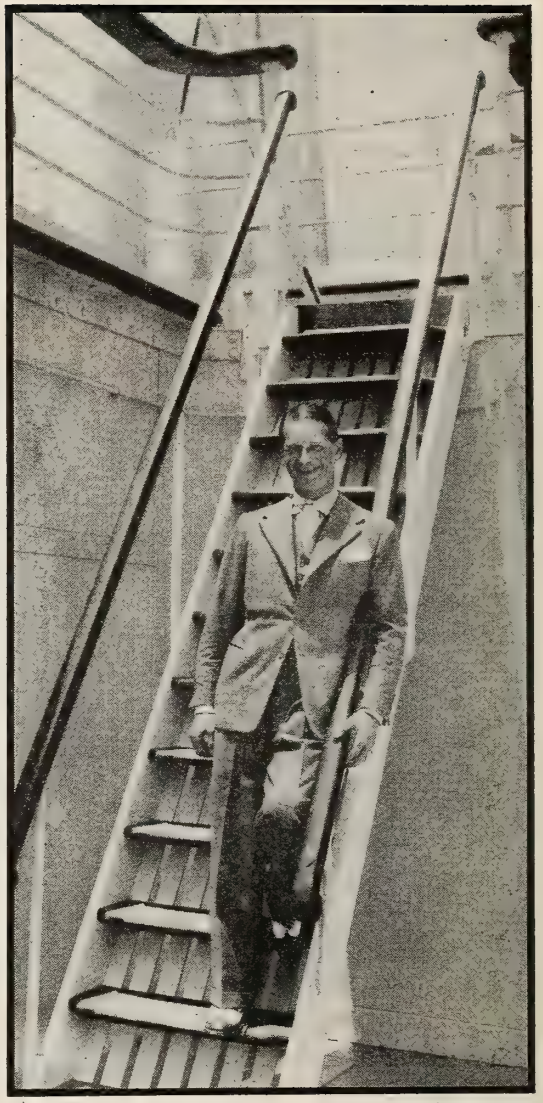
● Lee Tracy's pals are hip-hip-hooraying it. 'Cause Lee has promised to be a good boy and work hard at this picture business. Warners didn't take up his option, it is said, because swell-actor Tracy was hitting the high spots too frequently for an up and coming movie actor. Now Lee's out at Columbia *starring,* and is being a very good boy.

● William Haines' many friends are extending their condolences. Bill's mother, Mrs. Laura Virginia Haines, passed away on July 16 at the age of 54. She had made her home with her son for the past several years.

Mary Pickford isn't going to make "Happy Ending" after all

WHAT'S BACK OF THE CHEVALIER DIVORCE?

. . . All Hollywood is buzzing with rumors concerning the Chevalier break. Here's some inside information which puts a new and startling light on their separation



By WALTER RAMSEY

PARIS, July 22—*Maurice Chevalier, motion picture star, filed suit for divorce here today on the grounds of incompatibility. It is understood that his wife, Yvonne Vallée Chevalier, will enter a counter suit.*

Here was a divorce surprise for Hollywood! More surprising than the Ruth Chatterton-Ralph Forbes break, or the recent separation of King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman. Not since the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister affair has Hollywood been so jolted. And, as usual, when Hollywood is surprised, the rumors are flying thick and fast. As though to make up for lost, or overlooked time, the old town is remembering every woman Maurice has smiled upon in the last two years. Everywhere you hear the guesses:

"He is in love with Marlene Dietrich."

"He is obtaining a divorce so that he may be free to marry one of his latest leading ladies, Genevieve Tobin, who sailed on the same boat with him. . . ."

"The girl he loves isn't in Hollywood. She is a dancer in a Paris revue. . . ."

Having been fooled once into thinking the Chevaliers were happily wedded, Hollywood isn't leaving any single possibility unmentioned. That seems to be Hollywood's way. But let's look a bit deeper into the matter.

IT is characteristic that no one puts any credence in Maurice's plea of "incompatibility." Nor is it the reason which a person very close to Maurice has given to MODERN SCREEN. Though the incompatible one is truly important. This friend has this to say:

"The *real* reason back of the divorce is that the union of Maurice and Yvonne will always be childless!

"When you look closely into Maurice's life it is understandable why he is so terribly anxious to have a child of his own. That piece of shrapnel resting precariously close to his heart—which puts him in peril of sudden death—makes him anxious for a son to carry on his name as soon as possible.

"As for Marlene Dietrich or Genevieve Tobin, or any other girl who has been gossiped into this affair, I believe the rumors to be entirely unfounded. Maurice has a great admiration for Marlene. He adores her little girl. To Chevalier, Dietrich rates as one of the loveliest women he has ever met. Perhaps, in the beginning, a mild flirtation? Who knows! But I am sure that as their friendship grew Maurice admired Marlene more for her fun and good humor! I think we may safely believe the statement he made in Paris when he said it was ridiculous to drag Miss Dietrich's name into print. I am sure that no one regrets more than (*Continued on page 113*)

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marion Davies is to be seen in "Blondie of the Follies." It's a story of three chorus girls. Billie Dove is one of them—besides Marion. Marion was born in Brooklyn. Her real name is Marion Douras. She has three sisters. She was educated in public schools and a convent. Started her career as a modiste's model. Then Harrison Fisher used her for a model for his magazine covers. After that came the Follies and the movies. She is an everlasting bridge hound. She wears pajamas on all possible occasions. Favors an odd shade of pale blue so much that the Hollywood modistes now call it "Marion Davies blue."

Photograph by Powolny

Peggy Shannon just finished playing in another picture with Spencer Tracy; the title of it is "The Painted Woman." Remember them and Jimmie Dunn in "Society Girl"? She lives with her husband and her mother. She loves poker—and plays it like a man. No nonsense and idle chit-chat while the betting is on. She always wears white for the evening because she thinks it best for her red hair. She believes that because she came to Hollywood "to take the place of Clara Bow" she didn't get as good a break as she might have.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

William Powell's latest picture is "One Way Passage." This makes five in a row which he and Kay Francis have appeared in together. Bill's moved and now lives in Beverly Hills. His wife, Carole Lombard, is almost recuperated from the ill health which commenced just about a year or so ago. Bill hates talkative people. Richard Barthelmess and Ronald Colman are still his only intimate friends. He has a passion for doing jig-saw puzzles. Although he's been asked by the studio to give up his mustache, he refuses to do so. Does not play polo.

Bing Crosby is to be seen in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast." He's been taking singing lessons and has lost all the "crooner" voice mannerisms. While in Hollywood, Bing and his wife, Dixie Lee, are living with their old friends, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. Bing is a native son of Los Angeles and his family still live here, which is his main reason for wanting to stay in the West. Bing became famous as the leader of Paul Whiteman's "Rhythm Boys." He has a fine part in "The Big Broadcast." He's often mistaken on the street for Phillips Holmes.

Photograph by Ray Jones

Gloria Stuart. Her pictures, so far, have been "Street of Women," "The Old Dark House" and "Airmail." Her family first came to California in 1846—so Gloria is a real native daughter. She was born in Santa Monica. She was discovered working on the stage of the Pasadena Community House by both Paramount and Universal. They squabbled. Will Hays intervened and Gloria went to Universal. Five feet five inches tall and a natural blonde. Graduate of U. of California. She's married to Blair Gordon Newell. She's twenty-two.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Fay Wray recently finished "The Most Dangerous Game" and is now at work on "Kong." Has one of the best figures in Hollywood. She's married to John Monk Saunders, author of "The Last Flight"—among other things. Fay has great physical courage. Red hair. Loves to take sun baths. Is expert at needlepoint work. Loves London. Hates speakeasy philosophers. She collects perfumes and says that she always uses a different kind for each movie production she appears in. She is one of the best girl athletes in pictures.

Photograph by Hurrell

Walter Huston's newest pictures are "American Madness" and "Rain." Walter was born in Toronto, Canada. He made his first success on the stage. And that success—the real big success—was achieved by his performance in Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." His first movie was "Gentlemen of the Press." He is happily married to beautiful Nan Sunderland. She is his second wife. Walter plays hockey and baseball and has a grown son who writes at Universal. Walter once gave up the stage for engineering, then decided to return.

(From left to right, across the two pages): Mary Kinny dieted on honey and tomato juice to the point where she fainted while watching a banquet scene. Pretty Marie Gagnier poured poison in her drink at a gay party to end her unhappy life. Ruth Hudson is in San Quentin prison for passing bad checks. Mary J. Roberts spent six months in jail for forgery. Both these girls splurged on the chance of a movie break. Kitty Coleman, after a weary struggle for work, turned on the gas. She was rescued just in time.

All pictures by International

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

HAVE you ever wanted to go to Hollywood and try your luck in the movies? Have you ever thought how easy it might be to become a big star? Well, if you have—or ever get a feeling to go—read and remember this story. Maybe it will make you change your mind. On page 54, a story titled "The Lure of Hollywood" tells you a glamorous tale of a girl whose dreams *did* come true in Hollywood. But remember two things: that story is fiction—and its heroine, even if it were a true story, would be "one girl in a million."

A REPORTER stood by the side of a table in Hollywood Receiving Hospital watching the surgeons work. Not that he was particularly interested, but there would be a brief story for him to write as a part of his work.

"Pretty, isn't she!" he remarked. "Wonder why she wanted to die? What'd she take?"

"Gas," briefly replied one of the doctors.

Deft hands worked over the chest and stomach of the girl. An injection of something was administered with a hypodermic needle. Then the surgeons bent to their task of restoring respiration. Same old formula. Same old manipulations. Same old routine. The Receiving Hospital had handled dozens of such cases.

Before long, the girl on the table showed the first signs of returning consciousness.

"She'll make it," remarked a surgeon. "Got her just in time, though."

The glaze left the eyes of the terribly sick victim. Slowly—very slowly, her lungs began gasping for oxygen. Breathing, in time, became more normal. The reporter made a few notes on some folded copy paper, then went to his typewriter and wrote:

> No job, no money, no friends. Nobody to care whether she lived or died—and a dreary, wet day.
>
> And so pretty Kitty Coleman, New York actress, turned on the gas.
>
> When she didn't answer the telephone in her apartment, an unidentified caller notified the apartment manager. He found the room full of gas. Kitty's head rested on the table.
>
> But Kitty will live. At the Hollywood Receiving Hospital she was revived.

That was the whole story, briefly and tersely told. There was nothing to add. In time, Kitty Coleman came out of her stupor, got on her feet, squared her shoulders and went away. The Receiving Hospital recorded the case only as an incident. The reporter couldn't recall the name of the girl now to save his neck. It was just a bit in a day.

The dividing line between successes and failures in Hollywood is but dimly drawn. Beautiful girls arrive with the plaudits of their local communities ringing in their ears. "Starting on the Road to Fame," their friends have glibly said. The girls step into the colorful town, slightly bewildered. They see Ann Harding in her low-hung, brown roadster driving along the boulevards toward her home high in the hills. They see Norma Shearer in her Rolls-Royce directing her chauffeur where to go. They see the fashionable restaurants and operas and kennel shows patronized by those who are "on top." It all looks so prosaic and easy until they, themselves, endeavor to break into that mystic circle. To their dismay they usually find the way completely blocked.

And then, discouragement follows. Some choose to die rather than let the folks back home know they face failure. Some try to efface themselves by plunging into the *cantinas* below the Mexican border. Some walk out into the Pacific Ocean to let the beneficent waters close the final chapters of their lives. Some just disappear. No one knows the numbers in this Lost Battalion.

SOMETIMES beauty is a tragic mask, hiding hurt," this same Hollywood reporter wrote. "A cruel magnet summoning disillusionment. Marie Gagnier, nineteen-year-old dancer is such a girl—a girl whose beauty betrayed her to suffering; a girl who wanted to die.

"So, she attempted suicide last night—poured poison into her liquor glass at a party in her home at 548 North Heliotrope Drive and drank a reckless toast to death.

" 'There,' she cried, 'I've done it!'

"In an instant she was a pitiful, writhing victim of agony. But those who were with her summoned an ambulance and she was rushed to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital in time to save her life. Today, white and spent, against the pillows in her hospital room, she told a

By DOROTHY WOOLDRIDGE

...Pathetically sad, heart-rendingly tragic stories—these sagas of hopelessly screen-struck girls. They'd make you think twice—wouldn't they?—before staking everything on a movie career

different story for the Hollywood reporter to write.

"'It wasn't just that—it was everything,' she said. 'What did I have to live for?'

"'But you are beautiful,' said a white-capped nurse, gently.

"'Oh, beautiful! Beauty! I hate the sound of the word. I wish my face were scarred and ugly so that people would care for me because of myself.'

"Marie's father and mother died six years ago and since then she has lived her life in the theatre, tasting triumphs which her beauty and talent brought—and then, disillusionment!

"She is in love, she admitted, but when the man of her choice wanted her, she was too young and too drunk with success to go to him.

"Now—

"'It is too late,' she insisted with tragic quiet. 'I can't have him now. He doesn't want me any more. Oh, what's the use!'"

Here's a comparison: Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett are pals. They "kick around" together. Beautiful homes, motor cars and luxuries are theirs. Money flows in until it scarcely is more than a commodity. And —Irma Harriman and Genevieve Teritan likewise were pals. Together they tried to storm the cinema citadel. Together they struggled alongside of five thousand other girls for niches. Prettier, both, than either Joan or Constance, they waged a losing battle. They went "broke" together. They shared their last pretty pieces of clothing together. They chased the elusive Hollywood will-o'-the-wisp together. Irma, coming home rather late one dismal evening last January, found Genevieve prone on the bathroom floor, a tell-tale glass near her outstretched hand.

"Genevieve!" she shrieked, kneeling beside her.

Then Irma arose, went to the medicine cabinet, mixed herself a deadly potion and drained the glass. Then she, too, lay down on the floor.

Two young men coming to call, found them there and presently an ambulance from the Hollywood Receiving Hospital whined up to their door at 404 North Sierra Bonita Avenue. "Attempted suicide," was all the hospital record said.

And so it has been through the years. Ever since the making of pictures began in Hollywood, beautiful girls have moved upon the cinema capital only to plead in vain, to find themselves repulsed and rebuffed until some sought relief in death. Gorgeous Mary Lygo, once a star of the Follies, sought movie fame, failed and was discovered dead on the floor of her apartment on North Bronson Avenue, a year or two ago. One lone trunk was found by the police. "Contents consisted of a few much-worn, tattered dresses, five pawn tickets, a few letters from her mother and a telegram signed 'G,'" the report of the officers said. They were all that was left of a life.

Miss Lygo was living under the name of Irene Fuller when she gave up the struggle. She chose to go out of the world shrouded in mystery. But the pawn tickets disclosed her identity.

BEAUTIFUL Helen Halla, known sometimes as Darienne Dove, won fame upon the stage. She migrated to Hollywood where she sank into obscurity. Realizing this, one night, she arrayed herself in her most becoming robe, lighted some incense, swallowed poison and began writing.

"The height of old-fashioned happiness where loves are true and friends sincere, is beyond my reach," she wrote.

The poison began gnawing.

"I am ashamed to come to this," she scrawled as the paper became a blur. "But I had rather die than continue, if my career is to end thusly. Good-by, world!"

Alice "Pat" Pemberton, former San Francisco show girl who was in turn a chorus beauty, an "extra" in films, a leading lady and finally a waitress in a Los Angeles restaurant, blew out her brains with an automatic pistol in a garage when her last pretty evening gown was ruined by blood from the head of a man. An irate wife had struck her husband with a bottle during a wild party and as he fell forward his head landed in "Pat" Pemberton's lap. That act, which caused her dress to be ruined, spelled death for the beauty who had seen glamor fade along Hollywood's seamy side. It was her only party dress—without it she couldn't get a job as extra any more.

Sometimes I have thought it would be well to place the body of one of these beautiful creatures in a casket and accord it a place in a Hollywood mausoleum. Upon its plaque I would inscribe "An *(Continued on page 98)*

ARE YOU GOING TO

In the days when the name Fatty Arbuckle meant happiness and laughter to millions. This was a scene in a film called "Love" made by Paramount. Before his arrest and trial—and subsequent acquittal. Before the American public had judged him—incorrectly, according to this author—guilty in spite of the legal acquittal.

By
EDWARD J.
DOHERTY

FATTY ARBUCKLE is coming back to the screen! Warners have signed him for a series of two-reelers. It is their hope that the American public will welcome Fatty's appearance—that the bitter ban which has been imposed on him for ten weary years will be lifted.

I say nothing of the fans forgiving Fatty because it is my belief that there is nothing to be forgiven. I believe—and I have strong evidence to back up my beliefs—that Fatty was completely innocent of the crime which everybody condemned him for, even though he was acquitted by a court of the United States. It is my firm belief that if anyone should do any forgiving it is Fatty himself. For ten years he has been through a hell of suffering for something of which he was innocent. For ten years the American public has treated him as an outcast. It is he who should forgive them—not vice versa.

Yes, it was the solid, virtuous, movie-going public that condemned Arbuckle. It was not the judge that heard the case against him so many times. It was not the jurors who tried him. It was not Will Hays, the movie czar. It was the public who believed—and wrongly—that Arbuckle, though he was acquitted, was nevertheless guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and that even if he were innocent he was still a loose character and no man to amuse children by his comic antics.

Fatty was innocent of the death of Virginia Rappé. I am not the only one who knows that. But I am one of the very few who have been back of the scenes.

No, I wasn't at the party. But I covered each and every one of the trials—a series of trials it was—that ended in his acquittal. And I came to know his lawyers intimately, and the witnesses at his trials, and everybody connected with the matter.

You remember the details of the case, of course. Fatty had gone to San Francisco with some friends. He engaged

GIVE FATTY A BREAK?

Not because he has "suffered enough" —but because he's innocent!

Wide World

Acme

(Left) Minta Durfee Arbuckle, the woman who stood by Arbuckle during his hour of need. They've been divorced since—but they're still friends and her loyalty to him at the time of the trial was splendid. (Above) Arbuckle and Addie McPhail, his present wife. They married recently.

It seems almost incredible that the American public put a ten years' ban on an innocent man—yet that is what this author firmly believes—and produces amazingly strong evidence to prove his contention. He was a newspaper representative at the time of the famous Arbuckle case and he covered it from start to finish. He claims that a chain of unfortunate circumstances made everybody believe that Arbuckle was guilty, although actually Fatty was innocent. Read this story with an open mind and then see what you, in true fair-mindedness, think

a suite of rooms in the St. Francis Hotel. Virginia Rappé, a destitute and friendless extra girl who had come up from Hollywood with Al Semnacker, a man old enough to be her grandpa, crashed a party Arbuckle gave in his suite. She drank some gin.

Numerous witnesses testified that gin had always had a tragic effect on Miss Rappé. It congested her insides, cramped her, tortured her, made her tear off her clothes in an agonized fight for breath, for relief from pressure. Several times in public places the unfortunate young woman had gone through this distressing condition. She was always in pain during these spasms, always in shame and humiliation afterwards. But the affliction was chronic, as was her love for gin. She could help neither her appetite nor her unhappy condition.

She drank at Arbuckle's party. She went to the bathroom, tore her clothes from her, and fell in agony on the floor. Arbuckle found her there, writhing, moaning. He called the other women at the party.

These women took charge of Virginia, and gave her first aid. They rubbed her with ice, incidentally, believing that cold applications would *(Continued on page 101)*

This story of Ann's childhood and growing-up days—as her young mother

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT ANN DVORAK

By ANN LEHR, her friend and mother—as told to WALTER RAMSEY

LET me introduce myself. I am Ann Dvorak's closest friend. That I am also her mother has no bearing on the claim I have just made. Ann Dvorak and Ann Lehr have been pals, buddies, and, until the past year, inseparable companions ever since she came into my life nineteen years ago. I was sixteen years old at the time. When I first looked into the puckered face of my blue-eyed, red-faced little daughter I mentally proposed a toast to her, or perhaps it was a prayer: "May your life be vivid with adventure, gay and courageous," I thought. "May you know the high spots and the low spots with equal balance for both. May you learn the folly of hidebound conventions—but retain always the wisdom of *playing the game* squarely." I believed then, and still believe, that that was the happiest toast one friend could make to another—that one girl could wish for another.

This very day when I read in my morning paper that "Ann Dvorak, Well Known Motion Picture Actress" had

walked out on her contract on an absence without leave from two of the most important pictures of her career, I felt a pang of hurt that was *not* the heartache of one who is disappointed in any act of a child. I felt as though a good friend had failed me—had failed *us!* Nor do I mean the financial or professional end of the deal. As a matter of fact, so far as her career is concerned, Ann has probably done herself no harm and perhaps considerable good by her "walk-out." She will probably return to a much more lucrative contract. But still and all I feel that nothing can ever erase the feeling I have that a treasured friend whose spirit I loved, whose personal code I was proud of, has done something unethical. A good trouper never walks out on his "curtain." Ann knows that —she was brought up in my world of the theatre.

If my words sound strange coming from a mother, remember this—I have so wanted to be a *friend* before I was a mother. If I had ever been fortunate enough to have had any other friend as close to me as Ann, I should have felt the same way. If, during the unfolding of this story I seem at times to be brutally frank it is because I know Ann as few parents are privileged to know their children. I know her faults as well as her splendid character. I think you will believe me now when I say that this is the first time Ann has ever failed me. It is the first time my daughter has ever "run away" from consequences. I think she is in the wrong. But in time I shall understand just why she did it, as I have tried to understand other mistakes she has made. Already I feel myself weakening on my idea that "nothing can erase" Ann's unexpected revolt. I think my little girl has *growing up* pains. I think she is very seriously in love for the first time in her life. And love is said to be akin to a sweet insanity, isn't it?

I do not mean to force myself to the foreground of this story. But it is necessary for a moment to tell you something about myself so you may more fully understand Ann.

I was born in New York City, the only child of a family of six to be born in this country. My mother and father are Czecho Slovakians. We were always quite uninterruptedly poor. I have read, and been told, that poverty has its advantages. I am sure some person who has never been poor discovered that fact. Certainly I never encountered any of them in my own experience. But at that, we were not an unhappy family.

NOTHING really ever happened to me (a lack of events is one of the many disadvantages of poverty) until I met Edwin McKim, who is the father of Ann Dvorak. Ann's real name is Ann McKim. Dvorak (pronounced *Vorzhahk,* not Dee-Vorak) is my family name.

(Left) Mrs. Ann Lehr, Ann Dvorak's mother. Dvorak is Mrs. Lehr's maiden name and Ann liked it so much she took it for her screen name. Mrs. Lehr's treatment of her daughter is something that all mothers should emulate. She believed in being a friend first. (Right) Mr. Pearson, Ann Dvorak's stepfather.

When I met Edwin McKim I was attending a small and inexpensive private school in New York. Every Saturday afternoon we were escorted to an "arty" little theatre near New York's Harlem. The shows produced were expected to add to our cultural background. I do not know how much culture I acquired from them but I do know they instilled in me the desire to be an actress. I wanted to know all there was to learn about the theatre, a calling I had already selected as my livelihood. I was a hero-worshipping fifteen-year-old when I first met Edwin McKim who produced and directed the plays of the little theatre. He seemed the most attractive man I had ever met in my life; that he was also an actor made him practically superlative. Why in the world he ever fell in love with a fifteen-year-old child I shall never know, although I suppose youth will always be an attractive offering upon the altar of love. We were married and for a few months I enjoyed the privilege of appearing as a leading lady with my husband in a show called

When Ann Dvorak was born her mother was just sixteen. No wonder, then, that

(Left) Ann Dvorak's first screen appearance—many, many years ago. The picture was called "The Five Dollar Plate," with Herbert Rawlinson. Ann played a little kid in it. (Below) Ann at nine years. Her mother says Ann was always writing poetry and hiding it. They thought she'd be a writer instead of an actress.

"The Man of the Hour." It was all very wonderful.

A year later my career was temporarily interrupted by the arrival of Ann on the morning of August 2, 1912, at the Murray Hills Sanitarium. Until Ann's actual arrival I hadn't been particularly thrilled over the idea of motherhood. But the moment they placed her in my arms, eight pounds of the cutest baby you ever saw, I knew nothing would ever again thrill me quite so much.

When she was four weeks old I left the hospital, a skinny little sixteen-year-old girl with a bundle of baby in my arms and a keen longing to get her away to myself so I could play with her. The nurse who had attended me said something about, "It's a crime for one baby to be turned loose with another. But for heaven's sake," she added, "don't spoil her. When she yells . . . let her yell."

THE first night at home with our new toy, her father and I were petrified when Ann began to wail lustily. She was fed and dryly clothed. There was no earthly reason for her crying unless it was because we had turned out the light in her room. "Turn it on," her father said. "She'll wake the entire neighborhood. Poor baby."

But even then Ann was more of a person than a mere baby to me. I went in the room and stood over her crib. Suddenly she stopped crying and stared at me as crossly as a four-week-old baby can. "Listen here, young lady," I said, smiling at her. "Haven't you any sense of humor?" You may not believe it but I swear she smiled right back at me. A toothless but a very regular grin.

Ann was an amazingly good baby. No more trouble than a little pet pup. Very soon she learned to walk and never did she talk *baby talk*. Perhaps that is one reason she so soon in life became a separate personality to me.

Her father and I were divorced when she was but four years old; consequently Ann never really knew her real father. A year later I married my present husband, Mr. Pearson, who is the only *father* in her life. My second husband, though not an actor, was in sympathy with my career and I have been an actress throughout Ann's entire life, enjoying my work in the theatre immensely.

As a little girl of five, Ann loved to hear fairy tales. I would make up the most exaggerated stories about a little girl who was *so* well behaved and who ate vegetables, with the result that she grew up to be just like the girls in the fairy stories. Instantly, Ann would emulate that other little girl, eating every vegetable in sight and retiring promptly, hoping mother would think her even better than the girl in the story. It has always been possible to reach Ann through her imagination. I think that must have been the way Leslie Fenton won her love. He is an imaginative, colorful boy who does unexpected things like living the life of a native in the South Sea Islands. To Ann he must have seemed like a character out of a book.

When Ann was about six I was offered a road-show engagement and as it was impossible for my husband to keep his advertising job and take care of a small stepchild at the same time, I made arrangements to enter Ann as a kindergarten pupil at St. Catherine's Convent. Apprehensive about her reaction to our first separation, I made all sorts of elaborate plans of how I was going to take her to the school, let one of the sisters get her interested in some child's story, and then leave without her seeing me go. This was the first, and last, time I ever planned to fool Ann. She taught me a lesson!

When we reached the top step of the convent, this solemn, yet humorous and wholly independent little girl

of mine, turned to me and said, "Good-by, mother." Somehow I felt ashamed and silly about the ruse I had planned. She seemed so straight and strong and so very dear, standing there without sobbing or crying. I took my little pal in my arms and she gave me a *big bear hug,* just as though she understood without words why I was leaving her. "I'll be back for you soon, Ann," I promised.

"All right," answered Ann. She turned, then, and walked into the convent all by herself.

Ann grew to love the convent and the sisters. Although we are not Catholics, the beauty of the surroundings, the music, the altar, the stained-glass windows, appealed deeply to her. Several times when I visited her she confided her ambition to become a nun. The sisters told me that she spent hours in deep and reverent prayer. I began to be afraid that Ann was becoming too religious for such a young child. I realized it was time for her to acquire some actual contact with the world. So I took her out of the convent.

Having returned from my show I could arrange my time to enter Ann in the Clark's School for Girls. Every

(Above) Ann's mother (at extreme left), Ann and a friend on the beach. Doesn't Ann's mother look exactly like the Ann of today? No wonder they've been more like two pals than mother and daughter —her mother was a mere child when Ann was born.

(Right) With David Manners in "The Crooner," Ann's latest picture for Warner Brothers. It is hoped that her differences with this company will be settled without any terrific fireworks. (Below) Her autographed picture of Herbert Rawlinson when that gentleman was a big star.

Saturday I made a point of taking her to some big hotel or exclusive café to lunch with me. She had delightful manners, not at all like a child of seven. She was intensely interested in her surroundings, noticing the clothes worn by the women lunchers and gossiping over them with me. One day after we had lunched and taken a long carriage ride through Central Park she suddenly threw her arms about my neck and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, we have such *good* times together!"

HER keenest delight was in surprising me with something she had thought up herself. Of course, they were always very "independent" surprises. Once around Easter time she dug up an entire bed of lilies, selling them at the corner in order to earn money for a real florist's shop Easter plant for mother.

Ann was devoted to my foreign-born family. She particularly adored my mother, regarding her as a creature from another world. After all, hadn't Grandma come over here on a boat all the way from Europe? She was intrigued by the family name (*Continued on page 93*)

THE ROVING CAMERA

Culver Service

Hollywood Newspictures

(Above) Lawrence Olivier sailed for Europe on the Bremen not long ago for a vacation. There he is in his cabin, reading a telegram or something. (Below, extreme left) Ah! At last! That long-awaited, much-postponed European vacation for Joan and Doug Fairbanks. They sailed on the Bremen, too. And all the newspaper and magazine folk who met them while they were going through New York are raving about the two of them.

(Above) Natalie Talmadge Keaton gave a "hen party" at her lovely Beverly Hills home and many famous chickabiddies attended. That's Sally Eilers and Kathryn Carver Menjou. (Below, center) George O'Brien's going to train horses at his new "barn." The girl having a snack with him is Marguerite Churchill. (Below, right) The famous Amelia Earhart being shown around the Paramount Studios by Tallulah Bankhead and Gene Raymond.

Culver Service

Hollywood Newspictures

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH

WAKE UP HOLLYWOOD!

. . . Many, many writers have criticized Hollywood. But here comes one—and one of the very greatest, at that—who although criticizing, at the same time offers an invaluable suggestion that should interest all the Hollywood producers as well as you and you

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

I DON'T know how many hundred million dollars Hollywood has spent in trying to entrap the public taste and the public pocketbook; and I'm not interested in knowing. Many such efforts have been shiningly successful. A few have not.

But I do know a bet which Hollywood for the most part has overlooked—a gold mine, a radium mine—beneath its very feet; whose surface has been barely scraped. (Yes, it is easy enough for a rank outsider to give advice. But what I am going to say is based on rockbottom experience; a little of it is Hollywood's own experience.)

Let's go back toward the beginning and take a running start; so I can explain clearly what I mean. Nearly thirty years ago I was watching one of the crude "chase" pictures, such as used to close vaudeville shows. The audience eyed it dully; and began to reach for its collective hat and to wriggle into its coat.

Then, at the acme of the chase, a fluffy dog bounded onto the screen and joined in the fun in a wildly excited fashion. Throughout the house arose an involuntary wordless murmur of interest and appreciation. There was a volley of friendly chuckles. The presence of that lively little dog had checked the outward drift.

How many times have I heard that same friendly welcoming murmur run through a picture audience as a dog came on the screen? I don't know how often; but it was every time a dog appeared. Everyone was glad to see the dog. Everyone was happily interested in what the dog might do. In brief, the dog stole the scene.

For some time past Hollywood's persistent plaint has been "What pictures do the public want?" The executives, the stars—all the Hollywood great—have been putting their famous heads together in conference after conference in an effort to find out what the public really wants. Well, if Hollywood wants ideas, here is one that should be read with interest by producers as well fans. Write and tell us what you think!

Why? Because a dog is as much a human emotion as are hate and love and treasure-hunting and the like. People may doubt, in the back of their minds, that the men and women on the screen are real or that they are actuated by real impulses in what the director makes them do. But the dog is real. They know that. And they warm to him.

Now that involuntary wordless murmur was a writing on the wall, too important for even the motion picture magnates to ignore wholly. But they have sensed its mighty import in only the vaguest and dullest way. For example:

A few one-reel comedies—ghastly things—were produced, in which dogs were made to play impossible rôles. Among these were at least two make-believe sketches in which dressed-up dogs were put through sorry human antics.

People grinned. People gave a faint applause to the wretched comedies; even as people give only faint applause to dog-acts on the vaudeville stage. They know the poor animals are being put through unnatural paces and that they are not allowed to be themselves; and that the performance is often attained through hideous cruelty. In brief, it isn't dog-nature.

Also, there were somewhat less worthless canine stunts in short screen comedies—there were pictures where the dog was shown as the chum of some child and was made to do slapstick tricks and to play the clown. A Great Dane and a bulldog were the chief dog-stars of these ventures. Their work came in for far more approval than did that of the unfortunate trick-dogs in the animal comedies. But still the goal was a million miles away.

Larry Trimble took the first—and almost the only—definite forward step along this line; when he trained the big police dog, Strongheart, into an inspired actor; and starred him in a most indifferent and non-plausible and ill-built picture. The dog was great. The picture was bad. But the dog carried the picture to glittering success.

THE public was coming closer to getting what it wanted, in the line of dog drama, than ever before. And the public made the venture pay. In an eager rush to take advantage of the new furor, Peter the Great and Rin-Tin-Tin, two other police dogs, were taught to act; and very indifferent pictures were provided as vehicles for them.

The public wants a good picture. That has been proven, past all doubt. The public wants dog-pictures even more avidly. But it won't go forever to see bad pictures which star good dogs. That has been proven, too; and also past all doubt.

Schildkraut starred in a dramatization of my book, "His Dog," in which a collie played. The picture was more or less of a success. But the dog played a subsidiary part and the dog-interest was subsidiary to the human interest. Again, the public was getting neither one thing nor the other; and again Hollywood missed a chance for a tremendous clean-up. The ideal dog-picture was still far distant.

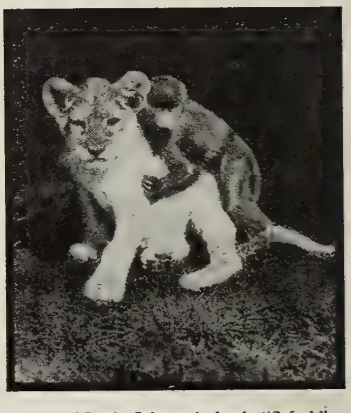
When I began to write dog stories, editors told me the public cared nothing for that kind of fiction. I knew the public would eat it alive, if it were rightly done. When at last a magazine gave me a chance to write such stories, the public proved I had been right. In fact, the public has forced me to keep on (*Continued on page 110*)

TWO AGAINST THE JUNGLE

...Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's jungle pictures are famous. But watching their recent "Congorilla," would it occur to you what it cost in time, energy and danger to produce such a picture? This will give you an excellent idea

By LOWELL THOMAS

The big bull rhinoceros which charged the camera when Johnson was cranking. Tragedy was barely averted.



A young lion cub and a half grown baboon. They were two of the Johnsons' pets—and the best of pals.

From Martin Johnson's book, "Safari."

LAKE PARADISE lies hidden in the crater of an extinct volcano north of the Kaisoot Desert not far from the Abyssinian border. Martin Johnson discovered it on his first trip into Africa years ago. The place was ideal for filming big game; it swarmed with wild life, and the animals had yet to learn to fear man. Ensnared by its beauty Johnson built himself a permanent home on an eminence overlooking it.

The trail that led to the rainbow's end at Lake Paradise started at the island of Guadalcanar in the South Seas some twenty odd years ago. When Jack London put out of San Francisco bound around the world on his yacht, the *Snark,* young Martin Johnson was aboard. In fact, he was one of Jack London's crew.

During the months that ensued the *Snark* followed a course to Hawaii, the Marquesas, the Society Islands, Samoa, and Fiji. One by one the original members of the party fell by the way until at last only three remained: Jack London, Mrs. Jack London, and Martin Johnson. Martin, a lad from Kansas, had signed up as cook.

In October, 1908, the *Snark* dropped anchor at Penduffryn, Guadalcanar. Shortly before, three Pathé Frères cameramen had arrived from Australia to film the cannibals that inhabited the upper reaches of the Balesuna River. The husky young Kansas giant joined the expedition in order to learn how to handle that box of magic known as a motion picture camera.

WHEN the party returned to Penduffryn, Johnson learned that sickness had forced the Londons to abandon the cruise temporarily. They decided to rush down to Australia for treatment. Martin accompanied them to Sydney and there ended the celebrated cruise of the *Snark.*

Martin returned to America via Ceylon, Aden, Port

From Martin Johnson's book, "Safari."

The first Johnson domicile at Lake Paradise. It was made of dung and grass and mud. Once, when the Johnsons were asleep inside, an impertinent elephant pulled the grass off the roof. The Johnsons', however, decided not to register a complaint.

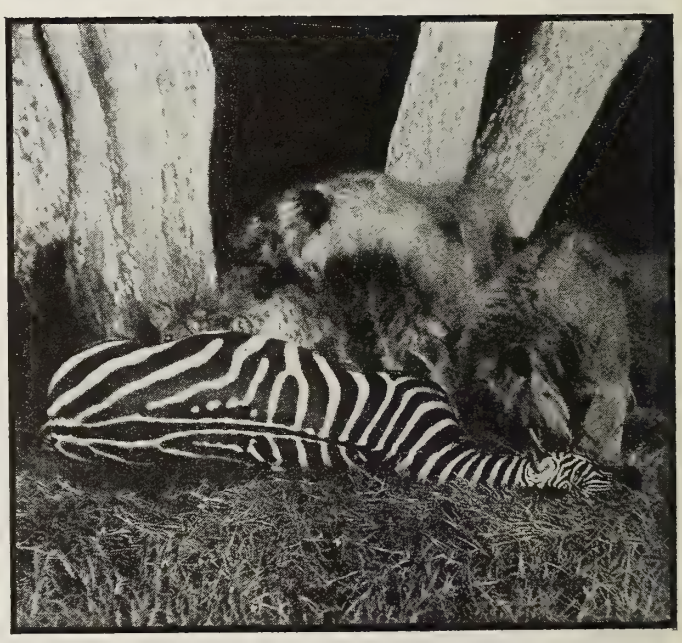
An excellent specimen of the hippo, as seen in the Martin Johnsons' picture, "Congorilla." This type of beast makes a very pleasant companion. It would not be advisable, however, to keep one in a New York apartment.

An impalla, a species of beast found in Africa. This, too, you can see in the picture, "Congorilla." The picture is full of unexpected animals like this. Not very pretty lines but can he make time with those legs.

Said, Naples, Paris and Liverpool. He arrived at Boston in September, 1909, home from his first trip around the world.

Back in Independence, Kansas, he told the folks he intended to settle down. His first move in that direction was to marry a local girl. Then he opened up a movie theatre. And the next thing he did was to show his films of the Solomon Islands' cannibals. They made a sensation. In fact, knocked the home folks in Independence right out of their seats. The news reached Kansas City, and a big city theatre manager made him an offer. Martin fared forth, assisted by his now equally famous wife and before he had finished showing in Kansas City, other offers came from other cities. Money was flowing in, and almost before he knew it, Martin and Osa Johnson were troupers.

The success of the mediocre film he was showing convinced Martin that he ought to make a feature picture in the wild interior of the island of Malekula, British Solo-



(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in the days when a woman's hat was something worth supporting and no nonsense about it. The occasion was the departure for their first safari. (Above, right) The same people in slightly different garb, years later—taken in Nairobi. (Right) A scene from "Congorilla." The zebra has been killed by the lions for food.

mons. His first attempt ended in failure, but he went to Australia, re-outfitted, and returned with a better equipped party. He brought out a film of rare ethnological value. Grand stuff. But many of the scenes were too horrible for public showing.

Johnson went to Australia. While there he received a cablegram from the film company that was handling his pictures. It read:

"The public is tired of savages. Get some animal pictures."

PACKING his equipment he went to Borneo. There he found photographic conditions none too good. The jungles were impenetrable, the natives were hostile, and big game scarce. His quest carried him to the Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, and British East Africa. And in East Africa he has remained nearly ever since. There he found the paradise of big game.

His first safari over plains teeming with wild life—zebras, gazelles, ostriches, giraffes, and wild beasts roamed before his eyes in uncounted numbers—was a disappointment. He couldn't get the suspicious animals within close camera range, and the distant shots were ruined by the heat waves that danced over the ground. Day after day he waited in blinds near waterholes, but none of the beasts came to drink. There were too many waterholes in the vicinity. If he went to one the animals abandoned it and went to another.

After five weeks of fruitless effort the safari returned to Nairobi. After a rest Johnson set out on a long trek to the arid lands to the north. There, where the waterholes were few and far between, the thirsty animals would be forced into camera range. But the nomadic natives had preëmpted the waterholes, and the party trekked into the Kaisoot Desert. At the end of the trail the expedition halted on the edge of Lake Paradise.

The lake is a mile long and about a half mile wide; its banks are covered with vegetation; and spreading away upward are miles of forest. From the trees pendent mosses hung, and the earth was covered with masses of blooming wild flowers around which hovered vari-colored butterflies. On the water floated coots and ducks; blue herons and flamingo waded in the marshes; the forest aisles resounded to the trumpeting of elephants, the grunts of rhino, and the chatter of baboons. Higher up, sheer cliffs, seemingly impassable, surrounded the lake.

THE following three months more than made up for his earlier disappointment. Johnson got all the pictures he wanted of elephants, ostriches, rhinos and baboons.

Before leaving the lake Martin and Osa had made up their minds to return and build a home right there. Business took him to New York. But after a brief visit they started back to Lake Paradise. The next Martin Johnson safari left Nairobi on the 21 of February, 1924. Six automobiles carried the equipment of the party. Straight to Lake Paradise they went. And a few

weeks later the natives of the expedition were at work putting up a civilized home on the shore of that wilderness lake deep in Africa. In a short time a regular village graced the spot. There were cottages with thatched roofs for the natives; a mess shack; and storehouses. The house itself was not so primitive. It had a great living room with an open fireplace, a modern kitchen, yes, and a bathroom—the only one within five hundred miles. A vegetable garden completed the homey atmosphere, and in due time it yielded quantities of corn, potatoes, carrots, cucumbers, watermelons and so on.

With his base established Johnson began exploring the neighborhood. Elephants were found right around the camp and at night they raided his garden for sweet potatoes. One day a native came into camp with news that a herd of elephants was feeding nearby. Five minutes later Johnson and Osa were on the way accompanied by their gunbearers and camera boys.

THE huge beasts were out in the open. There were three big cows, two bulls, and two baby elephants; and they were in position for an excellent run of film. The cameras were set up. The animals went on feeding, undisturbed. To get some action in the picture Johnson took his rifle and went forward, while his wife turned the crank.

There was no cover in case the beasts charged, and he walked gingerly toward the herd. One of the bulls was a young tusker. Scenting danger he trumpeted loudly; his trunk snaked up and his ears spread out; and with a furious grunt he charged.

Johnson turned and ran. Behind him, gaining with every step, the enraged elephant pounded; and at his heels came the rest of the stampeding herd. Johnson swerved away from the camera where his wife was cranking automatically, her eyes wide with apprehension. As he did so she let go the crank, grabbed her rifle from the hands of the gunbearer and fired. Her shot did not drop the elephant, but it turned him. Kicking up a cloud of dust he swung about. The other elephants turned too, and in a few moments were out of sight.

Back at the camp Johnson found that the picture of the stampeding herd was clear and vivid. He did all of his developing right in the laboratory he had fitted up at Lake Paradise.

To help him in his developing work Martin trained a young Kikuyu tribesman. But in the warmth of the dark room he found the stink of the black boy's body particularly offensive.

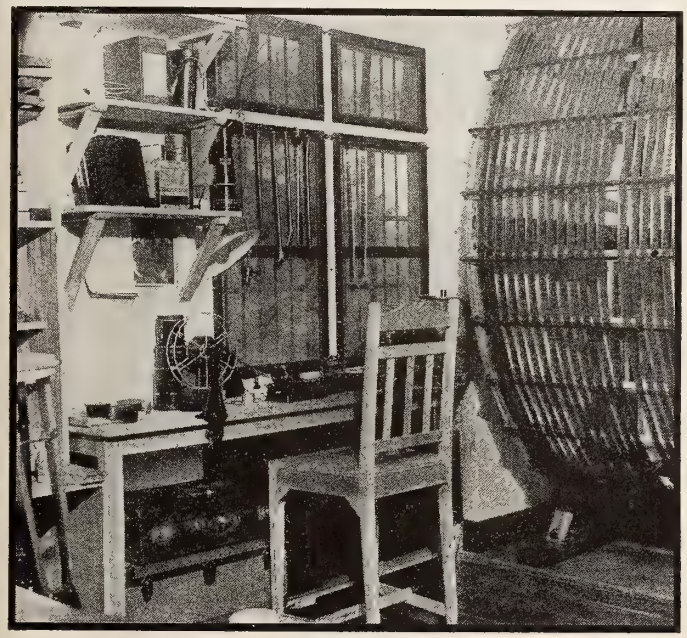
"Why don't you take a bath?" Martin grunted at him one day.

"God made water for hippo, not for black man," the Kikuyu explained.

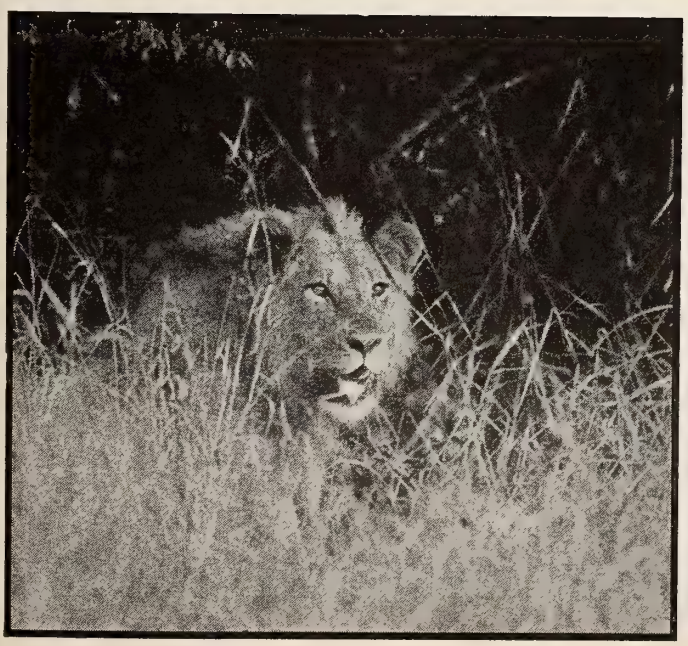
"But you, you smell to high heaven!"

"Bwana," said the black boy, "to the black man, you smell too, and very bad. Even the elephant don't like your smell."

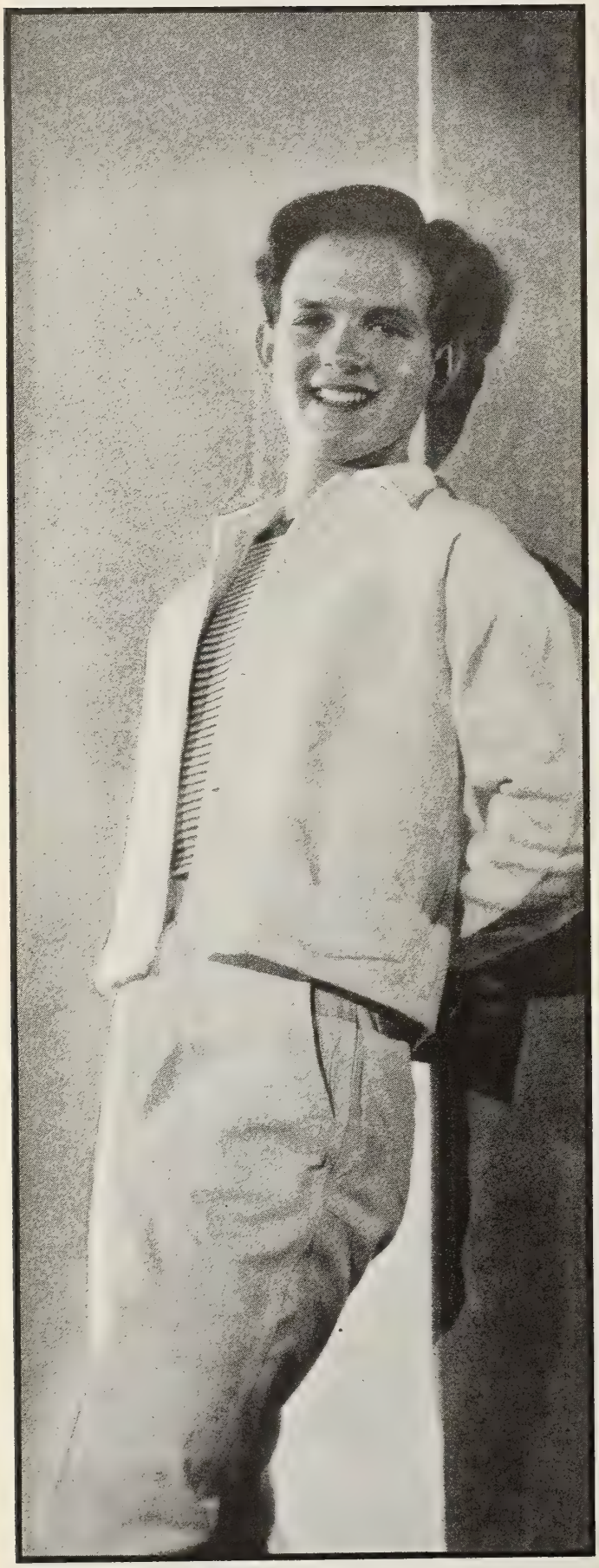
THE shores of the lake were populated with rhinoceri. They were mean customers, and when they charged there were three ways of evading sure death: shoot to kill, dive to one side (*Continued on page 97*)



(Left) The film laboratory at the Lake Paradise home of the Johnsons. Mr. Johnson does all his own developing. (Lower left) The sort of pleasant surprise the Johnsons may run into at any time they step out of the door of their African home. (Below) The one animal which is just naturally high-collar.



THE STRANGE CASE



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

. . . An actor who hates acting. A star who would rather not be a star. Successful in the movies as he is, Eric has only one ambition—to become a great writer. He means what he says, too

By CHARLES GRAYSON

I WAS living in a small house on the edge of the Pacific when I became acquainted with the strange case of this young fellow who heretofore I had known merely as a pleasant acquaintance and a brilliant actor. One night, working late, there was a pounding on the door and he crashed in out of a windstorm—his hair wild, his clothes dishevelled, his eyes excited and afraid.

"I saw your light," he said (he was living in a cottage farther down the beach); "and I don't want to be alone. Do you mind?" He was silent for a moment, then he explained: "I've just finished reading 'Savage Messiah.'"

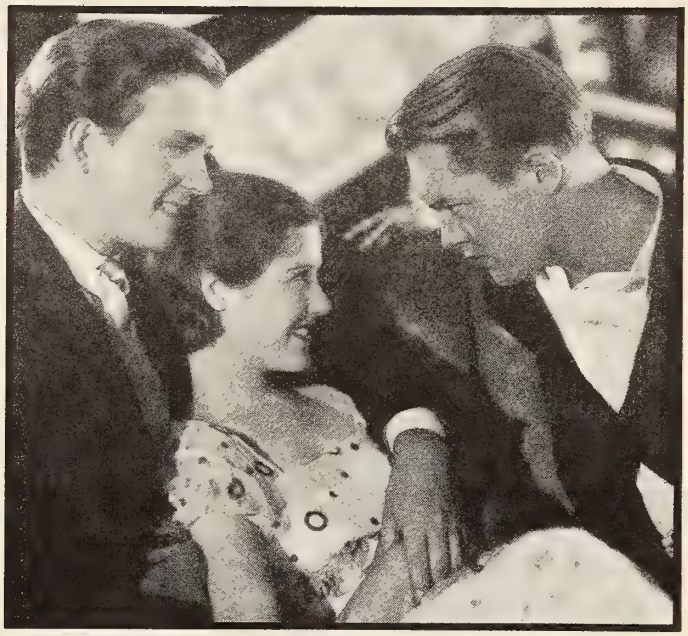
He refused a drink, a seat by the fire, to talk—merely continued to pace about the living-room. Then suddenly his restless glance fell on my typewriter. Slumping down before it he was quiet for a long time. Then slowly the keys began to rattle.

Eric Linden *is* affected by books like "Savage Messiah"—because he is affected by all accounts and details of the poverty and richness, the glamour and misery, the largeness and the smallness and the complicated strangeness of life. That is because at twenty-two he has more creative temperament than nine-tenths of the people in the celluloid city—and knows it. And fears that he may waste this gift before he can give expression to it.

For Eric wants to be a writer. He wants to be a writer more than any writer I know. Instead, he paints his face and drives in each day to a studio to do work he hates with the whole-souled hatred of a man who detests his job.

IF I only had myself," he once exclaimed, "God, I could get along on water and birdseed! But if I did chuck everything that has to do with acting, what about my mother and brother and sister? I've got to keep going

OF ERIC LINDEN



Because he always gives his best to his screen work, Eric is afraid that his creative talent will be wasted in this endeavor instead of being used for writing. (Upper right) With Dorothy Wilson and Richard Cromwell in "The Age of Consent."

on because I've got to keep them going—now. Nor should I mind," he continued more evenly, "if I thought that it's possible for me to hang on to that—that feeling I have for things, and that desire to get them down on paper. But I'm not certain I will be able to—not at all."

"Can't you write nights?"

He shook his head. "Too tired—not a thing left. Oh, I've managed to get some things done, at odd times. But nothing big, nothing sustained. Nothing like I want to do. Just now I'm giving the works to acting.

"But acting in the end is—just acting. There is nothing fundamentally creative about it. In twenty years someone can repeat one of my parts and do it fully as well as I. No one can repeat a writer. That's why it is so much more *important* to put things down on paper than on film. Literature is larger, more real—because it is more permanent. A picture—no matter how fine—is made, shown, and shelved . . . whereas a book may go on indefinitely.

"That's ego, basically, I suppose—the wish to make a lasting impression on the world. That seems to be the reason so many people have children. I'd love to have them. How thrilling to see your own product grow and develop, and perhaps become something that you've never dared to be yourself!

"But I know marriage isn't for me just yet. I've always shot toward a 'youngness,' an unfettered state, as best I can. I feel that when I drop that hope my responsibilities will crystallize me, and I'll become set in a definite mold. I don't want that. Much as I would love to have children, I feel that just now I can express myself best without those little atoms of flesh running around me. They—with their added responsibilities—would keep me from the full life, the complete development, that I am going to ask myself." That's not ego—it's sincerity.

HE has worked at a variety of jobs, this Eric Linden—errand boy, selling newspapers, making deliveries, anything—all the time he was attending school. These naturally were poorly paid occupations, and at fifteen he selected the theatre as the place to make money.

"I managed to get a few small things around theatres, and some dramatic coaching," he told me. "Then I was told that the Theatre Guild was the best spot in all the game for a young actor, and so I went there. I put all the charm I could into my eyes and the corners of my mouth, and told Theresa Helburn how much I wanted to work. She believed me, I guess, for I was given *seven* small parts in 'Marco Millions.'

"I was writing all the time. I had got my first taste of literature, and it had been developed at the time I had managed to put in at Columbia. My whole thought was for the time when I could break away—and write.

"Well, it is taking me longer than I hoped, but it looks like the end is ahead. If I can fill out my five-year contract with Radio, I'll have enough."

Just the other evening he dropped in for a few minutes and struck this off between cigarettes:

"Keeper of stars . . . why have you kept me striding
Over the lonely streets of the lonely town?
Love's in the air tonight . . . I have seen him riding
Poised on the tips of the new white moon
He was riding . . .
I must be in my bed
When the moon comes down."

Ripping the paper from the machine he wadded it into a ball and threw it at the fireplace. Because he stumbled as he threw I was able to retrieve it. "It's terrible," he said.

To which I answered then, and repeat now: "You won't lose, Eric. You have what it takes—and more."

The inside story of the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent Romance

Observers have called it "the friendliest triangle in Hollywood"—the story of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent and Ralph Forbes. That is because in this triangle are involved a civilized lady and two civilized gentlemen who never indulge in histrionics either privately or in public. But behind the scenes there are cross currents of emotion of which only a man "on the inside", such as this writer is, can know—The Editor

GEORGE BRENT, once George Nolan, a barefoot boy of Ballinasloe, half way 'twixt Galway and Athlone; then a daring Dublin dispatch rider during "the trouble"; now a Hollywood hero and ever a gallant gentleman, has fallen captive to love. Her name is Ruth Chatterton. And she's listed in cinema society as a flower of its aristocracy.

To begin with, Fate made it necessary for George to pass two tests before it showered him with favor. One was for Warner Brothers. The other for Ruth Chatterton. Had he failed in the first, the chances are he would never have been eligible for the second. But he didn't.

"The studio liked me," grins George, "but the star had to approve her leading man. So they packed me off over to Ruth's attractive bungalow to undergo the once-over. Talk about embarrassing moments! I felt like take-me-home for $1.98. Or even $1.97, considering the depression!

"I made my bow and felt a little better after her gracious greeting. We talked a little, but to tell the truth the first thing I remember her saying is, 'I suppose they want me to have a look at you.'

"I tried to be nonchalant and said ha-ha I supposed so, too. The next few seconds seemed an awfully long time. but finally:

" 'Well, you look all right to me!'

"I felt like blurting out that she looked pretty swell to me. That's the way I felt inside. But it was scarcely the time or place, was it?"

GEORGE'S smile glistens again. You're never quite certain whether or no this Ballinasloe laddybuck is passing out the Blarney. But it's easy to believe that Ruth made his heart beat harder. The only wonder is that he didn't tell her so then and there. It would be just like him.

In any event, George was all set with the Warners. And, by the same token, he'd passed the Chatterton test,

"In Ruth I've found every single thing a man might seek in a woman," says George. "Beauty, of course. And a mentality that shines with the brilliance of a silver dollar in the sun . . . And she has real honor in the masculine sense of the word."

. . . The real truth about the love of an Irish gentleman and the Screen's First Lady —a story as romantic and as beset with thorny difficulties as any screen drama

By CRUIKSHANK

too. But before he and his heroine faced the cameras and one another in "The Rich Are Always With Us," he had to stand up and be shot. For they wanted to be sure he was just the right type.

It was a harrowing ordeal, to hear George tell it. Ruth herself read him the cue lines as he went through the first scenes of the film-that-was-to-be before forty of the studio's severest critics. But the gods were good. Particularly the fat boy with the arrows. For, looking back, George guesses that Cupid had scored a couple of bull's eyes. There were signs.

"First day on the set," Brent reminisces, "I spilled a cup of coffee, Ruth knocked a prop cordial into her lap, and between us we upset a glass of water. When a couple of troupers indulge in such shennanigans, there's something unusual afoot. This time it was love. Director Al Green was right when he told me that those first day accidents would bring luck. It was surely my luckiest day!

"By the second day, that love diagnosis was certain. You know the real thing when it hits you. And it hit me hard. I had an idea that Ruth felt a little the same way about things. A fellow can tell, somehow. During the rest of the picture we were both in the clouds. It wasn't hard to play the romantic scenes. There weren't enough of them to suit us.

"Honestly, I just can't remember how and when I asked her to marry me. After the day's work, we'd discuss and rehearse the scenes for tomorrow. I'm afraid some personal discussions must have intruded, for we came to know one another much better. I found in Ruth everything a man might possibly desire in a woman. I made up my mind, God willing, not to lose her, and I did some tall arguing that I was specially ordained to bring her happiness. We managed to arrive at an understanding."

And in "The Rich Are Always With Us," this understanding was plainly visible in every sequence. Ruth played each scene with a new warmth, a fresh charm, a deeper sincerity. The warmth, the charm, the sincerity of a woman in love. And as for George, he was a lover playing "for keeps," not just for film fun. Moreover, aside from these romantic manifestations, there was a very practical tip-off in the fact that the footage and the close-ups were on a strictly fifty-fifty basis, with hero and heroine each trying to give the other the better of it. That doesn't happen in Hollywood—unless. . . .

NOW, Ruth has been married before. And so, indeed, has George. So they weren't just a couple of gaga kids swept away by the springtime. But nevertheless, they wanted to be sure. The course of true love is ever turbulent. And the Brent-Chatterton idyll was not en-

(Above, left and right) Ruth and George in "The Rich Are Always With Us" and in "The Crash." For his rôle in the first-named, leading man Brent had to get Miss Chatterton's O. K. as well as Warners. He got it, all right. Cupid had something to do with it.

tirely free from a fly in its ointment. For there was Ralph Forbes—

This earlier romance had long since drifted definitely into the Dead Sea of forgotten affections. But Ruth had done nothing about trimming sail, or dropping the pilot. There had been no need—until now.

So it occurred that these charming people—Ralph, Ruth and George—found themselves webbed in adjacent corners of as perfect a triangle as any movie ever pictured. It was a Difficult Situation. And rapidly became untenable.

Cultivated, highly civilized gentlefolk, all three shrank from enmeshment in a Page One scandal. Yet there had to be a show-down. And there was. Don't be so naïve as to believe that these three were all little pals together!

A condition existed that required some confronting. It was up to George. And he didn't duck. That's not the Irish way. The two men met in an almost casual fashion. That was because they are civilized. But way down deep, cave-man lava must have seethed and bubbled threateningly.

It was a pretty tense interview. It must have been. Yet, on the surface, all that occurred was a statement of the facts by George, a complete understanding on Ralph's part, and as graceful an exit as the blond Briton ever contrived on stage or screen.

"It's not your fault," he told George, "it's not anyone's fault."

As simple as that. And Reno readied the road.

Ruth went abroad and stayed—well, too long to suit George. When she sailed away she told him:

"Maybe we'll change our minds, you and I. We'll see whether it lasts. If it doesn't, let's tell one another. If it does. . . ."

George went on a vaudeville tour with Loretta Young. Quite a test in itself. The name of the sketch was "The Honeymoon." While he played at love on the stage, his heart kept longing for the real honeymoon.

George is twenty-nine, come the March day of the good Saint Padraic. Ruth is a year or so his senior. There's not enough difference to count. What's a month here or there? But there be those who wonder why Brent failed to yield to the lure of the Malibu mermaids, those curveful sirens among the Hollywood ingenues. No laggard in love, this lad Brent. He's been places aplenty. One isn't born possessing a way with the ladies. That's acquired. And the reasons for his final choice has many a damsel wondering.

"Of course they're charming kids, those Hollywood youngsters, every one of 'em," said George. "But for the love of Saint Keven, what would a man do with one as a wife? She'd be in your lap—figuratively and literally—from dawn 'til dark. You'd not be able to call your soul your own. And, saving their presence, it's not to be expected that kids in their 'teens can possibly possess the worldly knowledge, experience, or any of the qualities which make a woman companionable twenty-four hours in the day. Their attractions are for the very young—or the very old. I'm not in either category.

I'VE told you once, and here it is again—in Ruth I've found every single thing a man might seek in a woman. So far as I'm concerned she has everything. Beauty, of course. And a mentality that shines with the brilliance of a silver dollar in the sun. She's not the all-possessive, clinging-vine type. And she has real honor in the masculine sense of the word. She has a code of ethics such as I never found in any woman.

"She has natural dignity and innate refinement. Her natural culture has been augmented by her faculty for surrounding herself with life's finer things. She won't tolerate anything cheap or common. There's no vulgarity, no rough stuff, on the set of a Chatterton picture.

"That, by the way, may be why some persons consider her 'difficult' to get on with. She isn't. You can get a pretty good estimate of character from those in close daily contact. Ruth is adored by every servant in the house and there's not a studio employee who doesn't swear by her.

"There's none of that 'Hi, kid' business in Ruth, but I've yet to meet anyone she hasn't treated with courtesy."

Somehow, a picture recurs of the lovely Ruth, gently sophisticate, mentally brilliant, glamorous, beautiful, presiding at a board spread with snowy linen in a perfectly appointed room, hostess to her friends and her husband's. And George, dark and flashing, trigger-quick at repartee, a genial host because he loves good company like the laird of an Irish manor.

Perhaps, from opposite ends of the long, glistening table, their eyes will meet. And all the world that sees will know that in the perfect understanding, the love that has lasted, these two have found their happy ending.

GIRLS ARE IN A "TOUGH SPOT"

Should a girl, young, pretty, hungry for life and the good things of life, jog along in an "unadventurous" rut or lose herself on the broader paths? Read this fascinating opinion

In "Skyscraper Souls," the picture based on Faith Baldwin's famous novel, "Skyscraper," Lynn (Maureen O'Sullivan) says: "If I have to pay for it later, I'll pay for it—but I'm going to enjoy myself now!" Read Faith Baldwin's views on this

By FAITH BALDWIN

FOR some time I have been looking forward with great interest to the picture "Skyscraper Souls," which has been adapted by Elmer Harris from my novel, "Skyscraper." The picture, as produced, does not adhere strictly to the original story but makes, to my mind, a more satisfactory and exciting drama than if it had. Thanks to splendid photography, the brilliant direction of Mr. Selwyn, the clever dialogue and adaptation of Mr. Harris and the fine performances by a noteworthy cast, I am awfully proud to have my name connected with it.

Basically, of course, the story is the same; and the one very pertinent question which arises in the book and which is strikingly brought out in the picture is, I think, of general interest. It is the age-old question of whether a girl, young, pretty, hungry for life, and the good things of life, shall jog along in the safe, narrow and not very—to her mind—adventurous rut, or shall step aside, detour, if you will, and lose herself on the broader paths that have so easy a beginning and so difficult an end.

For lose herself she must.

Nowadays, girls are in what is commonly known as a tough spot. Most of them have to choose between marrying a man whose job is most uncertain, and getting along on what he may earn. Unless they keep on working, too, which is equally uncertain; or, perhaps, taking the Other Route. For there are still some men with money left in the world, although not many of them appear to be "marrying" men.

Lynn, in "Skyscraper Souls" had that choice. She was young, she was gay-hearted, she was fed up with just "getting along." She was also in love with a young man whose prospects were not much better than her own, who was selfish as youth is always selfish, demanding and jealous. And when she met a man, older, experienced, who could offer what she pleased to consider "everything in the world," she was, quite normally, and being human, very much tempted. She herself says, in the screen play, "I want to do things, see things! If I have to pay for it later, I'll pay for it—but I'm going to enjoy myself now." And then she says, "We only live once and when I die I want to be able to say, 'Well, I didn't miss much!' "

That's one way of looking at it. Another way is to look at it as did Sarah in the story, who replies, "I'm afraid, my dear, you'll be missing a great deal."

LET'S take a girl like Lynn, any girl, an every-day girl, and look at the problem from her angle. Suppose she says to herself, given the same situation, "Why shouldn't I do as I please; I'll be hurting no one but myself?" It doesn't much matter whether what she is considering is a marriage for (*Continued on page 89*)

Constance Cummings and Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy."

Janet Gaynor, George Meeker and Charles Farrell in "The First Year."

REVIEWS—A TOUR

MOVIE CRAZY
(Paramount)

A bell-ringer for the bespectacled Harold Lloyd! "Movie Crazy" is a picture that makes us comedy fans want more Lloyd pictures.

He's the movie-mad guy who comes to Hollywood, meets and falls in love with a "nice" girl who turns out to be a beeg star. You say that smacks of our old friend, "Merton of the Movies" . . . but wait a minute! You're not reckoning with a new personality-plus Lloyd and a whole projection room full of new and hilarious gags. Constance Cummings never looked or acted better than as the Hollywood girl who gets Harold all sort o' panicky. Louise Closser Hale and a swell cast round out a comedy you'd better see.

THE FIRST YEAR
(Fox)

Gaynor and Farrell are the young couple who find that the first year of marriage holds enough pitfalls for a lifetime. It's interesting to note that Mrs. Farrell's son Charles is breaking out with a case of good acting, a malady he hasn't had for a long time.

The family circle is completed by the bride's father (Robert McWade), mother (Maude Eburne), uncle (Dudley Digges) and Hattie, maid by proxy, (Leila Bennett). The dinner sequence where Miss Bennett presides is among *the* funniest.

Janet and Charlie leap over those first year pitfalls and everything is roses and hyacinth. Take the family.

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD
(Warner Bros.)

Constance Bennett plays the daughter of wealth who must sacrifice her good name to save her brother's life. Knowing that it was her married sister who was involved with the murdered man, Connie must mount the witness stand and blacken her own character to save her brother's life on the plea of "the unwritten law."

Strangely enough, the man she loves (Neil Hamilton) must act as the prosecuting attorney at the trial. With the brother's acquittal, Miss Bennett and Mr. Hamilton get together for a happy ending.

Hamilton grabs chief acting honors, but Connie's good.

Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert in "Downstairs."

DOWNSTAIRS
(M-G-M)

This is another step for John Gilbert up the ladder that leads to his former preëminence—and a new sort of rôle. John wrote this story of a ruthless chauffeur, who downstairs—in the servants' quarters—works very smoothly, acquires the cook's bankroll, and starts to make love to Virginia Bruce (you know, his real-life fiancée). Paul Lukas is in it, too. Gilbert gives a most convincing performance.

DOWN TO EARTH
(Fox)

It's a sequel to but not an equal of "They Had to See Paris." The homely antics of Will Rogers are all in evidence; and Irene Rich is again his socially ambitious wife.

When all the money is gone and they move back to the old home, sonny marries the stenographer he loves, mama is reconciled, and papa is a darned sight happier.

Not Will's best. But if you like him, see it.

These write-ups tell you the details of the new pictures

Joan Crawford and Walter Huston in "Rain."

Joel McCrea and Dolores Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise."

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Eric Linden and Joan Blondell in "Big City Blues."

BIG CITY BLUES (Warner Bros.)

Country boy (Eric Linden) storms Big City (New York) and falls for hard-boiled but true-blue chorine (Joan Blondell). A girl is killed at a drinking party in the boy's room; his champagne-bottle pals desert him—all but Joan. He didn't do it and Joan didn't do it, but it's tough convincing the police.

Good comedy and fast-moving action. Linden and Blondell stack up high as a team.

THE BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)

In this, Marlene plays a New York housewife and mother. Her chemist husband (Herbert Marshall) is poisoned and she needs money to send him to Europe for a cure. Working in a night club, she needs still more money and accepts it from Cary Grant. This makes trouble. But there's a happy ending of course.

Marlene sings—and what clothes she wears! Dickie Moore, as her son, almost cops the prizes. Excellent.

RAIN (United Artists)

You have probably seen Jeanne Eagels or Gloria Swanson in the dramatic rôle of Sadie Thompson. Now Joan Crawford brings this character to the talking screen, with a supporting cast that shames comparison. Walter Huston is tremendous as the fanatical reformer, and that newcomer, William Gargan, plays the hard-boiled Marine with finesse. Guy Kibbee, Walter Catlett and Beulah Bondi are excellent.

Joan Crawford tops any of her former portrayals as the society-scorned Sadie who falls in love with the Marine and proves the minister who would reform her a hypocrite. This is one of Hollywood's most pretentious offerings. Don't miss it.

BIRD OF PARADISE (Radio)

Director King Vidor, Dolores Del Rio, Joel McCrea, an excellent supporting cast and the men behind the cameras, all deserve highest praise for contributing to the breath-taking beauty of this.

The story is old. It concerns the great love of an American boy (Joel McCrea) for a South Sea princess (Dolores Del Rio) who, the tribal laws demand, must marry a native prince. The princess and her white lover hide on an isolated island, later to be captured by the revengeful native prince who plots to offer them to the volcanic god, Peli. The lovers are rescued by the boy's companions, but not for the conventional happy ending.

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES (M-G-M)

M-G-M gave this a notable mounting and a better-than-good cast. Blondie (Marion Davies) is the innocent one who walks the straight-and-narrow path to success in the "Follies." While her chum (Billie Dove) tries to go the same place, via the path of primroses. Billie's heavy sugar, Robert Montgomery, falls in love with the sweet, square-shooting Blondie. Jealousy overcomes her girl friend and during the "Follies" routine, Billie lets go Marion's hand, and the fall seriously injures the latter.

There is finally a happy ending. Jimmy Durante, James Gleason and Zasu Pitts complete the cast.

Read them carefully before you decide which show to choose

Pat O'Brien and Lillian Bond in "Airmail."

Richard Cromwell and Dorothy Wilson in "The Age of Consent."

AIRMAIL (Universal)

After seeing this drama of the airmail pilots' bravery to deliver the mail in spite of hardship and disaster, you'll realize just what you are buying when you put out that next eight cents for an airmail stamp. Ralph Bellamy and Pat O'Brien are swell as the risk-taking aviators. Gloria Stuart and Lillian Bond furnish the inspirational pulchritude. Slim Summerville, Russell Hopton and Leslie Fenton all figure in the punch-laden story.

The picture opens with a bang. Some new twists in plot, and a good cast and director.

CONGORILLA (Fox)

The Martin Johnsons went into the Ituri forest, in the Belgian Congo, with a talking picture camera and came out with perhaps the most remarkable and authentic scene pictures of that locality.

Although you will not find awe-inspiring jungle battles in this picture, you will be able to see the Pygmy in his native haunts. There is a laugh-provoking scene in which a pair of these little folk try one of Johnson's cigars.

Fine scenes of gorillas in the midst of the forest conclude this fascinating African picture.

SKYSCRAPER SOULS (M-G-M)

Faith Baldwin's "Skyscraper" is transferred to the talkies in gorgeous fashion.

Warren William is the big boss who built the skyscraper. A newcomer to Hollywood, Verree Teasdale, plays his assistant and mistress. She refuses to be cast aside in favor of her more youthful secretary, Maureen O'Sullivan, and plays her only card before the wholesome romance between Maureen and Norman Foster is broken up by William the unscrupulous.

M-G-M gives this a big cast, including Jean Hersholt, Wallace Ford, Anita Page and Hedda Hopper.

HORSEFEATHERS (Paramount)

The Four Marx Brothers do it again!

This time they inherit a college . . . and what they do for the students, athletes and professors is enough to send you home talking to yourself. The comedy rips along at such a terrific pace that it almost seems as though it were one long laugh.

The football field and the once solemn classrooms afford the background for the gags—which, by the way, are all brand new stuff. The ending is very tricky and clever so you will want to see that for yourself. This is a "must" for all you fans who are Marx-conscious.

THE AGE OF CONSENT (Radio)

Here's that "true picture of modern college life" that you've been waiting for!

It's really to decide that age-old question of Diploma vs. Marriage . . . and what a flock of action is crowded into the answer! This will introduce to you Dorothy Wilson, the pretty stenographer on the studio lot who was given an opportunity . . . and she comes through with flying colors! Richard Cromwell is in it too.

Some good situations . . . excellent dialogue . . . and a flock of orchids for the first-timer, Dorothy Wilson.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Universal)

Your old friend Frankenstein goes on a drunk! As the hideous, mute servant in the old dark house, Boris Karloff conveys horror to the screen all right. Others of a splendid cast are sacrificed in an attempt to make a spine-chiller really spine-chilling. It shows you what transpires in an ill-fated house in the Welsh mountains, when five strangers must seek refuge in it from a terrific storm. And then Karloff hits the bottle and releases a madman from his prison on the top floor. . . . Lots of horror in this one.

HOLD 'EM JAIL (Radio)

Wheeler and Woolsey antic this time as members of a prison football team. When they aren't playing football, they're cutting up with Edna May Oliver, the warden's sister. Or, as in the case of Wheeler, falling in love with the warden's daughter, Betty Grable.

It all dates back to the prison's need for new football material and that institution's alumni framing the comics in a night club hold-up to make them eligible for the team. It's amusing, but, truthfully, the comedian-filled cast and situation really promise more laughs than are forthcoming.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount)

The glamorous Bankhead and the virile Gary Cooper are teamed together. And very wisely, too. Cooper is a naval officer stationed in North Africa. He falls hopelessly in love and is loved by Tallulah, who turns out to be the wife of an insanely jealous man (Charles Laughton, from the stage), who happens to be Gary's commander.

This trio, Bankhead, Cooper and Laughton, make for excellence. Tallulah is given the best chance of her Hollywood career, and this newcomer, Charles Laughton, is a finished actor. We hope to see him often.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Harold Lloyd for being funnier than ever before in "Movie Crazy."

Photograph by Hurrell

We honor John Gilbert for writing, adapting and starring in "Downstairs."

Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

We honor Constance Bennett for her new power in "What Price Hollywood?" and "Two Against the World."

THE LURE

By ALICE WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

MARY MOORE received a small legacy from an uncle. She decided to spend it on going to Hollywood—which seemed the most alluring place in all the world to her. She didn't go there to get into the movies. All she wanted was to see the place and the stars. I met her on the train as I, too, was on my way to Hollywood which I visit every year.

At the station I was presented with the key to the city and I managed to have Mary Moore photographed with me. I knew that that would help her in being introduced to Hollywood. Through it she was invited to a party at Marion Davies' beach house. At the party Norma Shearer invited her to visit her at the studio.

A PLAIN card with a few words written on it by the great Norma Shearer was quite enough to get Mary by the doorman at M-G-M. In fact, the card was a magic token and Mary was looked on with respect. She was given a special guide and her first privilege was to see Norma trying on some dresses for a picture.

"Do you think it looks all right?" Norma asked as she slowly turned before a mirror. "I'm to wear it in 'Smilin' Thru.' And I *do* so want it to be quite right."

"I think it's *sweet*," Mary said and Norma smiled delightedly.

Presently an interviewer came in, a girl from one of the movie magazines. Norma was friendly and gracious and after talking to the journalist for a short while she

OF HOLLYWOOD

Going to the fights was supremely thrilling. As Mary and Dick walked to their ringside seats Mary picked out a number of stars. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Ricardo Cortez, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were just ahead of her. Joel McCrea was already seated.

. . . You can imagine how Mary Moore felt when she—an unknown little girl from the Middle West—found herself moving in the gay social whirl of Hollywood and its glamorous stars

introduced little Mary Moore.

"Well, you are the luckiest girl!" exclaimed the interviewer, who didn't look much older than Mary herself. "You must have been born under a very lucky star. Strangers don't get into the studios, you know. Not one girl out of a million would have this chance to talk with Norma. You're sort of unique."

"I guess I am," Mary said a little shyly.

After leaving Norma Shearer's bungalow Mary was conducted by the guide to Marion Davies studio home.

Marion was looking over some new photographs which had just been taken of her following the completion of "Blondie of the Follies," and thrilled Mary by giving her one. Just as Marion's Santa Monica cottage had seemed to Mary like a big castle by the sea, so did the bungalow on the lot seem a gorgeous Spanish palace oddly transported there from nowhere as if somebody had rubbed a magic lamp.

NOBODY else in movieland has anything so wonderful in the way of a dressing-room, though next to it in grandeur is the one on the Paramount lot which belonged to Pola Negri, then to Clara Bow and now belongs to Sylvia Sidney.

"I have to have quite a house," Marion explained to Mary, "because they always expect me to entertain all the Princes and Princesses and Dukes and Duchesses who come to visit our studio. For the credit of the profession, you can't do that in a ten by twelve!"

There are two floors in Marion's grand, hacienda-looking bungalow.

"Only the upstairs part is really private to me," she said. "But you shall see the downstairs first."

There's a huge central room or hall, with a high-beamed ceiling, and the floor is of polished wood. Here and there is a beautiful old Persian rug. It was a warmish day, though cool for California, so a sweet-smelling log or two glowed in the big fireplace. There weren't any pictures on the walls except two or three portraits of friends; but as decorations, there were some beautiful candelabra.

Off this room, where Marion receives her many guests, Mary walked into a dining room that had in the centre an antique refectory table out of some old monastery. There were twenty-four carved chairs that looked as ancient as the table and any amount of lovely silver, old Sheffield, beautiful china and sparkling crystal.

"You know," Marion said, "I suppose I have as little time to myself as any girl in the world. Lots of people drop in to lunch every day—guests and directors and what not. Even to dinner as well, for, of course, I'm here at the studio almost every night when I'm working on a picture. But I don't mind. I like people!"

Mary knew that without telling; for you can't make people like you unless you like them—and Marion Davies is, perhaps, the most beloved girl in Hollywood. Whenever she finishes a picture she has a present—an individual sort of present, too—for every person who has worked with her. She has, besides, a hundred charities; and though Marion would never have told this herself, Mary had just heard from her studio guide that Miss Davies was supporting a star whom the depression had forced into idleness. "Not only that," the guide had said, "but she sends the star books and flowers and writes a letter once a week—not typed, but with her own hand." But let's get on with our tour.

NOW, come upstairs, and see the room where I can be myself," said Marion, golden-haired, fresh as a rose and dressed in a little gingham gown which she actually had made herself.

So they went up the winding stairway — sort of hurriedly, because Marion was expecting some friends in early to lunch and had to do a retake in the afternoon. From the windows, Mary appreciated even more the charming patio below with its fountain and palms and wicker chairs.

"We don't talk about 'boudoirs' nowadays," laughed Marion, with a hint of her delightful stammer. "But here's what *would* be my boudoir if we did call it one! Anyhow, it's my rest room. And precious little time do I get to rest in it."

It *was* restful in atmosphere; pretty and dainty as all Marion's things are. But Mary was more excited about the dressing rooms and wardrobes, with a heavenly smell of perfume and expensive sachets hanging about them. The wardrobes were crammed, but neatly crammed, with gowns, little sports costumes, beach wraps and magnificent evening coats; hats, too, and tiny shoes arranged in a most fascinating way, all the same sorts and colors together.

Mary could hardly bear to tear herself away and Marion, seeing how she admired everything so, gave her a pretty choker which she must have bought in Paris.

"Do have it! It suits you better than it does me. It's to remember me by."

Mary stammered out her thanks. Then she prepared to leave the heavenly spot for, downstairs, people were already trooping in for luncheon and there were a few in the patio. One of those few came forward as Mary appeared and said: "I was waiting for you. I knew you were on the lot, being shown the bungalow."

It was Dick Garth, who had danced with her at the Roosevelt, and had been so kind. As she saw him she suddenly realized that he was tremendously attractive.

"I've actually got a job here at M-G-M," he said. "Just a bit in a picture. But it's my first chance and I'm going to do a flying stunt that Dick Grace has been teaching me. Would you like to have lunch with me in the Cafeteria, and see the stars? I'm not important enough to eat in the section where the great ones go, but we'll see them pass through and there'll be plenty of small stars and 'near stars' around us."

Would she like it . . . ?

"You must come out and have a swim on our little beach at Malibu," Lilyan Tashman said to Mary and Dick. "Yes, you'll love it," Edmund Lowe chimed in. Mary could hardly believe her ears.

AFTER she had had glimpses of Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler and romantic Ramon Novarro "passing through" to the place of the great ones and had admired at least a dozen young "potential" stars—including Karen Morley and Madge Evans—seated around her while she ate alligator pear salad and ice cream, Dick could see how much she liked it. Her eyes were bright with happiness. Then, to crown all, Dick asked her if she'd like to go to the fights that night. Mary had never been to a fight, but it would never do to show that she wasn't sophisticated. So she said she'd just love to go.

Garth explained that he had just had some ringside tickets given him by someone who had another date and couldn't go at the last minute.

"You'll be in the midst of everybody who's anybody there," Dick said.

"What should I wear?" Mary asked.

"Oh, anything!" he answered, manlike. Then remembered himself, "Well, if you'd care to put on something *sort* of evening-like, under a coat, we could go on afterwards and dance at the Cocoanut Grove."

"That will be *wonderful!*" Mary said. And so that night she put on what in her home town would have been her best for evening wear; a *(Continued on page 99)*

The chap who SUPPORTS ME

(Above) Hardie Albright and his dog, "Tuppenny." (Left) A drawing of "Tuppenny" by her master himself.

. . . You can learn all about Hardie Albright in this delightful story inspired by Hardie's dog, "Tuppenny." Let Tuppenny speak for herself—

By "Tuppenny" as told to JACK JAMISON

OH, young man! Here! There's no use ringing that doorbell. Nobody's at home this afternoon. Mr. Albright has been asked to play in five pictures lately, you know, and he's very busy. I haven't seen him myself since this morning when he brought out breakfast for the children and me.

You're an interviewer, aren't you? My, my, another one. I thought so. How do I know? Oh, you all look alike. You all have such a worried look. A lot of interviewers have been coming out here to see Hardie. And if you'll pardon an elderly lady's frankness—I'm a mother myself, with boys of my own—none of you has much sense. No, not much sense, I'm afraid. "Is Hardie Albright at home?" "Will Mr. Albright give me a story for my magazine?" That's all any of you ever say.

I may not know much about writing, but I know you'll never get a very good story by asking Mr. Albright to tell you about himself. In the first place, he's an awful scatterbrain, that one, and in the second place his family brought him up not to talk about himself and Hollywood hasn't changed him a bit. Being in the profession as I am, or at any rate connected with it, as you might say, I meet a great many actors, and most of them like nothing better than to talk about themselves; but Mr. Albright isn't that way. He's silly about a lot of things, I must say, but not about himself. But *(Continued on page 105)*

. . . HOLLYWOOD'S

(Left) Anita Page showed great sense in her weight-losing campaign. She had a basal metabolism test—the article tells you just what that is and where you could obtain one, too—and then adopted a scientific diet. (Above) Minna Gombell follows the Army setting-up exercises to keep slim.

. . . Do's and don't's for dieters in profusion—the basal metabolism test, what it is and how it should be made—exercise hints—and a scientific diet

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

LAST month in MODERN SCREEN we learned how the motion picture stars, advised by the finest physicians both here and in Europe, manage to keep at ideal weights. We found they count calories but, more than this, that they are careful to include in their lenient and varied diet fare all of the various foods which supply us with carbohydrates, proteins, fats, vitamins and minerals, all vitally important to our system. And then, so that we could make up menus for ourselves on which we, in turn, might gain or lose ten, twenty or even more pounds, we learned which foods contain these different properties. And we were given a chart showing exactly how many calories different foods contain as well as a height, weight, and age chart so that we could tell, at a glance, just how many pounds over or under weight we are.

There remain, however, some do's and don't's for those who wish to reduce and who already have begun to regulate

WEIGHT SECRETS

Sylvia Sidney takes, every morning, a glass of hot water containing the juice of a lemon as a safeguard against digestive disorders. It keeps her well.

Carole Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Peters, are both slim, so Carole probably inherited her sveltness. Yes, weight certainly is hereditary.

their fare as the stars do. Here they are:

1. Do not eat between meals.
2. Do not drink during meals.
3. Do not oversleep.
4. Abstain from all alcoholic drinks.
5. Have massage or exercise or both in order that the fat cells, weakened by dieting, may be broken down.
6. Do not be fooled by the theory that cutting down on water will reduce you. This affects your weight temporarily by drying up your body tissues but that is all. *Fat is made from food, not from water.*
7. The juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water every morning is excellent. It is by this method Sylvia Sidney guards against digestive disturbances.

The setting-up exercises used in the United States Army are recommended by Minna Gombell. These exercises consist of arm and leg stretching and trunk turning and bending.

The Japanese insist that if your stomach muscles are hard your whole body will radiate strength. Trunk turning and bending exercises are designed to accomplish this very thing.

Army games, as a matter of fact, are also designed with the same idea in mind. There is one Army game that is a lot of fun as well as beneficial from a health and reducing standpoint. Get a group of people together and try it some time. Six on a side would do.

Divide the group into teams.

Form two lines, one line for each team.

The first person in each line, at a given signal, passes a ball between his legs to the person behind him. The second person passes the ball to the person behind him. And so on until the ball finally reaches the last person in the line, who has to pick it up and run with it to the front of the line. The team that's first to get through the whole line and back to the starter wins.

ANY Sunday afternoon you'll find members of the film colony at Malibu playing this old Army game and having a fine time with it. In Hollywood the old Greek reverence for physical perfection lives again. And so we find intelligent dieting and health and beauty building exercises and games looked upon with high favor. On the other hand, almost all of the other anti-fat practises are taboo, endangering as they do health itself.

Frequent cathartics and high colonic irrigations are undoubtedly the most common of the anti-fat practises. Both remove the food eaten before the body has had time to extract from it those properties which it needs (contrary to the general belief, it takes from three to four days for food to be properly assimilated and eliminated) and before there has been time for part of the food to be transformed into fuel and part of it into the required building materials. Both the frequent use of cathartics and high

(Above) Remember Alice Terry? If ever there was a slim princess star, she was it. But Alice gave up the screen because her constant dieting amounted to drudgery. (Right) Pearl White, too, is much, much heavier than she was in her grand old serial days.

Nita Naldi, always a voluptuous type, has now definitely given up dieting. These three former actresses decided that the glory wasn't worth being a little hungry. Perhaps some of you agree with them—now. But you probably won't when you finish this article.

irrigations, besides robbing the system of the properties it must have to function normally, impair certain organs and certain organic muscles so that eventually they lose their ability to function properly even after such practises have been discontinued.

The capacity of an adult stomach is about three pints. It can and does, however, accommodate itself to the amount of food eaten. Therefore, literally, the more you eat the more you want because once your stomach stretches, it feels empty unless you keep on giving it the excessive amount to which it is accustomed. And all of this excessive food is like so much manna to the fat cells which thrive upon it, demanding more and more.

All of which explains why the first week or the first ten days of any diet prove the most trying. People usually have previously eaten a greater amount of food than their diet allows. Therefore, until their stomach shrinks to a size sufficient only to hold the new amount of food it feels empty.

MANY of the Hollywod stars go on an exclusive orange juice diet for one or two days before starting on a prescribed diet routine. The purpose of this is to give the system a chance to eliminate *all* food stored within it. The patient gets a nice fresh start and, besides, there is a definite psychological blessing in this idea: if you make up your mind that all you can have for a day or two is orange juice, it is comparatively easy to exert your will power and *stick* to orange juice. If, however, you start right in on reduced rations, you are inclined to hedge a bit. "Oh, well," you argue, "I'm really cutting out fattening things. I guess it won't hurt to have another helping of vegetables." And, of course, two helpings of even non-fattening foods have exactly twice as many calories as one helping. Kathryn Crawford, who had gained considerable weight before her return to the screen in "Flying High," went on an exclusive orange juice diet for a week—but she went to a hospital for the purpose and had a trained nurse in attendance the whole time.

There is the danger, always, of going on a diet so strenuous that when the doctor whom you finally are obliged to consult insists you eat more than you have been eating you find yourself unable to do so. Your stomach can shrink to a size insufficient even to hold an adequate diet.

"All of this talk about counting calories and including in your diet those properties vital to your system is all right," I can hear some of you complain. "But how is it that I gain weight out of all proportion to what I eat? It seems to me I gain if I even look at food! I don't eat nearly as much food or nearly as rich food as my girl friend and yet she remains lovely and slim! Etc., etc."

The answer to this is also simple but, unfortunately, at the present time the remedy for this is available only to those who live in or near a large city.

An inclination to put on weight out of all proportion to what you eat has been traced to a subnormal metabolism. An inclination to lose weight out of all proportion to what you eat has been traced to an over-active metabolism. And you may as well familiarize yourself with these terms right now because they're going to become as common as hearts and lungs and brains.

LAST month when talking about iodine we learned it was important to the thyroid gland. Physicians call our thyroid gland the policeman of our system. It is this gland which controls our metabolism. Metabolism is the process whereby we incorporate into our own tissues substances obtained from our food, making these part of our own body and also transforming (*Continued on page 90)*

AT THE WHIPPET RACES

. . . See 'em go! The fastest entrants from the Culver City Kennel Club put their best paws forward, while the stars watch and cheer

These pictures by Hollywood Newspictures

(Above) Ole Man Beery looks as if he's enjoying it. (Below) Jimmie Dunn, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Fay and his brilliant wife, Barbara Stanwyck.

(Above) Marian Marsh, with sister Jean at her left and her brother standing in back. Nice looking boy, isn't he? (Below) George Raft looking 'em over.

(Above) Sally Eilers, on husband Hoot Gibson's lap. Yes, they've called an armistice. (Below) Newlyweds Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn.

Edward Everett Horton's Remarkable Memory

By EDITH KENDALL

It was Edward Everett Horton's tremendously wise grandmother who really prepared him for the stage. She accomplished it in her own clever fashion. (Above) Edward with Arline Judge and Richard Dix in "Roar of the Dragon." (Right) At the sound stage door.

THIS is not the story of a famous actor. It is merely an incident in the life of a baby boy—a cut-back let's call it. The child's name is Edward Everett Horton, a long name for a little boy.

On one of Brooklyn's quiet streets is a three-story brick house, its marble stoop washed and shining. Inside, seated in a heavily-carved rosewood chair, is a Scotch grandmother. Her hair is heavy and dark and piled high and securely on top of her head. Her dark eyes are straight-browed. There is something vigorous about her hands as she weaves her darning back and forth. A baby is perched on the arm of her chair, a book open on his wobbly knee. He can't be two years old—he still wears frilly dresses.

"A is for apple, B is for boat—" Everett prattles on.

So this baby child learned his alphabet at his grandmother's knee. She kept him always near her regardless of what she might be doing. That stern Scotch grandparent pushed him through his alphabet at eighteen months. She loved him passionately but she did not pet him or fondle him.

"You're too big for that book now Everett. Where's your 'Mother Goose'?" At two years he recited all those jingles. He merely kept the book open before him. He thought he was reading, but he knew them by heart.

It is his third birthday—he knows reams of verse. There are presents strewn about him on the floor. "This is from Grandmother"—a large, bulky package. He unwraps it. What a present for a child—a child of three! It is a pair of maroon plush portières with velvet fringe. The child's mother is amazed.

"To go between the front and back parlors," volunteers the grandmother. "They will draw all the way across and make a sort of stage. Then Everett can recite his verses without the book." So up went the new portières between the trim parlors with their beautifully carved marble mantles. "Pops" drew the curtains and Everett made his first stage appearance:

The next day his grandmother put on his stiff white pleated dress and took him to a private kindergarten just around the corner.

"But he's so little! He should be five, you know," and the little spinster teacher smoothed his yellow hair.

"Just try him a day or so." The grandmother's back was very straight, her smooth black hair high on her head.

Until Edward Everett was six he went to that little kindergarten. Often he slipped away in the afternoon and his teacher was always waiting to help him with the long words. Even when there were two brothers and a sister to play with there was the lure of his books.

And so to college, writing the school play. His mother with a troubled look in her eye. "Maybe he'll be a minister. His father's brother was—" Then one day a telegram: off to New Zealand with a theatrical company.

Did that early memory work make it possible for Actor Horton to play every night in his own theatre in Hollywood, directing the succeeding play at night after the curtain had fallen, to be at the studio the next morning by nine o'clock in make-up, his lines ready for the mike?

Most actors, good and bad, have fair memories, but Horton has the most remarkable memory I have ever yet encountered. He literally knows dozens of plays without having to refresh his memory. We see too little of this amusing actor. But those of you who saw him in "The Age for Love," in "Reaching for the Moon" and in "Holiday," will remember him and be glad that you can see him again in "Roar of the Dragon" with Richard Dix.

I once accused him of having the ability to stand in the wings and memorize a rôle while waiting for his cue.

"Such talk—" he scoffed, and I'm sure he looked just as his Scotch grandmother did in those old days.

Was it a Ghost Elissa Landi Saw?

By JACK GRANT

Elissa Landi is undoubtedly an imaginative type—but not the sort of hysterically imaginative girl who would ever imagine the ghost story herein described. No. It actually happened to her. (Above) With Alexander Kirkland and Paul Lukas in "A Passport to Hell."

THE following story I cannot doubt. It was told to me by Elissa Landi, the Fox star. She is not an excitable person. She is imaginative—yes—but by no means hysterically so. There are too many brains in that red-gold head. Too much sense and balance which, together with the brains, have enabled her to write a successful novel in between making one picture after another for Fox, the most recent of which was, as you probably know, "A Passport to Hell." At present, she is busy working in DeMille's "Sign of the Cross," for which picture she was signed by Paramount.

"I do not believe in haunted houses," Elissa Landi says. "Yet I once had an experience near a haunted house—a weird experience that was shared by my husband. We both saw and heard the same things. There can be no doubt about it. A headless and handless figure appeared before our eyes. We described it to one another and our descriptions, mine and my husband's, tallied exactly.

"When I express disbelief in the existence of haunted houses, I do not mean to convey the impression that I am denying a belief in the supernatural. Just what I do believe is a bit difficult to explain concisely. Bear with me if I seem to digress.

"It has been proved in the development of the radio that sound waves made by the human voice can be transmitted around the world. Mechanical ingenuity has made it possible for us to turn a dial and tune in programs that originated many thousands of miles away. We are no longer amazed by such a feat.

"Stop to consider what happens to sound waves. I say certain words to you and you hear them. If I speak loud enough, I may be heard in the next room. But I cannot shout so as to be understood even a mile away unless my voice is amplified. Is this, then, the limit of the scope of sound waves or do they continue on into limitless space, too faint to be heard by human ears? We do not know and therefore can only offer a speculative answer.

"I believe that every sound ever made exists in the ether today. We cannot hear intelligible words unaided by mechanical apparatus any more than we can listen to radio programs without turning on our radios. But I fully believe that some day we will be able literally to tune in on the infinite. I find it easy to conceive of the possibility of the development of a device similar to the radio that will enable us to listen to words spoken a thousand years ago.

FREQUENTLY we read of radio broadcasts being received in kitchen stoves, furnaces and the like. Radio engineers have logical explanations for such phenomena. Is it not feasible that haunted houses may be explained in a similar manner? Due to some reason not understood by us at the present time, houses and other places said to be haunted may simply be natural receiving sets for words from the dead past. If we are willing to go a bit further than that and progress into the theory of television, ghostly manifestations may find explanation in the same way. But let's get on with my ghost story.

"I was in London at the time, playing in 'The Constant Nymph.' Johnny and I were engaged to be married and he called for me nearly every night after the show. This particular night was very warm and we decided to go driving for the air.

"We drove along the Thames toward Richmond on the London Road. The river bank was lined with motorcars and we encountered heavy traffic all the way. Quite apparently our method of cooling off after a warm day lacked originality. Even the streets leading to the Thames were crowded with parked cars.

"Our progress was slow. Then suddenly we sighted a lane absolutely deserted. Johnny *(Continued on page 88)*

Revealing the Sari Maritza Hoax

(Left) Vivian Gaye, Sari Maritza's manager and (right) Sari herself. Few young girls who've become bitten with the movie bug ever put over quite such a clever hoax as Sari did with the help of Vivian. It started in London some years ago.

By LAURA LOUISE LOWRY

IT all started as a prank—a hoax perpetrated on dear ole Lunnon by two school-girls. But it had a far-reaching effect that climaxed in Hollywood's importation of a new "foreign" star—namely, Sari Maritza. Three American studios competed for her services. Paramount won.

In the biography of Sari Maritza as prepared by Paramount, her birth in Tientsin, China, in 1910, her education in English and Continental schools and her ultimate success in pictures made in England and Germany are reported accurately and entertainingly. The biography also established Miss Vivian Gaye as the discoverer and manager of Sari (pronounced "Sorry" as in "I'm sorry).

The most interesting chapter of the life story of this young actress, however, is omitted, or at least ignored in the Paramount account—perhaps purposely. We heard the tale from a London friend and immediately sought out Vivian Gaye to ask for her version of the affair.

"I never have told the real story for publication," she said. "I can see no harm in doing so now. You seem to know a good deal about it and you might just as well have all the facts."

Vivian Gaye, it must be admitted, is not at all the sort of person one generally associates with managerial duties. She is young—only two years older than Sari—blond and quite attractive. Certainly she could seek an American screen career of her own if she were so minded.

VIVIAN GAYE has had a little over a year's experience on the English stage and a good deal more in amateur dramatics. It was a modern-dress version of "Hamlet," performed in her final year in finishing school, that led to her start in the professional theatre. Her father, however, did not approve and after a year he prevailed upon her to give up the stage to devote herself to the management of his house and the entertainment of its guests. This because of the illness of her Russian mother.

Toward the end of her first season of social activity, some friends told Vivian of a young girl about to be graduated from a school in Switzerland. This girl was Patricia Detring-Nathan, the daughter of Major Detring-Nathan. Since childhood, Patricia had talked of nothing except her ambition to become an actress. It was thought that, as Vivian had had professional experience, she might be willing to help young Patricia. Permission was asked to bring the girl to call when she returned to England.

Vivian's own school days were not so far removed that she could not find ready understanding of the theatrical ambitions of Patricia. The two girls hit it off immediately. They discussed the best ways of winning quick recognition on the stage and from their discussions, a wild plan evolved. It started more or less as a prank to direct attention to the newcomer. When it worked so well, they decided to continue the hoax.

Having been educated on the Continent, Patricia was practically unknown in London. It was decided to invent an exotic and colorful history for "an actress fresh from triumphs in the capitals of Europe." A seasoning of scandal was added to flavor the tale. It was suggested that despite her youth, she was a noted figure in several intrigues that concerned (whisper) royalty! It was indeed a glamorous background, but it needed a glamorous name. Between them the girls concocted Sari Maritza. It fitted beautifully.

"We even gave Sari a heavy accent," Vivian Gaye told us. "We pretended to lease the home of Major Detring-Nathan and whenever anyone called on business, we locked the poor man in his study or got rid of him some other way.

AS sponsor and manager of the newly-created Sari, my first attempt in such a capacity, I sent glowing accounts of her "arrival" to the press. From a carefully prepared list of fifty-odd names (*Continued on page 87*)

Fate's Special Interest in Charles Starrett

It really does seem as if the fates want to give Charles Starrett the best possible break. They demonstrated this feeling in connection with a second trip to the Arctic for the purposes of acting in a film there. (Right) A scene from the film.

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

YOU remember Charles Starrett as the tall, handsome young chap in "Touchdown." You'll see him again in "Lady and Gent" with George Bancroft. If you saw the film which Frissell made of the Arctic seal hunters last year, you also remember him in that, for he was a member of the first expedition into the ice-floes where most of that film was made. The hand of Fate alone prevented him being a member of that ill-fated second expedition.

"Call it Fate, Providence, luck or anything you wish," says Starrett, "but it was only by a hair's breadth that I escaped. It proves how seemingly trivial happenings can change the entire course of a man's life."

Starrett was born in Athol, Mass., and while at Dartmouth played as an extra in Richard Dix' picture, "The Quarterback." There had been a few things of minor importance on the stage and in stock until the opportunity came to go with Frissell into the Arctic.

"I really didn't want to go," he admits, "but I was married and there were the twins and, frankly, we needed money. It meant months of separation from my family. It meant cold, hardship and danger, but as things weren't breaking so well for us, I decided to go."

IT was in May, 1930, that Varick Frissell and his company went north into the ice pack, in search of the seal herd, on the ancient steamer *Viking,* commanded by the famous Capt. Bob Bartlett. For months the little company followed the migrating herd. If you saw the film, you can realize the hazzards, the difficulties and the danger they underwent to secure realism.

"I learned to walk the floes with the best of them," says Starrett, "and hairbreadth escape from drowning in the sea or being crushed between the ice cakes was almost a daily occurrence. Varick insisted on realism and kidded us into giving it to him. It was an experience for which I wouldn't take the world—now—but it wasn't any fun then."

The epic of the seal hunt recorded on film, Frissell returned to Hollywood to dispose of his product. But producers demanded additional scenes before they would accept. As a result, Frissell once more gathered his troup for a return to the Arctic.

"Of course, Varick wanted me to go," says Starrett, "and as things still weren't very good with us, I had decided, after much consideration, to go. My wife didn't want me to and I'll admit that I wasn't enthused about it either, but it's difficult for a young actor, especially if he has a family to support, to get a start and the Frissell thing did offer a chance to recoup the family fortunes, even if it didn't appeal to me. Anyhow, I had told Varick that I would go. The day came when I was to meet him for lunch in a downtown café to sign the contract. Somehow, that morning I didn't want to go downtown. I kept stalling around the apartment. Finally, as the time for my appointment drew near, I got on my coat and hat and prepared to go. Just as I stepped to the door, one of the twins began to cry and in a moment the other was making it a duet.

" 'Run on, Charles,' said my wife, 'I'll quiet them.'

"Instead, however, I took off my hat and went over and began to romp with them. My wife kept reminding me that I would be late but I was reluctant to go. I wouldn't say it was a premonition, for I suppose it was just my reluctance to sign a contract which meant months away from my family again. At last I got up and reached for my hat. At that moment the phone rang. My wife answered and called me to the phone. It was a producer with whom I had been trying to get a place, offering me a part in a play. Without waiting to consult my wife, Frissell or anyone else, I accepted. I walked away from that phone feeling for some reason that a few tons of weight had been taken from my shoulders. Had I gone on, without coming back to quiet the twins, I should have signed with Varick and gone *(Continued on page 113)*

YOUR

. . . The Hollywood stars and one of New York's ace fashion writers combine to help you plan your fall and winter clothes. With patterns! Don't miss this!

By MARGERY WELLS

WE all know that some of the best dressed women in America—in the world really—are well known movie highlights. They buy their clothes from the very best designers, they wear them exquisitely, and their taste and smartness is above reproach.

So, what could be a better plan than to study *their* plans for autumn wardrobes and to pattern your own clothes after their general principle?

They have had, for the good of their profession and the play of their personalities, to work out the very smartest schemes. Then your task—and mine—is to scheme in the same direction and possibly to another end—that of economy.

It can be done. See, for instance, the patterns on page 69. If you make your clothes yourself or have them made, there is one simple path to an extremely smart end.

Then, see Janet Gaynor's little dinner dress on this page. You can have a pattern for this, too, if you want it. It will serve all sorts of purposes. Without the cape, it is a formal evening dress. With the cape, it becomes a dinner gown or a Sunday night frock.

So many girls want a dress just precisely like one that is worn by a popular star herself. Here is their chance to satisfy that desire. For each month, MODERN SCREEN will offer a pattern of a dress from a Hollywood star's wardrobe.

Now for that all-around, satisfactory autumn wardrobe—one which will fill every need this year and be cleverly enough planned to carry on for at least a part of next year.

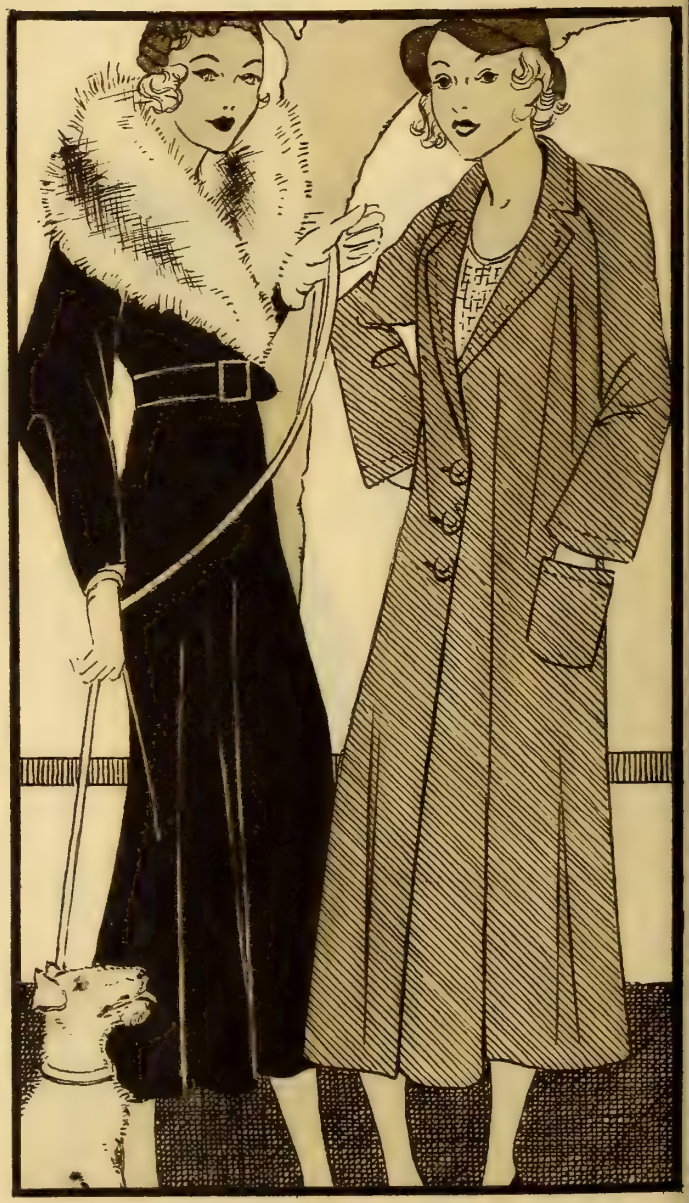
HERE is a hint toward that last essential: choose your clothes from among those that have the most advanced lines instead of those lines that are reaching the end of their style value, but avoid all "trickiness" and "novelty touches." Keep your clothes conservative and they will not only be smarter (*Continued on page 103*)

FALL WARDROBE

On the opposite page Janet Gaynor is wearing one of the loveliest of all the new fall evening gowns. It's made of heavy white satin. Without the cape it can be used for formal parties—with the cape, it's a perfect dinner or Sunday night frock. The accompanying sketches show detailed views of front and back. There is a pattern for this—5071—which you can have if you want it. Just follow the instructions given in the coupon on page 69. (Right) Two classic suits for the new season—one in brown tweed and one in a rough blue cloth. The one at the left is technically the street suit and the one at the right is more for sports.

(Left) A daytime dress—can you imagine anything better looking and more practical?—made of one of the new rough-surfaced woolens in mixed tones of green is trimmed very simply with white pleated frills. Then, next to it, is pictured an afternoon dress done in black velvet. It has the broad shoulder line, the full sleeves and the straight full skirt which are supremely important points in the new fashions. This is the sort of dress which would do nicely, too, as a Sunday night frock. The clothes sketched on these pages, by the way, are just to give you helpful hints in either making or buying your new fall wardrobe. Patterns of them are not obtainable—with the exception of the "First Year" evening dress on the opposite page.

(Above, left) Gloria Stuart is wearing one of the newest of felt hats along with a leopard skin coat. The hat is the palest shade of yellow and its feather is a combination of brown and orange. (Above, right) The perfect evening gown must be moulded to the figure and this white satin one of Claudette Colbert's illustrates that sheathlike line in all of its most attractive details. Notice her hair, by the way—it is the newest sort of a bob, looking just as beautiful with evening clothes as it does with daytime ones.



(Right) Two sorts of coats—both necessary for the perfect autumn wardrobe—one for sports and one for dress. This illustration shows the most simple of them, but it gives all of the essential lines that spell smartness for this season. The sport coat is of tweed and the dress coat is made of suede cloth in black with a collar of pale yellow racoon. It would be nice to have two coats like this, but if economy is of paramount importance to you, it's possible, you know, to make one do. Miss Wells tells you just how you can manage this.

A COMPLETE FALL WARDROBE

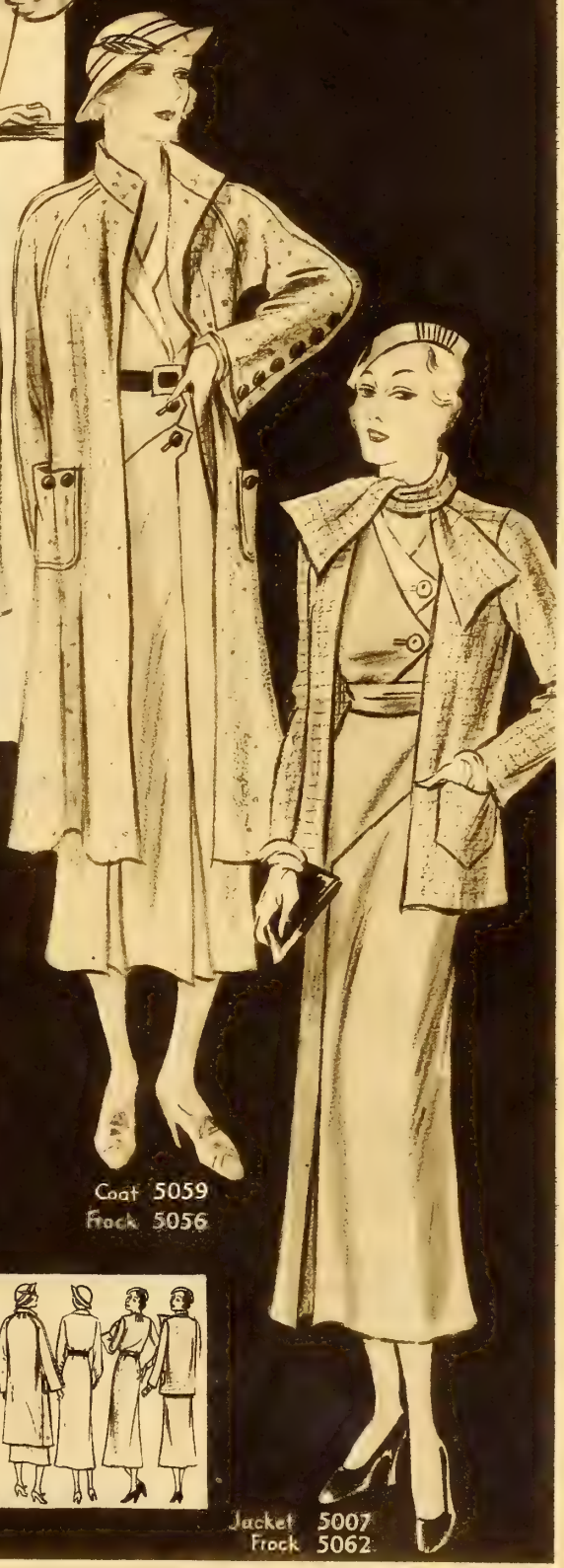
MODERN SCREEN, commencing a new service for its readers, offers the latest designs in patterns—made exclusively for this magazine

5004

5000

5054

5059—One of the most useful of top coats, with raglan sleeves, to be made from any of the heavier woolen materials. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.



Coat 5059
Frock 5056

5004—A most flattering frock for afternoon wear, if made from crêpe or satin. The sleeves may be long or short. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 46.

5000—One of the newer fitted dresses closes under the left arm. Puffed sleeves are finished with an elastic. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40.

5054—An interesting model for an informal dinner gown or dress to be worn to afternoon parties—bridge or tea. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

5056—The dress worn under the top coat is made in surplice style. There is a rever collar and long one-piece sleeves. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

5007—A jacket that is very simple to make, recommended in silk for your sports frocks and in wool for street clothes. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 46.

5062—One-piece dress of the nicest sort for morning or street wear. It has long sleeves and is closed under the left arm. Sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered, with size and number of desired pattern. Be sure to give full name and address. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Safe delivery is guaranteed

Jacket 5007
Frock 5062

(Above, left and right) As the army official in Novarro's "Daybreak" and Lupe Velez' father in "Hell Harbor."

(Above, left and right) As Garbo's brutal uncle in "Susan Lenox" and as the Swiss mountain guide in "Private Lives."

HOW HE DOES IT

Jean Hersholt took a trip to New York recently. At Grand Central with his wife and son, Allan. Don't you think Allan looks a bit like his dad?

JEAN HERSHOLT does not even look like himself! And in Hollywood, where every star and would-be star strives desperately to develop a sharp individuality, to create a "type," and to win international recognition of the slightest mannerism, this is a wonderful and strange thing.

In order to catch him, it is necessary to exert the utmost in watchful sleuthing. I stalked him down once. At that time he was a heavy old man, just finishing a scene on a studio set.

He walked off the set . . . and vanished!

I traced him to his home in Beverly Hills. I rang the bell. I demanded my old man.

The charming gentleman who answered the door explained, "I am Jean Hersholt."

I smiled patiently. "But I want to see *the* Jean Hersholt. You know, the actor. The gray-haired, elderly Mr. Hersholt."

"Ah! Yes," sighed Jean, as he invited me in. "Well, even I cannot tell you where he is right now. But he'll come back," my host assured me, and hid a chuckle in the deep richness of his voice. "He'll come back."

"I know almost all about that old man," Hersholt said when we were comfortably seated. "There are just two things about him which I cannot tell you: where he comes from and where he goes. He never comes home with me, does he?" Hersholt asked the lady in Spanish red.

And Mrs. Hersholt had to admit that she had never even suspected the aged one's presence in her home.

IT is a funny thing about him," explained Jean. "I take off his clothes, I wash his face, I stop thinking his thoughts, and he is gone. Only I am left.

"The old men, the strange men, the tough men I bring to the screen are not Jean Hersholt. Jean Hersholt becomes them for just as long as they are needed. Then he sends them away and only their pictured shadows are left." And I, of course, asked him how he does it.

(Above, left and right) In "Emma," as the successful American inventor named Smith. In "Grand Hotel," as Senf, the porter.

(Above, left and right) As the none-too-bright janitor in "Night Court." And as the wealthy merchant in "Skyscraper Souls."

. . . Jean Hersholt's art goes deeper than grease-paint. This article tells you how—and gives, too, a delightful picture of Hersholt himself

By GERTRUDE HILL

When Hersholt was twenty, he was the champion bicyclist of Denmark and on the Olympic team. He was something of a boxer, too.

"I do not create them from grease-paint and false noses. They come to life with a twist of a comb through my hair, with the cut of my mustache, or the lack of it, and with my mental attitude. From my attitude comes their expression. Anyone can dress up like a certain character, but how can one look like him without his expression? Expression cannot be painted on the face. It must come from within.

"A haircut and a mustache, plus the mental attitude of the actor, are worth more than a thousand pounds of grease-paint," said Hersholt, as he chewed a cigar and stroked his smooth-shaven cheek. His own hair is thick and dark. He has a mustache. His eyes are bright—set in genial crinkles.

When he sets about to become an aged doctor, such as he played in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with Helen Hayes, or the elderly inventor who brought romance into the life of "Emma," he deliberately ages himself. This he does, not with mask-like make-up, but with his own face.

He is to play an old man. All right. He wrinkles his forehead and, while holding it so, he pats powder lightly across it. He relaxes; the wrinkle lines marking his brow are his own. No matter what change of expression he assumes while in character, his wrinkles will not get out of order. They are natural.

He does the same for the lines around his eyes. He squints and powders. The camera shows him with natural wrinkles of age. He draws his mouth down, cruelly, or smiles kindly, as his part requires. Powder lightens the high spots, leaving the hollows dark.

"This is much better than tracings of pencil," says Hersholt.

Very few cosmetics are used by the Danish actor who learned much of his art in Copenhagen.

"The portrayal must be natural. An artificial old man is worse than no old man at all. No one will like him No one will believe in him. *(Continued on page 108)*

FROM BEN LYON'S CAMERA

Yes, sir, he took them all himself.
For his own—and now your—
amusement

(Left) Laurence Olivier, very informal in sweater with no shirt, and Ernst Lubitsch. We believe this is the only picture of Lubitsch in which the cigar is not in evidence. (Below) Will Hays, czar of the movies, and Charlie Chaplin, czar of comedy.

(Above) Gilbert Roland, John Branders and Dr. Harry Martin after completing a deep sea fishing trip. (Top of page) Billie Dove at the shore. Of course you know that Billie is coming back to the screen. She's working for M-G-M in support of Marion Davies in "Blondie of the Follies." Good luck to you, Billie.

Pictures on these pages by Ben Lyon.

Kathryn Carver, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson in foreground. Charlie Chaplin (partly hidden), Stanley Smith (with mustache) and Adolphe Menjou in background. The occasion? Oh, just one of those smart Hollywood lawn parties.

(Right) Bebe Daniels, Lily Damita and Constance Netcher Talmadge. They do look lovely, don't they? (Below) The Reginald Denny baby. Needless to say this baby is the pet delight of its adoring father.

Over a real Hollywood back fence. Maurice Chevalier admiring the little girl next door—who happens to be Barbara Bebe Lyon. How would you like to live next door to such a cute child?

WATCHING OUT FOR THE BABIES

AN AGREEMENT GOVERNING THE EMPLOYMENT OF INFANTS UNDER THE AGE OF SIX MONTHS

M. L. GRANGOOD

This agreement is made by [redacted] a duly authorized agent of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Motion Picture Producers located at Culver City, herein after known as the Party of the First Part, in favor of Mrs. Betty Morrow living at 5857 Carlton Way who is the parent or guardian of Dorothy age 2 weeks birthdate 1/31/32. This child herein after to be known as the Party of the Second Part, is to be used in the production of the film play _____ at above (location) on or about 2/15/32 (date).

No technicality shall be used to invalidate this agreement.

The party of the first part agrees to assume liability for any eye injury which may develop at any time within a period of six months from the above date, as direct or indirect result of the subjecting of the party of the second part to the natural or artificial light used in the filming of the above named picture. This liability shall include payment for all medical attention needed and additional cash in payment of compensational damages should permanent injury result.

The party of the first part signs this agreement with full knowledge that serious eye injury has been known to follow the exposure to bright light of the immature eyes of infants.

Furthermore, the party of the first part agrees to remunerate the parent or guardian of the party of the second part at the rate of Seventy Five ($75.00) for each day the child is before the camera, and ten dollars ($10.00) per day for each day the party of the second part is required to "stand by".

Under no conditions shall the party of the second part be exposed to the light for more than thirty seconds at any one time. The day's work shall not exceed twenty minutes and two hours shall constitute the full length of time which the party of the second part shall be retained on the set.

NOTARY PUBLIC

Signed [redacted] Studio Executive

Witness _____ Studio Teacher or Welfare Worker

_____ Mother

Note: Rate of pay shall be regulated according to age as follows:
Less than 30 days old..... $ 75.00 per day
Over 30 days and under 90 days..... $ 50.00 " "
Over 90 days and under 180 days..... $ 25.00 " "

Los Angeles City School System—Division of Attendance and Employment of Minors
Work Permit Section 328 Chamber of Commerce Building

Certificate of Identification and Permit To Be Employed in Motion Pictures

G1 0348

Name Morrow, Dorothy Address 5857 Carltonway Sex f
School — Color Hair Color Eyes Height Inches Weight
Birthdate 1/31/32 Age 2 weeks Name of Parent or Guardian Mrs. Betty Morrow
If on Contract—Name of Studio Central Casting

This Certificate serves as an identification card and indicates that the bearer is eligible for employment in the production of Motion Pictures. When the minor is actually employed this certificate automatically becomes a PERMIT TO WORK, provided that notification of such employment is on file in the office of the issuing authority. This notification is to be made by casting directors or employment agents. For information call WEstmore 6011, Station 168 or 159.

	Date Issued	Date Expires
Original	2/15/32	Within 48 hrs from date
1st Renewal		
2nd Renewal		
3rd Renewal		

The four copies of this Certificate are distributed as follows: YELLOW—Board of Education, BLUE—Casting office or employing agent, PINK—School child attends (if any), WHITE—To be kept by the minor or his or her parent or guardian and must be taken to the Teacher or Welfare Supervisor as soon as the child reports for work.

This Certificate is issued with the understanding that the employer and his agents and the employee and his or her parent or guardian will abide by the rules and regulations governing the employment of minors in motion pictures. Lack of cooperation in the enforcement of these rules will be considered as sufficient cause for revoking the permit

TO TEACHER OR WELFARE SUPERVISOR: GEP
Please fill in the following information for each new picture the child works in, as required by Child Labor Law. Sec. 7. SIGNED: _____ Employment Certificating Officer.

| | | |

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

A crank about dust and dirt ...careless of her teeth and gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? While she's taking such good care of the house, it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too!

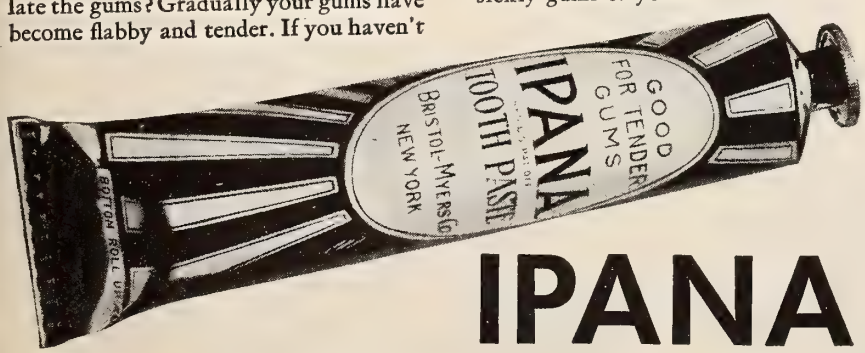
Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't "pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. And each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those sickly gums of yours.

Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziratol, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to glisten and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-102
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

HE STARRED IN HIS OWN LIFE STORY

Stuart Erwin's early movie leanings and his efforts to get on the screen almost duplicate those of Merton Gill, the chief character of "Make Me a Star." The parallel of their lives is absolutely striking.

(Above) With ZaSu Pitts in "Make Me a Star." (Left) With Bing Crosby in "The Big Broadcast." Paramount—after the success of "Make Me a Star"—wanted to star Stu. He refused.

"Make Me a Star" was almost the true story of Stuart Erwin himself

By JACK JAMISON

ONCE there was a rather ridiculous, rather heart-breaking boy who lived in a small town, and clerked in a grocery store run by an old man, and dreamed of the day when he would be a world-famous movie star. His dream was all he lived for. And he was so pitifully, pitifully sure of it!

"But I know that story!" you object. "That's 'Make Me A Star,' with Stu Erwin as Merton."

You're wrong. That is the story of Stu Erwin himself, who *is* Merton.

Not once in a hundred years could Fate play such a queer trick. Merton really *is* Merton. Stu, playing the movie-struck lad on the screen, really is playing Stu Erwin. For Stu has lived, in real life, exactly the same comi-tragic struggle of the shadowy Merton of the screen.

Merton's home town was called Simsbury. Stu's was called Squaw Valley. Outside of their names one town might be the other. Squaw Valley has a general store, like the one in which Merton worked, and a church, and a school, and a few houses. "It's just a wide place in the road," Stu says. As he grew up he lived in half a dozen other towns in California, Sanger and Del Rey and Modesto and Porterville, and any one of them, still, might have been Simsbury. A small-town boy is Merton, and a small-town boy is Stu.

MERTON acted, acted, acted, whether he was parcelling out prunes or sweeping out the store. And Simsbury cast a rather dubious eye on actors, wondering if they were quite sane, quite moral; to try to be someone other than yourself seemed a bit too much like black magic, or at least like plain lying. Porterville, where Stu reached his late 'teens, Merton's age, felt much the same way about them. *Simsbury offered few opportunities to aspiring young actors, unless you counted recitations at church socials.* Porterville offered no more, unless you counted the Dramatic Club of the old-fashioned granite high school, with its small auditorium and its cramped, poorly lighted stage. The club put on all the old standbys, "Officer 666," "Pinafore," and "The Fire Prince," and Stu acted in them. He—without any question—

was every bit as bad an actor as Merton was on the stage he imagined for himself behind the counter of the grocery store. He knew nothing about acting—nothing except that he longed with all his heart to be an actor! *Merton dreamed of himself as a masterful, debonair leading man. The tragedy there was that he simply could never be one; he was so gawky, so young, with a homely face that would always be that of a little boy. He did not know his face was like that.* Neither, in his heart of hearts, did Stu, one is sure. None of us does . . .

MERTON arrived in Hollywood with one small, old-fashioned trunk. So did Stu.

In his trunk Merton had a dress suit, for use when he played millionaire clubmen, romantic society lovers, and European noblemen. He had, too, a set of chaps, boots, bandannas, and ten-gallon hats, against the great day when he would be a rough, tough Western star. Merton was a long way ahead of his real-life counterpart there! Stu, in his absurd little trunk, had only an extra suit and some shirts and underwear.

Merton had an idol, a guiding-star, in Hollywood—Buck Benson, a Western hero. Stu had an idol too—Wally Beery.

Merton had not a single friend in the town of talkies. Neither had Stu.

Merton set out confidently to conquer Hollywood. He had a diploma from his correspondence school, and therefore was a finished actor, and he would play no small parts—nothing smaller than starring parts would do. It was weeks and weeks before it dawned upon him that no studio wanted him, was even faintly interested in him. Eventually he found himself at the point of starvation, and still he was too proud to quit trying. Stu Erwin set out every bit as confidently. Leaving his dramatic-school, he started to make the rounds of the theatrical agents' offices. One look at his homely face, one earful of his halting voice, and the wise agents knew he was no actor, and laughed at the tall tales he told them of previous experience on the stage. Undaunted, day after day Stu made the rounds of the offices, until the endlessly repeated, "Nothing today. Come back tomorrow," sounded in his ears even in his dreams.

Merton met a girl who had been in Hollywood a long, long time and who had lost all her dreams. She looked at his funny face and knew that he was a born comedian, and she looked into his heart and saw that he would die rather than be one. She bought him a square meal and tricked him into playing in a comedy by telling him that it was a serious part. Merton finally got a break. After five years Stu, too, got a break, in a fashion equally ironic. A casting director called him for a good comedy part—and, before he could report for work, the casting-director was fired, and when he arrived at the studio nobody knew him or anything about the call. Another director saw him, however, when he was playing in "White Collars" on the stage in Los Angeles, and the break became a real one.

Don't let "B.O." (body odor) **bar your way**

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (*body odor*). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBUOY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 4510, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)

"Ted's shooting up like a weed, but he can't gain an ounce"

"Give him Cocomalt. It's accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods."

How Ted gained Seven Pounds in two months

through a delicious new food drink

THE more Ted grew, the more frail and puny he looked. His mother gave him the best of everything—the most nourishing foods—and still he didn't gain. At last she went to see the school nurse.

"Give him Cocomalt," the nurse advised. "It's accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. You see, it's far more than a milk flavoring; it's a scientific food-drink, containing food elements every growing child needs."

So Ted's mother began giving him Cocomalt, mixed with milk, regularly. In two months he showed a gain of 7 pounds! Now she'll never leave it out of his diet — it has improved him *so noticeably* in every way.

Prepared according to directions, Cocomalt adds more than 70% nourishment (food-energy) to milk—almost doubling the food value of every glass! It contains a rich supply of SUNSHINE VITAMIN D and is licensed by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. This sunshine vitamin converts the calcium and phosphorus—so richly furnished by Cocomalt and milk—into strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

High in food-value—low in cost. At all grocers in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. family size. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for trial can.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. *That is your guarantee of its trustworthiness.*

Cocomalt

"Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of barley malt extract, selected cocoa, skimmed milk, sugar, whole eggs, flavoring and added sunshine Vitamin D."

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 39S, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT (FOOD-ENERGY) TO MILK
(Mixed according to directions)

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

More news, chit-chat, and this-and-that from the film city

ROLAND YOUNG'S hobby—besides collecting penguins—is writing humorous poetry. His book, "Not for Children," contains many of the best of his amusing lyrics. Here are a couple of examples:

And here's the happy, bounding flea—
You cannot tell the he from she.
The sexes look alike, you see;
But she can tell and so can he!

The Billy Goat's a handsome gent
But has a most far-reaching scent;
The Nanny Goat is quite a belle—
Let's hope she has no sense of smell!

SOME thirty years ago, a Philadelphia telegram messenger boy delivered a wire to a vaudeville actor only slightly older than himself. The latter, George M. Cohan, already famed, although just a youth, gave the messenger a fifty-cent tip. The messenger's eyes widened. Through his thanks, he stumbled over information that he'd give almost anything if he could only be an actor. Cohan replied: "Well, look me up if you ever come to New York." The young man did and played in several Cohan musicals, finally leaving to take a chance in Hollywood. Today, George Bancroft, the ex-messenger boy, and George Cohan, the man from Broadway, are working side by side at the same studio, Paramount.

DIXIE LEE (Mrs. Bing Crosby, to you and me) is prouder than proud. Her best friend, Sue Carol Stuart, named new baby daughter, Carol Lee . . . the Lee for Dixie.

Sue and Nick Stuart are awfully happy about the baby . . . and Sue's mother came all the way from Chicago to be here when she arrived. Dixie and Bing had been staying at Sue's home—she and Nick Stuart insisted on that so that mama Sue would have plenty of companionship while waiting for the stork.

Wonder what Gloria Swanson will have to say (in private) about Connie Bennett's performance in "Rockabye"? Mr. Bennett's eldest will do the part originally slated for the ex-Marquise de la Falaise!

FROM Edwin Maurice comes the story that tells of Mitzi Green's dinner engagement with Caryl Frink, Chicago newspaper woman. It seems that everything went along nicely until Miss Frink asked Mitzi who her favorite screen actress is.

"I think Helen Hayes is just grand. There isn't anybody even in the same class with her," confessed Mrs. Green's little girl. Miss Frink grew a little pale.

Miss Frink was the first Mrs. Charles MacArthur and has been suing Helen Hayes for alienation of affection!

FOR the present we'll have to pooh-pooh all those separation rumors going about anent Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. Since her marriage, Carole hasn't been the same girl. Gone is that one-time Lombard buoyancy. She has been seen rarely at social functions, with or without Bill. She looked and seemed unhappy. And only natural that Hollywood should conjecture these symptoms as trouble in the Powell family.

Carole has something to say on the subject—and we'll vouch for her sincerity. "As a matter of fact, I've been quite ill. And one can't appear hilarious under those circumstances, even if she does love her husband." She goes on to say that "I can't predict the future of my or anyone else's marriage, but right now everything is smooth sailing between Bill and myself."

To add to her blueness, Carole has been having some trouble about stories at the studio. Oh, the life of a movie star ain't no bed of roses.

Hollywood is going to have its own Sardi's. Eddie Brandstatter, formerly of the Montmartre and the Embassy Club, will be in charge. Okay, New York?

MORE than a month ago, we spotted Thelma Todd at the Brown Derby. With her was a handsome young fellow—very much the Latin type. Later we asked Thelma who that gentleman was we saw her with. "That's my husband," she informed us. "Quit your kidding," we informed her right back, always quick on the repartee. Just the other day we read that Thelma had been married in Arizona to Pasquala de Cicco—the same guy we'd seen at the Brown Derby.

Thelma's marriage sort of makes us newshounds cry in our beer. She was always good for a romance rumor . . . at least twice a month. There's a picture of the happy couple on page 16.

LUPE VELEZ is back in town! And guess what she brought with her. A brand new Duesenberg car, a super-gorgeous new sable coat, and lots and lots of bee-oo-tiful rubies.

Lupe says that no man in Hollywood interests her. In fact, she's pining for Bert Taylor whom she had to leave back in New York while she came to Hollywood to do that picture for Mack Sennett. So it's Lupe lofes Bertie now!

ONE of the major studios insists that their writers punch the time clock each morning and every evening. One of the writers got a story assignment with the finished product due in three days. In order to get his script ready to meet the deadline, he locked himself in his office for three days and two nights. When he appeared with the story, he found that he had been reported A. W. O. L. for three days!

Groucho Marx was asked his opinion of a new show on its opening night.
"It's rotten," he decided.
"Yes, but Groucho, it should be seen in a small house," argued its producer.
"Well, tomorrow night will take care of that, all right," quipped Groucho.

JOHN MILJAN succeeded in his attempt to adopt the two sons of his wife by her first husband, Creighton Hale. John has always treated the two boys as his own, and for the last several years has been supporting them, with no help from their real father, from whom Mrs. Miljan was divorced in 1925.

The two boys, Patrick, 13, and Robert, 11, have been referred to as John Miljan's boys for at least five years. But when John wanted the "fathership" legal, Mr. Hale was on hand to upset the procedure.

Jimmy Dunn better look to that old davil waistline. He isn't looking as sparse and fit, as when he was in training to keep the poundage down just after hitting Hollywood!

ALL the rumpus over the Von Sternberg-Marlene Dietrich picture, "The Blonde Venus," isn't over. Not if the technical crew has anything to say about it. *And it has.*

Von Sternberg is noted as a hard-working director. Working far into the night on a scene has dubbed him "Midnight Jo." The officials of the cameramen's union stepped in when a member complained that the director had worked from noon 'til 9:30 p. m. without time off for dinner. The union threatened to take all the cameramen off the set, but that was averted by giving them time out for a bite of lunch. Then they continued working until nearly midnight.

The extras, too, we hear, have been complaining of the Von Sternberg "slave-driving." In fact, Dietrich is about the only one on the set that hasn't been heard from.

THE Hollywood socialites have switched their allegiance. Weekends at Malibu aren't *the* thing any longer. Now it's Santa Barbara. And the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel draws a crowd of the picture elite every weekend. Over the 4th of July, the hotel looked as if a New Year's celebration was in progress. Frolicking about were Tallulah Bankhead, the Clark Gables, the Edmund Gouldings, Ina Claire, Marilyn Miller, Don Alvarado (with Marilyn, of course), Eleanor Boardman, Mae Clarke and others and others and others of Hollywood's elite.

Awaken
the sleeping beauty
in your eyes

with the
New Maybelline

Deep in your eyes, regardless of their color, shape, or size, is great potential beauty. Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes are needed to bring out this hidden charm—the lure of lovely lashes that may be yours *instantly* with a few simple brush strokes of the New Maybelline. Applied with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush, its magic touch will transform *your* lashes into the appearance of glossy, dark, curling fringe.

This marvelous preparation gives the very young woman the smart attractiveness she so much desires. And for the woman over thirty-five, it instantly erases at least ten years. Try it!

The New Maybelline eyelash darkener is not a dye. It is absolutely harmless, ideally tearproof, and will not smart the eyes. Its constant use keeps the lashes soft and silky and actually tends to stimulate their growth.

Truly, a real treat will be yours when you discover what the New Maybelline can do to awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes.

Be sure you get the genuine NEW *Maybelline. 75c at all leading drug and department stores.*

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Purse Size 10c
at 10c Stores

MORE THAN
A MASCARA . . .

BETWEEN YOU and ME

If you've got something to say—in your very own words—here's the place to say it. You'll find these letters fascinating reading material

Dear Friends:

Right now Hollywood is making more effort to win your approval than ever before. Just as you can buy bargains in any line at the present time so you can buy bargains in your movie shopping. It's up to you to take advantage of these bargains. And the others—which are coming out of Hollywood now.

Hollywood is ripe for new ideas. On page 36, Albert Payson Terhune, ace writer of American fiction, offers an idea to Hollywood. It is a splendid idea. But there must be other ideas just as good. Perhaps you have thought of it. Perhaps you have hit on the type of picture which would be a tremendous success and which you would like above all others. It may be a new type of story. Or a new treatment of an old type of story. Whatever it is I'd be glad to have your ideas.

Come on, now, drop me a line and pour out your ideas. It'll be fun to compare them.

The Editor

Please address all letters to The Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

From BEATRICE RAITZ, DETROIT:

"Please give a Holt admirer a surprise and have a picture of him and his family in one of your future issues. Remember every person isn't a Clark Gable fan. Although I have seen more handsome and younger actors than Jack Holt there is something about the twinkle in his eyes that just thrills you." *(The owner of those twinkling eyes got a full page break on page 27 of our May issue, Beatrice. We'll try and give you another picture of him soon.)*

ETHEL M. MURRAY, of ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND, has discovered a movie flaw:

"I certainly enjoyed seeing the picture 'Beauty and the Boss' with Marian Marsh and Warren William, but when Warren William entered his office after consummating the very important merger, why didn't Marian Marsh—his high-powered secretary—immediately typewrite the telegram which he dictated, as all efficient secretaries would do, instead of putting her notebook in the desk drawer?" *(Oh well, Miss Murray, you can't expect the movies to be accurate all the time.)*

GOODRICH BENNETT of MILFORD, CONNECTICUT, has a rave for a well-deserving player:

"It has occurred to me, often, that some of the stars who 'pull in' all the ballyhoo and hurrahs are buoyed up in the reflection of the favorable impression made by their respective supporting casts. Roland Young (for instance) is to my mind one hundred per cent more of an actor than a good many stars he supports." *(True, Mr. Bennett. But you must remember that Mr. Young's type of talent is that which only appeals to the discriminating few like yourself. Consequently he does not achieve the grander ballyhoo splash of some of the other players whose personality is more apt to appeal to the multitudes.)*

VIRGINIA L. BINA, of CHICAGO, has this to say of Johnny Weissmuller:

"He stands in a class all by himself—at the very top. Johnny did wonders in Tarzan but in the future he'll climb still higher." *(M-G-M agrees with you. They're planning to make him one of their ace players.)*

PAM LEIGHTON, of VANCOUVER, B. C., has an interesting criticism of Joan Crawford:

". . . In Letty Lynton she did not seem so pretty—her new mouth make-up is far from attractive to her, I think. I do hope she does not continue to do this." Miss Leighton then goes on to say that, in spite of her remarks, she still thinks Joan the most fascinating actress on the screen. *(Many people agree with you, Pam Leighton. Is it possible that Joan is overdoing the mouth make-up?)*

FLORA VIEZZALI, of LOS ANGELES, gives these interesting reasons for her liking of Janet Gaynor:

"Because she is not common. Because her name is not loaned to advertise cig-

arette ads and her picture is not printed all over the newspapers and magazines with a cigarette between her lips. Because you do not hear of her getting a divorce every month or so and quarreling with her husband every minute. Because she's the sweetest, most unspoiled actress of the screen—and because she is *Just Janet Gaynor." (May we add an opinion, too, Miss Viezzali? We like Janet for all your reasons and also because she has never tried to go grand.)*

GENEVIEVE GILLEN, of NEW YORK CITY, sends us this interesting and unusual letter:

"Will we always continue to think we own our cinema actresses and actors body and soul? Or will we educate ourselves and become more charitable in our judgments of them?

"It is pleasant to watch our favorites on the screen. They seem to lift us out of our moods and transplant us to another world.

"They study and work very hard to please us, 'their public.' If they, on the other hand, attempt to change their mode of living, Heaven help them.

"What a stir Miss Ann Harding's divorce started. Now Miss Chatterton seems to have the front page.

"I have always been interested in Miss Chatterton. Duty toward others seems to be the guiding principle of her life.

"I hope whatever she decides to do will bring her the love and happiness she so richly deserves."

(We quite agree, Miss Gillen. We do think that some people are too prone to criticize the stars' private lives.)

MARTHA LA NEVE, of BROOKLYN, N. Y., says:

"I'm only fourteen, so that insignificant age will account for anything in this letter which you deem foolish. Here I go:

"1. Modern Screen—you've gone and done it. In your August issue you spoiled the lovely Stanwyck head by putting the letters of your title over her hair. Of course that title is one to be proud of, but like Dorothy Ryan of Missouri, I like to collect the Modern Screen Cover Portraits, but can I cut off the tops of the heads? It's the first time you've done it but please don't do it again.

"2. I think the drawing-room film is out. You know, the gay husband, the beautiful siren, and the neglected wife at home. Let's have more (and more) Gaynor-Farrells.

"3. Can't you have that peachy writer of yours, initialed A. W. F., do a nice article on, no—not Gable—but Fredric March?"

(Interesting, Martha. Are you really only fourteen? Your letter's a whole lot better written than many letters we get from adults. Sorry about the Stanwyck cover. A. W. F. did a story on March. It was in our November, 1931, issue.)

GEROMINO V. AUSAN, of the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, has something to say about Greta Garbo:

"Nearly all the writers of Modern Screen Magazine are saying such and such; that Greta Garbo is the leader of them all in Hollywood. In every issue of the Modern Screen, I seldom find someone knocking Miss Garbo down. Perhaps they mean that, because of her character and beauty but there is one more thing very important which they have omitted. Of course I don't mean to hurt the feelings of Miss Garbo's admirers nor spoil the career of Miss Garbo, too. Even I myself, rain or shine, I can't afford to miss any of her picture when it comes in town. But, may I have the privilege to remark?

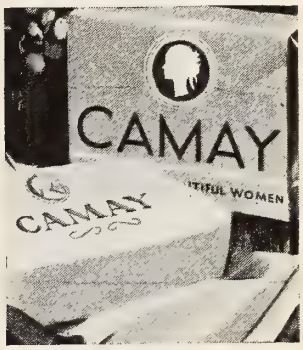
(*Continued on page 111*)

Three Girls competed in this BEAUTY CONTEST and she who Won had a Lovely Skin

If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing with every woman in your social set . . . with hundreds who are strangers to you. But if your skin is lovely, you will win! Let gentle Camay help!

"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed. But her *skin was exquisite. She won! The others lost!"*

Lather your face well with Camay and warm water. Then rinse with cold water. Now your skin is immaculately fresh—ready for your other beauty aids.



This is creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Look for it in the new green and yellow, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

YOU'VE often heard it said, "Her face is her fortune." What is true of the woman with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

Then care for your precious skin with Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It's gentle and mild and creamy-white—the safe beauty soap for your complexion. And here's good news! Camay actually saves you money . . . at least 20% of the cost of other beauty brands. Do get a dozen cakes of delicate Camay today!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Please, Dear . . .

take that PAINT off your LIPS!"

"TED had never spoken to me like that before! But after I'd looked in my mirror I knew he was right. My lips did look PAINTED—COMMON!"

Do *you* have that painted look—perhaps without knowing it? It's all too common—and it's one thing men simply cannot stand! So forget ordinary lipsticks! From now on—always Tangee your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It's not paint. It *looks* orange. But put it on! It changes on your lips to the one color best for you! Tangee lasts, too—it's waterproof. And its special cold cream base prevents parching and caking.

Try Tangee—today! It costs no more than ordinary lipstick. At any druggist's or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

Get a Sample of Tangee Rouge, too!
Samples containing many days' supply of both Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge are included in the Miracle Make-Up Set. Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks just the way Tangee Lipstick does on the lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . ends that "painted look."

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

-------Send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set--------

containing samples of lipstick and rouge

The GEORGE W. LUFT CO. MM 5-10
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Frst National player. Featured in "Jewel Robbery," "The Purchase Price," "The Crash" and "Three on a Match." Next is "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Sky Bride," Paramount; "Tiger Shark," First National; "Guilty As Hell," Paramount. Working in "Hot Saturday," Paramount.

ARLISS GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng., April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity." Next is "Our Depression."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," Universal; "Is My Face Red?", "The Most Dangerous Game," and "Kong," Radio. Working in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," Warner Bros. Working in "Those We Love," Tiffany.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio studio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder" and "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio.

ATWILL, LIONEL; married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Silent Witness," Fox; "Dr. X," First National. Appearing on legitimate stage.

AYRES LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay, U. S. A." Next is "Red Knight of Germany."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cheaters at Play" and "While Paris Sleeps," Fox; "Back Street," Universal. Vacationing in Europe.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Paramount star. Starred in "World and the Flesh" and "Lady and Gent."

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Thunder Below" and "Devil and the Deep."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," M-G-M; "State's Attorney," and "Bill of Divorcement," Radio. Working in "Rasputin" with Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "Washington Masquerade." Working in "Rasputin."

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor" and "Cabin in the Cotton." Vacationing in Europe.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Surrender," "Amateur Daddy" and "Man About Town." Working in "Desert Flames."

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman, born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hell Divers" and "Grand Hotel." Working in "Flesh."

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Young America," "Woman in Room 13" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Airmail," Universal. Working in "Salomy Jane," Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio studio player. Starred in "What Price Hollywood," Radio; "Two Against the World," First National. Working in "Rockabye," Radio.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Trial of Vivienne Ware" and "Week Ends Only." Working in "Salomy Jane."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "No Greater Love," Columbia "Madame Racketeer," Paramount; "All the Evidence," Radio.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Scandal for Sale," Universal; "Thunder Below," Paramount. Working in "The 13th Man," Columbia.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Next is "Adventure Lady."

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Big City Blues," Warners; "Make Me a Star," Paramount; "Three On a Match," Warners. Working in "Central Park," Warners.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Careless Lady," Fox; "Back Street," Universal.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Working in "Call Her Savage," Fox

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Carnival Boat," Radio. Starring in series of Westerns for Darmour.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "State's Attorney," Radio; "The Painted Woman," Fox. Working in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "The Little Teacher."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia."

BRENT, GEORGE; divorced; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "The Purchase Price," "The Crash" and "They Call It Sin." Appearing in vaudeville.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "It's Tough to Be Famous" and "Blessed Event," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Man From Yesterday" and "Night of June 13," Paramount. Next is "Sherlock Holmes." Fox.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio July 28. First National star. Starred in "The Tenderfoot." Working in "You Said a Mouthful."

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Fatal Alarm," Monogram; "Vanishing Frontier," Darmour; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal star. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Liberty Road," Radio.

BRUCE, VIRGINIA; unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., September 29. M-G-M player. Featured in "Sky Bride," Paramount; "Son of Russia," First National; "Downstairs," M-G-M.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

BYRON, WALTER; unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Society Girl" and "Week Ends Only," Fox; "Exposure," Premier; "Decency," Hoffman.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. starring contract suspended. Starred in "Winner Take All." Traveling in Europe.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days." Working in "Kid From Spain."

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Broken Wing." Paramount.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Featured in "Son of Russia," First National. Working in "Night After Night," Paramount. Next is "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount.

(*Continued on page 86*)

Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

a particularly good one to introduce to the family Choose some night when the rest of the dinner may be a little sketchy, for it is filling as well as delicious.

And since we were talking about ice cream, we wonder if you understand the difference between ice cream and parfaits—or do you, like our young sister, think that a parfait is simply ice cream served in a tall glass with a dash of whipped cream and a cherry on top? There is really a great difference between these frozen delicacies. The principal difference is that parfaits require no stirring. You mix them and freeze them, either in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator or in a mould or a baking powder tin with a tight fitting top. The mould should be buried in a mixture of crushed ice and salt, allowing three parts ice to one part salt. Furthermore, ice creams depend for their smooth texture upon the churning action of the freezer whereas parfaits depend for their smoothness upon the richness of the mixture and upon the air beaten into them when the beaten egg and sugar mixture, which forms their base, is combined with whipped cream.

ON one of this month's Modern Hostess recipe cards we give you an ice cream recipe with a tapioca base which, though originated for those fortunate women who have a mechanical refrigerator, can also be used by those who employ a more old fashioned freezing method. There is also a recipe for a Mock Chocolate Parfait which is also a Fairbanks favorite and which is quite a lot easier to make than a real honest to goodness parfait as it requires no freezing at all. The other two Modern Hostess recipe cards in this month's Star Folder are for the Apple Pudding and the California Sunshine Pie, already mentioned in this article. You can get a set of these cards free simply by filling in and mailing to us the coupon on page 8. We have tested out each and every one of these recipes and they are sent you with assurances of our utmost enthusiasm.

As for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, first love, vanilla ice cream—well, there are as many vanilla ice cream recipes as there are cook books, but here is the one which we think has them all beaten for the way in which it combines simplicity, economy and excellence of results. Incidentally, we feel that it is very important for *any* dessert which is to bid for a permanent place on the family menu to combine those three qualities of simplicity, economy and excellence of results. Nowadays most women budget both their time and their money and any dish which is extravagant of either must be reserved for very special occasions.

HERE is the vanilla ice cream recipe.

(*Continued on page 85*)

You're not the only one who likes to read!

THIS evening, when you are comfortably hidden in the softest chair you can find, ready for an enjoyable session with MODERN SCREEN, give a thought to another individual who lives in your home—a little one, to be sure, but someone who wants to be entertained just as much as you do! And someone who likes to imitate mother in everything she does.

If you've been looking for something to fill the gap when toys are tiresome and bedtime has not yet arrived, your prayers are answered!

There's a new magazine, issued exclusively for little boys and girls—one that children can call their very own.

It's crammed full with juvenile stories and illustrations. And there are things to do as well as look at: cut-outs, and puzzles to solve, and games to play, and pictures to color. It's exactly what your little child has needed—something which not only entertains her, but gently encourages the development of her mind.

Think of that little girl or boy next time you're in a

KRESGE or KRESS Store

AND ASK FOR

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

It's only 10c

I Cried Like a Baby

My Hands Were So Red . . Rough . . . and Old Looking

So Soft . . . White and Lovely Now . . .

An Utterly Different Lotion Did It

"I WAS ashamed of my poor hands. Nothing seemed to help. But what a difference now!" Just YOU try this new type lotion—so different from *ordinary* preparations. Called Chamberlain's Lotion, it contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose. One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even fruit, vegetable, nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chap, soreness, windburn and annoying skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and *naturally* lovelier—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking.

Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No waiting to dry—no stickiness—no bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be *rubbed* in.

Try Chamberlains' Lotion. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands —recapture youthful skin bloom—or *money back.* Ideal as a powder base. Delightfully fragrant. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

Chamberlain Laboratories
Des Moines, Iowa

Chamberlain's Lotion
The 37 Second Beauty Treatment

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

. . . It means money wasted and a boring time when you pick the wrong picture. Let these short reviews help you choose the right ones

THE AGE OF CONSENT (Radio)—Dorothy Wilson (a most talented young newcomer), Eric Linden, Richard Cromwell and Arline Judge in a college story. **Good—but see it yourself before deciding whether or not your youngsters should see it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

AIRMAIL (Universal)—Ralph Bellamy, Slim Summerville, Pat O'Brien and Gloria Stuart in a thrilling action film. **Good—great for the small folks.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)—A very true-to-life story about these hard times—with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien and Constance Cummings. **Good—parts of it will be entertaining for the children.**

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)—Of course, if you're a Garbo fan you've already seen this. But in case you've missed it at your local theatre, our advice is to hunt for it in a nearby town because it's a glamorous, romantic tale and Garbo's more alluring than ever. **Excellent—but not particularly exciting for very young children.**

BACK STREET (Universal)—Fannie Hurst's story of true love that never ran smooth. John Boles and Irene Dunne are in it. **Good—parts of it may amuse the children.**

BIG CITY BLUES (Warners)—Eric Linden and Joan Blondell in a story about an innocent country boy and a wise but true-blue chorine. **Good—all right for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

BIRD OF PARADISE (Radio)—Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea—and some of the most beautiful photography you ever saw. **Good—children may like it.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BLESSED EVENT (Warners)—A story based on the life and works of a man who's very much like that columnist chap—what's his name? Lee Tracy's in it and he's very amusing. **Good—but maybe the kids won't comprehend all the jokes.**

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Dickie Moore in a story about a woman's sacrifice. **Excellent—but not the right type of talkie for children.** Reviewed on page 49.

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES (M-G-M)—Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Billie Dove and a superb supporting cast in a story about two chorus girls. **Good—and it will amuse the young people.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE (Radio)—Don't miss this! It's the film story of Frank Buck's adventures in the jungles of Asia. Authentic, exciting and exceedingly well done. **Excellent—and splendid for children.**

CONDEMNED TO DEATH (First Division)—An English-made mystery thriller with an all-English cast. Very well done. **Good—and children will find it exciting.**

CONGORILLA (Fox)—The film record of the Martin Johnsons' adventures in the African jungles. **Excellent—and by all means take the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

CONGRESS DANCES (United Artists)—A costume comedy, filmed in Europe with a European cast which includes a bewitching young lady named Lilian Harvey. The story isn't much, but the music is rather nice. **Very good—not very entertaining for the children, however.**

THE DARK HORSE (First National)—An entertaining and decidedly amusing political story with Warren William, Guy Kibbe and Bette Davis. **Very good—but too "satirical" for children.**

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead, Gary Cooper and a splendid character named Charles Laughton. **Good—but not for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal)—A war story, but with a different locale—the snow-covered Alps between Italy and Austria. The fighting scenes are very thrilling. **Good—and children should like the grand ski scenes.**

DOWN TO EARTH (Fox)—You'll want to see it because Will Rogers is in it and he's almost as funny as ever. **Very good—splendid for the youngsters.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

DOWNSTAIRS (M-G-M)—We're glad to say that this latest John Gilbert talkie is better than any of his others. John plays a rather different sort of rôle. **Good—not, however, particularly exciting for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

DR. X (First National)—Another horror epic. Lionel Atwill, Lee Tracy and Fay Wray are in it. **Good—but a bit too gruesome for children.**

EMMA (M-G-M)—If you haven't already done so, you must be sure to see Marie Dressler in this. **Excellent—most suitable for children.**

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warners)—Joe E. Brown is very funny in this story about a fire chief who has a weakness for blondes and baseball. **Very good—and be sure to take the youngsters.**

THE FIRST YEAR (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together again. It's a lovely story, too. **Excellent—take the whole family.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount)—They thought they could put in a number of scenes from the silent picture, "The Ten Commandments," and that nobody would notice it. The story's pretty thin—the locale is Russia and the players are Gene Raymond, Sari Maritza and Marguerite Churchill. Marguerite's excellent but the picture is—**Poor.**

FREAKS (M-G-M)—It's well done. It's well acted. And it's amazingly authentic. But somehow we couldn't quite sit through to the end to see *all* the horror. **Good—but don't even let the children know that it's playing in town.**

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY (Pathé)—Tom Keene in a rip-roaring Western. **Very good for Western fans. Take the kids, of course.**

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—We repeat, it's one of the best pictures ever made and its cast includes Garbo, Crawford, both Barrymores, Beery, Hersholt and Lewis Stone. **Excellent—but the children probably won't care for it.**

HIS ROYAL SHYNESS (Educational)—In this amusing short comedy, Andy Clyde has a nightmare and dreams he's a king. **Good—the children will adore it.**

HOLD 'EM, JAIL (Radio)—Wheeler, Woolsey and Edna May Oliver in a lot of hilarious nonsense about a prison football team. **Good—couldn't be better for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

HORSE FEATHERS (Paramount)—The Marx Brothers. They inherit a college this time. And we're still laughing over what they did for dear old Alma Mater. **Excellent—and the only excuse for not taking the children would be six months' concentrated bad behavior on their parts.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

IGLOO (Universal)—An Arctic picture, beautifully filmed. Native cast. **Excellent—and the children will be both entertained and informed by it.**

IMPATIENT MAIDEN (Universal)—Lew Ayres as a young interne and Mae Clarke as his sweetheart in a hospital story. **Good—take the children if you don't think the operation scenes will upset them.**

IS MY FACE RED? (Radio)—Another Broadway columnist story. Ricardo Cortez is the columnist and Helen Twelvetrees and Jill Esmond are the women in his life. **Good—but a bit snappy for the kids.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (Radio)—Edna May Oliver sniffs at the law in her own inimitable way. She plays a jury-woman and keeps the court in convulsions. **Good—youngsters will be amused at parts of it.**

LADY AND GENT (Paramount)—George Bancroft and Wynne Gibson as a pig-headed prize-fighter and a noble night club lady. **Good—not for children.**

LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Nils Asther are all excellent in this story of a girl who went her own headstrong way into almost tragic consequences. **Very good—but much too sophisticated for the kids.**

MAKE ME A STAR (Paramount)—This is "Merton of the Movies" in talkie form, with Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell. **Very good—fine for the children.**

THE MAN CALLED BACK (Tiffany)—Conrad Nagel and Doris Kenyon in a story about a down-and-out surgeon who fought his way back to fame and respectability. **Good—not much for it for the children, however.**

(Continued on page 114)

Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 83*)

IDEAL VANILLA ICE CREAM

1½ teaspoons flour
½ cup sugar
1 cup scalded milk
1 egg
a few grains of salt
2 cups thin cream
2 teaspoons vanilla extract

Mix together the flour and sugar. Add egg slightly beaten. Mix well and pour the scalded milk onto the mixture, gradually, while stirring constantly. Place mixture in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water for twenty minutes, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened and afterwards occasionally. Remove from fire and cool. When cool add salt, cream and vanilla. Strain into freezer-can. (This amount is for a quart freezer-can.) Freeze, turning crank slowly until cream is frozen and dasher is moved with difficulty. (The freezing mixture is the same as for parfaits—one part salt to three parts ice, and be sure to use rock salt, sold in bags for this purpose, as ordinary cooking salt will not do the trick at all.) After freezing, remove dasher, replace top of can carefully, draw off water from tub, repack can in ice and salt and place tub on old newspapers until serving time.

And as an extra attraction, serve this butterscotch sauce over your vanilla ice cream—the kind of sauce Doug, Jr., ordered.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

¾ cup brown sugar
¼ cup white sugar
¼ cup white corn syrup
½ cup boiling water
10 marshmallows

Mix together the brown sugar, white sugar and corn syrup. Add the water slowly, and stir well. Place over low heat, bring to a boil and continue boiling gently for eight minutes without stirring. Remove from fire, add marshmallows immediately and beat well. This can be cooled slightly and used at once, or stored in the refrigerator and reheated in a double boiler when wanted.

When planning your dessert course remember that besides being good to eat your dessert should be good to look at, too. For, by the time the dessert course has been reached, the first fine frenzy of hunger has been appeased and it is essential to intrigue the eye as well as to please the palate. For this very purpose there are any number of attractive moulds, both large and small, to be found in the Kress and Kresge stores. You will find that what these moulds can do to add to the charm of even the simplest dessert is something which will exceed your fondest fancies. And we want to exhort you to tear out the coupon and send it in *right now,*

(*Continued on page 97*)

New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—*quick!*

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results *guaranteed*

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine,* with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 310, Atlanta, Ga.

You'll take your hat off to . . .

Sweet Marian Nixon Fox star.

. . FILM FUN

the only humor magazine of the screen!

Because it's intimate and interesting; because it's funny and factual; because it's fast and furious; because —if you must have it concisely— it's one swell magazine!

If you're susceptible to mirthitis (pains in the side from laughing), or if your doctor has advised you against eyestrain from looking at the beauties of Hollywood, or if your heart is too weak to stand the surprising news and gossip of the screen colony, then by all means, don't buy a copy of

FILM FUN

Hundreds of Hollywood Howls!

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 82*)

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starring in "Young Iron Sides," "Girl Grief" and "Now We'll Tell One," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; separated from Ralph Forbes; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Rich Are Always With Us" and "The Crash." Vacationing in Europe.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Vacationing in France.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Impatient Maiden" and "Night World."

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," and "Back Street," Universal. Working in "Modern Madness," Chesterfield.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Tenderfoot," First National; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Parisian Romance," Hoffman.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Misleading Lady" and "Man From Yesterday." Working in "Sign of the Cross" and "The Phantom President."

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City, February 12. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount; "Phantom Express," Educational. Appearing on legitimate stage.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, Eng., February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith." Working in "Cynara."

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "Devil and the Deep," Paramount; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Now attending college.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Miracle Man" and "Sky Bride."

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox. Working in "Washington Merry-Go Round," Columbia.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "Devil and the Deep." Working in "Farewell to Arms."

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Champ" and "When A Feller Needs A Friend." Working in "Father and Sons."

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Symphony of Six Million," "Is My Face Red?" and "Thirteen Women." Working in "Phantom of Crestwood."

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rain," United Artists. Vacationing in Europe.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "Movie Crazy," Paramount. "Attorney for the Defense," "American Madness" and "The 13th Man," Columbia. Working in "Sport Page," Radio.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10 Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "This Is the Night," Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Next is "Radio Girl," Warners.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Polly of the Circus" and "Blondie of the Follies."

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Dark Horse," "Cabin in the Cotton" and "Three on a Match." Working in "Silver Dollar."

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Is A Racket," First National; "Night of June 13," Paramount. Working in "11th Avenue," Paramount.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai Express" and "Blonde Venus." Next is "Deep Night."

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M. Working in "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn. July 18. Radio studio star. Starred in "Lost Squadron," "Roar of the Dragon" and "Liberty Road." Working in "The Conquerors."

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Girl from Calgary," Hoffman.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Goldwyn-United Artists player. Featured in "As You Desire Me" and M-G-M; "The Old Dark House," Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity."; M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Dance Team" and "Society Girl." Working in "Walking Down Broadway."

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "Symphony of Six Million," Radio; "Back Street," Universal; "Thirteen Women," Radio. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Speak Easily" and "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M. Working in "Phantom President," Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "Love Is a Racket," "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "Three on a Match." Vacationing in Europe.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Dance Team" and "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "Hat Check Girl."

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Make Me A Star" and "The Big Broadcast." Working in "Madame Butterfly."

ESMOND, JILL; married to Laurence Olivier; born in London, January 26. Radio player. Featured in "State's Attorney" and "Thirteen Women." Visiting in London.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle." M-G-M. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Love Is a Racket" and "Son of Russia." Next is "Some Call It Love."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas," United Artists.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox star. Starred in "After Tomorrow" and "The First Year," Fox. Working in "Central Park." First National.

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade." "Prosperity" and "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M. Working in "Hypnotized," Mack Sennett.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Week-End Marriage," First National; "Skyscraper Souls," and "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Working in "All the Evidence," Radio.

FOSTER, PRESTON; married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "Two Seconds," "Dr. X" and "Life Begins," First National; "The Last Mile," Tiffany.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime." Next is "Merry-Go-Round."

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery" and "One Way Passage," First National; "The Honest Finder," Paramount.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude"; starred in "China Seas," M-G-M. Next is "No Bed of Her Own," Paramount.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." Vacationing in Sweden.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "Delicious" and "The First Year." Next is "Tess of the Storm Country."

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "Spirit of the West," "A Man's Land" and "The Boiling Point."

GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Lady and Gent." Working in "Night After Night."

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Downstairs." Working in "Red Dust."

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Fast Companions," Universal; "Lady and Gent," Paramount; "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M; "Crooked Circle," Wide World; and "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Careless Lady" and "Bachelor's Affairs." Working in "Walking Down Broadway."

GRANT, CARY; unmarried, born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," "Devil and the Deep" and "The Blonde Venus." Working in "Madame Butterfly." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

GRAVES, RALPH; separated from Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, February 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M; "War Correspondent," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy." Next is "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?"

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Woman in Room 13," Fox; "What Price Hollywood," Radio; "Two Against the World," First National.

HARDING, ANN; divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "Prestige" and "Westward Passage." Working in "The Conquerors."

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pack Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy. Making personal appearances in England with Laurel.

HARLOW, JEAN; married to Paul Bern; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beast of the City" and "Red Headed Woman." Working in "Red Dust."

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Featured in "Arrowsmith," United Artists. Working in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Night Court," "New Morals for Old," "Unashamed" and "Skyscraper Souls." Making personal appearances.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount player. Featured in "Night Court," M-G-M; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Behind The Mask"; co-starred in "War Correspondent." Working in "Polo."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "World and the Flesh" and "The Honest Finder." Next is "No Bed of Her Own."

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from Dewolfe Hopper; born in Holdaysburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," "Speak Easily," "Skyscraper Souls" and "Downstairs."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," Radio. Working in "The Honest Finder," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Smilin Through," M-G-M. Working in "Rockabye," Radio. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Sunrise Trail," and "Liberty Road."

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court" M-G-M; "American Madness," Columbia; "Rain," United Artists. Next is "Harbor Master," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Freaks" and "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big Broadcast," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "McKenna of the Mounted" and "White Eagle." Working in "Rustler's War."

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade," M-G-M; "Roadhouse Murder," Radio; "Down to Earth," Fox; "Cabin in the Cotton," First National; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio studio player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?" "Roar of the Dragon" and "Age of Consent." Next is "Three Came Unarmed."

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, November 23. Universal star. Featured in "Night World" and "The Old Dark House." Next is "Cagliostro."

KEATON, BUSTER; separated from Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily."

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio studio star. Starred in "Gun Law" and "The Law Rides." Working in "Come On Danger."

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. September 5. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Young America," Fox; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

KIBBEE, GUY; married; born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Dark Horse" and "Big City Blues," First National; "Rain," United Artists. Working in "The Conquerors," Radio.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Interlude," M-G-M; "Passport to Hell," Fox. Working in "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; married; born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer," Paramount; "Vanishing Frontier," Paramount; "Night Mayor," Columbia. Working in "Polo," Columbia.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Woman in Room 13" and "Passport to Hell," Fox. Working in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pack Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy. Making personal appearances with Hardy in England.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy." Appearing in vaudeville.

LEE, LILA; divorced, from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Radio Patrol," Universal; "War Correspondent," Columbia; "Unholy Love," Allied. Working in "Exposure," Premier.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder," Radio; "Big City Blues" and "Life Begins," First National; "Age of Consent," Radio. Next is "Three Came Unarmed," Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun." Working in "Hot Saturday."

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. Radio

(*Continued on page 96*)

The Sari Maritza Hoax

(*Continued from page 64*)

of theatrical managers and newspapermen, invitations were extended to tea.

"As the hour drew near, we began to be frightfully concerned about that first tea. Our own impudence amazed us. Fear of immediate discovery nearly caused us to abandon the hoax. The appointed time was what the zero hour must have been in the trenches. We were suddenly convinced that the thing was much too fantastic to deceive anyone. Undoubtedly some chap would be suspicious, check our story and then expose us. How our friends would laugh!

"I will never know how we escaped or how we found the courage to face our invited guests. About half of those invited came. I must say Sari proved herself a splendid actress right from the start. If she was nervous, no one suspected. And she was hampered, too, with an unfamiliar accent.

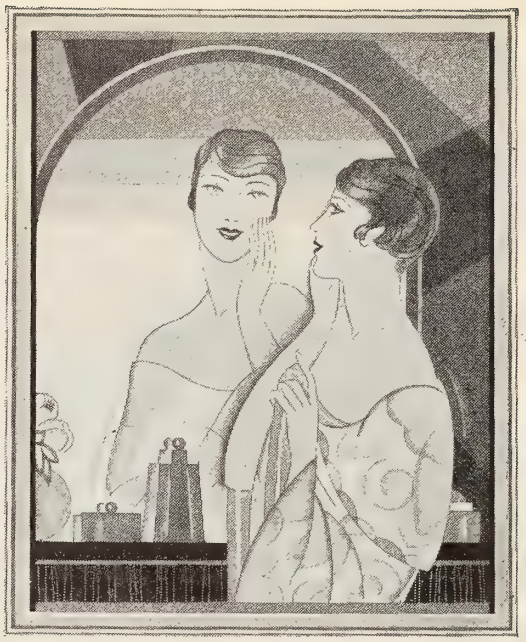
"That accent came near to spoiling our final chances for success even after we had survived the fear of discovery. Sari had several offers from the film people who attended our tea. We hadn't thought of crashing the cinema where an accent is a handicap rather than a help. The accent was therefore modified gradually and as time went on was lost completely. Sari Maritza, it was stated, had been studying English."

The Gaumont Company outbid its rivals for Sari's services. She was featured in her initial acting part. She made three pictures in succession for Gaumont—"Greek Street," "Bed and Breakfast" and "No Lady."

Vivian Gaye did not discuss the trials and tribulations of Sari in facing the camera for the first time. Our admiration for this school-girl must be expressed, however. Imagine being an inexperienced youngster, having an important rôle assigned you and being confronted by the difficult task of giving a good performance complicated by the necessity of acting as though you knew what you were doing. You would be aided, of course, by your pretended unfamiliarity with the English language and customs. But you must differentiate between customs and technique. After all, an actress would be expected to show familiarity with technique.

SOMEHOW or other, Sari withstood the ordeal her impersonation imposed. She came through like a veteran with colors flying. Her manager says she learned so quickly it was amazing. Before she finished her Gaumont picture, she *was* a veteran.

There followed a co-starring engagement with UFA in Berlin. Sari contributed the madness to "Monte Carlo Madness" with Hans Albers. Then, competing with a hundred other girls of whom tests had been made, she won the star rôle of Lily in Basil Dean's production of "Water Gypsies." One



IF YOU WANT A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN INSTANTLY

...Enjoy a Fragrant Linit Beauty Bath!

THE new Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath brings the fragrance of an old English Garden into your bath — and instantly makes the skin feel soft as velvet.

Merely dissolve a handful or more of the new Perfumed Linit in your bath — bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap — and then feel your skin. Soft, smooth and delightfully refreshed.

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin a fine coating of powder. This invisible "layer" of Linit makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck and arms and harmlessly absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores.

Millions of women daily enjoy the Linit Beauty Bath. It is surprising that a beauty bath so luxurious, so effective in immediate results should be so inexpensive.

● *Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue package is on sale at grocers only. The new Perfumed Linit in the green, cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores*

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

other picture preceded her Paramount contract, "Two Way Street," made by United Artists in London.

Asked about rumors of Charlie Chaplin's interest in Sari as reported in the papers last year, Vivian Gaye replied, "That was something over which we had no control. Because Mr. Chaplin and Sari were seen dancing frequently, the talk of their 'secret' engagement reached print. They were not engaged nor did Mr. Chaplin offer Sari the leading rôle in his next picture. He did advise her to come to Hollywood if an advantageous contract was arranged. That was all.

"A hoax is a hoax. But I hope Mr. Chaplin does not believe that we would stoop to using his acquaintance with Sari as a stepping-stone to publicity. During the entire time Patricia Detring-Nathan has been Sari Maritza, never once has she allowed her impersonation to harm or embarrass another person. If we had been exposed before Sari had had a chance to prove herself an excellent actress, we, and we alone, would have borne the brunt of our prank. Even Sari's father was protected by not being in on our secret."

Although Paramount was quick to sign Sari Maritza to a contract, the studio wasn't so fast in finding a place for her on its production schedule. She remained in Hollywood several months before she was assigned her rôle in "Forgotten Commandments."

The delay was discouraging but it did result in several typical Hollywood gags, the most popular of which is one attributed to Jack Oakie.

"They can't fool me," Oakie is rumored to have said. "I know who this Sari Maritza is. She's really Carman Barnes, repainted, redecorated and reshipped to Hollywood."

Sari Maritza may be an English girl with a Viennese mother, born in China, educated in Switzerland and named like a League of Nations but her methods of getting what she wants are distinctly American.

And I say more power to her. Don't you, too?

Was It a Ghost?

(*Continued from page 63*)

turned off the main highway and stopped near a large house seemingly as deserted as the road which led to it.

"We sat in the car, dreading the ordeal that traffic would impose on our homeward trip. We were preparing to drive on, however, when an eerie half-light swept across our faces and a voice said, 'Didn't hear me come up, did you? No, I thought not. You seem to be nice young people and I won't disturb you. But you mustn't stay here.'

"Darkness fell again as though the man had turned off his flashlight. We could see him plainly in the moonlight with a shining badge on his coat.

"'Sorry if we have intruded, officer,' said Johnny.

"The bobby continued talking. He seemed not to have heard. 'They are selling for three and six tonight,' he said. 'They ought to be five.'

"'What should be five?' asked Johnny.

"'Bodies,' replied our strange policeman. 'Over the river, you know. They are five here.'

"There was more in a like vein, some of it we understood, some sounded like the gibberish of a maniac. Neither Johnny nor I interrupted again. Finally the man stopped talking. Then as suddenly as he had appeared, he vanished. One moment he was there—the next, he was gone. We did not realize until later that he stood in the underbrush at the side of the lane and had he been human, he would have made a good deal of noise in walking through it.

FOR a second, we were incapable of saying a word. We merely gazed at one another. Then Johnny whispered, 'Turn slowly and look behind you. Tell me what you see.'

"I glanced in the direction he indicated. A large tree stood about ten feet from the car. Its trunk seemed lighted from within and apparently imprisoned in the heart of the tree was a tall headless and handless figure. From its long flowing robes, I judged it might be feminine.

"I described the thing I saw and Johnny asked specific questions about details. There could be no doubt that we both witnessed an identical sight. As we talked, the light faded and left us in pitch blackness. The moon was gone. Yet the sky was cloudless.

"Johnny lost no time in starting his motor and switching on the headlights. He drove down the lane and as we reached the London Road, we came again into the light of the moon. The air, too, became warmer, not gradually but with a rush. The sensation was like stepping out of a butcher's icebox into a heated room. That air around the house had been chilled with a clammy dampness. It wasn't fog. You can see fog.

"The following day, Johnny made several inquiries. He discovered that we had chosen to park in front of the famous 'H house,' noted for a series of horrible murders and widely regarded as haunted. Being a barrister, Johnny also thought to look up our strange policeman. He was informed that the officer detailed to that section had not been near the house all evening. Whatever we had mistaken for a badge of the law must have been something else.

"Had we visited the 'H house' with the knowledge that it was reputed to be haunted, our imaginations might have played us queer tricks. But we had

Don't throw comfortable shoes away

MEND the HOLE FOR 1¢

SPREADS like Butter
DRIES Overnight
WEARS like Leather

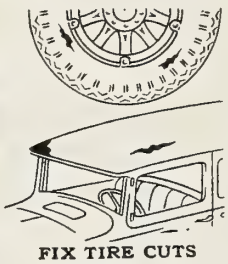
NOW—it's easy to fix the family's shoes at home. Build up the heel for a penny. New sole for a nickel. Mend the hole for one cent.

Even a child can repair shoes with So-Lo. It wears better than ordinary leather. Keeps feet DRY. Makes walking more comfortable. Non-skid.

Repairs anything made of rubber, leather, or cloth. Useful a hundred different ways—fixes leaky auto tops, fills holes in tires, mends rubbers, rubber boots, hot water bottles, etc., etc. Three sizes—25c, 50c, and $1 at your favorite store. Guaranteed by So-Lo Works, Cincinnati, O.

NEW SOLES AND HEELS

Before After



FIX TIRE CUTS AND AUTO TOPS

So-Lo

© 1932 S. W.

Tear out and mail

So-Lo Works, Dept. A-10
916 E. Court St.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me FREE sample of So-Lo on leather and names of stores carrying So-Lo in my town.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

no such knowledge and we both saw and heard the same things. Ghosts were the farthest things from our minds.

"I am convinced that Johnny and I heard words that night in London which had once been uttered by a human voice. We saw manifestations of forms that had once lived. There must be a logical reason for what we experienced. Merely to say the house was haunted is a lazy-minded method of evading the facts. Some day we shall know the complete truth. Until then one conjecture is as good as another."

Girls Are in a "Tough Spot"

(*Continued from page 47*)

money or something less than marriage, with all the background of money to give it glamor. For money has glamor.

But though money may make life easy and pleasant, it cannot promise happiness.

This girl we are considering may not feel that way. She may think as many of us, most of us, think at sometime or other, "If only I had all the money I want. If only I need never worry again about roof, shelter, food, rainy days, illness. If only I had all the clothes I want, people to take care of me, I'd be perfectly happy."

But she wouldn't be, if that was all there was to it, just comfort; freedom from financial worry.

There is a path absurdly called primrose. Although on second thought I recall that primroses poison some people. If our girl chooses to take this path, she may be contented enough for a time; excitement, newness, learning a new vocabulary of life may help. But it won't last. For this greed for easy living, whether or not it includes a wedding ring, must wear out. There must come a time of satiety. There must come a day when one, grown accustomed to luxury, wonders what it's all about and if it is worth it. And if the wedding ring is not included—and, sometimes, even if it is—there is always the little nagging worry, how long will it last, how soon will he tire? What will happen to me?

THE other side of the picture is not enticing at first. It includes perhaps marrying a boy about one's own age, keeping house for him, bearing and rearing his children, struggling up with him, fighting every step of the way, yourself and your man, backs against the world's wall—partners, comrades, soldiering together. That is what marriage may be. But it is rarely that if the bargain made between two people is made with the eyes of one person on the material advantages of that bargain. For then, the only advantages *are* material.

In a marriage of young and rather

Broadcasting Big News!

IT'S HERE!

The Magazine for Radio Lovers—

RADIO STARS MAGAZINE *10c*

AT last it's come . . . the kind of a magazine you've wanted for a long time! A fan magazine of radio, to tell you all about the personalities, the homes, the histories, the likes and dislikes of your favorite microphone stars!

Wait till you see that first issue! How you'll enjoy articles like:

THE LIFE AND LOVE OF BURNS AND ALLEN *(pictured above), by Walter Ramsey.*

IS ANY STAR WORTH $5,000 A WEEK? *The inside story on radio salaries by Jack Foster, famous newspaper columnist.*

WOMAN HATER? *Harry Richman describes his ideal woman.*

BACKSTAGE AT A BROADCAST—

—and a score of other features, including Faith Baldwin's "IF YOU MET RAY PERKINS," Adele Whitely Fletcher's "LOVE STORY OF JULIA SANDERSON AND FRANK CRUMIT," "THE WOMAN BEHIND THE SOUNDS," and a beautiful rotogravure portrait gallery of all your favorites—and their biographies!

You'll love RADIO STARS! *And you won't want to miss a single issue. Start right. Buy the first number now—today—at a Kresge store, a Kress store, or a newsstand. It's a big, beautiful magazine—and only 10c!*

careless hearts, in the marriage which nature has dictated, there can be other advantages which far outweigh the material. These are emotional and spiritual advantages; they are advantages which do not stand still, they grow. Growth is a part of real marriage. Growing out of wild glamor and dear romance into something less thrilling, perhaps, but more enduring and, even, more adventurous.

I still believe in taking chances. I think the girl who chooses what is known as the safe and dull way takes a very big chance, just as does the girl who chooses the exciting and dangerous way. But her chance is taken for happiness, satisfaction, peace; and the other girl's chance is taken for regret and grief and uncertainty.

Life has such a funny way of evening things up, of taking away with one hand and of giving with the other hand. If, to the girl to whom good times and money in her purse count most, it gives those "good" times, and that money and tremendous excitement, it also takes away a real sense of values, the ability to mature, the opportunity to become a useful and important citizen of this world. If from the girl who selects as her life one which never makes the front pages, one which plays itself out in an atmosphere of housekeeping and baby tending, it takes the glamorous things, the things once dreamed of, yachts and automobiles, opera boxes, frocks from Paris, lovers, admiration, youth held fast, beauty fixed and almost permanent, it gives her also so many things so much more worth while in the long run. It gives her the gratitude of the man to whom she has been a blessing, an encouragement and a working partner, and the gratitude of children who, without her, would never have existed and who, with her, have been able to make the most of that existence. It gives her, at the end, if ever she has had time to think about it, the satisfaction of a job well done. Not a job that will ever bring her publicity or laurel wreaths, but one of which she can be proud, one which those to whom, and for whom, she is responsible will recognize for what it is worth.

SOMEHOW today, in times less prosperous, money is beginning to matter more than ever to people. It seems to be the goal of most of us, this elusive thing, this currency which can buy and feed and clothe and make things so very comfortable. But there are some who are beginning to realize that save for the purposes of decent living it isn't so important after all. It isn't, really, a fundamental. Love counts more; and work counts more—much, much more.

So when other little Lynns of this world choose between the walkups or the penthouses I hope that they'll choose the walkups, if at the top of that long, hard climb, love is waiting for them. Just as Lynn said, you live only once. You might as well make that once as full and thrilling and marvelous with the enduring things of life as you can. It's up to you to make of it what you will. That's the lovely thing about life . . . *It's entirely up to you.*

Hollywood's Weight Secrets

(*Continued from page 60*)

some of them into various forms of energy like heat and motion.

If our glands are not active enough we do not turn our food into these forms quickly enough and it becomes fat. This means, often enough, that we derive less energy from our food than we should. Naturally, because, before a sufficient amount of it has been turned into energy, it has instead gone to feed our greedy fat cells.

However, if on the other hand our glands work too quickly, the food we eat is likely to be changed into other forms—among them nervous energy—before even a proper amount of it has time to make fat.

And so some of us say, with truth, "No matter what I eat or don't eat I gain." And others among us say, with equal truth, "No matter what I eat, I can't gain."

In our large cities doctors are now giving people excessively underweight and excessively overweight (in spite of the fact that they eat normally) what is called a basal metabolism test. This test studies the rate at which the food we take as nourishment is built up into tissues or utilized for the purpose of heating our body and, after this is done, the rate at which whatever remains is broken down and eliminated as waste.

Such tests are excellent and practical for all those who gain or lose out of all proportion to what they eat. After such a test a physician is able to put his patient on a diet and, besides, give him gland medicine towards correcting whatever glandular condition he has found existent.

I have in mind a motion picture actress—she is not a star—who in spite of dieting could not get down to her proper weight. She took a basal metabolism test and when the results found her metabolism subnormal, she was immediately given treatment. Today she is able to maintain a desirable weight for her age and height by dieting only in moderation.

HOWEVER, this is a fitting place for a warning, a warning I cannot make important enough. There are on the market numerous anti-fat medicines many of which have in them the dried thyroid gland of animals. These medicines are supposed to stimulate the thyroid gland and, in turn, correct a

POSITIVE PROTECTION

No Fear...No Worry

with this new-type sanitary napkin with moisture-proofed back

WOMEN by the thousands are turning to a new-type sanitary pad. A pad that *cannot* chafe or irritate—that is 3 to 5 times *more absorbent* than any other kind.

But that's not all. Veldown, as this amazing new sanitary protection is called, has a unique moisture-proofed back (U.S. Patent No. 1702530). This factor alone is worth everything in peace of mind. It gives perfect assurance that no accident can happen. Protective garments are unnecessary.

New Low Prices

Now the price of Veldown is so low that all can afford it. Millions of women, heretofore, have gladly paid *more* for Veldown's safety and peace of mind. Today—new low prices are attracting thrifty women everywhere.

The new chafeless filler is made entirely of soft, fluffy rayon cellulose. There are no harsh, "papery" edges to harden or irritate. So Veldown is far more comfortable than pads made from thin layers of crepe-paper can ever be—and its softness avoids all chance of bulge or faintest outline, even with form-fitting frocks.

Whatever your past preference may be, ask for Veldown at your drug or department store. You'll never return to less soft, less safe sanitary protection.

Veldown

The Utterly New-Type

SANITARY NAPKIN

subnormal metabolism. There are also frank thyroid gland tablets for sale. *Only under the direction of a physician in whom you have reason to place the greatest confidence should any such medicine be taken. The thyroid gland is a particularly sensitive mechanism and it is extremely dangerous to toy with it. Innumerable people have done themselves grave and, in some cases, permanent injury by taking these medicines and the glandular injections some quacks are only too eager to administer in order to fill their pockets.*

Those who wish to consult a physician regarding their metabolism, feeling they gain or lose weight out of proportion to what they eat, and who live in or near a big city would do well to go to the finest hospital in that city and ask there to be recommended to a physician for this treatment. The advice given by such a physician can then be followed with as much confidence as though you were being treated for any organic disturbance or any disease.

It is, after all, not healthy to be excessively underweight or overweight and for more reasons than vanity such conditions should be corrected as speedily as they can be with safety.

While we are talking about glands—before we go on to the diet given Anita Page at a famous sanitarium—it is interesting to know that a tendency towards obesity in certain spots invariably is caused by some manner of glandular deficiency. If you are overweight in spots a skilled physician can pretty nearly tell, simply by looking at you, even before he gives you a basal metabolism test, where your particular glandular deficiency lies.

And now we come to the question, "Is weight hereditary?" So many people say to me "I can't understand how so many of the stars manage to keep lovely and slim." (People always seem entirely convinced that Hollywood is possessed of magic secrets of beauty!) "Photographs I've seen of the different parents of the stars, the mothers especially, often show them to be heavy. And no one can tell me weight isn't hereditary."

Two stars come to my mind in this connection—Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard. Last month, I cited Joan as an example of the girl who has to "train down" to her proper weight. I mentioned that Joan, when she first came to Hollywood, weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. It wasn't flabby flesh, by any means, for Joan is a dancer and her body was firm and well modelled—but decidedly too heavy. Now, Joan's mother, Mrs. Le Sueur, while not a heavy or big woman, is "on the plump side." Carole Lombard's mother, Mrs. Peters, is slim. And Carole is on a diet to gain, you'll remember.

Weight, true enough, is likely to be hereditary. But it is, after all, fitting and proper that a movie star's mother at, say, fifty years of age should weigh more than the star in her early twenties. As you'll see by consulting the height, weight, and age tables printed in this magazine last month (Copies of the September issue may be secured from Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue,

Is your hair limp, dull, straggly? Are you often discouraged over your personal appearance—over your inability to attract and hold the right man?

Then here is good news for you. Here is a beauty secret which thousands of girls—now attractive and popular—are glad to share with you. The secret of lovely, lustrous, soft-waved hair—Sta-Bac Curl Set. Try it!

Figures show that the girls of America gave themselves approximately 20 million applications of Sta-Bac Curl Set in the past 12 months alone. The reason for this tremendous success is that Sta-Bac not only produces the smartest, most bewitching wave set imaginable, but is scientifically created to hold the waves longer. Sta-Bac dries quickly, too, and positively leaves no messy white flakes. You'll be enthusiastic about this high-quality beauty aid. Get a bottle this week.

Q6

— at S. S. KRESGE STORES

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

STA-BAC CURL SET

Grouchy Irritable Wives!

"DON'T speak to me," she cries. "I'm all upset and want to be alone."

Why is it . . . as soon as a woman's nerves become excited she hurts the ones she loves?

No husband can understand the reason why! What has changed her into a silent, moody woman . . . always grumbling and flying into a rage over a trifle?

Those dreadful headaches and backaches . . . that bearing-down feeling and fits of dizziness . . . *these things only a woman knows.*

Yet your happiness is threatened. Your husband's patience may end. What are you going to do about it?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped thousands of women during these difficult times. . . . It strengthens and steadies you through its tonic action. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form

JEAN HARLOW SAYS:

Freshen Up! with a BlueBird POWDER PUFF

THIS sterilized powder puff is absolutely the finest made. Because of its quality, over Ten Million women buy Blue Bird Powder Puffs each year.

MAY BE PURCHASED AT

S. S. Kresge Co. *McLellan Stores*
McCrory Stores *Grand-Silver Stores*
G. C. Murphy Co. *Neisner Bros.*
J. J. Newberry *W. T. Grant Co.*
Also at other leading chain and department stores.

10c JUNIOR SIZE 5c

Let me put you in the Movies

Physical culture training put me in the movies. I have been featured in over 100 pictures, now I'll help you with my low-priced course. Women! I'll give you perfect health, an alluring, graceful figure. Men! I'll pack your body with muscles and strength. I'll enter you in my contest for Free Trip to Hollywood and Guaranteed Movie Contract. If over 16, **Write Today for Free Illustrated Book** — one for women, one for men. Tells how to acquire a beautiful figure, or giant muscles. Qualify for Free Trip and Guaranteed Movie Contract. Write today, Joe Bonomo, 230-A Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

GLASSETTE BIG MONEY MAKER
NEWEST HIT In Christmas Folders!

IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—*NEW! NOVEL! DAINTY!*
Glassette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish — 21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—*EACH with a TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE.* COSTS YOU 50c—*SELLS For $1.00.* Free Sample. Write today to WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street Dept. 87 Boston, Mass.

IT'S NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

• Every Deaf Person Knows That •
George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums, his own invention. Worn day and night, they stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No wires or batteries. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear," also interesting booklet on deafness, its causes and relief. Address
GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.
STANDARD ART STUDIOS
908 West Lake Street, Dept 1312-M CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

New York, N. Y., on the payment of ten cents) the ideal weight for a girl twenty-two years of age, five feet, five inches tall is one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. The ideal weight for a woman five feet, five inches tall at fifty years of age is one hundred and forty-nine pounds or, taking advantage of only part of the ten percent latitude allowable either way, a movie star's mother might weigh one hundred and fifty-eight pounds or be thirty pounds heavier than her daughter and still not be overweight for her age and height.

A movie star, on the other hand, might very well "take after" the paternal side of her family and even though her mother was extremely heavy, manage without any difficulty to achieve and retain an ideal weight.

That weight is hereditary most physicians agree. Undoubtedly racial backgrounds influence weight quite the same as they influence height, temperament, and coloring. People who come of southeastern European stock, for example, are likely to be heavier than those whose grandparents and great-grandparents were Scotch.

IN other words, different races, like different breeds of dogs, have different normal weights. What is slimness in a collie or in a St. Bernard always has been and always will be obesity in a greyhound. It is important, however, that we watch our weight so that, whatever our background, we do not become overweight or underweight for what we are, that we do not, so to speak, become an obese greyhound or an obese collie. The principle thing for everyone to do is to keep at the weight best for them. That is to say, the goddess type never should attempt to be the very slim type. And vice versa.

As I've said in these pages before, it is only by determining exactly what we are, making the most of this, and not for one minute seeking to be anything else that we ever achieve our greatest beauty and charm.

Many people, it is true, are fated to make a continual, life-long fight against encroaching fat. Several movie stars of former years have decided that the fame was not worth the struggle and are now living plump, comfortable lives in retirement. Pearl White, it is rumored, weighs over two hundred pounds. She always was rather the heroic type, you'll remember. Nita Naldi, too, they say has gone over the two hundred mark. Alice Terry, wife of Rex Ingram and heroine of so many of his pictures, gave up the screen because constant dieting became too wearying. She is still beautiful, but much too heavy for the screen. Evalyn Laye, the beautiful English actress who made just one American film, "One Heavenly Night," has gained forty pounds since she played in that picture. There are many others, too, who have become a great deal or a little too heavy for pictures, where shadow-slimness is much more essential than true beauty.

It was with the desire of attaining the weight best for her age and height that Anita Page visited the famous clinic at Santa Barbara where, after undergoing many health and diet tests, she was given the most expert dietetic advice. Anita says that in spite of the fact that her present weight was attained through this diet, it allows her more food at each meal than she can eat. Furthermore, she insists she never has felt better in her life.

Here is a sample Anita Page menu:

BREAKFAST

Food	Properties Contained
Fruit juice	Carbohydrates, Vitamins, Carbonates, Phosphates
Crisp toast lightly spread with butter	Carbohydrates, Fat, Vitamins
Coffee, black with skimmed milk and saccharine	..... Calcium, Proteins
1 soft-boiled or poached egg	Proteins, Fat, Vitamins and Iron
Very little salt	Sodium Chloride

LUNCHEON

Fresh vegetable salad	Carbohydrates, Vitamins, Calcium, Carbonates, Iodine, Sulphur, Phosphates
Dressing made with mineral oil, or lemon juice	.....
Dressing made with olive oil	Fats, Vitamins Carbohydrates, Proteins
Bran muffin Half ½" pat of butter	Fats, Vitamins
Tea with lemon, or black coffee	.....
Unsweetened cooked fruit dessert	Carbohydrates, Carbonates, Iron, Vitamins, Phosphates

DINNER

Clear soup	Very little Proteins
Lean meat	Proteins, very little Fat, Iron
Two vegetables (Cooked without butter)	Phosphates, Calcium, Carbonates, Iron, Iodine, Sulphur, Vitamins and Carbohydrates
Salad, made with mineral oil and lemon	Carbohydrates, Carbonates, Calcium, Phosphates, Iodine, Sulphur, Vitamins
Custard, made with skimmed milk and saccharine	Carbohydrates, Calcium, Proteins
Black coffee	.....

ANITA, you see, is getting all of the properties about which we have learned and which are as important to our bodies as gasoline, oil, grease and water are to automobiles. Yet you'll see by analyzing Anita's sample menu in connection with the calorie table published last month that she is not eating any more food than she requires for an adequate maintenance of her system. On this selective diet, provided you are healthy and your glands normal, it is quite practical to increase or decrease your daily consumption of calories to a number where you gain weight or lose weight or keep at the same weight.

And so we find that Hollywood's diet secrets amount to calorie counting—*and including in one's fare all the properties needed by the body in order to carry on in a healthy manner.*

And I repeat, if the stars, advised as they are by the finest specialists here and in Europe, find this method the best for controlling their weight I, for one, am satisfied it cannot be improved upon.

What I Know About Ann

(*Continued from page 33*)

and long before assuming it for her career, often referred to herself as Ann Dvorak because, as she explained, it sounded so exciting.

It was just shortly after she became a pupil at the Clark school that Ann's life turned, for the moment, into a sort of Utopian dream world existence. She became a motion picture actress! When the school offered no objection to Ann's working a part of each day before a camera, could I?

She was a supremely happy child as she left the exclusive school house each morning in company with a chaperon. I couldn't accompany her as my work at another studio kept me occupied. The first day, in a costume of rags and tatters, Ann washed clothes all morning for a scene in a picture called "The Five Dollar Plate."

When she wasn't needed on the set, Ann could always be found in front of the studio (which was located in a tenement section of the city) playing with children whose clothes were as ragged and unkempt as her costume. Her "career," however, came to an abrupt ending when that one picture was completed and she resumed her happy enough but unexciting existence as a school-girl.

When she was nine years old I received an offer from Thomas Ince, the movie magnate, to come to the West Coast on an optional contract for motion picture work.

As I was not sure the engagement would be permanent I did not bring Ann with me. She begged to be left with her Grandmother until my return. Fortunately the contract was not so op-

The Secret of Gorgeous Hair

VITALITY . . hair vitality . . is a matter of proper nourishment. Vigorous, virile, natural hair growth is best promoted and revitalized by the regular use of Nestle's Combination Hot Oil Shampoo. Ask your beauty shop about it, for this famous Nestle treatment has been relied upon by leading beauticians for years. It is free from both soap and alkali. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new lustre and beauty.

The NESTLE-LEMUR *Co.*
New York

Nestle ColoRinse . . a harmless, after-shampoo color wash (12 shades) that glorifies the hair.

Nestle SuperSet.. the finger waving lotion that is greaseless, fast drying, long lasting and free from sediment.

Nestle HOT OIL SHAMPOO

Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor, drug store or department store. 10c

BLACK Like New

SO EASY TO USE

ColorShine
Black Dye . . .
Large Bottle 10¢

Dye summer shoes with ColorShine Black Dye. Then keep them beautiful with ColorShine Black Creme. Use ColorShine Neutral Creme for all tan and colored shoes, White Kid Cleaner for white kid shoes, White Cloth Cleaner for cloth and buckskin shoes. Sold in 10 cent stores everywhere. . . . . (15¢ in Far West and Canada.)

ColorShine
Black French Dressing
Large Bottle . . . . 10¢

Your black shoes look smart instantly. Apply ColorShine Black French Dressing with the handy dauber. Dries immediately, leaving leather clean and lustrous like new again. No rubbing or polishing. Just apply. Wonderful for children's school shoes. Sold in 10 cent stores everywhere. (15¢ in Far West and Canada.)

10¢ ColorShine SHOE DRESSINGS 10¢

ALL GRAY HAIR —OR NONE!

Nothing ages a man's or a woman's face like a streaky mixture of youthful hair and faded gray. Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy THEN to keep ALL your hair one even shade and yet avoid that touched up, artificial look men so dislike by using FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, greaseless that leaves a NATURAL, soft, youthful shade that will not wash off nor interfere with your marcel or permanent wave in the least. Any shade. Harmless as your lipstick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G.9
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR.....

Learn Music at Home

Easy as A-B-C A Complete Conservatory Course on your favorite instrument, under Master Teachers. You will be amazed and delighted that music can be made so easy and interesting. Over 300,000 enthusiastic students. Low cost, easy terms. Courses in Piano, Violin, Mandolin, Cornet, Organ, Trumpet, Spanish Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Tenor Banjo, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet. Personal instruction under artists. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for Free Catalog; gives full details.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 529 702 East 41st Street, Chicago

New Freedom for Modern Womanhood

SCIENCE MEETS DEMAND FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION

German scientists have developed an amazing formula now presented as H. Y. G. TABLETS. Pure, safe, convenient and a reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene, they provide the necessary protection to womanhood. Removes fear and uncertainty. Antiseptic vapor liberated by these tablets, destroys germs without harming delicate membranes. Dry, greaseless, non-poisonous, non-irritating and stainless. No water, liquid antiseptic or cumbersome accessories needed. Comes in a small, compact package which can be conveniently and easily carried.

MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

Progressive Laboratories, Dept. K-7
228 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me sample of H. Y. G. Tablets, Directions and Valuable Booklet. I enclose 10c.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

tional as I had expected and I did not return to New York. Instead, I wired Ann to join me.

I remember writing explicit directions to my bewildered little mother—Ann's Granny. She was to put Ann on the train with the money I had wired pinned in her purse. She was to be placed under the protection of the Travelers' Aid. She was immediately to tell the conductor that she was traveling alone and she was to mind what he told her. If Ann hadn't been the particular child she was I should never have risked her taking this trip alone. But Ann was an adventurer.

At that, I guess, the trip was just a little too much of an adventure. When she arrived in Los Angeles five days later she was laughing, but she was the dirtiest, most bedraggled little creature I have ever seen. I don't think she had been near a washbowl since leaving New York. She had eaten nothing but dill pickles and cookies. Most of the money I had sent had been lost. She looked as though she had slept in her clothes. I wailed, "Oh, *Ann!*"

She hopped about on the station platform like a little witch, her black, curly, *dirty* hair flying, her blue eyes dancing with excitement. "Gee, it was fun!" she cried.

"What happened to your money?" I asked, feeling I should be stern but hardly able to control my laughter.

"The porter stole it," yelled Ann with keen delight. I know I should have scolded. Instead we both stood there laughing—Ann and I.

ANN liked Los Angeles from the first and she was far more excited about my career than I was. She plied me with a running fire of questions about the movie stars, she wanted to know all about the operations of the camera. "Some day," she prophesied, "I'm going to be in pictures."

I looked at my little friend who was growing so tall and thin and ungainly. She had an arresting face but I didn't think she was pretty. She seemed to have no flair for wearing clothes. Even children of nine can give promise of coming style. Ann had none of it.

She was vivid and colorful but she certainly did not look like prospective starring material to me. There was no need to argue with her; she would probably outgrow the idea before she was through school.

Only a few months passed and she was in pictures! Ann appeared as the child "Ramona" in a picture by that name, receiving $150 a week for her work. Again I was robbed of seeing my daughter at work as an actress for I was working at another studio. That was the last of her "career" for some years—but the memory of it lingered during the intervening period.

Our first visit to Hollywood lasted a year. With the completion of the last picture of my contract (with Tom Moore) we returned to New York. It was after our return home that Ann's creative efforts turned to writing. She really did write well, with imagination and style.

She had a particular flair for poetry. Mr. Pearson, whose profession is commercial writing for advertising agencies, was delighted with Ann's talent. "You stick to writing, Ann," he advised. "That's your line. Forget about being an actress."

Ann did write; reams and reams of paper were filled with her childish scrawl which she promptly hid until at some unsolicited moment she would bring it out and read it for my exclusive benefit, with gestures.

Sometimes she read with such fervor and voice-beauty that I began to wonder if Ann were not really beautiful after all. When she was in one of her inspired moods she was like some heady red wine. But another day would bring another mood—and Ann was just Ann.

When she was twelve a picture engagement for myself brought us to Hollywood again. The very atmosphere of the town seemed to stir Ann's actress ambitions, but I prevailed upon her to wait just a little longer and she consented to enroll in the Page School for Girls.

After she had been there about a year the school called me to babble that Ann and another girl had "run away." "I don't think you need worry," I assured them. "Ann isn't the runing away kind."

At six o'clock that night Ann came home. I made no mention of the call from her school. For an hour or two she said nothing. Then, "Mother, I ran away today. Another girl and I got as far as Eagle Rock—and then—well, I just came home."

"Why did you run away?" I asked as though she had told me she had missed an arithmetic problem.

"Just to see what it felt like—I never really intended to go very far."

Ann, the adventurous, had merely tested another adventure. She had found it a foolish one. At the time I believed she would remember for the rest of her life *that adventure which failed.*

"Running away is no good," she decided aloud.

I wonder now if Ann will re-discover that "running away is no good"?

We had a long talk that night, not only about Ann's run-out but also about a problem I had been trying to keep from her for some weeks. "We aren't as flush as we were, Ann," I confided to her. "It is going to be a little tough going for a while."

"I had an idea there was something like that," Ann said. "That's why I feel so foolish about running away at the very time you are worried."

I can remember saying: "Mistakes aren't so important, Ann. That is, if we don't get in the habit of making them. Let's not talk about it any more."

Instead we talked about how we were going to economize on the "extras" of Ann's schooling.

Strangely enough I think my friend, Ann, was enjoying the idea of this new, very real adventure in life! We both agreed that it would be the best thing for Ann to finish school. "Don't worry about how *that* is going to be done," she said in that woman-to-woman manner of hers. "I can attend to that."

FROM that time until she finished school Ann arose each morning at

4:30 a. m., worked for the school until 7:45 answering the telephone and substituting for teachers, to help pay her tuition. In her spare time (heaven knows where she found it) she ran the school newspaper, wrote and produced a play and worked on her poetry. Once I tried to tell her what a very swell person I thought she was. "Bosh," answered Ann characteristically. "I like it."

What makes her an even grander person is that she really did!

A year passed. And then another. And another. With the passing of each I had lost contact with the studios and my professional life. Ann was growing into a tall, slim girl. She was interesting but still she did not impress me as a type that would catch on in pictures.

Her face was not orthodox. That is, it was not the sort of pretty-pretty face that has been typed the ideal camera face. And her clothes-wearing ability hadn't improved any. In fact, her dresses usually looked as if she had stood on one side of the room and someone on the other side had thrown them on her. Her hair was long and she wore it in two thick braids. I thought her eyes and her mouth lovely. But Ann needed polish.

Before she actually told me I knew she had her mind set on pictures again. I didn't try to discourage her, but I hadn't the heart to encourage her.

One day she heard that the M-G-M studio was casting twenty girls for the chorus of "The Hollywood Revue." Ann was just barely sixteen when she begged me to write a letter to Harry Rapf, whom I had known during my own career. I knew the letter "introducing her" wouldn't do any good. It didn't. But in spite of its failure, Ann managed to get in the chorus line-up.

She came home that night and told me the whole adventure.

"Mr. Rapf said I wouldn't do. But I wasn't going to be put off by one man's opinion. He put me out of the line three times—but I always went back. Finally he yelled, 'I've put that girl out of the line three times—and here she is again.' It was the assistant director who heard him. I guess he must have admired my spunk because when Mr. Rapf left he called me aside and said I could stay on as one of the chorus.

"You know, Mother, I guess there must be something wrong with my clothes." She glanced down at her long, dark, frumpy skirt that reached far below her knees, and her thick-soled shoes. She roared with laughter. "When we lined up none of the other girls were dressed like Dvorak. I was dreadfully embarrassed but I stuck it out. If those girls can dance—then I can, too!

"I think—I hope—I almost *know* that I can get somewhere in pictures!"

Suddenly I felt sad—and a little sorry for Ann McKim.

(To be continued)

● Don't fail to follow Ann's adventures—as told by her charming and delightful mother—in our next issue. Ann, the "little witch," grows up—and meets romance. And her mother watches on.

WILL HE PROPOSE?

HELP him to say the words he wants to say . . . the words that will make you both happy. He will be carried away by your sweet loveliness if you keep your skin soft as silk . . . your lips temptingly red . . . your cheeks like rose-petals . . . your hair, eyebrows and lashes soft and lustrous . . . by using Blue Waltz Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, and Brilliantine, all delicately scented with the alluring Blue Waltz Perfume . . . the fragrance which will inspire that long-hoped-for proposal. $1.00 everywhere. Convenient 10 cent purse sizes at your 5c and 10c store.

Blue Waltz

Joubert Cie · 71 Fifth Ave., New York

TOILET WATER FACIAL CREAMS BRILLIANTINE CREAM ROUGE TALCUM POWDER LIPSTICK FACE POWDER PERFUME

Cleaner FACES

Sitroux Face Tissue absorbs the dirt, salt, and acid mixed cream or cleansing lotiop from the face without irritation. ¶ You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses. ¶ Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.

90 SHEETS FOR 10¢

SITROUX (PRONOUNCED SIT-TRUE)

sold by YOUR FAVORITE CHAIN STORE

DON'T let falling hairpins spoil your CHARM

The NEW Sta-Rite Invisible Bobs are your best "charm insurance"—they won't fall out. They hold the hair firmly, yet since they're colored to match your hair, they remain inconspicuous. Buy them at your favorite store.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN COMPANY
Shelbyville, Illinois

STA-RITE HAIR PINS

PHOTOS ENLARGED

SIZE 8 X 10 or 11 X 14 INCHES

Now is your chance to get a life-like Bromide photo enlargement at an unusual bargain. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, or enlargements of any group picture. Safe return of your original photo Guaranteed.

45c EACH

Send NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshots (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 8 x 10 or 11 x 14 guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 45c plus a few cents postage or send 50 cents with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer—Send your photo today.

REX ART. 538 So. Dearborn, Dept. 58, Chicago, Ill.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

D.J.MAHLER Beauty Specialist

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet. For promptness in writing me, I will include a $2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations.

D. J. MAHLER, *President*, D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36M Providence, R. I.

$$ MOVIE STORIES $$

Hollywood WANTS NEW IDEAS!

Your Original story, plot or idea accepted in any form for submission to Hollywood studios. As exclusive scenario agents for TEN PRODUCERS—WE GUARANTEE a studio reading of your manuscript, after our Story Editors accept it and report to you. A Service to sell your ideas—not a school. Free booklet giving full details. Write today!

HOLLYWOOD SCENARIO AGENCY
Dept. 510 1040 N. Las Palmas Hollywood, Calif.

Eminent ASTROLOGER

Tells you what's coming in 1932

My fee for 17 to 19 page Astrological Forecast based on your Zodiological sign is only $1.00. Forecast covers all 1932, month by month, giving actual predictions, with definite days, dates, and happenings. Deals with Love, Marriage, Travels, Health changes, etc. Advises on Business, Social affairs, Employment, Promotions, Speculation, enemies, lucky days, etc. Free book on Love Psychology included. Send $1.00 and exact birth date.

A. A. Rageh, Ps.D.Ms.D.,
509 5th Avenue, New York City, N.Y

I was a Tub of FAT!

LILLIAN IANCHUCK weighed 190 pounds. Then she saw an advertisement of Korein and decided to try it. "I have nothing but praise for Korein," she writes. "Five years ago I was a tub of fat. After using Korein I lost 40 pounds. Now my weight is just right for my height. I have no more excess fat on me."

MRS. C. W. HAYS weighed 200 pounds. While using Korein, she lost 40 pounds.

MAMIE JACKSON weighs 116 pounds now. Before taking Korein, she weighed 148 pounds.

MARIE KOSCIOLEK weighed 160 pounds. She weighs only 130 pounds since reducing with Korein.

MARGARET ALLEN used Korein and lost 27 pounds. Has kept present weight of 123 pounds ever since.

Korein is very popular. Buy it at the Drug Store. Or use coupon below. **FREE**

KOREIN CO., D-4, Station O, New York
Please send me Free Test of KOREIN

Name.....

Address.....

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 86*)

studio player. Featured in "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach M-G-M. Working in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Chandu," Fox.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade" and "New Morals for Old," M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox; "Love Me Tonight," Paramount; "Thirteen Women," Radio.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Universal player. Featured in "Chandu," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Thunder Below," Paramount; "Passport to Hell," Fox; "Downstairs," M-G-M. Next is "Adventure Lady," Universal.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "By Whose Hand?" Columbia; "Week Ends Only," Fox. Working in "Crooked Circle," Wide World. Fox.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Love Affair," Columbia.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "They Call It Sin," First National. Working in "Bill of Divorcement," Radio.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Merrily We Go to Hell," Paramount; "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Working in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

MARIZA, S.; unmarried; born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments." Working in "Manhattan Rhythm."

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "All the Evidence," Radio.

MARSHALL, HERBERT; married to Edna Best; born in London, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus." Working in "The Honest Finder."

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Chesters at Play," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver, born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Huddle" and "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "They Call It Sin," First National. Making personal appearances.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Rich Are Always With Us," First National. Working in "Kid From Spain," United Artists.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Texas Bad Man," "My Pal the King" and "Foxy Boy." Working in "Tom's in Town."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Letty Lynton" and "Blondie of the Follies."

MOORE, COLLEEN; married to Albert Scott; born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Winner Take All," First National; "No Greater Love," Columbia; "Million Dollar Legs," "Blonde Venus," Paramount.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M; "Man About Town," Fox; "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M. Working in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Miracle Man" and "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists. Working in "I'm a Fugitive," First National.

MCCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio player. Featured in "Bird of Paradise" and "The Most Dangerous Game." Working in "Sport Page."

MCLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "Guilty as Hell," Paramount.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married; born in Ireland, June 22. Universal player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood."

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany. Working in "Father and Sons," M-G-M.

NISSEN, GRETA; married to Weldon Heyburn; born in Olso, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery."

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Winner Take All," First National; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Working in "Walking Down Broadway," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Huddle."

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Million Dollar Legs," Paramount; "Once in a Lifetime," Universal; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden, October 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Passport to Hell," Fox.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail." Working in "The Conquerors."

OLIVIER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Westward Passage." Radio. Working in "Perfect Understanding" in London.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Dark Horse." "Week-End Marriage" and "Life Begins."

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif, September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Gay Caballero" and "Mystery Ranch." Working in "Golden West."

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "American Madness" and "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia; "Airmail," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Companions," Universal; "Strange Interlude" and "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M; "Okay, U. S. A.," Universal.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court," "Prosperity" and "Skyscraper Souls."

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Returns to screen soon in "Happy Ending."

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Is My Face Red?" Radio; "Back Street" and "Once In a Lifetime," Universal; "Vanishing Frontier" and "Make Me a Star," Paramount; "Crooked Circle," World Wide; "Walking Down Broadway," Fox.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery" and "One Way Passage."

RAFT, GEORGE; unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer" and "Night After Night." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "Night of June 13." Next is "11th Avenue."

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Two Seconds" and "Tiger Shark." Working in "Silver Dollar."

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Now appearing with his orchestra on the stage and over the radio.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Tenderfoot," First National; "The 13th Guest," Hoffman.

ROGERS, WILL; married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Business and Pleasure" and "Down to Earth." Working in "Jubilo."

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "This Is the Night," "Love Me Tonight," "70,000 Witnesses" and "Night of June 13." Working in "The Honest Finder."

SALE, CHIC; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warners.

SHANNON, PEGGY; separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman." Working in "Desert Flame."

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "Salute."

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starring in and directing "False Faces," World Wide.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Miracle Man" and "Merrily We Go to Hell." Working in "Madame Butterfly."

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "So Big" and "The Purchase Price," Warners. Working in "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Wet Parade," "Night Court," "Letty Lynton," "New Morals for Old," "Red Headed Woman." Working in "Father and Sons."

STUART, GLORIA; unmarried; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Street of Women," First National; "Old Dark House" and "Airmail," Universal.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Brown of Culver" and "Airmail." Next will co-star with Zasu Pitts in "Auto Camp."

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmon; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never." Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Other Men's Sex," Paramount; "Son of Russia," First National. Working in "Those We Love," Tiffany.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Columbia player. Featured in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia. Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.

TODD, THELMA; married to Pasquala de Cicio; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "The Big Timer," Columbia; "Speak Easily," M-G-M; "Horse Feathers," Paramount.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art. Working in "Whirlwind Wilson," Superior.

TRACY, LEE; unmarried; born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 14. Columbia player. Featured in "Love Is a Racket," "Dr. X," and "Blessed Event," First National. Working in "Night Mayor," Columbia.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Young America," "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman." Fox. Working in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," First National.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Radio star. Starred in "State's Attorney" and "Is My Face Red?" Radio; "Unashamed," M-G-M. Temporarily retired from screen awaiting birth of baby.

VELEZ, SUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Broken Wing," Paramount.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNY; married to Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan."

WILLIAM, WARREN; married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Mouthpiece," "Dark Horse" and "Three On a Match," Warners; "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M. Working in "The Match King," Warners.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," First National; "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Kong," Radio.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Week-End Marriage," "Life Begins" and "They Call It Sin."

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Wet Parade," "New Morals for Old," "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M. Working in "Sport Page," Radio.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "This Is the Night," Paramount; "Street of Women," First National. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Richard Arlen	September 1	Buster Keaton	October 4
John Mack Brown	September 1	Carole Lombard	October 6
George O'Brien	September 1	Helen Hayes	October 10
Neil Hamilton	September 9	Lowell Sherman	October 11
Maurice Chevalier	September 12	Marian Marsh	October 17
Claudette Colbert	September 13	Miriam Hopkins	October 18
Greta Garbo	September 18	Marian Nixon	October 20
Paul Muni	September 22	Constance Bennett	October 22
George Bancroft	September 30	John Boles	October 27

Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 85*)

before you forget it. We're so enthusiastic over these desserts ourself that we can hardly wait to have you, every single one of you, try them out yourselves.

Next month the Modern Hostess will tell you what Wallace Ford thinks about Sunday Morning Breakfasts—and what he likes to have served at them. Don't miss this story of Hollywood's breakfast ideas—and meanwhile be sure to send for the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Recipes—they are sent *free* to readers of MODERN SCREEN.

Jungle

(*Continued from page 41*)

just before his horn plowed into you, or climb a tree. The viciousness of the rhino is due to his laziness; he is usually half asleep and when disturbed he wakes up full of resentment, peeved with the world.

One day Martin Johnson and his petite wife, Osa, were watching a rhino mother and her half-ton infant. The wee one was not over a week old; it was still unsteady on its feet. As the mother drank the baby rhino ran under her belly and butted her playfully. It made a pretty family picture, baby butting mama—and the ever alert Martin had risen from the ferns and was cranking away.

Osa gave him a nudge. He turned, and as he did his heart leaped into his mouth. A big *bull* rhino was thundering down upon him like a runaway locomotive. His heart was pounding but his hands were steady. He spun the camera on its swivel and he began cranking methodically, his eyes glued to the eyepiece.

"Don't kill him," he cried to his wife, who was drawing a bead on the brute with her .405 Winchester. "Try to turn him with a shot."

But she fired even as he spoke. The rhino was about thirty feet away when she sent the shot crashing into its brain, killing it instantly; but the force of his charge carried it to within its own length of the tripod.

LAKE PARADISE also turned out to be an excellent place to get pictures of the prowlers of the night. Some of Johnson's best photographs were taken with a flashlight. For days he had been hearing elephants trumpeting on the opposite side of the lake. He decided to get them in the dark.

With his black boys carrying the equipment he set off for a spot he had selected for his experiment. Usually he set the apparatus with two flashlight cartridges, but as he wanted to catch the whole herd he set up sixteen of

(*Continued on page 110*)

MAKE YOUR DIMES DO THE WORK OF DOLLARS

This fall . . . this winter . . . every day, Nivea* Creme will save you money. It does the work of many creams. It is a hand creme, a night creme, a cleansing creme, a powder base—a creme for dry skin and chafing . . . all because it contains Eucerite* which makes it go deep to supply the skin with needed lubrication. No after-greasiness.

*Trade Marks. U. S. Pat. Off.

Buy Nivea Creme in its blue-and-white carton at the toilet goods counters of chain stores for only 10c.

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

10 Cents

At Kresge's

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-17
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

SAVE . . those precious SNAPS

Mount them in an album with

Engel Art Corners

Very artistic . . . quick and easy to use . . . no paste needed. Ask for Engel Art Corners by name at photo supply and album counters. Send 10c for full size package, valuable information and samples of all styles. Be surprised. SEND TODAY.

10c BUYS 100

Engel Art Corners Co., Dept. 63K
4717 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

HAIRLESS SKIN with GYPSIA

FREE! Pamphlet FREE!

Marvelous imported Parisian discovery, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy! IMMEDIATE results when used according to directions Safe and easy to use. Just apply and wash off! Liquid, clean, will not irritate or pull. Satisfaction or money refunded. So, you can't lose by trying.

Gypsia Products Co., (C) 55 W. 42d St., New York

C.E. ISRAEL

SPECIAL WORK for Married Women who want $16 a Week To Start

I want 500 ambitious women at once in every town to demonstrate amazing new line, last minute new fall styles. Lowest prices but highest quality and workmanship —prompt service —money back guarantee.

No House-to-House Canvassing

New plan makes work pleasant, dignified, easy and permanent. Success assured. Requires no house-to-house canvassing.

No Experience—Sample Dress Free

Can even start convenient hours. Nothing to pay now or at any time. Sample Dresses (your size) FREE. Send no money. Write fully for gorgeous style presentation. — C. E. Israel, Gen. Mgr.

MAYFAIR STYLES
Dept. C-11 Cincinnati, Ohio

It Might Have Been You

(*Continued from page 27*)

Unknown Girl of the Films," so that some mothers throughout the world might think that, perhaps, their lost daughter is buried there. Just as the tomb of The Unknown Soldier brings a ray of hope to many maternal hearts.

A report of the Los Angeles police department shows that one hundred and eighty runaway girls were picked up during last year and held for investigation. Thirty-eight of these were only fifteen years of age; fifty-six were sixteen and thirty-seven were seventeen. Included in the list were innumerable film-struck urchins who believed they had only to show themselves to casting directors and the studio gates would be joyfully opened. Some arrived in homespun dresses, possessing little money and unmindful of the outcome of their "great adventure." When, in time, their funds were exhausted and they found themselves hungry and alone on the streets they resorted to many wayward acts in their desperation.

There is the case of Ruth Hudson, one of the most startling on the Los Angeles court records. Ruth was a college girl, born of good family. Her father and mother gave her three years in the University of California and were prepared to give her the fourth when she suddenly decided that the bright lights of Hollywood beckoned. She wanted to make a name for herself in art and in motion pictures. So, she broke away and plunged into a careless, care-free existence in the City of Films.

In the Los Angeles County Jail not long ago, Ruth tidied up her quarters, packed her few belongings, then sat down to wait for the deputy who was to take her to "the big house up north" —San Quentin prison. The judge had fixed her sentence at one to five years and had denied probation.

"If I could only wipe it all out," she sobbed through blinding tears. "If I only had it all to do over again! And if I had only listened to my father and mother!"

The police said that Ruth rented a costly home, purchased an automobile, bought pretty lingerie, sheer hose and visited downtown stores like a "movie" star on shopping bent—all on bad checks. Eventually, of course, the officers got her and she poured out the whole tale.

"Day after day, I looked for my chance, looked for jobs," she said. "I wasn't wanted. But I never worried. I guess I was careless about money. I met a girl friend and we rented a beautiful home in the hills above Hollywood. I bought a car. I always had fine clothes and I kept on buying them. And there were lots of parties, you know. I never knew I was overdrawn at the bank until they arrested me. My girl friend and I had a joint account and I guess we wrote a lot of checks without realizing. Now, it's all over."

Hers was not a new story. It was just another of those sad lessons. Not vastly different, was it, from the tale told by Mary Roberts, twenty-one.

"It takes money to put up a front in Hollywood," she said. "And a first-class 'front' is necessary if one expects to crash into the cinema."

Mary delivered this bit of philosophy in the County Jail, too, where she was being held on suspicion of forgery. The police said she signed the name of Pat Harmon, actor, to a check which netted her a coat and seizure by a "cop." The check was for $56. Mary pleaded guilty and was sentenced to jail for six months. She had dreamed of money, servants, automobiles—the adulation of millions. The wrong dream.

NOT long ago, Nena Carr Flader, eighteen-year-old Tacoma girl, stood before Judge Bowron Fletcher in Superior Court and admitted that she, too, had passed bad checks when "up against it, hard." Testimony showed that a Los Angeles man attending a convention in Tacoma had told her he could make her famous in pictures and gave her money for her train fare. Soon thereafter she was arrested on a moral charge, given a suspended sentence and returned to the north. But the lure of Hollywood had gotten into her blood and she came back only, in time, to be arrested on the bad check charge.

Judge Fletcher looked down upon the frightened little blonde who appeared to feel she was before the final bar of judgment. The pleading of an eternity was in her eyes. She had told the truth frankly, unreservedly, knowing she was confessing to a crime. She had no excuses to make, no claim to extenuating circumstances save that she had found herself without funds. During her stay of almost a year she had obtained only three days' employment at the studios as an "extra."

"You are banished from Hollywood and ordered to return to your home in Tacoma and to stay there!" the Judge snapped. "You are released on five years' probation—very strict probation. If you come back here, you will be sent to the penitentiary. Do you understand this order?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Nena, weakly.

Then the Judge turned to Nena's father who had come down from Tacoma. His cheeks blazed.

"You are a fine father," he lashed forth, "to let your daughter leave home under such conditions!"

There is still another class of girls who arrive in Hollywood destitute, trusting purely to luck for subsistence. These are the ones who really suffer. For example, Ruth Brice, eighteen, and Georgia Hinton, seventeen, of Middleton, Mich., both as pretty as cameos, decided that the films were calling. They had their hair cropped, boyish style. They clad themselves in overalls and set out upon a hitch-hike journey to Southern California. They found lifts extremely plentiful but few motorists offered to buy them anything to eat.

The girls reached Los Angeles last September and were trudging into town suffering from hunger and weariness when Ruth's strength began wavering. At Beverly Boulevard and Union Avenue she staggered and presently slumped down in a heap. Georgia was trying to revive her as a crowd gathered.

A radio patrol car drew up and the officers saw the prostrate figure on the paving.

"To the Receiving Hospital!" a policeman ordered.

Food revived Ruth Brice. Policewoman Mona Rehling set about getting in touch with the girls' parents with a view of promptly starting them right back to the community from whence they came. Los Angeles does not want runaways.

There was Mary Kinny, a Cincinnati girl who took up residence in San Clemente, Cal., preparatory to storming the gates of Hollywood. In Cincinnati, she weighed one hundred and nine pounds. A few weeks in California and the scales registered her at one hundred and twenty. Whereupon, Mary hitched the wagon of her ambition to a diet and started making the rounds of the studios. At Paramount, she passed a set where a banquet scene was in the making. Her stomach registered hunger and promptly her voice rose in hysterics and she collapsed. Buddy Leyton, a supervisor who saw her fall, gathered her into his car and rushed her to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital.

"After a diet of honey and tomato juice for two weeks, that banquet scene was too much for me," Miss Kinny explained. "But no more diets. I'll keep the weight down, somehow, and when I'm stronger I'll try again for a place in the films."

She went back to San Clemente.

THE saddest thing about all these girls is that they are far above the average in looks. Beneath the dirt and grime accumulated in cross-country hikes, are soft skins and prettily moulded features. Told repeatedly in their home towns how attractive they are and how they "ought to be in the movies," they feel positive of it.

There was Ruby McDaniels of Denver, only fifteen years old, to whom the lights of Hollywood and a movie career beckoned. She talked it over with Mary Butterworth, her girl friend, and together they set out for California via the hitch-hike route. There were rides a-plenty but a lot of walking, too. At El Paso, Mary Butterworth chose a career in a restaurant in preference to one in the films and went to work. Ruby McDaniels started out from that point alone.

At Alhambra, suburban to Los Angeles, Ruby came to the end of the trail. With her white sport shoes badly scuffed and presenting altogether a bedraggled appearance, she was picked up by the police at Garfield Avenue and Main Street in an exhausted condition, and taken to police headquarters. After she had been given a warm bath and food she was put to bed and juvenile officers placed in charge of her case. The movies thereby lost a recruit.

THERE is no short cut to fame in movies. It takes money and perseverance even to make the start. Many persons in the film colony recall that beautiful Gladys White, double for Pola Negri, took poison nearly two years ago, after Pola returned to Europe. And Gladys had already made a start and a very good one, too. After the doctors had saved her life at the Receiving Hospital, she told why she had tried to die.

"I had been just an 'extra' before Pola came here," she explained. "Then they found that I resembled her so closely I could double for her in the pictures in which she starred. Life was pleasant, then. I thought even that I might be able some day to have a double of my own. Then she went away and things began to become bad for me. For a time I succeeded in obtaining steady employment at the studios, but gradually this became only daywork and after a time I could get no work at all. So, I became a waitress at a lunch counter.

"But even as a waitress I finally failed to find work. It seemed impossible to go on—and so, well, you know the rest."

"The lost battalion!" The girls come—and go. Few want to admit defeat and from Hollywood they drift on into the world—some into oblivion. The film capital is a melting pot that takes its heavy toll of beauty and loveliness.

The Lure of Hollywood

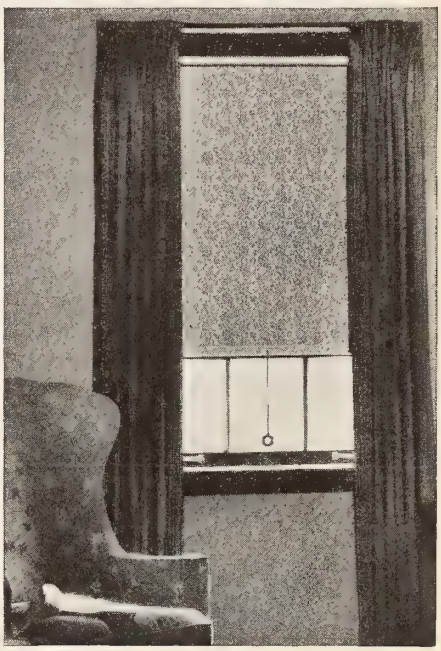
(*Continued from page 56*)

ruffled primrose-yellow georgette. Over it she slipped a beige coat of soft Japanese silk and pulled on a small hat made of primroses that matched her dress.

"You look like a million dollars!" exclaimed Garth when he called for Mary in his new Ford. It was marvelous to be admired by a young man who had seen all the Hollywood beauties and who knew a number of them.

At the Stadium, Garth, taking the girl's arm, began to steer her towards their seats in the great round building and she found that she needn't wait to reach her seat before being surrounded by stars. They, too, were steering towards their seats; Doug Fairbanks, brown, handsome and rather formidable looking, in the crush, was bent on getting Mary through the throng, without a hair of her bright head being

Housewives, Movie Stars . . . *Marvel at*



CLOPAY

10c Window Shades

THINK of it! Window shades you can use proudly in any room, for 10c each! No wonder movie stars marveled when they saw CLOPAY Shades—and no wonder millions of housewives have purchased them.

CLOPAY Shades look expensive at your windows—and actually outwear shades costing five to ten times as much. The patented CLOPAY fibre fabric doesn't fade, doesn't "pinhole," doesn't crack, doesn't fray. Made in such a wide range of colors and patterns you can get decorative effects impossible with other shades. New fall patterns are now on display in the stores. Be sure to see them. At 5c and 10c stores and 5c to $1.00 stores everywhere, 10c each. Attached to old rollers without tacks or tools. In Canada, 15c.

NEW!

20c

CLOPAY Shades mounted on standard wood spring rollers, with wood slat brackets, nails and screw eye. Complete for only 20c each.

CLOPAY Window Shade Pulls

Moulded from Bakelite and Plaskon, with double 10-inch cords. Always look like new. Washable; durable; attractive; and modern. 7 colors, to match CLOPAY Shades. 5c

CLOPAY Bridge Table Covers

Creped surface. Non-skid, non-stick. Elastic corners. No tapes. Three colors—French blue and ecru; apple green and ecru; black and tangerine. 10c

CLOPAY CORPORATION

1274 York St., Cincinnati, O.

NEW HAIR

Imagine the joy of Julius Naroes whose hair was thin, falling out and full of dandruff when he observed new hair after he used Kotalko, and Kotalko Soap...Pleased with every hair on her head is Elizabeth Parker since using Kotalko, and Kotalko Soap.

KOTALKO
For Hair and Scalp

Sold at Drug Stores everywhere. Or use coupon.

Kotal Co., M-3, Station O, New York
Please send me free proof box of Kotalko
Name.....
Address.....

EARN UP TO $36 A WEEK

IN YOUR SPARE TIME
WITHOUT CANVASSING

Amazing new opportunity to add to family income and earn up to $36 a week to start without canvassing. Rapid advancement. Permanent position. Write today!

Make Money New Easy Way—Equipment FREE. Send No Money

Show nationally advertised Paris, New York fashions at lowest competition-defying prices to friends and neighbors. Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Magazine. Work from home. Earn big stock of sample dresses to wear and demonstrate *without penny of expense*. Build permanent clientele. No money to pay for outfits or samples.

No Experience Necessary

Anyone who follows easy instructions can succeed. Write fully for beautiful STYLE SAMPLES sent FREE and Postpaid.

HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.
977 Liberty Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE DRESSES to Producers

BEAUTY IN PATCHWORK QUILTS

CUT OUT DIAGRAMS

FIBRE PATTERNS FOR CUTTING PATCHES

Flower Garden, Wedding Ring, Yo-Yo etc. 8 Fibre Patterns, Quilt Book, and work Chart 25c Post Paid.
W.L.M. Clark, St Louis, Mo.
1908 St. Louis Ave.

Better Pencils for School-Home-Office

BUY Ozark Pencils for school boys and girls. Ozarks sharpen easily, write smoother, cost less because they last longer. They meet every writing requirement in school, home and office. Colored thin leads, indelible and black in varying degrees of hardness; round and hexagon shapes, with and without erasers. New pastel, marbleized Boy Scout, novelty finishes delight boys and girls. Buy Ozark Pencils—by the dozen!

OZARK PENCIL CO.
ST. LOUIS MISSOURI

SCREEN STORIES Pay BIG Money

6 Stories Sold in 1 Day

NEVER before have Talkie and Movie producers so urgently needed short Stories and plots! They pay—and pay big for simple plots with merit. One of the leading independent studios just ordered six stories in one day from this company. Victoria Morton of New York, received $3000 for her efforts.

Perhaps this is your chance for quick, easy money. No matter if your writings do not quite come up to producer's standards. The plot is what counts! Why not send in your story for Free Examination and advice? It costs nothing. Perhaps we can revise and edit it and bring a quick sale. Your copy of "How to Write for the Talkies" is ready to be sent to you now absolutely free. Don't hesitate—write today. It may mean financial independence.

Daniel O'Malley, Dept. K-15,
1776 Broadway, New York.

ruffled. Close behind them came "young Doug," bringing Joan. "Young Doug" when concentrating hard, as now, had a look of his father about his forehead, despite his light brown hair and boyishness of face and figure. As for Joan, Mary decided that she looked like no one else in the world, and saw that she was even younger and prettier than on the screen. Not far off followed Ben Lyon, tall and protecting over beautiful Bebe Daniels. Ben with very bright blue eyes and a disarming smile, Bebe with her clear, straight profile.

BY and by Mary and Garth reached their "ringside seats." Just in front of the three sat Ricardo Cortez, who had made such an immense hit in "Symphony of Six Million" and "Is My Face Red?" and who was then, Mary knew, busy acting in "Thirteen Women." He was bigger and handsomer than Mary had imagined, but she thought she had seldom seen a fortunate, successful man with so sad a face.

The fight began; Mary didn't understand five words out of six of the fight announcer, but the audience seemed immensely excited. Even the lovely girl stars who had come with their husbands, their fiancés, or just the boy friend of the moment, applauded wildly with their little ringed hands. Though the boxing was good and the fighters gave plenty of action—judging by the way they drizzled sweat and spouted blood—Mary couldn't help turning from the ring even while the audience yelled to glance at the famous faces she had read of and seen photographed so many times.

Could that be Ronald Colman? Was that fair man Clive Brook? And didn't that one look like Reginald Denny with his pretty little wife, Bubbles? Oh, surely there was Sidney Fox, the wonderful girl with the midnight eyes and pretty, dark hair! If that fascinating face in the distance, under sleek black hair, wasn't Richard Dix's face, Mary'd be willing to eat her hat—though it had cost so much! And actually, there were Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli.

When the last fight was over, with applause and boos, Dick, being nimble on land as in air, managed to extricate little Mary Moore from the crowd, as if she were a feather blowing in the breeze. They were somehow, Mary never knew just exactly how, among the first out of the huge building, and then came a rush for Garth's car. When he found it, he almost flung Mary into it; and it shot out from the solid mass of parked cars.

They drove to the Ambassador Hotel, which stands among all its lawns and gardens and bungalows, about halfway between Hollywood and Los Angeles. It looked like a large, clustered village of light; illuminated for some fête, against the star-spangled darkness where searchlights played like silver sticks of a broken fan.

The girl had conjured up vivid mind-pictures of the famous Cocoanut Grove, one of the few places which remain fashionable through Hollywood years of changing stars. But it was actually on a grander scale than her imagination and the Grove itself seemed more real than she had expected. It was like dancing in an actual forest of beautiful tall trees that had sprouted miraculously from a perfect floor. The lighting was just right; a little mysterious; not too bright, yet bright enough to show off the beauty of lovely forms, gold, brown and auburn heads, exquisite faces and frocks.

FORTUNATELY for Mary Moore's vanity, a number of girls with their partners had come on to the Ambassador after the boxing, so that they were not in their most dazzling costumes. Many, Mary noticed, wore white, contrasting strongly with their deeply tanned backs and shoulders. The floor was crowded and as Dick was pointing out celebrities to Mary while dancing, they actually bumped into Lilyan Tashman.

"Hello, Dick Garth!" laughed Miss Tashman, who was dancing with one of the handsomest men in the Grove that night.

"It's nice of you to remember me, Miss Tashman," said Dick, who had met Hollywood's famous vamp and priceless comedienne at one or two parties.

"I shall certainly not forget you after tonight!" laughed the fair Lilyan. "I only hope you haven't broken a rib with your athletic elbow. But you're forgiven! You've met my husband, Edmund Lowe?"

And then Mary Moore found herself being introduced to the hero of so many movies she had seen.

"Didn't I see your photograph in the paper the other day?" asked Miss Tashman. And the three of them had to smile when Mary blushed as few girls do blush in Hollywood. She was almost too shy to speak of her own photograph to this couple of world-photographed celebrities, but Garth spoke for her, telling something of the girl's adventures since she arrived in Hollywood, so short a time ago.

"She's been lucky," he said with a smile at Mary which seemed to say, to her alone, "So far."

"We must keep up the good luck," said Lilyan. "You must both come out to my cottage and see Malibu. Now, let me see," Miss Tashman paused and looked up with that amusing little three-cornered smile which is one of her individual charms. "I'm working all tomorrow morning on some retakes and I expect I shall have to lunch at the studio." She was working for First National at the moment. "Can you bring Miss Moore about four o'clock? If you and she like to have a swim from our little beach you can. And, oh, I say, if Miss Moore would enjoy it, I'll phone Mrs. Lasky and ask if we may bring her to the wonderful party tomorrow night at Santa Monica. I suppose you're invited, aren't you, Dick?"

"Yes," said Garth. "Gary Cooper asked for an invitation for me. You see, I don't really know many of you swell people here yet; only you're all being darned kind to me. I'm in the

same boat with Miss Moore, more or less."

Mary listened with great interest, yet wondered how she could motor out to Malibu Beach and then go on to a grand party at Santa Monica in the evening. Of course, it *would* be a grand party, since Mrs. Jesse Lasky was giving it and Mr. Lasky was an important figure in the movie industry—having been for years a high executive of Paramount. Every important star, every director and every producer was sure to be there. She couldn't get back to Hollywood in time to change after visiting Malibu even if Dick Garth wanted to be her escort. He had done so much for her already, more than any girl had a right to expect from a young man who must know dozens of girls prettier than she! But it was as if Garth read her mind.

"I wanted to ask Mrs. Lasky if I might bring Miss Moore," he said to Lilyan, "for I know it would be a unique experience for her which might never happen again. But, you see, I didn't get my own invitation direct, so I—"

BUT we got *ours* direct," Miss Tashman cut him short. "And Mrs. Lasky is such a generous person I know it will be all right for Miss Moore. I'll simply telephone and that will be that! As for clothes—well, I know Miss Moore is thinking about them. But not you, Dick. You've been in Hollywood too long. There'll be some girls in the most dazzling dresses, and men in evening things, of course. But Mrs. Lasky wired all her invitations and said it was to be informal. That means—why, there'll be lots of girls and boys in sports clothes. In other words, 'Wear what you like,' is the watchword. You two will come out to Malibu tomorrow afternoon. You needn't even bring your swimming suits. We have plenty of them. Then—well, I can't invite you to dinner because we're dining out ourselves. But our servants will love to give you something to eat and drink to keep you going till the party begins."

Mary had heard various stories about the Hollywood "crowd"; that they were "cliquey"; that they didn't want outsiders butting in. Also, on the contrary, she had heard that the one thing you mustn't be in Hollywood, even if you're a grand star, is high hat, and that in reality, the better the star the kinder the heart.

Now she began to see that the last story was the true one.

(*To be Continued*)

(Next month Mary has some more delightful adventures. You must go with her to the Breakfast Club. And you'll want to see what happens to her when she takes an unexpected test at one of the big studios.)

Going to Give Fatty a Break?

(*Continued from page 29*)

help her. These failing, they asked Arbuckle to call a doctor.

Now, here is the absolute proof of Arbuckle's innocence.

The first doctor called found Virginia Rappé in a room down the corridor. She was in the custody of a woman named Delmont. This doctor testified at each of the four Arbuckle trials that he made a thorough examination of the poor girl and found only that she was suffering from alcoholism.

"Doctor, did you percuss her stomach?" he was asked many times by lawyers for defense and prosecution.

"I did," he answered every time.

"And did you especially percuss her stomach?"

"I did. And I found nothing out of the way."

That is the sworn testimony of a reputable doctor, a physician called in from an office building because the hotel doctor was not available.

An hour later, the girl beginning to scream with pain, Arbuckle called for the doctor again—but could not get him. He then called in a second physician.

This doctor found that Virginia's stomach was rigid and sensitive to pain. He gave her a hypodermic and went his way, according to his own testimony.

The third medical man to attend the patient, the hotel physician, found the young woman was seriously injured. And it was he who ordered an immediate operation for a ruptured bladder.

It was the rupture that caused the death of this girl.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any sane individual that whatever caused that rupture, happened between the visit of the first doctor and the calling of the second—hours after the patient had been carried out of Arbuckle's room, hours after Fatty had found her.

It is ridiculous to say that Fatty Arbuckle attacked Miss Rappé at any time. Fatty hadn't invited her to his party. He had never met her until that afternoon. He had a date with May Taube at three o'clock, and was preparing to keep it when he found the girl in her wretched condition on the bathroom floor.

Remember that at this time Fatty was the king of comedians. He was paid $5,000 a week. He was the funniest man in the world—and Charlie Chaplin was just beginning to shine in that world, too. Fatty had more women thrust upon him than most of us will ever have. He was doing his best to stay away from women. Fatty make conquests? You might say that General Pershing at the height of the war was hoping for trouble with Iceland.

BABY STARVED.. CRIED INCESSANTLY FOR TWO MONTHS

Then came a change!

● Little Jeanette Ann De Mott *at 22 months.*

"For two months," writes Mrs. Rose De Mott, La Cygne, Kansas, "our baby cried all the time. The only time she wasn't crying was when she was nursing. I fed her every two hours, as the doctor had said, but she acted hungry all the time.

"So we went to see our doctor again, and this time he advised Eagle Brand. My! What a relief it was after that to see she was satisfied after being fed! From the first feeding, she began to rest and feel better. From then on she gained rapidly and is now the picture of health."

• • •

If you cannot nurse *your* baby and he is not gaining as he should on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for free booklet. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod-liver oil, etc.—advised by doctors.

● (*Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.*)

FREE! Wonderful baby booklet!

The Borden Company,
Dept. E-7, Borden Building,
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

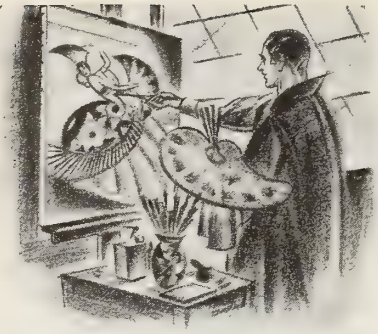
Please send me—free—the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Please print name and address plainly



DRAWING *offers* Pleasure *with* Profit

If you like to draw let your talent make your fortune. Publishers pay millions of dollars every year for illustrations. Just notice the art-work in this magazine.

Drawing is easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way." More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course—they show you their "tricks of the trade." Including Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing and Window Card Illustrating.

Why drudge when you might be an artist? Take your interest in drawing seriously. Send for Free Book "A Road To Bigger Things." Write your name, age, occupation and address on the margin of this ad. Tear out and MAIL TODAY.

Federal School of Illustrating
10992 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

CORNS Instant Relief

Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for 100% safe, instant relief. Loosen and remove corns in 2 days. Heal sore toes. At drug and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Complexion

Many have cleared their complexions of surface pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin, etc. Wouldn't you love to have a complexion soft, rosy, clear, and velvety? My method is so different. No cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no tasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* "The Complexion Beautiful." Get facts today.
ERNA SAFFAN, 646 N. Michigan Blvd. Suite 3872, Chicago

$$ SONG WRITING $$
Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.
UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

***REMOVE* THOSE BLEMISHES**

This *Safe and Sure* Way
Without Skin Peeling

REJUVIA, a modern triple strength preparation has amazed thousands **IN THREE DAYS** with its instant effectiveness. After only two applications a glance in your mirror will most delightfully surprise you. REJUVIA will clear your skin of pimples, blackheads, freckles, age lines, redness, muddy complexion or any other common blemish and will tighten your pores entirely without any harm or inconvenience. Know the happiness of a radiant smooth young skin as do the thankful thousands who have used REJUVIA after trying everything else. Guaranteed to Satisfy.

REDUCED PRICE $2 JAR for only **$1.00**

Mail $1.00 to-day and save postage or Pay Postman on delivery $1 plus a few cents for Postage. Outside U. S. A. cash only.
REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., INC., Dept. N34, 395 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Why, then, was Fatty so persecuted? Why did it take him so long to establish his innocence? And when he had established it, why was it that he was thrown out of the paradise that he loved, the world of the movies?

The reason is simple, and absurd.

He never said he was innocent until he first took the stand in his own defense.

HE kept his mouth shut—and killed himself with the fans.

Oh, I know there are a million and one proverbs about the wisdom of the closed mouth. But there is a time for speaking as well as for playing dumb. And Arbuckle didn't know it.

No, I assure you, he didn't know it. He took the advice of his lawyer, Frank Dominguez. He sat in the dark little iron-barred cell in the Hall of Justice, and obeyed Dominguez. He wouldn't even comment on the day. He literally developed a severe case of "lock-jaw."

There has always been bitter rivalry between Los Angeles and San Francisco. There has always been warfare between the lawyers of these two cities. Dominguez, finding himself in San Francisco, was frightened. He believed that all San Francisco was trying to frame him and his client. He believed that District Attorney Brady wanted to hang Arbuckle and make himself Governor of California. He believed that no matter what Fatty said, newspapermen representing San Francisco papers would misquote him, lie about him deliberately—and deliver him into Brady's hands.

I was covering Hollywood for the Chicago *Tribune* in those days, Hollywood and all the western seaboard. I visited Arbuckle in his cell a day or two after he had been locked up, charged with murder. All he would do was smile. He wouldn't even say he was Fatty Arbuckle.

The whole country was ablaze with indignation at the crime—the country believed it was a crime, and that Arbuckle was guilty. If he wasn't guilty, why didn't he say he wasn't? The newspapermen, unable to get a word out of the supposed criminal, went to the district attorney for their news, and to a man and a woman who had tried to blackmail Arbuckle—and who might have succeeded had not Virginia Rappé died. They had taken her clothes to Hollywood—and wanted to sell them to Arbuckle. If they weren't both dead, I'd tell you their names.

There wasn't any Arbuckle side to print. So the newspapers printed only the other side—the prosecution side.

Like every other newspaperman on the story, I firmly believed Arbuckle guilty. But when the evidence began to be presented I was convinced that I was wrong.

"You boob!" I said to Fatty—long after my first meeting. "Why didn't you say you didn't do it?"

Fatty looked abashed.

"When your doctor tells you not to stand on your leg or you'll have to have it cut off, you don't stand on it, do you? Dominguez was my doctor. He saved my life."

Dominguez was a good lawyer. But an excitable one—and in this instance over-excited. Had Fatty been able to reach his pet lawyer, Milton Cohen, he might never have felt the hatred, the loathing, and the abhorrence of the entire country. Cohen has always insisted that if he had been called in time he would have insisted that Fatty make a statement to the press.

I was present when Fatty took the stand and told his story. I was present a little later, in the corridor outside the courtroom when Fatty caught sight of his wife, Minta Durfee.

Minta had come across the country to stand at Fatty's side. She believed firmly in his innocence. She was talking to me when Fatty drifted up, rolling a brown paper cigarette in his hand, a shy light in his mild blue eyes.

"He's really very sweet," she was saying, "spoiled, wilful, but sweet, actually sweet all the way through his great hulk of a body."

"Minta," Fatty said, "I've told the truth. I told my story for the first time. I've got it off my chest. I feel clean—clean enough to kiss you on the mouth."

IT came to me suddenly that they had never given up the habit of giving each other a kiss of greeting—but since Fatty's indictment he had not kissed his wife on the mouth. I saw them kiss now, and—against my will—sudden tears started from my eyes. It was so damned irregular—this man I thought such a brutal and shameful murderer turning out to be just an overgrown sentimental child! And it was so damned beautiful—and the Irish cry at beauty and laugh at everything else.

The jury found Fatty innocent. That is, the last jury did. And they took but a minute to do it. The minute was used up in writing a document of praise for Fatty's conduct. It should have been all over then. Fatty should have gone back to his job. Will Hays lifted the ban, but it was near Christmas. And that was unfortunate too, for the great American public believed that Hays was actuated, not by justice, but by mercy—the Christmas spirit. They would have none of Fatty.

And so, for ten long years he's been an exile.

Now he sees the gates of his heaven reopen. He's glad. He's happy. But do you know the one thing he can't forget? It's a little incident he told me about not long ago. It hurt him worse than anything that happened to him since his arrest.

"You know, Eddie," he said, "I went to Japan after Will Hays lifted the ban, trying to have a good time, trying to forget, trying to nerve myself to come back on the screen.

"It was a nice trip, and most of the people were nice to me. I was beginning to feel that I was a regular guy again when—when this thing happened.

"We were sailing home. People were actually friendly to me. I believed there was a job waiting. I was in the best physical shape of my life—balloon shape, you know—and I'd forgotten what it was to be a pariah.

"I saw a little girl, the prettiest little thing in the world. You know how kids affect me. I couldn't resist slipping into the ship's barber shop and buying her the finest doll in the place. They sell dolls in ships' barber shops, you know.

"The child was so happy she screamed. She ran to her mother, hugging the doll to her, and her mother hugged her and exclaimed over the treasure, 'What gentleman gave you that?' she asked. The child pointed to me.

"Eddie, I never saw such a change come over a woman's face as I saw on that mother's. She looked at me, recognized me, and then, without a word to me or to the little girl, she went to the rail and threw the doll overboard.

"That killed me."

The American moving picture fan has done the same thing. She has taken Arbuckle's magnificent sense of fun, his clean and enjoyable and rollicking talent, and tossed it overboard. For no reason other than stupid prejudice.

"If he didn't kill a woman," she has said, "at least he defiled one."

Few outside myself know that Dominguez wanted to tell the truth about poor Virginia Rappé—to paint her in her natural colors so that the jury would know her as she was—to save his client from prison or from the scaffold. And few outside myself know that Fatty said he would rather go to the hangman than blacken that woman's name.

I told you he was a sentimental idiot!

Your Fall Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 66*)

today, but their style lives will be immeasurably lengthened.

The complete fall and winter wardrobe should include:

Dressy coat
Sport or storm coat
Street suit or dress
Sport suit or dress
Day dress
Afternoon dress
Dinner or Sunday night frock
Evening or dance dress
Evening wrap

Now, there is many a well dressed girl in the movies and out of them who appears to have all of these necessary clothes when, really, she has been wise enough to combine and adjust them so that she has not nearly so many actual items to buy and take care of.

For instance, the dressy coat and the sport coat can be only one coat if you make it a black or even a brown homespun or tweed. Then, when you use it for dress, tie a fur scarf about your throat or attach a wide fur cape collar. When you wear it for street or sport, use a bright colored wool scarf knotted in a chic manner under your chin.

The sport suit can also be the street suit if it is a conservative enough rough tweed, worn with a fur animal for street and, again, with a scarf for sportier occasions.

Dinner dress, Sunday night frock and evening dress can all be one if they are done something in the manner of Janet Gaynor's simple though perfectly smart little gown on page 66.

You can do without either suit if you have one sport dress and one dressier dress to wear with your coat or coats.

FASHIONS for this fall and winter are, speaking on broad lines, these:

Broad shoulders
Wide sleeves
Natural waistlines
Straight though full skirts
Narrow hips

You will see that all of the illustrations in this article carry out this general idea. And when you are buying your new clothes or making over your old ones, keep these general principles always in the forefront of your mind and stick to them, no matter what any silver-tongued salesgirl has to say about the matter.

Then remember that necklines are high, that accessories follow a contrasting rather than a matching principle, that stockings are the darker tones of tans and grays, that gloves are smarter when plain than when trimmed up with cuffs and stitchings.

About hats—one great piece of good news is that the beret still holds front rank. It is becoming to so many faces.

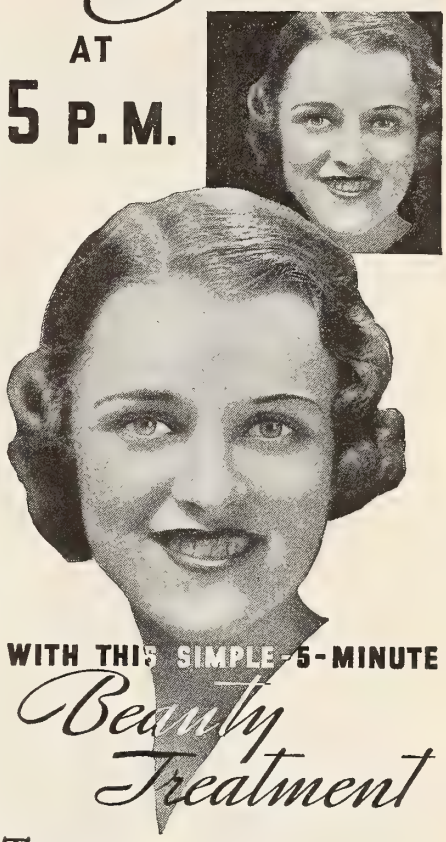
Then there are hats with square crowns, as for example, the smart little felt one worn by Gloria Stuart on page 68. There are the ever so faithful little felt and cloth ones made ever so simply with turned down brims. There are turbans, trimmed with bunches of flowers of velvet or ribbon lying flat on the left side of the coiffure.

All of these hats tip just a bit over the right eye, but not nearly at so exaggerated an angle as they did last season. They are tilted just enough to take away the deadliness of a hard and fast straight line.

Colors are important and it is promised that black will be the favorite foundation color this season—black, brightened when necessary by brilliant strokes of color. Then the deep red shades—those called ruby—are very good. And brown with yellow or white trimmings and accessories will be much worn.

All fabrics are rough with the one exception of a stiff satin that will be used for formal evening gowns. This is the satin that "stands by itself"—very elegant looking and rich. But there are rough crêpes and rough wools of all sorts and characters, worn for evening, afternoon, daytimes and sports. There is more of fashion interest in the fabric of a costume than ever there has been before and because of this, more of an opportunity for individuality in dressing.

9 A.M. *Freshness* AT 5 P.M.



WITH THIS SIMPLE 5-MINUTE *Beauty Treatment*

THIS afternoon around 3 o'clock, take a look at your complexion. What does your mirror say? . . . Have you that "early morning" look of fresh, natural beauty? Or is your make-up streaked and blotchy—your nose unpowdered and shiny?

Don't be discouraged. There's an easy way to combat this mid-afternoon let-down. A simple 5-minute beauty treatment which thousands of women have adopted.

Begin tonight. Remove dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. It's far more effective than mere soap and water. Follow with a film of nourishing Olive Oil Cream...*Two minutes*—that's all!

Tomorrow morning spend *three minutes* this way: First, apply OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener to "pep up" your face. Then, for your powder base, smooth on a bit of OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream. Now a touch of color, using either the Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder, or with *Lightex*, if your skin is naturally oily.

You'll be amazed to see how *lasting* this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night.

Large size OUTDOOR GIRL packages are popularly priced at 25c to $1.00 each, in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading chains. If you want to sample 3 of the most famous OUTDOOR GIRL preparations, mail the coupon below.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Tested and Approved — 1934 — Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

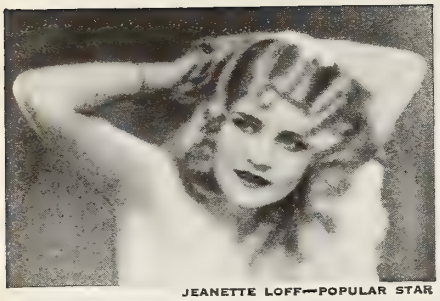
Crystal Laboratories, Dept. O-10,
130 Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 4c to cover handling. Please send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



JEANETTE LOFF—POPULAR STAR

Sh-h-h----------!

(a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

J. W. KOBI CO.

602 Rainier Ave., Dept. K, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

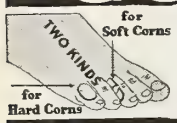
Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME to play by *note*, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—or no one. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only few cents a day. Over 600,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music, 14410 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

Corns



End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (H.W.&D.). *Safe*. 10c and 35c package. FREE SAMPLE. Write for it. Send dealer's name-address. Wizard Co. 1642 Locust. St. Louis Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

REMOVE FAT

SAFE and SURE WAY

No Equipment Necessary—Satisfaction or Money Back.

LA RENEE Cream and Method will help you to reduce safely and harmlessly. Women marvel at this simple way of regaining that long desired feminine form.

REDUCED PRICE

ONLY $1.00 Complete Treatment With Instructions

—send $1.00 or Mail Coupon—

LA RENEE, Dept. J-6
1861 Washington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send postpaid complete treatment with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

I would advise you to use the almond meal treatment on your face if the skin there is scaly looking or if you were much exposed to sun and wind during the summer. Its faintly pebbly texture livens the skin and wears away dead tissues. It won't cure blackheads, however. For that purpose, you need a medicated grainy cleanser or a special paste.

If tiny lines and wrinkles have appeared over the summer months as a result of squinting at ships out at sea or something, use that tissue cream religiously. Put a lot of it on the spots where the wrinkles are and iron over the ugly things with your thumb—always upward and outward, remember. Leave a thin film of it on overnight whether you have incipient wrinkles or not. Wrinkly folks could well use, too, a mask once a week or every ten days—there's a fairly reasonable one available now, as I told you last month.

Enlist the aid of your sister or a handy girl friend, too, to give your sunburned back the cream and almond meal treatment. You'll be glad that you took the trouble when you climb into that new evening gown.

AND, of course, your hair should be given the same systematic treatment as your skin for a month or six weeks after the summer carelessness. I don't mean that you should wash it overmuch, but do brush it every day and give it an herbal or tonic shampoo alternately with regular shampoos. And if you're sick and tired of the way it looks and are just dying for some new way to wear it, I can think of no better stunt than to indulge in those little feather curls around the ears or at the forehead the way the movie stars do. Do you know how to make them? It won't do, you know, just to gather up the short ends exactly as they are and try to curl them. You'll get a very weird assortment of different length wisps if you do that. Part the hair in a shallow half moon just above your ears and comb that strand of hair flat down against your cheek. Decide how long you want the little curls to be. Cut the hair neatly, with the lower end a little longer than the top. Allow about three-quarters of an inch to be taken up when you curl the hair. Then wet the hair with waveset lotion and paste the curl in a small circle against your skin. Pin it securely with invisibles. For the first few days, it may be a bit unmanageable because the ends will be stubby. But make it behave with an extra dose of the lotion and then, in a day or two, it will be easy to arrange. Let the curl dry thoroughly—don't get fidgety to "see how it looks." It's absolutely essential to let the waveset lotion dry.

These little curls are becoming to almost every type. They permit you to pull the rest of your hair back rather severely, if you want to, and to maintain that sleek line which is so fashionable. They look pretty with hats, too.

Here's a stunt I want to tell long-haired girls about. It concerns the hair-and-hat problem. You know how those cute shallow-crowned bonnets just *won't* stay on sometimes? Even when you can get them big enough, they pop up over one's hair at the back. And nothing makes a girl feel so silly as to go walking along the street with her hat sitting up on top of her head. Well, she doesn't need to feel silly. Get some fine, round silk elastic. Sew it to the under-brim or inside of the hat at a point just behind the ears. Have it snug enough so that it will loop under the coil of your hair. It works beautifully—and will never show.

NOW here's a thing I want to impress on all of you for the new season. *Try to be two people!* I don't mean that you shouldn't "be yourself" always and everywhere. But I do mean that you should try to develop the "different" side to your nature. If you're naturally a serious person, on occasions be very gay. And if you're a life-of-the-party sort of person, just try once in a while being very quiet and demure. You see, most of us have some sort of job or other which keeps us busy and sedate and sensible from nine to five. For the rest of our waking hours, it's most refreshing to ourselves and most charming to other people—particularly men—to be another sort of girl. And one of the best aids in changing our personalities is to change our clothes and our make-up. And this applies just as much to practical married ladies of forty or so who have given up the habit of being "fixy" and particular about their looks.

At the turning point of the day, when you get home from work or just after your work in the house is finished, take time out for a bath or at least a complete cleansing of the face and re-doing of the hair. Put on all clean clothes and a fresh dress—even if it's only another house-dress or house pajamas. Fuss over your make-up just as if you were going out to a party. By the way, it's a great help to keep a big, powerful electric light bulb handy in your dresser to put into the light socket before you make-up. Naturally you don't want to burn a whole lot of electricity all the time, but you *do* need a strong light to make up under. Don't just flap your powder puff at your nose and dab on a bit of rouge and lipstick. Pat the powder on heavily and use a different shade for evening wear, even if you're not going any place. (Have you seen the new combination box a certain company is putting out? It contains day and evening powder in the same odor and there are combination boxes for blondes, brunettes and redheads.) Brush off the excess powder with a baby's camel's hair brush or a clean puff. Blend your rouge carefully. Use a brighter lipstick and

more of it. Mascara and eye-shadow, too, even if you haven't been in the habit of utilizing these aids to glamor. And then, even if you are a sedate married lady and it's only your husband and the kids you're doing all this for, when that husband comes home he'll probably take one look at you and say, "Well, I see we're having company tonight." That's the idea—fix up just as if you were expecting company. Sure—it takes a little time; but it's worth it.

In closing, let me mention that I've been using every day the cuticle preparation I mentioned last month. And, believe it or not, I've been able to give up cutting the cuticle entirely. This stuff—whatever the funny little old secret ingredient it contains may be—actually does rub away rough, shaggy cuticle, cleans and bleaches the nails and leaves the tips shining and white. I'm rather daffy about it, myself. You will be, too.

The Chap Who Supports Me

(*Continued from page 57*)

you interviewers! Why, one of my pups would have sense enough to know that the way to find out about a man is to go to his best friend! Why don't any of you ask me to tell you about Hardie? I don't wish to intrude, but they do say a man's best friend is his dog, you know. I presume even you have heard that.

NOT that I want my name in print! Heavens, I'm kept busy enough keeping things in order around here, without worrying about seeing my name in the magazines. I'm in charge of the Peddler and Agent Chasing Department, and the Welcome Committee. I'm on the go from morning until night. I have to wake Mr. Albright up in the morning, by going into his room and licking his face, and then we go for a long walk in the hills, and at night he's not happy if I don't sit on his lap in front of the fire for a couple of hours until it's time for bed. Heavens, he's more trouble than one of my pups, that Hardie is! Rather nice, though, when you get to know him. He certainly knows a lot about dogs. I love the walks in the hills, too. Charming spot, this little canyon, don't you think? I don't like cities, because they're too noisy; so we moved up here into the canyon where you can breathe clean air and get some sleep at night without listening to police sirens. Those sirens drive me wild. My nerves aren't what they used to be. Let's see, what was I saying? Oh, yes, about an interview. I don't see why you writers don't ask me about Hardie. I certainly know him better than anybody else.

Oh, well, if you insist. Tuppenny, the name is. Yes. Double 'p' and double 'n.' Be sure to spell it right. Of course, that's really only my nickname. I have a kennel name, but I don't like to boast of my family. I really have excellent blood. Mr. Albright and I both come of good stock. My father cost nine thousand dollars; I'm told it was the highest price ever paid for a wire-haired terrier at the time. I don't know what Mr. Albright's father cost, but I'm sure Hardie wouldn't have anything but the best. I'm not a champion myself; I'm what's called a good brood matron; but one of my pups is going to be a champion, and several of them are going to get blue ribbons. Children, come here and let the gentleman see you. Aren't they precious? Very naughty, though.

Let's see, what would you like me to tell you? I suppose you know that my friend has been an actor for some years, even if he is so young? Yes, he played in New York and on the road. He's told me the names of some of the plays. "The Greeks Had a Word for It," is that it? Maybe it's "They Had a Word for the Greeks," I'm not sure. It doesn't make any difference, if you ask me. I heard Hardie say some of his lines once, and they sounded awfully foolish, not that I'm any critic of course. Then some gentleman from Hollywood saw him and asked him to come out here, out West. Oh, yes, they do have gentlemen in Hollywood, you know. I've met several. They're the ones that don't wear camel's-hair polo coats. You can tell right away whether a man is a gentleman by the way he treats a lady and I must admit Hardie's callers have been very nice about scratching my ears.

WHERE was I? Whenever I get to thinking about having my ears scratched I forget everything else. Oh, I know—we came out West. Well, I don't think Mr. Albright was happy here at first. He didn't say anything, of course, but anyone who knows him as well as I do could tell. I did hear him say once to Lespith—that's his niece—that the movies were trying to make a lady-killer out of him. I laughed and laughed. To myself, of course. We dogs are too polite to laugh at people to their faces. But he really was unhappy, so I snuggled up to him and made him feel better. I know he was unhappy, because he quit his job. He was getting more fan mail than any other actor at the studio, but he walked out just the same. My, my, when that boy makes up his mind there's no stopping him. You should see him give the pups their castor-oil when they have tummy-aches. They howl and wiggle, but he gives it to them just the same.

But now he's at another studio—Warners, is that it?—yes, it's Warners, I'm sure—where they let him be himself, and he likes it. I often wonder whether he misses the stage, but he says no, he

Here's a Secret for SMART WOMEN

We'll show you how to get into this new, money making profession.

If you'll spend a few of your spare hours in delightful work right in your own home, you can

HAVE EXTRA MONEY

Money of your own—to spend as you please on the things you have always wanted but felt you could not afford. You can

WIN ADMIRATION

of men and women; astonish your friends; be known as a clever woman. You can

HAVE LOADS OF FUN

doing work so interesting and absorbing that hundreds of society women have made it their hobby.

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE

We'll show you how to decorate charming giftwares like those shown in the pictures, and hundreds of other artistic and exclusive Fireside articles —No tedious study—you learn to do by doing. We send you the secret of the "3 Step Method" at once. It's as simple as ABC. You start decorating immediately. You can make money almost from the beginning.

We Furnish Everything You Need to Start

We will send you at once a big wonder box of artist's supplies. We teach you exactly what to do and help you every step of the way to a big success.

No Canvassing— No Soliciting

Our plan is so simple. You are bound to succeed. We give you an absolute warranty of success and satisfaction backed up with a $1000.00 Gold Bond. Many earn from $15 to $35 a week for part time or a splendid regular income for full time.

Send for Free Book

Full of colored pictures! Tells you the secret. Shows you the wonderful things you can do and the money you can make. Now we need more women everywhere to join in this delightful work. Don't miss the opportunity. Be the first in your community. The book is free. Send for it. Mail the coupon today.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 147P, Adrian, Mich.

Fireside Industries
Dept. 147P, Adrian, Mich.

Without any obligation send me your Free Book that tells how I can join your Guild

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

FAT GIRLS
NEVER WIN THE MEN THEY LOVE!

Fat women must take "the leavings" when it comes to choosing sweethearts and husbands. After all, you can't blame any man for prefering a winsome, slender girl!

Start to-day and get rid of ugly fat—the SAFE way—the HEALTHY way with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen is a splendid blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Surplus fat gradually leaves until weight is restored to NORMAL. And what glorious good health you'll enjoy—more energy too. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. J. Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa. reduced 43 lbs. in 3 months with Kruschen—she's overjoyed!

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

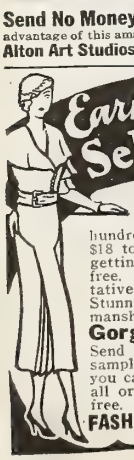
Write for a copy of "How to Loose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. F.
E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

THIS FRAME *is* FREE *with each* PHOTO *or* SNAPSHOT ENLARGEMENT *for only* 98¢

Simply send us your PHOTO, SNAPSHOT, or TINTYPE, with your name and address and in about one week you will receive a **BEAUTIFUL ENLARGEMENT** completely framed in an **ARTISTIC** 5x6 **Frame** as illustrated.

Send No Money! Just pay postman 98c plus postage, or send $1 and we pay postage. Originals returned. Take advantage of this amazing offer and send Photo today. DO IT NOW.
Alton Art Studios, Dept. 5, 5707 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.



Earn $18 TO $60 Weekly Selling 3 Dresses for $3.95

Amazing but true, yet just one value that is helping hundreds of women earn $18 to $60 a week besides getting their own dresses free. We need more home service representatives. Profits paid daily. We deliver. Stunning Paris styles for Fall, finest workmanship, high quality, marvelous values.

Gorgeous Sample Outfit FREE

Send name and address for our wonderful sample outfit and amazing offer whereby you can earn big money without experience, all or part time, and get your own dresses free. Write today.

FASHION FROCKS Inc., Dept. L-250 CINCINNATI, O.

likes Hollywood better. On the stage, you know, at the same time every night you have to say the same thing to the same actors. Out here you do a thing once and it's done. He likes that. It's not so monotonous. Oh, he has sense about a few things, Hardie has. I'm sure you agree with me that he's one of the smartest and nicest young men in town. You'd better. I can say anything I like about him, being as close to him as I am, but nobody else had better say anything against him in my hearing. A lady I am, and a mother I am, but I still have my teeth, and don't you forget that for a minute, young man, if you know what's good for you. . . . Excuse me a moment. Children! Children, do you hear me? Put down that shoe. You know what Hardie said to you the last time you ate one of his shoes. There. Spare the rod and spoil the child, you know. Mr. Albright really is terrible when he loses his temper. He swears at the children and lets them hear words I'd just as soon they didn't know. He has lots of shoes and for the life of me I don't see why he can't let the children have their fun, but—oh, well.

As a matter of fact I don't think Hardie cares much about his shoes or his clothes, either. He's always wandering around the house without much on, especially while he's smearing that white stuff on his face and scraping it off. What do they call it? Plucking? No, shaving.

And he goes to a gymnasium on top of an office building down on Hollywood Boulevard and runs around without a stitch on. I've been there with him. Oh, yes, I get out with Mr. Albright quite a good deal, now that the pups are old enough to take care of themselves. I'm really a much better handball player than he is, between you and me and the gatepost. I have my own rules for the game and he doesn't agree with me about them. He thinks the ball ought to stay in the court. Can you imagine anything more uninteresting? My dear! When I get hold of it, you ought to see me tear!

I SUPPOSE you'd rather hear about his career, though. I'm really not much interested in that, except for his sake. The truth is, I think Hardie ought to have been a dog-breeder. He knows more about it than most professional kennel men and it interests him more than anything else in the world. And anyway it's a more genteel occupation than that of a motion picture actor. I don't often get to the theatre, on account of this ridiculous race restriction they make, about not letting dogs in. I guess the theatre managers have never met any well-behaved dogs. Of course, one needs rules like that for the vulgar, but I think I may say without fear of contradiction that I am able to conduct myself properly in any society. As a matter of fact I wouldn't bark anyway, because I'd be altogether too bored. Hardie has sneaked me into a theatre once or twice under his coat and I yawned and yawned. All the pictures seem alike to me. What happens? You sit there for an hour, just to see a man marry a girl. We dogs go about it much more sensibly, if you ask me. Far be it from me to think well of myself, but I must say dogs are better mothers, too, for not spending their time in theatres when they ought to be home teaching children their manners.

WELL, that's about all. I suppose you'd like me to tell you about his love life. That seems to be the first question you writers ask. I haven't any false modesty about such things, but there really isn't much to tell. He isn't in love with anybody right now. He just goes out with a lot of girls. Women are crazy about him. For the life of me I can't see why, except that he has a very interesting smell, but they are, and that's all there is to it. One of my pups is a girl, and she's quite silly at times, but human girls are a lot sillier than she ever thinks of being. They'll get over it when they grow up and have children of their own. I was quite a cut-up in my time, too, but motherhood takes the nonsense out of you. Especially when you have to mother your pups and a man, too. I really don't know what Mr. Albright would do without me. Why, he can't even bring in the newspaper for himself, he's that helpless. I have to go and fetch it for him.

Well, young man, I'm afraid that's about all I can tell you. Hardie is very happy out here, nowadays, and the studio must like him or they wouldn't have given him a contract. He's very serious about his work. He loves acting.

If only he'd been a dog-breeder—but there's no use crying over spilled milk. Men will be men. I wouldn't care to be on the screen myself, but if he likes it I'm glad he's doing it. He just built a lovely new wire run for the puppies, to give them plenty of room to play in, so far be it from me to complain.

Acting brings home the bacon, I can say that for it.

And do I love bacon!

Watching Out for the Babies

(*Continued from page 74*)

department for the Board of Education and to him go the mothers or guardians of working children for permission to allow them to work.

"The Board has made regulations but it would have neither time nor facilities to enforce them if the producers were not willing to coöperate," Mr. Thomas said.

"It is only during the past few years

that the interpretation of the law has been extended to include children under six months of age, because the carbon lights, which were in general use until recently, were considered injurious to the eyes. Since the incandescent lamps are being used at all studios, we allow very young children to work under them. We believe that a child will suffer no injury from them in the brief time that it is allowed to work."

Mr. Thomas told of the first child to work under the new law. The baby was but a few weeks old and the company went, with its players and equipment, to the child's home to make the scenes.

"I went along," Mr. Thomas said, "to see that the law was observed to the letter. The director wanted the baby to reach out for a sword and was quite upset when it refused to take direction."

When William Wellman was making Barbara Stanwyck's "Night Nurse" for Warner Brothers, he needed a hospital nursery with many tiny babies. Remember the scene—where Barbara was on duty in the maternity ward? Real nurses were engaged to work in the scenes with the babies. The scene was set, cameras and lights arranged, and the actors rehearsed with dolls while tests were made. When everything was ready the real babies were put into the baskets. Several cameras recorded the scenes from different angles and scenes were secured that can be used for many pictures in the future. By doing this the studio saved money and the Board of Education was made very happy.

A STANDARD wage scale, made by the Board, is paid to babies under six months of age.

A baby less than thirty days old receives $75 for a day's work; between the ages of one and two months, the baby is paid $50 a day and babies from two to six months of age receive $25 a day.

"We purposely made the price high for the very young babies to discourage the producers from using them," Mr. Thomas told me. "But if they want them badly enough they seem to be willing to pay any price."

But don't let this easy-sounding money encourage you mothers with small children to bring them to Hollywood. The Central Casting Bureau, through which all children are engaged for screen work, reports that out of thousands of children registered with it, very few are ever called for work.

Rarely is a child genius found in the extra ranks. Jackie Searl made his way up from them. He was registered for extra work when he was four years old. But he is one out of thousands and he has exceptional talent.

A tiny baby in a recent Carole Lombard picture was really two babies. The director ordered two babies so that he could rehearse with one and photograph the other. They both appeared in the finished picture, although you thought it was the same baby all the time.

Lloyd Corrigan, the director, insisted upon having boy babies because he said girl babies embarrassed him. Rachel Smith, the Paramount school teacher, and Mel Ballerino, one of the casting directors, had a difficult time finding two boy babies the same age and size and who looked enough alike to double for each other. They were five weeks old, so they received $50 a day. Their names were Ray Stockton and Robert Claybaugh.

IN "Life Begins," with Loretta Young and Eric Linden, fifteen or twenty babies appear. Some of these babies were just forty-eight hours old when they were brought to the studio and every precaution was taken to see that nothing happened to any of them. Five trained nurses accompanied them from the hospital to the studio, a special nursery was built on the stage and the correct temperature maintained while the babies were there.

Two babies were used in "A Woman Commands," to make the scenes with Pola Negri. Only one appeared in the picture. They were dressed alike and when one cried they used the other one. They both cried so much, however, that Paul Stein, the director, declared his assistant very inefficient to have hired babies that cried!

The day before a baby is needed the studio sends a limousine with a nurse and studio official (usually one of the casting directors) to the baby's home. They take the baby and its mother or nurse to the Board of Education offices, where the baby is given a thorough physical examination by a doctor. If the doctor pronounces the baby physically fit, Mr. Thomas then issues a permit for it to work. This permit is good for only forty-eight hours. After the examination the baby is taken home.

The following morning, after being notified by telephone that the studio car is on the way, the mother and baby are called for and taken to the studio—always by a nurse and studio official. The baby is placed in the studio nursery and prepared for its work. It must be dressed according to the part it is to play and a drop of castor oil is placed in each of its eyes. This oil forms a film over the baby's eyes and prevents any possibility of injury from the bright lights.

This nursery, where the baby is cared for, is completely equipped and the studio school teacher, who is also a welfare worker, remains with the baby every minute that it is inside the studio gates. If the teacher is busy with other children, or engaged in the schoolroom, the Board sends out an extra welfare worker or a nurse.

THE baby is allowed, under its permit, to remain in the studio only two hours in one day, and is allowed to work only twenty minutes in one day, in two ten-minute periods. It may remain under the lights only thirty seconds at one time.

Everything is made ready on the set before the baby is called and every precaution is taken to protect the child from noise, lights, draughts or other injury. No visitors and only the actors who actually appear in the scene are allowed on a set where a tiny baby is working. The minute its work is finished, the baby is taken home, accom-

a new magazine!

brim full of

STORIES
ILLUSTRATIONS
GAMES
PUZZLES
PICTURES TO COLOR

Give her (or him) a joyful little surprise! Get the very first issue today—at a Kresge Store or Kress Store. Ask for—

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

10c

SENSATION
HAIR NETS

neater hair

THOUSANDS of women are buying Sensation Hair Nets to keep their hair neater and beautiful all day. Also to keep their wave in place all night. To act as a sanitary safeguard in home and office. Sensation Hair Net offers the two-fold advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap shape. Natural shades.

BUY TODAY

5¢ each or 6 for 25¢

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S.KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 and $1.00 STORES

What makes men fall for BLONDES?

TESTS show that men fall in love with blondes much more easily than with brunettes. However, when blonde hair fades or becomes dull and lifeless, a blonde becomes less attractive. By using BLONDEX, amazing special shampoo, the original golden, sparkling radiance of youth is restored and faded blonde hair becomes a shimmering cascade of golden loveliness. No dye, no harmful chemicals—marvelously beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today! See the astonishing beauty it will give you *in ten minutes!* Ask for Blondex at any Drug or Department store.

panied by the nurse and official.

Within forty-eight hours after a child has appeared in a picture, it must be taken again to the Board for another physical examination. This is to make sure that no harm has been done the child. The studio again provides the car and chaperons.

"If a child shows any ill effects after it has appeared in a picture, the Board has the right to withhold future permits," Mr. Thomas explained. "But to date no child has ever received a physical injury.

"To my mind the greatest harm that can be done a child is to allow it to become spoiled. If the studios would coöperate with us to the extent of not asking for children when they begin to show tendencies that way, we could save a lot of them. A child may gain fame and fortune but nothing can make up for the loss of naturalness and sweetness of character.

IT is too bad that children have to appear in pictures," continued Mr. Thomas. "It is a pity that they must lose their play time, become self-conscious and unnatural.

"In some countries I understand there are laws prohibiting the appearance of small children in pictures. But as long as pictures are as real as producers can make them—as long as they try to show a slice of life, it seems necessary for children to be a part of them. So we allow it, we pass laws for their protection and do everything in our power to safeguard them while working."

How He Does It

(*Continued from page 71*)

If he is a villain, no one will hate him. That would be bad."

IN such rôles as that of the gangster chief of Chicago, which Hersholt played in "The Beast of the City," with Walter Huston, the Dane plays the part straight.

He was supposed to be Al Capone, although that notable's name did not appear in the picture. In order to be Al Capone, Hersholt left his face as it is, smooth-shaven, and sans the mustache he usually wears. He used no make-up.

"Al Capone is not an old man. He has no deep wrinkles—no marks of great age. There was no need to dress my face for this part," the actor told me. "The expression I assumed had to make me Capone. Only the hair was arranged just so. I parted it sharply on one side, brushed it back, and glossed it with brilliantine.

"A cigar between my teeth, a loose fitting suit, a gangster's insolent swagger, and Jean Hersholt existed no more. In his place was a man Walter Huston did very well to keep his eye upon.

"For a part such as that of the Swiss mountaineer in "Private Lives" with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, I called upon false hair to help me out—and the mountaineer in. My own hair is curled into ringlets, my mustache was augmented and I added a curly beard to my façade. Four inches extra height were cleverly added in my boots, and my shoulders were squared and padded beyond their normal size. When I looked so big and so rough and I wore such boots and such clothes, how could I help being a mountaineer? What is an Alp to me, a giant of a man? I swaggered and I strutted, I held myself straight because I was proud of my strength and my size. I showed myself to be the hero that I looked." His throaty chuckle rumbled into a laugh. "Any damn fool can do that," said Hersholt.

(You'll remember, doubtless, that Hersholt spoke not one word of English in "Private Lives." There were a few lines of guttural German—and the rest was sheer pantomime and brilliant character acting.)

OLD men haunt the kindly Dane.

"Pardon me," a stranger said to him in the studio restaurant, "pardon me, but do you realize how much you resemble Jean Hersholt?"

"Yes, people have often told me that," replied the actor.

"Of course, Hersholt is a much older man," continued the stranger, "but even your voice sounds like his."

"People often think I am Hersholt," drawled Jean.

That little anecdote may sound exaggerated. Truly, though, Jean Hersholt, himself, does not resemble *any* of his screen characters—even those he has played almost straight. He has played character parts so long that his own personality is almost unknown to the majority of his fans. In Hersholt, the man, there is no trace of the many Hersholts who have added pathos or menace or genialty to screen dramas. No trace of Hersholt the tutor in "The Student Prince," of the army official in Novarro's "Daybreak," of the shopkeeper of "Phantom of Paris," of Greta Garbo's brutal uncle in "Susan Lenox," of the crooked politician (such a very small part, but how important he made it!) in "Are You Listening?"; nor of Senf, the porter, in "Grand Hotel," of the author in "New Morals for Old," of the grocer in "Unashamed" nor the silk merchant in "Skyscraper Souls."

"Nothing changes a person so much as the style of his hair and the cut of his whiskers," the actor declares. "In 'Delicatessen' my hair was cropped. In 'Susan Lenox' it was rough and shaggy. In 'Emma' it was combed with an eye to respectability. These different haircuts made different men of me. They were all subconscious imitations of men I have known or have observed.

"Most of my characters I get from life. In order to portray many kinds of men, one must observe all kinds. Street-sweepers and kings—both have equal value to an actor.

"If you have seen a street-sweeper at work, if you are repeating a street-sweeper's conversation and doing a street-sweeper's job, it is not hard to be a street-sweeper. And if you look like a king, act like a king, dress like a king, talk like a king, why then—you are a king!"

HERSHOLT keeps a most peculiar scrap-book. On the front page is written: "Portraits of famous men and unknown men, who, because of a strange form of head, funny looking mustache, or silly looking whiskers, have been found interesting enough to be pasted in this book as a guide and reference in make-up for future screen work."

This is probably the most hirsute book on earth. Bewhiskered kings and bristling bandits flaunt their foliage on every page.

"But playing various characters is, after all, mental and not physical," according to Hersholt. "I can no more help feeling old and a little tired and walking with a slow, bent step when I am an old man, than I can keep from promenading when I am an officer of the guard. I always have someone in mind when I play a rôle. I become that someone. Because I have watched him with interest, I remember little mannerisms that fit the part. But frankly, I cannot tell you why I change from myself to the character I play. My whole outlook becomes his. His whole nature fills me. Am I myself, playing a part, or am I really that other man for the moment? I do not know."

Hersholt is one of the most versatile actors in Hollywood. And one of the most versatile men.

In an alcove of his home there is a delicate Japanese mural painting. The softest, most fleeting of colors, sensitive tracery of flowers, economical use of brush strokes. Fragile and lovely, it glows like a bit of rare porcelain from the magic island of Cipango. Hersholt painted it.

In his drawing room, on either side of the fireplace, hang two oil paintings, rich and dark with vigor of the Renaissance. He painted those, too.

On another wall is an etching—of a house. Utterly unrelated in feeling, in atmosphere, in technique, in subject or in media to the Oriental fantasy or to the oils, it shares with them their creator, artist Hersholt.

The Dane walks from room to room in his beautiful house, pointing out this, explaining that, with the deep interest of an appreciative collector. His home would resemble a museum were it not for the warmth of hospitality that embraces each guest. Something very nice seems always to be expected in the Hersholt house. The whole atmosphere is that of the day before Christmas.

Original paintings by Nicolai Fachin, by William Wendt, and Edgar Payne are there. A great canvas by Lauritz Tuxen, purchased by Hersholt from the Danish government, tells the story of Canute's "Conquest of Arcona," which happened in 1153.

Original statues of porcelain and burnt clay by the Danish sculptor, Kyhn, squat on low tables. These statues are curious figures of monkeys, who writhe and coil their long arms about themselves, hiding forever dusky dreams of forgotten jungles in their peering, sightless eyes.

Royal Copenhagen china curves itself into seals and pussy cats, owls and little dogs.

IN the Danish room are sketches by Hersholt of his friends, Eric von Stroheim, whom he has known fifteen years, Adolphe Menjou, David W. Griffith, and many others.

From the windows of the Danish room, which is several steps below the rest of the house, one can see Mrs. Hersholt's Kai Wu and Fifi San playing on the garden lawn. These are Chow dogs with so many blue ribbons and silver cups that everybody has lost count.

The library, on the second floor, shelters first editions of Shakespeare's plays and original pamphlets by Dickens, which were later printed in the novel form we know today.

In the books, each of which is a treasure to the student, are plates designed by Hersholt—flags of Denmark and America crossed over a Viking kneeling in a wreath of roses, while an ancient Greek mask stares into space above him.

On a desk are copies of the stamps sold in America to raise funds for Danish athletes wishing to compete in the Olympic Games of 1932. The stamps, glorifying the Norse god Thor and his thunderous hammer, were designed by Hersholt, governmental representative of Denmark for the Games.

Scattered about are small statues modeled by Hersholt. Everything is original, genuine. There are no imitations—no second bests. Hersholt is essentially sincere.

In spite of Hersholt's great diversity of interest and expression, in one thing he remains constant.

"Credit for everything we have, for everything I have done," he says in a voice infinitely soothing with its slow richness and creamy vowels, "must be shared by Mrs. Hersholt. Eighteen years we have been married, and a love that has endured that long brings more to a man than he can say."

Have you read the story in this issue called "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT ANN DVORAK"? Of course you have. Isn't it great? Isn't Ann's mother the most FASCINATING sort of MOTHER to have? Well, don't forget that the CONCLUSION of this delightful story will be IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. It'll be marked November. You can buy it at any S. S. Kresge or S. H. Kress store

KAPAK
SANITARY
NAPKINS

KAPAK Sanitary Napkins come in convenient sizes for every requirement whether it be for home use, week-ends, travel or emergencies. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under the finest sanitary conditions and of the highest quality material. Deodorant, highly absorbent, easily disposable with close fitting oval shaped ends. Absolutely inconspicuous under any costume.

ONE DOZEN 19¢
SIX FOR 10¢
EIGHT FOR 10¢

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S. KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 and $1.00 STORES

$1260 to $3400 Year
Men—Boys—18 to 50
STEADY WORK
Thousands Post Depression Jobs
Common education usually sufficient
Mail Coupon Today—Sure

COUPON
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A-324
Rochester, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Rush to me FREE, list of U. S. Government big pay steady positions, 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and how to get a position.
Name .....
Address .....

Two Against the Jungle

(*Continued from page 97*)

them in hidden nests of two each.

Suddenly there was a roar and a tremendous flare of light. The flash had gone off prematurely. Johnson was blinded, and the air reeked with the stink of burning flesh. As he grovelled on the ground in agony the boys, who had been frightened away by the explosion, came back. Together they carried him to the camp.

His wife was out on the trail and there was no one in camp who had any knowledge of medicine. One of the boys tried to give him a sip of water, but his lips were so swollen that he could not swallow. His face was powder blackened, he hadn't a hair left on his head, and through burns in his clothes patches of seared flesh showed.

For an eternity it seemed he lay groaning on his blankets. And then he heard footsteps outside. His wife had heard the rumble of the explosion in the distance and, becoming worried, had hastened back to the camp. She doctored him during the weeks that followed. Gradually his sight came back; the singed skin sloughed off, and in a month he was up and about as well as ever.

THERE were many lions prowling around the lake, but Johnson got his best pictures of them while on safari far to the south on the Serengeti Plain.

In the open country he traveled by automobile. One day he was out looking for lions in company with his wife and a gunbearer. As the car was creeping up the side of a little valley he sighted a grandmotherly old lioness watching them. She didn't seem angry at the intrusion, merely curious.

At the approach of the car she got up leisurely and moved away, glancing from time to time over her shoulder, while Mrs. Johnson, who was at the wheel, followed at a discreet distance.

At the top of the ridge a small herd of zebras were grazing and at sight of the car they stampeded. The lioness turned and glared at the car, as though she suspected it of chasing an appetizing meal away.

Martin motioned to the black boy to get the rifle ready in case she took it into her head to charge, for all members of the lion family are temperamental and their moods change in split seconds. But the lioness was not hungry enough to do more than glare. With regal dignity she turned and climbed an ant hill. There she crouched.

It seemed to Johnson that she had posed herself for a picture. A professional photographer could not have placed her in a better position for light, height, or background.

"Let's see how close we can get," Johnson whispered to his wife.

Slowly the car crept toward the ant hill for a few yards; then it halted while Johnson cranked away. Time after time the car crept up closer and paused briefly while he ground out film. The old lioness held her place with a placid dignity. At last the front wheels were at the base of the ant hill, and Johnson switched to a two inch lens with the shortest focus he had. But the old girl just sat for her closeups with all the poise of a movie queen. Finally she got up slowly, stretched, yawned, and stalked away.

Martin Johnson and Osa have taken many pictures of big game, in many places and under strange circumstances, but none gave them the thrill they got when the queen of the African plains posed for a closeup on the giant ant hill, then yawned, and walked off.

AND now Martin Johnson has another unusual achievement to add to his record. On his last safari into the wilds of Central Africa, he went to the elaborate trouble and the immense expense of taking along equipment for the making of sound pictures of animals and natives. He is the first to make an all-sound film in Africa. The name of that new production is "Congorilla." And in my opinion it walks off with greatest honors.

In fact the last three years were devoted to building up "Congorilla." From Nairobi across the Serengeti Plain the expedition journeyed with a motor caravan. One priceless shot is of wild dogs in action, another is of a wobbly baby giraffe hardly half an hour old. On the way to the Kaisoot Desert the way was blocked by a herd of rhinos. You see—and hear—Martin and Osa in action when the rhinos charge.

But the high spot came when they took their sound equipment into the depths of the Belgian Congo, among the Little People, the pygmies. For the first time in all history we are able to visit the Ituri Forest and see and hear the pygmies. That part of the film is worth traveling a hundred miles to see. To reach the pygmy country the Johnsons had to travel deep into the gloomy recesses of Ituri. The village was so dark that decent pictures could not be obtained even with flares; so the whole tribe migrated to a lighter part of the forest. In the days that followed, the music, songs, and dances of the pygmies were recorded for the first time.

And then for the climax to the expedition the Johnsons journeyed to the remote Alumbongo Mountains to try and find the "Giant Men," as the natives call them—the gorillas. On many occasions he had discussed the habits of the gorilla with Carl Akeley, who had made a life study of the greatest of apes. Now he was to attempt to film them and record sounds that are not to be heard anywhere else in the world—the woman-like screeches of the giant apes and, most amazing of all the drumming of the beasts as they beat their huge breasts in sudden bursts of anger. It's a truly remarkable achievement—this film of the unknown animal and human life of the Congo.

Wake Up, Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 37*)

writing them, ever since that time.

When I wrote my first dog *book* ("Lad: A Dog"), I had to peddle it far and wide before I could find a publisher for it. The publishers told me the public was not interested in dog-books and would not buy them. "Lad: A Dog" has run into sixty-odd editions and, after thirteen years, is still a steady seller. The public has compelled me to keep on, ever since, turning out successful dog-books.

These personal instances can be of no interest to anyone but myself; except as they help to prove my point. And my point is that there is a mighty fortune awaiting the motion picture company which shall produce a really lifelike and dramatic and logical feature picture in which a dog is the chief character and in which the whole interest and action shall revolve about the dog; keeping the human characters subservient to him, as in all successful dog stories.

Perhaps you don't agree with me. The publishers and the editors didn't agree with me, either. But they do, now. Some screen genius, one day, will launch such a picture—God knows when—and he will make a killing with it. Here you have your "human interest stuff"—your human emotion, if you prefer—and here you will have a truly great picture revolving wholly about that same emotion.

It must be written and directed by someone who knows dogs as they really are and not as most writers and directors think they ought to be—and it must not only be plausible and logical and tell a real story; but it must depict the dog,

as the chief character, in such way as to grip the heart of every dog-lover in the audience. (When I say "dog-lover," I refer to ninety-five per cent of every audience.)

THE thing can be done. I am not the man to do it; as I know nothing about writing for the screen. But there are many who can do it; writers who can depict dog-nature without faking; and who can make every member of the audience think, happily or in keenly sad retrospect, of his or her own loved dog's actions and ways of thought. Remember always, a good story must go with it. The story is the backbone of every truly successful picture as of every truly successful opera or play.

To illustrate both my contentions: If George Arliss or John Barrymore were cast for a tiny "Me-Lord-A-Letter" part in some picture, would his presence and his acting carry that picture to success? Or if either of them were to be starred in a tenth-rate unconvincing and uninteresting picture, could his work put that sloppy feature across to triumph?

The answer in each case is "No." The same applies to a dog that is on the screen for only a minute or so in perhaps two reels of an eight-reeler; and to the dog that does magnificent work starring in a worthless picture. What is called for is a star canine performance in a star vehicle.

Well, there's your gold-mine, your radium-mine. It is waiting to be realized on; to be cashed in. It is not a dream. It is a common sense possibility. And, in such a picture and in its successors along the same line, there is a fortune.

If you care to laugh at me for making the foregoing statements, do your laughing *now*. For some of these days, your laughter is going to be drowned in applause. The picture can be written. And, sooner or later, it is bound to be written.

The idea is there; waiting for any of a dozen people to avail themselves of it; and to cash in.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 81*)

"Since the talkies came to it's occasions, I can determine why the producers never grant Miss Garbo a rôle that has a part of song? For if they do, the public will no doubt accuse them. Can you folks guess why? Because such a great star they maintained whose voice is too poor. Can't any of these Hollywood best singers lend her their medicines in order that her voice will be recovered?"

(A good idea, Geronimo, but Garbo's voice is not a singing one. Not all the singers' "medicines" in the world could change it.)

MRS. ELSIE MOOG, of BALTIMORE, has some constructive criticism to say about Ramon Novarro and his picture, "Huddle."

"His acting was splendid, but he is not the type for such a picture. I am musical myself, a pianist and also a lover of good singing and I know whereof I speak. I think it is a pity, a shame, that a wonderful voice like Ramon has should go to waste.

". . . You have starred (*referring to M-G-M*) a wonderful singer like Ramon in a football picture, why not star Lawrence Tibbett . . . in a baseball picture and why not star Maurice Chevalier as a prize-fighter? It would be the same thing."

(True, Mrs. Moog, but do you remember Ramon did a series of singing parts a year or so ago? Who knows? Perhaps those pictures didn't do so well and so they put him back in straight rôles.)

A MISSOURI FAN of HANNIBAL, MO., lists the following as the future stars:

Bette Davis, to take the place of Constance Bennett. Ann Dvorak for Joan Crawford. Gene Raymond for Phillips Holmes. Rochelle Hudson for Mary Brian. Arline Judge for Clara Bow. Robert Young for Robert Montgomery. No one, however, can take the place of Garbo.

(It'll be fun to see how many come true, Missouri Fan.)

Says MARIE BRINGLE, of SALISBURY, N. C., of Lowell Sherman:

". . . Why should his divorce hold him back? He's not the only one who has a divorce in Hollywood. No! But he's as good an actor as any and it's really refreshing to see someone who can be funny without acting all over the scene." *(Have you seen "What Price Hollywood?")*

Says ALICE ANNE SHUE of PROVIDENCE, R. I., about talkie revivals of silent pictures:

"Why should we try to live the past when today is so thrilling? There is so much to do, so much to see that it really seems like overdoing our sentiments to live in the past—remake silent pictures. Dress them up in sound. There are, of course exceptions to this rule. 'Ben Hur' would always be worthy of consideration. So is 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' and, even perhaps 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.'" *(We agree, Anne. Some revivals are fine, but those others—oh well, as you say, "Where is the crocheting?")*

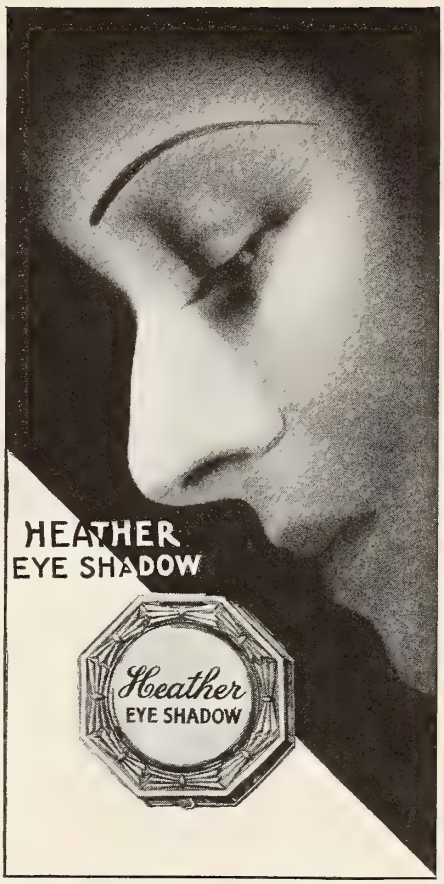
Opinions In Brief

E. S. of BROOKLYN, N. Y., thinks that Gary Cooper hasn't been given a proper break.

A TORONTO CHATTERTON FAN thinks that Ruth's "The Rich Are Always With Us" was as good a picture as Chatterton has done. And praises Ruth's work in it to the skies.

M. and H. of DALTON, PA., wants more pictures of Janet Gaynor and Chollie Farrell. *(See page 64, September issue, M. and H.)*

I. STEWARD of WEST HAM, ENGLAND, wants more pictures of Anthony Bushell. *(Judging by the name, I. Steward, was an actor buried in your town?)*



MONEY CAN'T BUY FINER MAKE-UP FOR YOUR EYES

HIDDEN in this lovely little vanity is a pure, smooth cream Eye-Shadow which with a deft flick of your fingertips adorns the eyes with bewitching beauty—your money can't buy finer or more satisfying make-up for eyes. Yet this smart vanity containing a generous portion of Heather Eye-Shadow costs you only 10c (15c in Canada).

Like all Heather Cosmetics—rouge, powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, Cosmetiko (mascara), all right there on the nearest 5-and-10-cent counter — this new Heather Eye-Shadow is guaranteed pure. If you do not find this new Eye-Shadow or any other Heather Cosmetic you want in your favorite store, advise us store name and item desired (a postal card will do) and we will see that you are promptly supplied. **The Heather Co., 556 West 22nd St., New York City.**

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

PHOTO Enlargements

Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.

ONLY 49¢ EACH

Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 50c with order and we will pay postage.

BEAUTIFULLY Carved Frame FREE! To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements **FREE.** Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 516 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"STRAPHANGER"
NEVER SLIP Shoulder Straps

Sewed on quickly. No pins. No clasps. Made of high grade double silk ribbon in pink, peach, white and black. At your dealer or send 10c. to Straphanger, 79 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

BOOTH TARKINGTON!

Watch for this renowned writer in MODERN SCREEN. . . . An article that will appeal to everybody—by the author of the beloved "Penrod" and "Monsieur Beaucaire."

BUNIONS
Now Dissolved
Pain stops almost instantly! Then lasting relief. Fairyfoot gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write for trial treatment absolutely FREE! Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill. 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 1124
FREE TEST

Moles
HOW TO REMOVE THEM
A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.
WM. DAVIS, M. D. 124-A. H. Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

ZIP 50¢
DEPILATORY CREAM
Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All Stores. Giant Tube 50c. Small 10c.
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only $1
Permanently Destroys Hair

A New Perfume
The most exquisite perfume in the world! Sells at $12 an ounce—$2.50 for bottle containing 30 drops.

Rieger's Flower Drops are the most refined of all perfumes. Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol.
ROMANZA
(The aristocrat of perfumes)
A single drop lasts a week. Hence very economical. Never anything like this before!
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
Send 20c silver or 21c stamps for postage, etc.
Paul Rieger & Co., 179 First St., San Francisco

BETTY HOOPER of OAKLAND, CAL., has a peeve against Clark Gable and thinks Warner Baxter much better. *(But those ears of his are fascinating, Betty. Didn't you know?)*

ETHEL MEYER, of NEW YORK CITY, wants more pictures by the same author who wrote "Lena Rivers." She includes a cast for the production of "English Orphans." *(But think what that cast would cost the producer, Ethel.)*

OLIVE BROWN of TORONTO, ONT., writes to say that Clark Gable and Wallace Beery are the two best actors on the screen. *(Very true, lady, but, let's see—where have we heard that before?)*

R. L. WALL of CHARLOTTE, N. C., thinks Ricardo Cortez is a marvelous actor and enjoyed Mr. Ramsey's story on him in Modern Screen.

ANNA GAYLORD of BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, thanks us for the picture of Garbo in our August issue. *(We aimed to please you, Anna.)*

M. LOHDEN of the good old BRONIX, NEW YORK, wants more pictures of ye goode actor Paul Muni. *(We'll try.)*

MARGUERITE JOYCE of ST. PAUL, MINN., sends in a rave about Ann Dvorak and Spencer Tracy. *(We second your sentiments, Miss Joyce.)*

"ME" of SCARSDALE, N. Y., wants to know why someone hasn't filmed James Fennimore Cooper's "The Spy." *(Now listen, "Me", we're not mind readers.)*

DOLORES MOLITOR of CHICAGO is annoyed because she didn't like Clark Gable in "The Woman in Room 13." *(That wasn't Clark Gable, lady, it was actually Ralph Bellamy.)*

AN ARLEDGE ADMIRER from MONTREAL wants to know why we don't give more space to John Arledge. *(Give us time, Montreal, give us time.)*

C. M. K. of FLINT, MICH., thinks there's no comparison between Garbo and Crawford. She chooses Garbo every time. *(Well, C. M. K. of Flint, Michigan, we like 'em both, so there!)*

RUTH RICE of BROOKLYN, N. Y., wants a story on Ralph Graves. *(As soon as we can, lady.)*

A TRACY FAN of FLORENCE, S. C., is annoyed because Spencer Tracy doesn't play enough in pictures. *(Don't get mad at us, we're a magazine, not a producing firm.)*

HARRY of WATERVLIET, N. Y., insists on having stories in our October or December issues on Leon Janney, Tom Mix, Richard Talmadge, Edmund Lowe, William Haines, Tommy Conlon, James Cagney, Ralph Bellamy, Walter Miller and Fredric March. *(Whew! Harry, don't you think you're—well, a little bit demanding?)*

BEE CROW of PANHANDLE, TEXAS, sends in a tragic story of how she couldn't find a Modern Screen in town. *(That's very encouraging for us, Bee. Of course we're sorry you had so much trouble, still, it's nice to realize we sell out quickly.)*

A LOYAL ARLEN FAN wants more about Richard Arlen.

CHESTER C. CHMURA of CLEVELAND, OHIO, wants Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon in more pictures together.

RICHARD B. WEBSTER of MAIDENHEAD, ENGLAND, politely asks us to hand a bouquet to Peggy Shannon for her beauty and talent. *(We'll call up the florist right away, Monsieur Webster.)*

HARRIET RULE of MT. PULASKI, ILLINOIS, wants to know who is going to be Leslie Howard's leading lady in "The Animal Kingdom." *(At present, plans are for Ann Harding.)*

DOLORES WARTBURY writes to say she enjoyed Jack Jamison's stories on Richard Cromwell and Marie Dressler.

MARJORIE SNYDER of CHICAGO, sends in a rave for Novarro. *(Quite, oh, quite, Marjorie.)*

KENTUCKY KID informs us that she is anxious to see Clara Bow on the screen again. *(You will, Keed.)*

CECIL DE LA PERRECHON of NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., confesses that he admires deeply Garbo's character. And adds that Garbo is his ideal. *(You've got a lot of competition, Cecil de la P.)*

MARJORIE L. of WILKES-BARRE, PA., wants to see Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Richard Cromwell. *(You may at that, M., in these days of all-star casts.)*

A LOYAL ADMIRER of BROOKLYN, N. Y., wants more stories of Phillips Holmes.

BARBARA SPELT of PHILADELPHIA, wants more pictures of Ginger Rogers and Joe E. Brown together. *(We'll see Jack Warner about it, ma'am.)*

MISS ZARA MAGNANI sends in a dignified rave about Ricardo Cortez's acting ability. *(Quite so, Zara.)*

HELEN ANDERSON of MINNEAPOLIS, wants James Dunn and Sally Eilers in another picture together. She also doesn't like Norma Shearer. And wants more of Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Spencer Tracy and Dot Mackaill. *(Sorry we couldn't put it in your own words, Helen, but we hadn't room.)*

MRS. FRANK KAWAS of DETROIT sends in a pleasant laurel wreath for Gregory Ratoff. *(Grand, isn't he?)*

MADELINE V. TRAVERS of TAUNTON, MASS., thinks William Powell is more interesting than Clark Gable—because Bill is a better screen lover.

"SERENA BLANDISH" of MONTGOMERY, ALA., wants a story on Bing Crosby.

ISABELLE TURRIFF of VANCOUVER, has a peeve at Garbo and wants to see Joan Crawford's and Bebe Daniels' wardrobes. *(We ran Joan's wardrobe last summer, Isabelle. Issue was dated October, 1931.)*

MRS. ANNA FLICE of PORT CHESTER, N. Y., is glad that Joan Crawford is using Garbo as an ideal as she thinks that such an ideal is bound to improve Joan's acting.

GLADYS GILL of TORONTO, ONT., has a nice rave about Barbara Stanwyck. *(We think so, too, Glad.)*

A CONSTANT READER of GLEN COVE, N. J., sends in a bouquet for John Garrick. *(John has another fan in Glencove, Garrick fan. Someone who prints his letters. Or is it possible you were responsible for both the raves?)*

ROBIN MOORE and JUDY GERARD of WEST HARTFORD, sends in a couple of knocks for Garbo. *(How could you, you two?)*

DOROTHY DE JAGER of HAWTHORNE, N. J., wants more praise for Jimmie Dunn.

MISS M. HIGGINS of BROOKLYN, N. Y., thinks we make Hollywood sound too glamorous. And points out that many people there are out of work. *(Read the story on page 26, Miss Higgins. It's plain, unglamorous truth.)*

Remember, don't just knock those stars you don't like. Write letters which can be helpful. If you criticize, have some reason for your criticism—or else some suggestion which might be a help to the star. Address your letters to The Editor, Modern Screen, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped (three-cent) self-addressed envelope, if it's a personal reply you'll be wanting.

The Chevalier Divorce

(*Continued from page 18*)

Maurice if his Sunday visits to her home, his openly expressed admiration for her, has caused Marlene any unhappiness through the notoriety."

At the Paramount studios they are getting quite a chuckle out of the linking of Genevieve Tobin's name with Chevalier's. It is an actual fact that, two days after starting production on "One Hour With You," Maurice complained to a studio executive that he wanted another girl in Miss Tobin's part. Of course his point of view changed in regard to her work as the picture progressed. Does that spell an emotional interest?

Another good reason to believe Maurice's plea of "incompatibility" is the fact that Yvonne Vallée never liked Hollywood and Maurice has grown to love living here. His wife was always lonesome and homesick for her native Paris where she figured she had true friends, not merely people who tolerated her because of Maurice's film fame. Chevalier said: "My wife and I part good friends—now. Had we lived together two years longer we would have been enemies!"

Chevalier is parting from his wife just as he came to her—as a good friend. Friendship, and not passionate love, is said to have been the basis of their marriage. They met following a very torrid romance of Maurice's with Mistinguette, beloved dancer of Paris. When that love affair went on the rocks Maurice met a new dancing partner and a new kind of lover—quieter, saner—in Yvonne Vallée. They were married Oct. 10, 1927, in a little church near St. Cloud. At the time of the marriage both Maurice and Yvonne were well known in Paris for their performances at the Casino de Paris and at the Palace Theatre.

Two days after Maurice filed suit for divorce, Yvonne Chevalier filed counter suit. The charges were not made public. So your conjecture is just as good as mine.

Interviewed by the press, Mrs. Chevalier insisted that she was the only woman Chevalier had ever—or would ever—love. She also said that they were divorcing because they found the marriage bonds irksome and thought they would be happier and more in love if they were not bound. So—you can figure it out for yourself!

Fate and Charles Starrett

(*Continued from page 65*)

to my death certain with the *Viking!*"

The second Frissell expedition sailed away into the north. On March 15, 1931, the world was shocked to hear of the explosion which sent the staunch old ship and twenty of her crew, including the leader, Varick Frissell, to the bottom of the north Atlantic off Labrador.

"I was playing in 'Something Borrowed' in Atlantic City," says Starrett, "when it happened. I had not seen the papers when the author of the play mentioned to me that a motion picture company had been lost in the Arctic. Sensing disaster to Varick, I rushed out and bought the papers. Then I learned how narrowly I had escaped death. It was incredible.

"It was necessary," continued Starrett, "for the sealing ships to carry a large supply of dynamite and powder to use in blasting their way through the ice. On the *Viking* this was stored in the stern exactly over the spot where my bunk had been. At the time of the explosion, Varick was painting a danger sign to place on the powder magazine when Carter, the bos'n, went into that room with a lighted cigarette. The explosion blew the entire stern off the *Viking*. Varick was never seen again and the survivors escaped by walking nine miles over the ice to Horse Island, a terrible trip during which some of the injured died. There was not one chance in ten thousand but what I would have been among those to die in the blast, had I gone along. When the twins cry now, you can bet that it's always papa who reaches them first!

"I don't think I'm a coward," says Starrett, smiling sadly, "but when I think of Varick and the rest of those boys, all pals of mine, going down in that cold green water between the ice cakes and of myself here in the sunshine and warm breezes of Hollywood, I shudder. No matter what ever happens to me, I'll always have something—Fate, probably—to be thankful for!"

YOU'LL WANT TO READ THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF ANN DVORAK'S LIFE—AND LOVE STORY. AND YOU'LL WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE MARY MOORE, TOO, IN THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF "THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD." BOTH THESE STORIES IN THE NOVEMBER MODERN SCREEN

There's a LARKIN CATALOG for you

Greatest Rewards in Larkin History

OUR new, money-saving catalog is ready for you. It shows over 600 valuable Larkin Premiums *given* with purchases of your daily household supplies.

Send for your copy of this catalog and full information about starting Larkin Clubs. Learn about our special offer good until December 1, whereby Larkin Club Secretaries can earn the greatest rewards in Larkin history. *Mail Coupon Today*

Larkin Co. Inc. Dept. D
Buffalo, N. Y. Peoria, Ill. Phila., Pa.

Please send me the new fall Larkin Catalog and Club information.

Name.....

St. & No.....

P. O.....State.....

SONG-POEM WRITER Gets Thrill of Lifetime

When Large Audience of Friends Hear His Song, which we set to music, sung over the Radio.

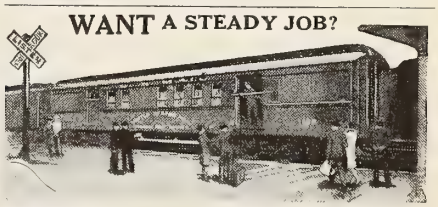
The opportunities offered anyone having ideas suitable for successful songs merit immediate attention. Music Publisher's confidence in Big 1931-1932 Season, shown by paying writers $5,000.00 Advance Royalty on single song.

NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Don't Fail to Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—M.M. Newcomer Associates 1674 B'way. New York N.Y.

WANT A STEADY JOB?



$1900 to $2700 a Year

Railway Postal Clerks

Men—Women 18 to 50

Mail Coupon Today

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. A330, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush to me without charge
(1) 32-page book describing Post Depression U. S. Government jobs.
(2) Send list of Government jobs.
(3) Tell me how to get one.

Name.....

Address.....

Directory of Pictures

(*Continued from page 84*)

THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY (Paramount)—It's that rather familiar story about the husband who was believed dead and who comes back after his wife has fallen in love with someone else. Clive Brook and Claudette Colbert are good. **Fair—children would be bored.**

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL (Paramount)—The story is none too original, but Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March and Adrienne Ames are very good as the husband and wife who almost go on the rocks and the other woman who almost sends them there. **Good—but take the children to see something else.**

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (Paramount)—Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, W. C. Fields and Lyda Roberti (an amusing platinum blonde from the stage) get together in a nonsensical piece that will be sure to make you laugh. **Good—children will like it.**

THE MIRACLE MAN (Paramount)—The famous silent remade as a talkie with Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, Hobart Bosworth and John Wray. **Good—all right for the young folks.**

MISS PINKERTON (Warners)—Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery thriller with Joan Blondell and George Brent in the leading rôles. **Good—exciting for children.**

MONTE CARLO MADNESS (First Division)—One of those mythical kingdom stories. Sari Maritza's in it. **Good—and children will like parts of it.**

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warners)—Warren William plays a crook-defending lawyer. Sidney Fox is an innocent little typist in his office and that amusing Aline McMahon is his devoted secretary. **Very good—but too advanced except for older children.**

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)—Harold Lloyd. And very funny he is, too. Constance Cummings is his leading lady. **Excellent—children will love it, of course.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M)—That troublesome younger generation again. Robert Young and Margaret Perry are the leading players. Jean Hersholt, Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crewes give fine character portrayals. **Good—and it teaches young people a profitable lesson.**

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Universal)—An excellent cast, which include Boris Karloff playing another horror rôle, make this a fairly exciting—if somewhat gruesome—talkie. **Good—but better consider before taking the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald and Genevieve Tobin in a frothy, sophisticated romance. Charles Ruggles and Roland Young are in it, too. **Excellent—but too sophisticated for children.**

PLAY GIRL (Warners)—Loretta Young, Winnie Lightner and Norman Foster in a nicely done little story that is, however, faintly reminiscent of "Bad Girl." **Good—parts of it may prove entertaining for the kids.**

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS (M-G-M)—Marion Davies as a circus performer and Clark Gable as a "regular guy" minister who falls in love with her. **Good—not ideal for youngsters, but they may like parts of it.**

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are at it again. Marie gets all full of civic pride in this one and bustles about setting the town to rights. **Excellent—just the thing to take the children to see.**

THE PURCHASE PRICE (First National) Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent are splendid in this story of a night club dancer who marries a silent son of the soil. **Good—some of it may entertain the young folks.**

RADIO PATROL (Universal)—An exciting story of the cops who chase crime in their little cars. Robert Armstrong, James Gleason and Lila Lee are in it. **Good—very good talkie entertainment for the kids.**

RAIN (United Artists)—Don't fail to see Joan Crawford, Walter Huston and William Gargen in this splendid talkie. **Excellent—but send the children to see a Western.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (Fox)—You'll love Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy in this old favorite. Louise Closser Hale and Mae Marsh are also in it. **Excellent—children, especially little girls, will like it immensely.**

RED HEADED WOMAN (M-G-M)—Jean Harlow really does an amazingly good piece of work in this story of an unmitigated minx who makes up her mind to marry the town's richest man. Chester Morris is the man. **Excellent—but it's too advanced for the children.**

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, John Miljan and a strong supporting cast are splendid in this story about the very wealthy folk, who, it seems, have their troubles, too. **Good—but boring for children.**

ROADHOUSE MURDER (Radio)—Eric Linden, and Dorothy Jordan in an exciting story about a young newspaperman who pretends to have committed a murder in order to get a front page story. Thrilling—if not entirely convincing. **Good—children will like it.**

ROAR OF THE DRAGON (Radio)—Richard Dix and the new beauty, Gwili Andre, in a story the scene of which is laid in China. **Good—boys will find the fighting scenes pretty thrilling.**

SCARFACE (United Artists)—This last of the gangster films is a brutally frank denunciation of our underworld. Paul Muni, George Raft and Ann Dvorak are excellent. **Very good—but decidedly unsuitable for children.**

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—It's hokum, but it's very well done. All the action takes place on an express train running through bandit-infested China. Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, Anna May Wong and Eugene Pallette are in it. **Very good—and exciting enough to amuse the children.**

SKY BRIDE (Paramount)—The story of a stunt aviator who turns yellow after he accidentally causes the death of his pal. Richard Arlen is the aviator and Jack Oakie is his friend. **Very good—and suitable for the kids.**

SKYSCRAPER SOULS (M-G-M)—Faith Baldwin's story is very well produced. And a big cast, which includes Warren William, Maureen O'Sullivan, Anita Page and Norman Foster give some good acting. **Very good—though not particularly suitable for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

SOCIETY GIRL (Fox)—James Dunn as the prize-fighter who almost has his heart broken by a pretty miss out of the social register. Peggy Shannon is the girl. Spencer Tracy is great as Dunn's trainer. **Good—fine for the kids.**

SPEAK EASILY (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Schnozzle Durante in a lot of hilarious nonsense. Very funny. **Good—be sure to take the young folks.**

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A story on "What's Really Happened to Garbo," by Rilla Page Palmborg. . . . Jean Harlow's Wardrobe—perfectly gorgeous clothes! And a pattern page again, with some stunning winter suggestions . . . Lowell Thomas writing about Cooper and Schoedsack who made "Chang," "Grass," "Rango," and who are now making "The Most Dangerous Game"

AND WATCH FOR A BOOTH TARKINGTON STORY IN MODERN SCREEN—SOON!

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—It reminds one of the good old Wally Reid movies. A race track story with Frank Albertson, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda. **Good—the children will love it.**

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE (Paramount—It's a bit too much like "Madelon Claudet," without the gripping pathos of that story. But Wynne Gibson is very good. **Good—perhaps a bit sad for the children.**

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN (First National)—The story of a modern girl (Ann Dvorak) who almost suffered grave tragedy in her modern struggle for good times and good things. Richard Cromwell and Leslie Fenton are in the cast. **Good—parts of it may amuse the children.**

STRANGER IN TOWN (Warners)—An over-sentimental little story about a small town grocer and what happened when a big chain store came to town. Chic Sale, Ann Dvorak and David Manners are in it. **Good if you like sentimental movies—okay for the kids.**

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY (Warners)—George Arliss being very delightful in a story about a millionaire who decided to turn "poor" for the good of his family. Mary Astor, Evalyn Knapp and William Janney are the family. **Good—very suitable for children.**

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (Radio)—Richardo Cortez is splendid as the Jewish doctor of Fannie Hurst's story. **Excellent, if somewhat sentimental—very good for the children.**

TARZAN THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—If you haven't already seen this talkie version of Edgar Rice Burrough's famous book, by all means do so. The photography is beautiful and Johnnie Weissmuller does splendid work. **Very good—couldn't be better for children.**

THE TENDERFOOT (First National)—Joe E. Brown is very funny as the cowboy who comes to the big city and gets all mixed up with the show business. Ginger Rogers is his leading lady. **Good—just the thing for the kids.**

THIS IS THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Very amusing sophisticated farce about a man who employed a girl to help him out of a mix-up with another man's wife. The only trouble with his scheme was that the girl he employed happened to be Lily Damita. **Good—but dull for children.**

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount)—The usual sex triangle, set in the usual tropical setting. Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Bickford and Paul Lukas are good and their acting makes an otherwise dull picture interesting. **Good—boring for kids.**

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal)—You'll like this story of a boys' school. It's intelligent and different. Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell are in it. **Excellent—splendid for children, especially boys.**

THE THRILL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)—A thrilling and fast-moving courtroom talkie, with Joan Bennett, ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. **Good—you can take the kids.**

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Warners)—Connie Bennett, Neil Hamilton and a good supporting cast in a story of a girl who sacrifices her reputation to save her brother. **Good—not very suitable for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

TWO SECONDS (First National)—Edward G. Robinson, sentenced to the electric chair for the murder of his vicious wife, reviews his whole unhappy existence in the two seconds before the current kills him. **Excellent—but much too harrowing for the children.**

UNASHAMED (M-G-M)—Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young and Monroe Owsley are very good in this murder trial story. **Good—not exactly suitable for children.**

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in one of those mistaken identity comedies. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE VANISHING FRONTIER (Paramount)—Your old favorite, John Mack Brown, in an historical romance. **Very good—and just the type of talkie for the kids.**

WAR CORRESPONDENT (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves as friendly enemies in a story about the recent Chinese trouble. **Good—fine for the youngsters.**

THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE (M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore being his inimitable self in a story about national politcs. **Good—but the children won't care for it.**

WEEK-END MARRIAGE (Warners)—Faith Baldwin's story about the problems of married life is well acted by Loretta Young and Norman Foster. **Good—some of it may appeal to the children.**

WESTWARD PASSAGE (Pathé)—Ann Harding, Lawrence Olivier and Irving Pichel in a sophisticated triangle story about a couple who divorce even though they love each other. It seems that continual poverty can kill love and that a comfortable, secure existence is to be preferred to high romance and no money. **Good—but it wouldn't interest the children.**

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Every angle to the prohibition question is presented in this splendid talkie version of Upton Sinclair's novel. Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Jordan, Robert Young and others are in it. **Very good—some of it will entertain the children.**

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD? (Pathé)—The best talkie to date about Hollywood as it really is. Constance Bennett, Neil Hamilton and Lowell Sherman are splendid. **Excellent—and the young people will like it, too.**

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND (M-G-M)—Rather sentimental but very appealing story about a little cripple who has only one real pal in the world. The pal is played by Chic Sale and the little cripple by Jackie Cooper. **Very good—couldn't be improved upon for the children.**

WINNER TAKE ALL (Warners)—Prize-fight stuff. Jimmie Cagney is splendid. Marian Nixon is his true love and Virginia Bruce is the wicked city blonde. **Good—fine for children.**

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)—A not-very-convincing story about the Russian Revolution. It's exciting, however. George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins are in it. **Good—children will like it.**

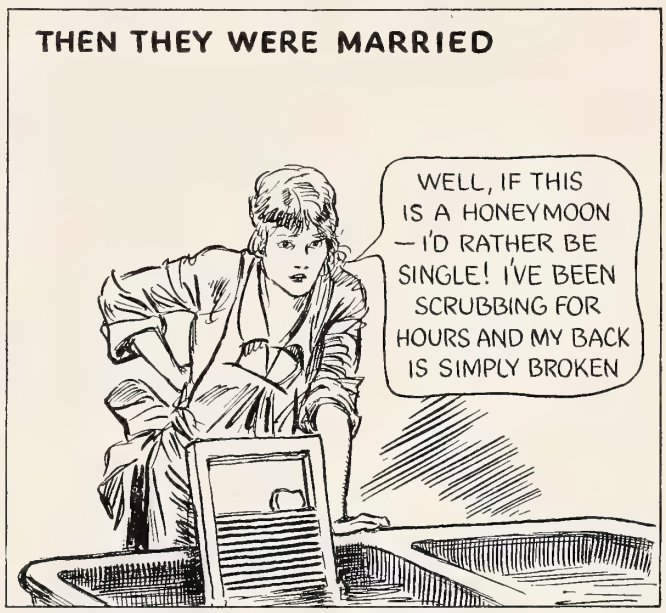
YOUNG AMERICA (Fox)—Very entertaining and appealing little story about boys. Spencer Tracy, Doris Kenyon and Ralph Bellamy play the grown-up rôles. **Good—be sure to let the children see it.**

YOUNG BRIDE (Pathé)—A story about a very young married couple and their many trials and tribulations. Eric Linden is the husband—Helen Twelvetrees is the wife. **Fair—children wouldn't care for it.**

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

SHE WON'T DREAD WASHDAY NOW — *by C.A. Voight*

THEN THEY WERE MARRIED



NEXT MONDAY MORNING

"One box does a lot of work," says Cleveland woman

"RINSO gets my clothes clean and white *easily*. I don't even have to scrub or boil them. And it's so safe for the clothes. I've found that one big box does a lot of work. Besides mopping up the floors 3 times, washing the dishes 3 times a day for 6 days, I laundered these clothes—all with only one big box of Rinso.

1 bedspread
1 bureau scarf
4 face cloths
9 napkins
5 pillow cases
3 sheets
2 table-cloths
13 towels
8 dish towels
28 handkerchiefs
5 pairs children's stockings
4 pieces children's underwear
5 children's nightclothes
2 house-dresses
1 nightgown
2 aprons
2 pieces underwear
4 nightclothes
13 shirts
4 rag rugs"

Mrs. W. F. Allen, Cleveland, Ohio

A little Rinso gives thick suds *even in hardest water*. Try it. See how much work one BIG box will do for *you*.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

DO YOU INHALE?

...wonder why cigarette advertising generally avoids this question?

ONE of the mysteries in cigarette advertising has been the apparent fear of the word "inhale." It seems rather foolish—for *everybody* inhales—whether they realize it or not ... every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Think, then, how important it is to be certain that your cigarette smoke is pure and clean—to be sure that you *don't* inhale certain impurities.

Do you inhale? Lucky Strike *has dared* to raise this vital question ... because when you smoke Luckies your delicate membranes get the protection no other cigarette affords. All other methods have been made old-fashioned by Luckies' famous purifying process. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? Of course you do! So truly this message is for you.

"It's toasted"

Your Protection - against Irritation - against Cough

Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

O. K. AMERICA

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, over N. B. C. networks.

MODERN SCREEN

NOVEMBER

Marlene Dietrich

BOOTH TARKINGTON

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

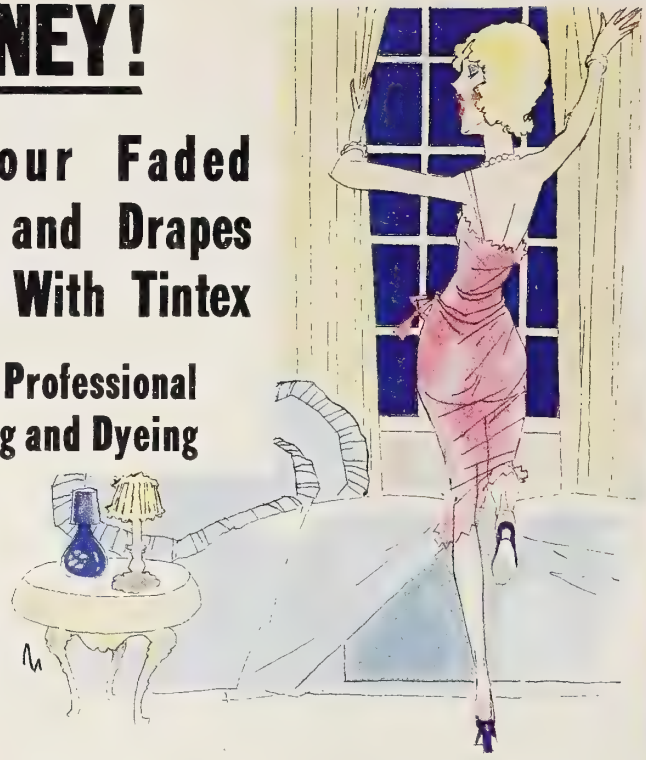
FAITH BALDWIN • LOWELL THOMAS

WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENED TO GARBO

SAVE MONEY!

Make Your Faded Curtains and Drapes Like New With Tintex

Easy to Equal Professional Results in Tinting and Dyeing

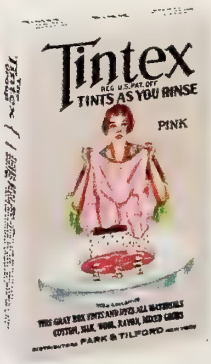


OF COURSE, you use Tintex to restore faded color . . . or give new color . . . to "undies", dresses and other items of your wearing apparel. Now . . . use Tintex for the same purpose in *home decorations!*

Millions of women have discovered that there is no need to send faded curtains, drapes, cushion-covers, table scarfs, etc., to expensive professional dyers. With the help of Tintex, and right in their own homes, these women accomplish equally as beautiful results. And at what savings!

Every drug and notion counter has Tintex in 35 fashion-approved colors. Let it begin to save you money *today*.

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES



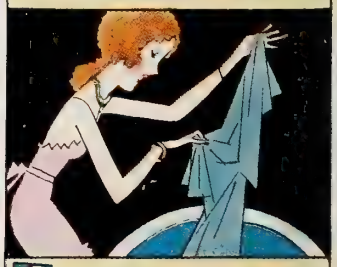
Keep Appearance Up and Expense Down With Tintex

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with Tintex Color Remover

A Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .

B Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . . .



C Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

CLARA BOW

IN

CALL HER SAVAGE

Best-seller by Tiffany Thayer

SHE'S BACK! A GREATER CLARA BOW!

The most important picture announcement of the current year. The answer to the overwhelming world-wide Public Demand for another Clara Bow picture.

Here she is! A New and Greater Clara Bow—revealing an amazing and brilliant dramatic ability, giving a performance that places her high among the screen's greatest emotional actresses.

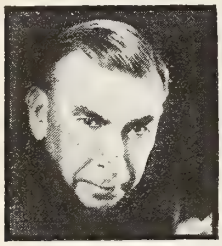
Another triumph for FOX.

©C1B 167377

This Month in
MODERN SCREEN

MODERN SCREEN

These famous authors give you their very best



Booth Tarkington, *whose name stands at the very tip-top of American story writers, pens with his particular genius, humor and understanding, an open letter which deals with one of the greatest problems facing the movie industry today. Only Booth Tarkington can treat such a subject with such a delightful combination of intelligence and charm.*

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, *although not an author in the strict sense of the word, is famous for the searching qualities of her mind and her zeal in questions devoted to social service. Mrs. Roosevelt gives you her views on just what effect the movies are having on us as a nation today. What she has to say on this subject is bound to get your interest.*

Faith Baldwin, *whose name certainly needs no introduction to readers of Modern Screen, gives you a fascinating story on Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. Everyone knows that Janet and Charlie make the perfect screen couple—the perfect Mr. and Mrs. as Miss Baldwin puts it. But not everyone reads into this histrionic perfection the charming and romantic idea which this author does.*

And Jack Jamison, Lowell Thomas, Adele Whitely Fletcher, Virginia T. Lane, Walter Ramsey, Franc Dillon, Curtis Mitchell, and—as usual — our own beauty whiz, la Biddle.

FEATURES

What Are the Movies Doing To Us? *Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt* 27
A searching article on the influence of the movies

What's Really Happened to Garbo? *Rilla Page Palmborg* 28
The inside story of Greta's future plans and arrangements

Speed! *Jack Jamison* 30
Lee Tracy shows Hollywood a thing or three

The Adventurous Road to "The Most Dangerous Game" *Lowell Thomas* 32
The spine-shivering adventures of Cooper and Shoedsack

Too Much Love! (Illustrated by Floherty, Jr.) *Booth Tarkington* 36
An open letter on a vital question facing the movie industry today

Can You Safeguard Marriage? *Helen Louise Walker* 38
How about Carole Lombard and Bill Powell—and marriage in general?

An Amazing New Angle on Janet and Charlie *Faith Baldwin* 42
Why these two are the perfect Mr. and Mrs. of the screen

The Finest Interview on Jackie Cooper Ever Written *Adele Whitely Fletcher* 44
Meet the Cooper kid as he really is!

Keep Your Eye on Them 46
New screen personalities worth watching

Modern Screen's Olympic Album *Harold Lloyd* 51
The event of the year—in pictures and story by the famous comedian

Jean Harlow's Wardrobe—and Yours *Virginia T. Lane* 56
These cut-on-the-bias dresses—in detail and in picture

What I Know About Ann Dvorak *Walter Ramsey* 62
The most sympathetic story on Ann ever written

Exposing Andy Clyde *Franc Dillon* 65
There's a surprise for you in this story

Where Do You Go From Here? *Curtis Mitchell* 66
Sidney Fox has a philosophy of life worth reading

The Lure of Hollywood (Illustrated by Jack Welch) *Alice Williamson* 74
Mary goes to a Hollywood party and things begin to happen

Behind the Scenes of the Big Productions *Walter Ramsey* 80
Inside stuff on the new season's movie products

DEPARTMENTS

Beauty Advice *Mary Biddle* 6
All about hands and their care. Most important!

The Modern Hostess 8
How to make Sunday morning breakfast a thing to be remembered

Modern Screen Directory of Pictures 10
All the information about the current pictures—in brief

The Hollywood Times 13
Our own movie newspaper. The latest news

What Every Fan Should Know 14
Chit-chat and tid-bits from the film town

All Joking Aside *Jack Welch* 35
Still more amazing facts about the stars

A Tour of Today's Talkies 48
The newest pictures—previewed from the coast

Let's Talk About Hollywood 68
More gossip and chitter-chatter

Between You and Me 84
If you wrote to us, your letter is probably here

Modern Screen Directory of Players 86
All the information about the stars and players—complete

And also; Portraits, 19; Presenting Booth Tarkington, 35; The Roving Camera, 40; In Days Gone By, 70; Gallery of Honor, 77

Ernest V. Heyn, *Editor*

K. Rowell Batten, *Associate Editor* **Walter Ramsey,** *Western Representative*

Published monthly and copyrighted 1932 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 4, No. 6, November, 1932. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $1.70 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

• New York hails a new hit!

"Life Begins" draws greatest critical ovation in years on Broadway. Read every word of these sensational opinions by famous critics—for every word says "You must see it!"

"A film for all the women of all the world. And for every man born of woman, too. Startling, tensely dramatic, would wring weeps from a stone god—or a living one ... 'Life Begins' fulfills every promise, every hope." *N. Y. American*

•

"Warner Brothers develop a new idea ...'Life Begins'... ought to be seen." *Arthur Brisbane in his column "Today"*

•

"A true, simple masterpiece of motion picture drama . . . It is a great photoplay . . ." *N. Y. Journal*

•

"Ought to make Hollywood sit up and respect itself." *N. Y. Post*

"A searching human document that will stir the heart and mind and soul of every man and woman who views it ... will linger in the memory of everyone long after most pictures have been forgotten." *Film Daily*

•

"Refreshing, terrifying, astounding." *Hollywood Reporter*

•

"Four stars . . . Film epic . . . Genuinely dramatic film." *N. Y. News*

•

"Strong drama, powerful pathos, rich humor, everything which goes to make an entertaining movie went into this one." *N. Y. Mirror*

"'Life Begins' turns all eyes to WARNER BROS." — *N. Y. American*

With Loretta Young . . . Eric Linden . . . Aline McMahon . . . Preston Foster . . . Glenda Farrell
Directed by James Flood . . . . . Co-directed by Elliott Nugent . . . . . A First National Picture

BEAUTY ADVICE

Carol Lombard's hands are like herself—slim, well-groomed, lovely. But they wouldn't remain so if she didn't take care of them—oh, no, indeed! They could quickly become grubby, rough and most unattractive as to fingernails if she didn't use a lotion and a hand cream and give those lustrous nails ten minutes' care a day + + +

Hands! Learn these simple rules to keep them lovely. Other hints, too, in profusion

By Mary Biddle

Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. You may write more than once if you like. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope, please

YOU don't mind if I do a little weeping on your shoulder this month, do you? I'm all upset on account of the condition of the American hand. The American feminine hand. I almost never see a pretty one. And I want you to understand that I'm not screaming for small, perfectly shaped hands either. I mean just nicely groomed, white, soft hands and pretty, lustrous nails. Most hands I see are either ill-kept or old-looking or both. Even ladies of great wealth and high degree are so frantically pursuing outdoor sports these days that their hands look fifty years old when they're twenty-five.

The ladies on the Continent have the right idea. There, a lovely hand is important. Perhaps that's because a Frenchman or an Italian will pay compliments to a pretty hand, while an American gentleman doesn't give a whoop, as long as a rudimentary cleanliness is observed. But please, ladee-eez of the society for better looking manual extremities, let us, in the name of beauty, give more attention to our hands.

We'll sit down at our dressing tables and admit a lot of things: we'll admit that our hands are not small; that they're not particularly well-shaped; that the fingers are stubby at the ends, perhaps, instead of beautifully tapering. *And we'll admit that all those things don't really matter.* Then we'll admit some things that do matter: that the skin has a rough, granular look; that the cuticle is something terrible; that the nails are filed in the wrong shape; that the tips of the nails have a grayish look, although one couldn't actually call them dirty; and that the polish we are wearing is too bright and too red for our mode of life.

If you look about among your favorite movie stars, you'll find precious few truly beautiful hands, as classic beauty is judged. Constance Bennett and Dolores Del Rio are the only stars I can think of at the moment who have the tiny, slender, tapering hands poets rave about. But you'll never see an ill-groomed hand among the movie stars! They're all lovely with the loveliness that care and time can give. Most of them show character. I'm thinking of Ruth Chatterton's expressive hands, which are not beautiful according to the artist's standards. And Joan Crawford's, which look so strong. But I'll leave the character part of it to you and talk about the grooming. So draw up your chairs, everybody.

FIRST, washing. Never use very cold or very hot water to wash your hands. Tepid water is best. Never use a soap that you wouldn't use on your face. Use a soap that is free from animal fats. Use a nail brush, not only on the nails, but on your whole hand. Yes, go on, scrub 'em well—it won't hurt you. It'll scour away a lot of dead tissue that causes so many hands to look rough. It stimulates circulation, too, and takes away the coldness and clamminess you find so disagreeable in a handshake. Dry your hands (*Continued on page 89*)

They looked at her hands

. . .and pictured her scrubbing the floor

Yet now red, rough hands can be made beautifully smooth and white *. . . in only 3 days!*

HER GOWN was an exclusive model. But her hands were those of a kitchen drudge. They ruined her smartness—her charm—completely.

How often this happens! Yet how foolish—how needless—to let it! Though you do housework, play golf, work in the garden, run a car or a typewriter, your hands can still be satin-smooth—enchantingly, alluringly soft and lovely. All they need is a little simple care.

Keep a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream handy. Smooth a little on the hands after they have been in water—and *always* at night. In three days you will marvel at the difference. Hands once more become delightfully smooth and white. Every trace of roughness and redness goes. You'll be so delighted that you'll decide to use Hinds *always* to keep your hands looking their prettiest.

Here's the secret of Hinds "magic"

Hands become coarse and work-worn because the natural, softening, skin-beautifying oils dry out. Hinds *restores these precious oils.* It is not a thick, gummy, drying jelly but a delicate, chiffon-weight cream that seems to melt right into the pores. Instantly the tense, dry, drawn feeling vanishes. Almost before your eyes you can see roughness and redness begin to fade—new satin-smoothness appear. Hinds dries naturally. Just a few seconds and it's absorbed, leaving an invisible *"second skin"* to protect the hands.

***Try Hinds* FREE.** Mail coupon below for a generous 7-day trial bottle of Hinds. See for yourself the amazing results from just a few applications. Use it when you manicure, too. Directions with every bottle.

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON *NOW*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. 511, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

WALLACE FORD RELAYS SOME EXCELLENT IDEAS ON THE PERFECT SUNDAY BREAKFAST TO

THE MODERN HOSTESS

Wallace Ford's favorite fruit for breakfast is a naturally sweet grapefruit covered with a little maraschino juice. And, if you cannot obtain the naturally sweet grapefruit you can learn from this article how to properly prepare the ordinary type. And read what Wallace says about fried eggs. Your menfolk will agree with him.

THE modern symbol of financial independence is a second cup of coffee on week-day mornings! Most of us just don't have time for a second cup. We gulp the first frantically, hoping wildly that we won't "be late." Unless you are one of those rare individuals who can manage to get up early—early enough to really *enjoy* breakfast *every* day of the week—you are pretty well reconciled by now to the fact that breakfast can not be a leisurely, civilized, friendly sort of an affair except on Sunday.

For a long time now, in our house, breakfast and lunch have been combined on Sundays into one meal, affectionately referred to as "brunch." We were delighted to have Wallace Ford tell us that this Sunday breakfast-and-lunch combination is an established custom in the Ford household, too. Wallace admitted that he never got up on Sunday until around noon. "And," said he, "in my opinion Sunday morning breakfast is one of the pleasantest meals of the week, with that 'nothing to do till to-morrow' feeling and none of that week-day rush to get to the studio on time.

"Sunday breakfast should be a luxurious affair," continued Wallace. "It should be eaten under the most attractive conditions and amid the most comfortable surroundings. For instance, if you have a fire burning in the living room, I am all for having breakfast served in front of the fire."

"What is your idea of a good Sunday breakfast?" we asked Mr. Ford.

"Well," replied Wallace, "of course I like to start off with some kind of chilled fruit. Grapefruit, unsweetened except for a little maraschino juice poured over it, is my favorite."

(Here we made a mental note to warn you that if you try this you want to be sure that the grapefruit is naturally sweet. You know, out in California where the fruit can be allowed to ripen on the trees, it is naturally considerably sweeter than much of what is on sale in distant cities. So if your market cannot supply you with reasonably sweet grapefruit, add sugar and then set the fruit away in the refrigerator, over night or at least for several hours, to chill thoroughly. Then pour over the maraschino cherry juice just before serving and place a cherry in the center to add an especially decorative touch.)

"NEXT to grapefruit what do you like?" we continued.

"Sliced oranges, or peaches and cream, or an unusual sort of apple concoction which I've never had outside of my own home. It is a cross between apple sauce and glacéed apples, retaining the best features of each."

(We're delighted to tell you that you'll find the recipe for this Wallace Ford apple dish on one of this month's recipe cards—see the coupon in lower left hand corner of this page. Very worth having it is, too, we found. We gave it to the children for dessert as well as to the adults for breakfast, and how they all loved it!)

"Then, after the fruit—?"

"Usually eggs in some form (*Continued on page 113*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for November—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name.....
(Print in Pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

UNIVERSAL SCORES AGAIN!

Last year it was *"The Spirit of Notre Dame"*—this fall UNIVERSAL beats this fine gridiron drama with one more *thrilling*, more *human* and with more and greater heroes in the cast. Not only the entire **ALL AMERICA** team of 1931 but a score of *other* "All Americans" of previous years and THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL.

Never before *such a cast* in such a mile-a-minute football play. **The Greatest Gridiron STARS in history!** They never played together in college but they give you *the greatest football game* in history on the screen and *you* can see and hear it all in closeup at your favorite theatre.

Directed by RUSSELL MACK
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

APPROVED BY THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA — *Carl Laemmle, President* — 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

Why spend time and money on pictures that you won't enjoy? Read these brief reviews before picking a show—then you'll surely have a good time

THE AGE OF CONSENT (Radio)—A true (well, pretty true) picture of modern college life. The young people in the cast are excellent—Richard Cromwell, Arline Judge and the newcomer-who-was-a-stenographer, Dorothy Wilson. **Good—but we'll leave it for mothers to decide whether or not they want their children to see it.**

AIRMAIL (Universal)—A fast-moving, thrilling action film. Ralph Bellamy, Slim Summerville, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart and Lilian Bond are in the cast. **Good—couldn't be improved upon for the children.**

AMERICAN MADNESS (Columbia)—Walter Huston is, as usual, excellent in this story of a bank president who does the right thing for the depression. Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings and your old favorite, Kay Johnson, are in it, too. **Good—the children will like parts of it.**

AS YOU DESIRE ME (M-G-M)—Just in case there is any mortal left who hasn't seen this—it's Garbo's latest and it's very fine, too. A romantic story, as replete with glamor as Garbo herself. **Excellent—but not particularly suitable for young folks.**

BACK STREET (Universal)—Fannie Hurst's story, which proves that the primrose path can be as dull and dreary as more respectable thoroughfares. An appealing and rather sad love affair is sympathetically enacted by Irene Dunne and John Boles. **Good—children may enjoy parts of it, particularly those which take place in the era of the horse-cars.**

BIG CITY BLUES (Warners)—Joan Blondell and Eric Linden team up very nicely in this story about an on-the-level chorine and an innocent country boy who gets involved in a murder. **Good—children will like it.**

BIRD OF PARADISE (Radio)—All about the beautiful native princess and the American chap who falls in love with her and the taboos which prevent the happy ending. Dolores Del Rio is the princess and Joel McCrea is the American chap. **Good—the story won't appeal to the children very much, but the native scenes will.**

BLESSED EVENT (Warners)—Lee Tracy is a columnist who'll do practically anything to "scoop" a bit of scandalous gossip for his paper and Mary Brian is the girl who heartily disapproves of his job and the way he runs it until—. **Good—the children won't understand it all but Lee Tracy will amuse them.**

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's latest—in which she sacrifices practically everything for her child. She wears gorgeous clothes and the Dietrich legs are once more in evidence. Herbert Marshall is most attractive as her leading man and Dickie Moore is his usual adorable self. **Excellent—but youngsters won't care for it much.**

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES (M-G-M)—Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery and Billie Dove in an amusing farce comedy which allows our Marion to be as funny as only she can be. **Good—take the children because great parts of it will entertain them.**

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE (Radio)—Be sure to see this most thrilling animal picture. It tells of Frank Buck's adventures in the jungles of Asia. Most realistic and exciting. **Excellent—be sure to take the young folks.**

CABIN IN THE COTTON (First National)—Dick Barthelmess and Bette Davis in story of the South. **Fair—okay for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

CHANDU THE MAGICIAN (Fox)—Edmund Lowe and Bela Lugosi in a thrilling mystery story. **Very good—the kids will be thrilled.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH (First Division)—English mystery drama, well directed and well acted by an English cast. **Good—exciting enough to entertain the children.**

CONGORILLA (Fox)—Another animal picture that you mustn't miss. It's the camera record of the Martin Johnsons' big game hunt in the African jungle. **Excellent—splendid for the younger generation.**

CONGRESS DANCES (United Artists)—A delightful bit of fluff. It's a costume comedy, filmed abroad, and in the cast is a charming young person named Lilian Harvey. You'll like the music. **Very good—not much in it for the youngsters, though.**

THE CRASH (Warner Bros.)—Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in far-fetched depression story. **Poor—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE DARK HORSE (First National)—Political comedy, amusingly acted by Warren William, Bette Davis and Guy Kibbee. **Very good—but the children won't care for it.**

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP (Paramount)—A half-mad naval commander (Charles Laughton) suspects his lovely young wife (Tallulah Bankhead) of being in love with every attractive young man she sees. His insane suspicions finally focus on Gary Cooper and near-tragedy results. **Good—but send the children to something else.**

DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper and Lewis Stone as two characters who depict the havoc that divorce can do to a father and son. **Very good—children will like parts of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

THE DOOMED BATTALION (Universal))—A story centering around that part of the Great War which was fought in the Tyrolean Alps. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell are in it. **Good—children will find the action scenes thrilling.**

DOWN TO EARTH (Fox)—Will Rogers as Pike Peters again. And Irene Rich as his wife. Pike loses his money in this one. And utters many homely philosophies. Rogers' dry humor will amuse you. **Very good—couldn't be better suited to the youngsters' tastes.**

DOWNSTAIRS (M-G-M)—John Gilbert, his real-life wife, Virginia Bruce, and Paul Lukas in a story Jack wrote himself. John—you'll be surprised—plays the villain and does it well, too. **Good—but not for children.**

DR. X (First National)—These pseudo-scientific stories aren't quite as blood-chilling as they were back in the old "Frankenstein" days. But this one has some good acting by Lionel Atwill and Lee Tracy. **Good—not for children, however.**

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD (Warners)—Joe E. Brown, torn between his love for baseball and blondes, is very funny. **Good—splendid for the kids.**

THE FIRST YEAR (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are married in this one. And, oh dear, what minor tragedies they do suffer! But everything works out all right finally. A most appealing little story. And do watch for Leila Bennett, the colored maid who "washes best." **Excellent—take the children with you.**

FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount)—The only thing notable about this is some good acting by Marguerite Churchill and several scenes from the silent "Ten Commandments" which you may enjoy seeing for sentimental reasons. Gene Raymond and Sari Maritza are in it, too, but they have little opportunity to prove their ability. **Poor.**

FREAKS (M-G-M)—This department can't quite see why anyone should want to see the poor, deformed scraps of humanity who make up the circus side-show. But you can if you want to and we must grant that the picture is authentic and well done. **Good of its kind—but don't dream of taking the children.**

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY (Pathé)—A corking Western with Tom Keene. **Very good—especially for the children.**

GRAND HOTEL (M-G-M)—This is practically a classic by now. If you haven't seen it, by all means do so. Its cast includes Garbo, Crawford, Lionel and John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt and Lewis Stone. **Excellent—but the young folks would probably be bored.**

HELL'S HIGHWAY (Radio)—Richard Dix and Tom Brown in chain gang picture. **Excellent—but a little gruesome for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

HIS ROYAL SHYNESS (Educational)—One of the entertaining Andy Clyde comedies. In this one, Andy dreams that he's king. **Good—fine for children.**

HOLD 'EM JAIL (Radio)—Wheeler and Woolsey are framed into jail because the prison football team needs new material. With this beautifully crazy idea to start with, Wheeler and Woolsey work up some hilarious comedy. Edna May Oliver is in it, too. **Good—fine for the youngsters.**

HORSE FEATHERS (Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers inherit a college. And if the possibilities opened up by that statement don't inspire you to go and see the picture, then you're no true Marx-fancier. **Excellent—and, we beg you take the children.**

IGLOO (Universal)—An Eskimo picture, very artistically done. The native cast is splendid. **Excellent—entertaining and educational for the children.**

IS MY FACE RED? (Radio)—Ricardo Cortez plays a philandering columnist. Helen Twelvetrees and Jill Esmond are in it, too. **Good—not for children, however.**

LADY AND GENT (Paramount)—George Bancroft plays a strong-willed prize-fighter and Wynne Gibson a night club singer with a heart of gold. **Good—but the children wouldn't like it.**

LETTY LYNTON (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Nils Asther in a story—but you've probably seen it already. If you haven't, we advise you to do so, because all three of these players are excellent and the story is unusual. **Very good—too sophisticated for the kids, however.**

LIFE BEGINS (First National)—Loretta Young and Eric Linden against a background of a maternity hospital. **Very good—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

LOVE ME TONIGHT (Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in another musical romance. **Very good—but not the sort of thing that will amuse the tots.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

MAKE ME A STAR (Paramount)—"Merton of the Movies" in talkie form. Stuart Erwin is excellent as Merton. Joan Blondell is the girl. **Very good—children will love it.**

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL (Paramount)—Don't let the name keep you away, because it's just a gag that Fredric March keeps pulling throughout the picture. You'll enjoy March's acting, and Sylvia Sidney's and Adrienne Ames', even though the story is none too original. **Good—but take the children some other day.**

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (Paramount)—An amusing lot of nonsense with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Andy Clyde and Lyda Roberti. **Good—fine for the kids.**

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME (Radio)—Fay Wray and Joel McCrea in gruesome, man-hunt story. **Very good—but you'd better consider before taking the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE MOUTHPIECE (Warners)—Warren William as a crooked lawyer, Sidney Fox as his innocent little typist and Aline McMahon as his wise secretary are all very good. **Very good—but not for the children.**

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (United Artists)—Doug Fairbanks as a wealthy chap who goes to live on a desert island for a bet. **Very good for everybody.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)—Why doesn't Harold Lloyd make more pictures? This is grand—very funny and refreshingly clean. Constance Cummings is good. **Excellent—perfect for the kids.**

MY PAL THE KING (Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony let loose in a mythical country. **Very good—especially for the kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

NEW MORALS FOR OLD (M-G-M)—The second generation crops again, in the persons of Robert Young and Margaret Perry, to do battle with the older generation as impersonated delightfully by Lewis Stone and Laura Hope Crewes. **Good—there's a lesson in it for the young folks.**

NIGHT MAYOR (Columbia)—Lee Tracy, Evalyn Knapp and Don Dilloway in a story supposedly based upon a famous political figure now in the limelight. **Excellent—children won't be especially interested.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

OKAY AMERICA (Universal)—Lew Ayres goes Walter Winchell. **Very good—some of it will amuse the children.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (Universal)—Mystery horror thriller. There's a big—and excellent cast which includes Boris Karloff. **Good—better not take very young children although the older ones might safely be allowed to see it.**

ONCE IN A LIFETIME (Universal)—Sidney Fox, Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon in comedy with Hollywood background. **Excellent—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

ONE HOUR WITH YOU (Paramount)—Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, with Genevieve Tobin, Charles Ruggles and Roland Young in the supporting cast. Gay, light-hearted and frothy—and some nice tunes. **Excellent—but the children would be bored.**

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES (Roach-M-G-M)—Laurel and Hardy go feature length again. This time in something or other about adopting a couple of kids. **Fair—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

PROSPERITY (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are friendly enemies again. Marie gets the civic betterment bug in this one. Anita Page and Wallace Ford supply the love interest. **Excellent—by all means take the children.**

THE PURCHASE PRICE (First National)—A night club dancer, trying to escape her past, marries a stern son of the soil. In other words, Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent, playing characters from vastly different modes of life, try to find romance. Eventually, they do, but not until they have suffered many trials and tribulations. **Good—parts of it may prove amusing to the kids.**

RADIO PATROL (Universal)—All about the policemen who chase around after crime in their little radio cars. Very exciting. Robert Armstrong, James Gleason and Lila Lee are in it. **Good—fine for the children.**

RAIN (United Artists)—Joan Crawford is superb as Sadie Thompson. So is Walter Huston as the hypocritical Reverend Davidson. And a splendid cast adds to this picture's merit—William Gargan, Guy Kibbee, Matt Moore and Beulah Bondi. **Excellent—but don't take the children.**

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (Fox)—Well, it's awfully sentimental. But somehow we think a great many people who have read this children's classic and have seen Mary Pickford in the silent version won't mind the sentimentality. Marian Nixon is a winsome Rebecca. And Ralph Bellamy is most attractive as the doctor. The two aunts are played delightfully by Mae Marsh and Louise Closser Hale. **Excellent—children, particularly little girls, will be crazy about it.**

RED HEADED WOMAN (M-G-M)—Jean Harlow does the finest work of her career as Lil Andrews, the girl from the wrong side of the tracks who makes up her mind to "get somewhere in this world." She does! And if her means are sometimes more foul than fair, let's give Jean great credit for her relentlessly realistic interpretation of Lil. Chester Morris, Una Merkel, Lewis Stone and Leila Hyams are also in it. **Excellent—but send the children to some other picture.**

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US (Warners)—Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Bette Davis and a capable cast. The story is about a woman who remains a devoted friend of her husband even after she has divorced him. A nice sophisticated play. **Good—but too "talkie" for the children.**

ROADHOUSE MURDER (Radio)—Dorothy Jordan and Eric Linden in a thrilling film about a young newspaper man who is so eager to get real news that he almost has a murder charge against him. Perhaps a bit unconvincing in spots, but exciting just the same. **Good—all right for the children.**

ROAR OF THE DRAGON (Radio)—We've seldom seen a more beautiful girl than Gwili Andre. As for her acting—well, we won't judge her on one picture. Richard Dix is his usual attractive self. **Good—boys will enjoy the action scenes, of which there are many.**

SCARFACE (United Artists)—The last—and one of the best—of the gangster films. Paul Muni, George Raft, Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley. **Very Good—but not for the children.**

(Continued on page 122)

"Surprised to see how far it goes," says Baltimore woman

"I HAD been buying the small box of Rinso until the last time I got the large package, and I was more than surprised to see how far it would go. It did my week's wash consisting of:

3 bed spreads	11 dish towels
7 bureau scarfs	27 handkerchiefs
1 doily	8 children's dresses
8 face cloths	4 children's nightclothes
8 napkins	6 children's underwear
12 pillow cases	14 shirts
6 sheets	6 pairs socks
4 table cloths	4 nightgowns
12 towels	7 men's underwear

11 pairs children's stockings

"Besides that I washed down the woodwork, sinks and tubs 3 times and washed dishes 17 times."

Mrs. R. E. Martin
Baltimore, Md.

Rinso is a most economical soap. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water*. No bar soaps, chips or softeners needed.

Great for tub washing, too

Rinso's thick, lively suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing and boiling. Clothes last longer this "no scrub" way. Colors keep their brightness much longer, too. And how wonderfully easy Rinso is on the hands!

Get the BIG package of Rinso today. Use it for dishes—and for *all* cleaning. See what a lot of work one box will do for *you!*

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Millions use Rinso
—it's so easy on the hands

EXTRA

The Hollywood Times

Modern Screen's Last Minute News

THE VERY LATEST NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 9 HOLLYWOOD, OCTOBER, 1932 SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION

BERN'S SUICIDE BRINGS TRAGEDY TO HOLLYWOOD

Jean Harlow Widowed After Two Months. Bern Sixth of Family to End Own Life

He was known, you know, as one of the kindest men in Hollywood. And one of the most cultured. He married the lovely Jean Harlow after a single week's courtship—but there had been a long, long friendship between the two. When he ended his own life by a bullet through the head on either the night of September 4 or the morning of September 5, he left this note to his wife. "Dearest Dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you. Paul." A postscript said: "You understand last night was only a comedy."

Jean had gone to spend the night with her mother, her own father being away on a fishing trip. She became hysterical with grief when she heard of the suicide. The disparity in their ages—Bern was forty-two and Jean is twenty-one—was hinted at as having preyed on his mind. And there may have been some inherited suicidal tendency, for Bern was the sixth member of his family to take his own life.

We are deeply sorry that this good and brilliant man has gone. And to his widow, we extend our sincere sympathy.

Incidentally, Modern Screen wishes to state that the section containing the story, "Jean Harlow's Wardrobe," on page 56 of this issue, had gone to press before the unhappy suicide took place and no substitution could possibly be made.

Joan Crawford Worried About Her Screen Lip Make-Up

You know how Joan Crawford's lips have changed in recent pictures? Become more, well—sex-appealish? Joan's kinda worried about the reception that the fans are giving to this particular make-up stunt. She is afraid that they don't like it.

Anyway she wants the fans to know that she had to do it for the particular rôles that she was portraying and that it may never be necessary again.

John Gilbert Building a Special Wing for Wife Virginia

John Gilbert is going to do things right for his new bride, Virginia Bruce. The star has given orders for a special wing to be built on his up-to-now bachelor residence. The special wing will be for Virginia's very own.

Incidentally, we were surprised that no talk of a honeymoon for the two had been forthcoming. But now comes the news that John and Virginia will have a honeymoon soon. In China. Original?

George Raft and Milla Sonde New Player, Romancing

Has George Raft Succumbed At Last? Looks That Way. And What a Charmer the Lady Is

Remember how George Raft, when questioned about women, once said, "I've been married, but I'm not now." And how he rather gave the impression that, well, while he was by no means a woman-hater, he was sort of watching his step as far as serious romance went.

But there seems to have been a change—at least, all indications pernt that way.

For Georgie seems to have fallen for a gal by the name of Milla Sonde—and fallen hard. Better watch the papers for wedding announcements. Milla, incidentally, has just signed a long-term contract with good old Columbia. You'll be seeing the lady on the screen a lot.

Riza Royce Drops Suit Against Marlene Dietrich

The famous alienation of affections suit which startled the nation not so long ago, brought by Riza Royce, former wife of Joseph Von Sternberg, against Marlene Dietrich for the sum of $600,000.00 has finally been dropped.

Speaking of Marlene, she still has her child under guard. Because of the kidnapping threats, you know.

Flashes from Here and There

The Dorothy Jordan-Don Dilloway romance is starting up again.

Douglas Fairbanks took a writer to China with him so that if the local color were good enough for a story he'd have one written there. And then send for cameras, etc., to film it on the spot.

Charlie MacArthur and Laurence Stallings lived up to the phrase "full dress obligatory" in a novel way at a recent Hollywood party by arriving in full parade uniform of General Grant and General Lee respectively. Maybe they've started a new Hollywood fad.

At the preview of "Bill of Divorcement," John Barrymore's newest screen appearance, the crowd went wild with enthusiasm over John. But, just the same, John wouldn't sign any autographs, the old meanie. Incidentally, at the same preview, "Tarzan" Weissmuller arrived escorting none other than Tallulah Bankhead.

Walter Huston is building a permanent home at Lake Arrowhead—about a hundred miles from Hollywood.

George Raft's next picture will be "Bodyguard"—a story of the waterfront.

Gloria Swanson and Jeanette MacDonald are being negotiated with to appear in a musical comedy on the New York stage.

TWO POPULAR STARS ABOUT TO BECOME FATHERS

Richard Dix and Robert Montgomery Mentioned as Prominent "About-to-Bes"

Richard Dix and Robert Montgomery are both about to become proud fathers!

The junior Richard will be welcomed in the home of Richard Dix and Winifred Coe Dix—the San Francisco society girl whom he married about a year ago.

The addition to the Montgomery household will be doubly welcomed because, maybe you remember, Bob's first-born died while Bob was working on "Private Lives."

Incidentally, there are many, many rumors to the effect that Constance Bennett is going to become a mother. Connie, as usual, says nothing.

Bebe Daniels Loses Wedding Ring on Studio Set. Panic!

Everyone knows how devoted Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon are, so you can imagine the consternation—nay, the turmoil—which started when Bebe Daniels discovered she'd lost her wedding ring. It happened while she was playing before the cameras and pretty soon every extra, every grip, every visitor—yes, directors and executives, too—were down on hands and knees searching for the circular bit of gold.

By the time everyone was looking, the panic had developed into a positive riot. Ring not found yet.

Marion Davies Planning Huge Reception for Governor Roosevelt

When Governor Roosevelt visits Hollywood he will be given a tremendous reception by Marion Davies. Marion is planning to make it the most important occasion Hollywood has seen in ages.

It is hard to say just how the industry feels as a whole about the election. Certainly one thing is true—a great majority of the film people seem to be going Democratic.

William Jennings Bryan, Jr., May Impersonate Father in Film

Warners is producing a film called "Silver Dollar." And who, more than anyone else, comes to your mind when you think of the phrase "silver dollar"? Right. W. J. B.

And Warners are dickering to secure the services of William Jennings Bryan, Jr., to play the part of his famous father in this film of old-time political doings.

It will certainly add a fillip to the story if they succeed in this aim.

THE SPOTLIGHT IS ON

GEORGE M. COHAN, because he won't stay in Hollywood for long—in spite of the fact that he enjoyed the stay while he was there. He argues that his first love is the stage and, as far as he's concerned, his motto is: "Go east, young man."

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN, because she went to the hospital under an assumed name to have her child. The baby is a seven-pounder and Virginia Lee is doing very well.

PICKFAIR, because, for the first time in its history, it is to be opened to the public for the Motion Picture Relief Fund bridge-tea. Loads of stars will be there and won't the visitors from Skeedunk get thrilled? Watch MODERN SCREEN for pictures of this important event.

CLIFF EDWARDS, because the day after his divorce became final he flew off to Las Vegas by plane with his next-intended, Nancy Dover. Good luck, Cliff.

EDDIE LOWE and LIL TASHMAN, because they turned down an offer of $6,000 a week because they can get much more than that if they appear separately. Here's one Hollywood separation that's sensible.

BUSTER KEATON, because he's bought the "land-yacht" which was once the property of the president of the Pullman Company. It will accommodate twelve and has a dining room and sleeping quarters.

RAMON NOVARRO, because, when Ruth Chatterton and George Brent arrived at his house on an invitation to dinner, there was no dinner! Ramon's cook had quit!

RENEE ADOREE, because she is once again back in Hollywood. When she left for the sanitarium she weighed eighty-two. She now almost hits ninety-seven. Welcome, Renée.

MODERN SCREEN, because on page twenty-five of this issue we state that Nancy Carroll is almost through "Night After Night" and although she was scheduled for it she is now going to do "Hot Saturday" instead. We're very sorry.

Poor BUTTERFLY

so tired, so unhappy...

• Until she learned One Simple Secret

What was wrong? Everything! So many irritations, every day—and she was too tired to cope with them. Too tired. She wasn't even pretty any more. Her eyes were dull—her skin blotchy and blemished . . .

Then—somebody told her a secret. A doctor. She must keep *internally cleansed* with a saline. *With Sal Hepatica.*

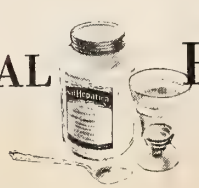
For Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs of the famous European spas—Wiesbaden and Aix and Carlsbad—where the lovely continental goes to drink for new health, new vitality, new beauty.

All you need do is to stir Sal Hepatica into a large glass of water, and drink the sparkling mixture down. Gently, thoroughly, wastes and poisons are flushed from your digestive tract.

But because Sal Hepatica is *more* than "just another laxative," your system is cleared of poison. Even your blood stream is purified!

Your skin freshens, clears, looks young again. You're not tired any longer. You begin to enjoy being alive!

Sal Hepatica is splendid, too, for headache, upset stomach, colds, and rheumatism. It is an aid in reducing, also. Begin, today, with this splendid saline treatment!



SAL HEPATICA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. S-112, 71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

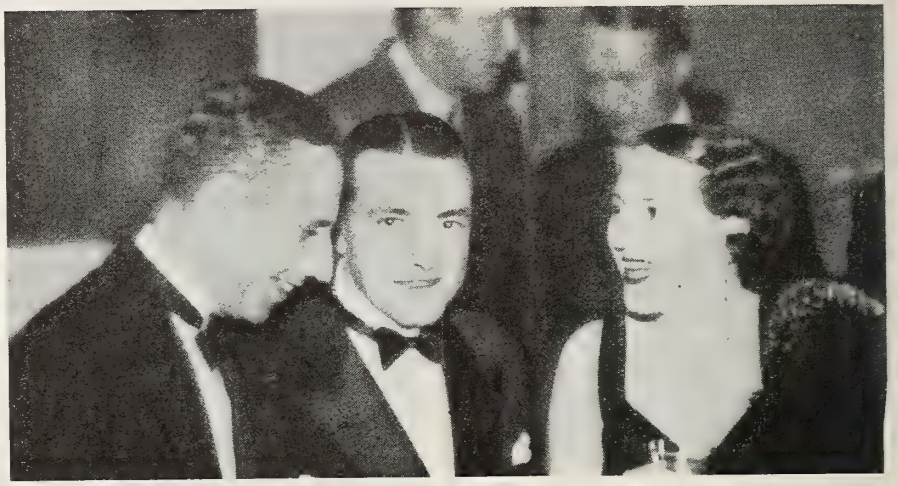
*City*_____ *State*_____

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

● **Cecil B. De Mille, popularly supposed never to have passed up a bathtub in a picture, has actually employed these articles of ablution in only seven of his fifty-nine productions: "Old Wives for New," "Male and Female," "Saturday Night," "Don't Change Your Wife," "Dynamite," "Madam Satan" (canaries in a bird bathtub) and "Sign of the Cross." In the last-named Claudette Colbert will bathe in a pool of milk.**

Acme

Amelia Earhart has been doing the rounds of Hollywood in grand style. This was taken at the Olympic meet at which she was entertained by Fay Wray.



Keystone-Underwood

You've heard, of course, that after completing "Cabin in the Cotton," Richard Barthelmess and his wife went on a little European jaunt. Here you see them at a charity movie show. During the show, Dick's old picture, "Dawn Patrol," was run off.

HERE comes the bride.

Blonde, cute and blushing with pride.

She's your little favorite, Bette Davis, and her name is Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., now, yes sir. Bette's romance is a sweet, sweet story. She met her husband when they were schoolmates. Then he went on to college—and she started on the road to screen recognition. The wedding bells didn't tinkle forth sooner because Mr. Nelson didn't want to be known as Mr. Bette Davis.

Just before Bette left Hollywood on her personal appearance tour with Warren William, her future husband was expected at the Davis beach house. He didn't arrive until three days after he was expected. And each one of those days, Bette and her sister traveled some forty miles into Hollywood to visit the beauty parlor . . . so they'd look their best when he did arrive. During those three days Miss Bette just couldn't be still. She would light a cigarette, take a few puffs, put it out. Get up, try to read a book, and then toss it aside. All she talked about was Harmon. And if this isn't one Hollywood marriage that makes the grade one hundred per cent, we'll be out a-gunning for Dan Cupid.

● While Juliette Compton was making pictures in London, she stopped one day in a small shop to buy a chair. While she was looking about two women entered the shop. They were quite large and each one was wearing a long fur coat, as was Juliette. They also looked at chairs and just as Juliette decided to sit down on a couch, the two women had the same idea. The three sat in a row. The two women looked at Juliette. She returned their gaze. Suddenly she burst out laughing.

"We look just like the three bears," she giggled. "You," she said, pointing to the larger woman, "are the great, huge bear. And you," pointing at the smaller woman, "are the middle-sized bear. I am the baby bear."

The larger woman laughed and agreed with Juliette that they must indeed look just like the three bears in their huge fur coats. After they left the shop the salesman looked woefully at Juliette.

"Madam," he said sadly, "you have just called the Queen of England a 'great huge bear.'"

● So long considered one of New York's most fickle playboys, Billy Seaman, since his marriage to Phyllis Haver, has become one of the most devoted of husbands. As this is written, the Seamans are visiting in Hollywood and are being feted royally by their many friends.

However much he is enjoying himself at a party, when Phyllis wants to leave, Billy leaves, without a murmur of discontent. The one thing he does insist on, however, is that Phyllis does not return to the screen.

All the dope on Bette Davis' marriage to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr.

● John Waldron, general manager at the Mack Sennett studio, has a young son, Bobbie, who is five years old. The kidlet and his mother were looking through the family album and came to an old picture of papa.

"Who's this nice-looking man?" asked Bobbie.

"Oh, that's daddy, of course."

"Oh, yeah? Well, then, who's this baldheaded man that's living with us now?"

● There's a rule at Paramount that cars aren't allowed to pass in through the main gates. The Warner company for some reason or other was "locationing" on the Paramount lot, and Connie Bennett was determined to *drive* in. Nothing else would do, she simply would not walk in without the car. The gateman shook his head, kindly but firmly, and said "NO!" P. S. Connie finally did drive through!

Acme

Dolores Costello's second child was recently christened—John Blythe Barrymore. (Left to right) Dolores with her first child, Dolores Mae, John Barrymore, Helen Costello holding the latest addition, and Lionel Barrymore.

Wide World

Natalie Keaton in court when she divorced her husband, Buster Keaton. "My husband was impossible," she said in testimony. Connie's with her.

She's had several offers, you know, lately. But a resumption of her career would mean a clean break between Billy and Phyllis. "And I'm far too happy just being Mrs. Seaman to risk anything like that." says she. Wise lady.

● When Billie Dove's mother arrived from an eight-month sojourn in Europe, she got quite a reception at the railroad station. Billie, her young brother and his wife, all donned false beards. And to enable their mother to recognize her children, they had placards with their names on them across their chests.

"The biggest surprise mother is going to have is the discovery that although she owned only two Scotties before leaving—she now has six. And most shocking, the puppies don't look like thoroughbreds. "Scandal in the Dove domicile!" cries Billie.

● This star-lending between the studios may have a setback because M-G-M claims that Columbia didn't do right by their Nils Asther. Nils was borrowed for a Chinese rôle in "Bitter Tea of General Yen." And the Asther Swedish physiognomy was Orientalized with tape lifting his eyelids. Nils is supposed to have been worked 18 hours daily for the last five days of the picture.

What burns the M-G-M bunch up good and plenty is that Asther was scheduled to go to RKO for a part opposite Gwili Andre . . . and now instead he must stay at home and rest up. Which doesn't mean any money out of his pocket . . . but it does mean shekels out of the M-G-M coffers.

● Everything isn't songs and ukuleles with "Ukulele Ike" Cliff Edwards. Cliff's "hot-cha-cha and voodeo-doos" sort of stick in his throat when he thinks of the $17,999.86 his ex-wife is trying to collect as back alimony. A year ago Cliff got a divorce from his wife, but a property settlement entered into several months before was upheld by the court. To wit: The comedian was to pay her one-third of his earnings during life. And now Cliff's married again—to Nancy Dover.

● Hollywood has known Clara Bow, the madcap. Clara Bow, the cut-up. But heretofore we've never met Clara Bow, the perfect lady and charming hostess.

On her last birthday, Rex Bell gave a big party to celebrate the event. The guests included various studio executives and their wives. Everyone was pleasantly surprised to find an absolutely new and different Clara playing the rôle of hostess. A year or so ago, Clara wouldn't have dreamed that she would ever play that part. She herself wouldn't have imagined she could preside at a formal party with so much graceful dignity.

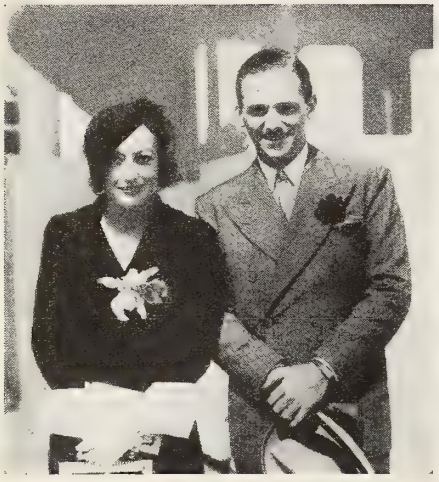
Then, like little Cinderella, Clara heard twelve midnight strike. And

Cliff Edwards isn't feeling so good—hearing that alimony decision

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . . .

● **$44,000 worth of elegant furniture, and only $30,000 actually paid on it. That's the situation in which the furnishings in Gloria Swanson's gorgeous Beverly Hills home are today. And Gloria not here to look out for it.**

And with the trouble Gloria has been having across the ocean trying to star in and help produce "Perfect Understanding"—she has plenty of worries to trouble her brunette head.



Well, it seems that Joan Crawford and Doug Junior's trip to Europe was only a quick one—for here they are back again. Hello, there.

International

Ruth Chatterton and her new husband, George Brent, as they appeared after their marriage. They dodged reporters when they got back. Why?

Wide World

Edna Best and her husband, Herbert Marshall. He's got a big rôle in Dietrich's new picture. Remember how Edna deserted pictures for him?

with it, she changed just as much as the fairy story character. In a flash, she was the old Clara, laughing and dancing with a vengeance. Believe it or not, everyone present was tickled silly to see a spark at least of the old Bow buoyancy. She is to be admired all the more, because now it is evident that for the past several months Clara has set out determinedly to change her outward aspect and has been successful.

● With summer quite over, someone just brought to our attention the colossal bit of news that Lilyan Tashman has been wearing net gloves on the beach this season. Ittie-bittie-handies-musn't-get-all-burnt, Lil?

● A few days before Bob Montgomery was scheduled to start work with Tallulah Bankhead in "Tin Foil" (they're changing the title anyway) he was taken very ill and rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. He came through it very nicely, and the studio held up production on the picture until he had fully recovered.

● The wife of a major studio chief, and the wife of the chief's head assistant, haven't been on speaking terms for lo, these many months. The other evening both the executives and their respective spouses were invited to and arrived at the same party.

The hostess and the two husbands imagined that this might make for a reconciliation between the two ladies. But instead of matters between the two taking a turn for the peaceful—it wasn't more than an hour before they were battling royally. And from mere words, they went into a hair-pulling contest.

With red faces, the two husbands got their snarling darlings out into the garden, but the garden by moonlight only turned out to be a place to resume the battle.

Which all makes it pretty tough on the two men folks who are not only good friends away from the studio, traveling in the same social set, but have to work together every day!

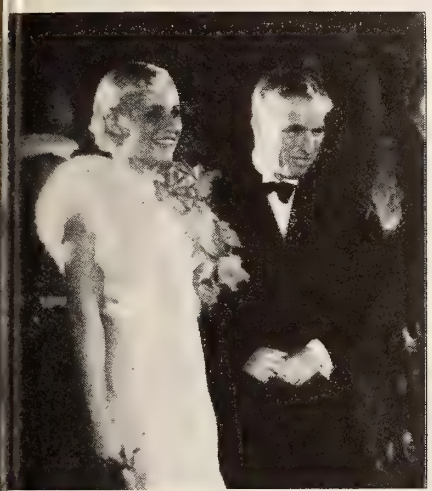
● When M-G-M was casting for the second feminine lead in "Red Dust" to play opposite Monsieur Clark Gable they had every prominent actress in Hollywood angling for the job. Not because the part was such a dinger——

● Anticipating the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. George Brent (Ruth Chatterton, certainly), local news photo syndicates had their cameramen stationed at San Bernardino, where most of the celebs get off the train. They also had men on the train. But here's why you won't be seeing any pictures taken of Ruth and George as they arrived in Hollywood. They got the conductor in league with them, and had the train stopped at Azusa, a one-tank station about

Why did George and Ruth dodge the news photographers?

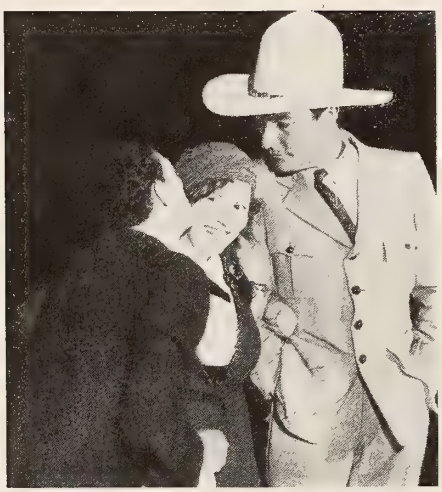
● **Always it is the producers who are in for ribbing. But, according to the *Hollywood Reporter*, this is the truth, so help them. At the Brown Derby a producer overheard someone praising the works of D. H. Lawrence. Immediately he wired his New York office to sign Mr. Lawrence to a contract! And didn't know the joke was on him until he got the return wire, reading: "Lawrence has been dead two years!"**

● **Remember Stanley Smith, that wavy-haired, good-looking juvenile? The breaks for him lately haven't been any too good. Then all of a sudden he got three offers. One was for a New York musical comedy, another for a lead in Paramount's "Hot Saturday" (which he's going to snap up), and another to be soloist at the Los Angeles Biltmore supper room, which he also jumped at. Bing Crosby started to fame there.**



Wide World

Much excitement—and the usual Hollywood gossip—was caused when Charlie Chaplin arrived at an opening with lovely Paulette Goddard.



Wide World

Buster Keaton—maybe because he'd just been divorced from Natalie Talmadge—gets affectionate with Polly Moran. Tom Mix seems kind of self-conscious about it.

Eleanor Holm, cute Olympian, has been signed by Warners for movie work. She will be coached in acting and speaking and then let loose as a comedienne.

sixty miles out of Hollywood. Why all the secrecy, Ruthie and Georgie? You've looked into the camera lens together before.

● Lily Damita and Sid Smith never were one of those peaceful couples, who lovy-dovied their way to romance. One moment they'd be madly in love. The next, not speaking.

But the Olympic Games intervened in their hectic romance . . . and pronounced quits. The story, as whispered in our delicate pink ear, is that Lily reserved a box for the Games. Her guest was Sid. Then one of the handsome Argentenian athletes was brought to the box and introduced to Lily.

"Sid, do you mind giving up your seat?" she is reported as having asked. Sid did mind, and strenuously too, it seems. So Lily ups and has an attendant eject him. "I paid for the seats . . . and I'll have whom I please sitting in them." Somehow we don't believe she said it.

● A famous male star and the director of his picture were arguing about the advisability of taking a certain scene. The star flatly refused to make it; the director insisted. In desperation the actor yanked out his false teeth, threw them violently to the floor and cried: "All right, now make the scene!"

● You ain't heard the last of the Cagney-Warner Bros. battle to death. Not by a contract full!

Red-headed Jimmy is back in Hollywood—and looking around for another studio where he can do his hard-fisted rôles. Through his attorney, Jimmy let it be known that in view of the fact that Warners hadn't exercised option on his contract, as of August 15, his contract was null and void. Just no good at all!

But the Brothers Warner aren't taking it. They claim that Cagney's contract still has four years and six months to go, based on Jimmy's walkout. In other words, they're standing high and dry on the claim that a clause in his contract specified that when the actor failed to appear for camera duty, his long-term ticket was merely suspended until his return. Therefore, no need of taking up that option.

And Mr. Cagney won't be permitted to work for another studio in the meantime, either, if Warners have anything to say about it. Which they seem to have.

● When there is any fun to be had —your screen favorites will find it— and don't ever let anyone convince you to the contrary. Hollywood's famous are spending their evenings at the Dance Marathon being held at Santa Monica. Not surprising that the two couples who held out dancing for several days more than a month, stayed on the floor as long as they did. Every night the section

(Continued on page 108)

THERE'S MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 68

Really, the way Lily Damita and Sidney Smith talk to each other!

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH

COLLEEN MOORE HAS A WHOLE SCREEN MADE OF WORTHLESS STOCKS AND BONDS SHE HAS BOUGHT.

INSTEAD OF COUNTING TEN, IRENE DUNNE CONSULTS A BOOK ON HOW TO CONTROL THE TEMPER WHEN THINGS GO WRONG ON THE SET.

MEMORY TEST

WHAT COMEDIAN TRADED THIS OUTFIT FOR A PAIR OF HORN-RIMMED GLASSES?

MARGE EVANS AS A CHILD POSED FOR A CALENDAR FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST BREWERY, WITH ANITA STEWART (THEN 16) AS HER MOTHER.

ON SUNDAY DRIVES WITH THE BOY-FRIEND, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS TAKES ALONG HER KNITTING.

PORTRAITS

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Jeanette MacDonald departs very shortly for a Parisian appearance in "The Merry Widow." She's completed "Love Me Tonight," opposite Chevalier. Incidentally, Jeanette is highly incensed over the linking of her name with Chevalier's when everyone knows—or ought to know—that she is engaged to Bob Ritchie. Particularly since their engagement is one of the longest Hollywood has ever seen. Jeanette has done some dieting and is much thinner than she has ever been before. It is not known at the moment what picture she will make when she returns from gay Paree.

Photograph by Freulich

"My Pal, the King" and "The Fourth Horseman" are Tom Mix's latest. Tom's new wife is a Hollywood social favorite. Tom says he doesn't know how he could ever have been happy without her. So highly does Mix value the appreciation of his youthful admirers and fans that he will not smoke nor drink on the screen for fear of the demoralizing effect on them. A very good idea, too, since kids are so very imitative. Tom is an unusually satisfactory person to work for. He has a Negro valet who has been with him for twenty-three years.

Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez are becoming something of a dramatic team. They recently finished "Thirteen Women," their second co-starring effort. Their first of course, was the famous "Symphony of Six Million." She's just been seen in "Back Street" and he's busy in "The Phantom of Crestwood." They'll probably team up again later. Irene recently returned from Honolulu with her husband who came from New York to be with her. Irene admits having a red hot temper. Ricardo's romance with Loretta Young seems to have expired.

Clara Bow is really happy only in one place—the Nevada ranch where she and hubby Rex Bell live. On her last birthday, Rex gave Clara her diamond engagement ring. The one he couldn't afford when they became engaged. Hollywood is absolutely flabbergasted, not to say bowled over, at the beauty and freshness of the new Clara. And Hollywood believes she'll be a grand success in her come-back picture, which as you've probably read a thousand times, is titled "Call Her Savage," from the successful novel of the same name.

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

There's only one Clark Gable, after all, no matter how many attractive males pop up who look something like him. The Gables have just rented the first home of their own—they've lived in apartments heretofore. Clark has brought his own furniture from New York and the family is very comfortably settled, thank you. The gossips have found that Mr. and Mrs. Gable were much too fond of each other to get a divorce. Clark has finished "No Man of Her Own" opposite Miriam Hopkins for Paramount. His next is "Red Dust," opposite Jean Harlow.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Richard Barthelmess, having completed "Cabin in the Cotton" for Warners, is now traveling in Norway and Sweden with his wife, daughter Mary Hay Barthelmess, and his stepson. His next story awaits his okay upon his return. Whatever it is, we're betting on its success because, you know, not one of Barthelmess' pictures, in all the years he's been acting, has ever had box office trouble. Dick's voluntary acceptance of a salary cut is still causing all the Warner brothers great joy. Bette Davis played opposite him in "Cabin in the Cotton."

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Nancy Carroll has recently completed "Scarlet Dawn" and is now almost through "Night After Night." Her husband lives with her in Hollywood. He is writing for the screen. Nancy's little daughter by her first marriage is in boarding school. Since her return to the screen, Hollywood seems to find the new Nancy Carroll a much nicer person than the old one. She has toned down her temper and thrown overboard a lot of her famous temperament. Congratulations are in order to the little redhead for achieving such fine self-control.

WHAT ARE THE MOVIES DOING TO US . . . ?

. . . Mrs. Roosevelt, as a nationally important figure, has been interviewed many, many times. But, heretofore, she has never written an article for a fan magazine. She writes one now—on the movies' real value to us

MUCH has been said and written on the harm which movies have done in glorifying the crook and the gangster and giving oftentimes a glamor to a certain type of degenerate existence which does exist in some places, but which is hardly typical of the normal life of the greater part of our country. There is, of course, justification for these criticisms, and one which is even more valid is that the movie in picturing every day life in so-called high society, falsely teaches bad taste, bad manners, not to say bad morals!

There are many signs, today, pointing to the fact that in the movie industry itself there is a realization of possibilities for education along many lines for service to the community in this comparatively new art. With that growing power goes, of course, a great responsibility.

When we talk about the educational value of the movies, we do not mean alone the use of films in the classroom. In many big schools, films are now being used and an article which I came across lately tells of an investigation made in Great Britain as to the value of the films used in this purely scholastic way. Some people have feared that it would make our children lazy to receive instruction through the eye, but it has been proved, according to this investigation, that, "the use of the film forces children to find their own words to describe scenes and express ideas. Thus the film, instead of helping to form a mass mind, another general criticism against it, encourages originality."

THE talking movie, of course, was attacked even more violently when it was first used in schools, for the same reasons given above; but this same report says: "Films encourage reading more widely, increase the pupils' ability to discuss topics and to write about them. They enlarge the vocabulary, enlarge personal expression, correlate the work of the classroom with the life of the world outside the school, and increase the ability to concentrate mental activities."

They say that it increases the concentration of children by forcing them to look and listen at the same time. There is no doubt in my mind that it brings, much more vividly to children, certain things which they would never understand through books and oral instruction alone.

For instance, certain scientific films are of great value in scientific courses, particularly where certain things are difficult to show in a science laboratory. History and geography to my mind is inestimably more vivid where moving pictures are actually shown picturing historic scenes. Particularly is life made more realistic for young children if they, in studying about foreign countries, can see children of their own age in their native costumes playing or engaging in some of the sports of their country. It brings a child into closer relationship to the other children and their country.

If they are studying some historical episode and can see that episode acted out in a film, the characters come to life for them. Disraeli is a real person and the occurrences are fixed in their minds in the way reading a history book or even a story would never do it.

These films, however, are frankly educational films and the great majority of films are not screened entirely for that purpose. The question is whether the ordinary film is giving the audiences which throng the movie houses anything beside a sensation and a false idea of different phases of life.

To me, it seems more and more that we are getting things in the movies which are of real value to many

Speaking of criticism of the movies, Mrs. Roosevelt says: "There is, of course, justification for these criticisms, and one which is even more valid is that the movie in picturing every day life in so-called high society, falsely teaches bad taste, bad manners, not to say bad morals!"

Mrs. Roosevelt also says:

"The educational value of the movies seems to me quite limitless if the men at the head of the industry have sufficient imagination to see what possibilities lie before them . . . "

"Many of the films showing wild life in different parts of the world have brought a knowledge of vegetation and habits . . . of animals and savage peoples. . . . "

By MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is famous for her intelligence and capability. One of those rare persons who not only has a splendid mentality but uses it to good advantage. Her remarks on the influence of the movies on you and me contain some splendid thoughts by which we can most assuredly profit.

people. Many plays which are classics are now done in the movies and, where the play is historical, great thought is given to the costumes and settings and often really beautiful, artistic effects are produced not only in reproducing natural beauties of scenery but in reproducing historic cities and houses and their interiors at different times and in different places throughout the world. This cannot help but be of general educational value to all of us.

Many of the films showing wild life in different parts of the world have brought a knowledge of vegetation and habits and characteristics of animals and savage peoples, not only to children but to many other people who do not otherwise know much about certain of the remote but still interesting corners of our globe and their inhabitants.

In many a story film the actors and actresses do behave as normal people should and a sitting-room or drawing-room or bedroom does sometimes look more like a home than a mansion or Pullman car. I think we sometimes do not realize what an effect a character in our fiction films has on the young girls and boys of today. These favorite actors really are people whom they try to copy in their various characteristics and here is a responsibility for the movie actor and an industry which is rarely thought about which I think has a greater influence on the standards in the homes of the country as a whole. So much for the possibilities, almost limitless, of education in good taste and good manners.

NOW, have the news reels any value in making better citizens? I think their power is very great for they bring the greatest education in current events to young and old alike. They force upon the attention of many people who do not even read the papers any new and important discovery or any new and important event in the political world. Let us *(Continued on page 102)*

What's REALLY happened to

. . . Miles and miles of type have been used saying that Greta Garbo is going to do this or going to do that, and why. Here, garnered from various sources—all of them reliable—is the real truth at last about her contract, her visit to her native Sweden and her future plans

By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

Keystone-Underwood

Garbo arriving in Sweden.

WHEN Garbo's contract came to an end with the completion of her last picture, "As You Desire Me," and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pulled down the blue and yellow flag that for over five years—to the envy of all Hollywood—fluttered from their highest turret, Garbo fans the world over eagerly waited to hear her next move.

The film colony expected her to shake the Hollywood dust from her brogues as soon as the "last shot" had been taken. As spring melted into summer the Swedish star was glimpsed here and there about town giving rise to all sorts of fantastic stories.

One had it that Garbo was already on the high seas while her double, appearing occasionally along the boulevard, fooled the public. Another rumor persisted that Garbo had given up her home and was hiding somewhere along the coast. Few gave any credence to the story that the tall, straight-haired blonde garbed in brown masculine corduroy trousers and blouse, seen occasionally on the boulevard, was Garbo.

The fact of the matter is that it was Garbo and that she had not left town nor given up her home.

Garbo did originally intend to leave Hollywood early in June—at the completion of her picture—and had booked passage on the "Gripsholm," her favorite boat, through G. Eckdahl & Son, steamship agents in Los Angeles. These reservations were cancelled when it was found that Garbo's business affairs could not be settled by that time. When the press all over the world precipitated a spectacular controversy on Garbo's plans, Garbo—clever show woman and business head that she is—became more mysterious than ever.

HER usual routine of spending a great deal of time with her two friends, Mercedes d'Acosta, a scenario writer who was at that time busy on the script "Rasputin" which was being prepared for Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore, and Mrs. Berthold Viertel, wife of the German motion picture director who came to Hollywood under contract to Fox, was clothed in secrecy.

Miss d'Acosta lived in the plain two-story green frame house that squatted comfortably behind a trim hedge about a city block up the country road from Garbo's—a place that Garbo herself found for her friend.

Mrs. Viertel dwelt with her husband and three children in Santa Monica, a good Garbo walk away from the Swedish star.

But Garbo, that past mistress in mystery, knew how to keep the public guessing.

No longer were she and her friend Mercedes seen hiking over country roads. The canvas-inclosed tennis court inside of the high iron gates that guarded her grounds was silent. No longer did her limousine glide in and out of the driveway. Reporters and cameramen haunting her gates got no glimpse of Garbo.

Garbo's colored chauffeur went around wailing that his mistress had left town and that he was looking for a new job. The gardener who worked for ZaSu Pitts next door vowed that the Swedish star had moved away.

But Garbo's household, secure from intrusion behind a closely woven high wire fence screened with thick shrubs, was going about its daily routine as usual. Garbo was simply out-Garboing herself.

FOR instance, she was so cautious that instead of revelling in a rare, unexpected early morning rain that drenched Hollywood a short time before she left, Garbo wouldn't risk walking even that short distance between Miss d'Acosta's house and her own.

Around eight o'clock of that particular morning, a fresh young blonde of some eighteen summers was seen to skip out the front door of Mercedes' house and into the garage, out of which she drove a small closed car into the circular driveway, stopping directly opposite the front entrance. When she jumped out to go inside she left the motor running and the car door open.

It was all of fifteen minutes before the blonde reappeared with Garbo—blue trousered legs showing beneath a tightly buttoned brown trench coat and blue beret tilted jauntily over straight blonde hair—following close behind. Both girls hurried into the car, which glided swiftly down the road turning through the wide-swung gates at Garbo's place.

When the car stopped at the side of the house the Swedish star jumped out and hurriedly disappeared through her front door. The young girl turned and drove back to the green frame house a block up the road.

And when Garbo visited her friends, the Viertels, she went under cover of darkness. With her estate bordering on two roads (Rockingham Drive at the front and Beverly Boulevard on the rear) the star was able to slip out unobserved.

If Garbo hadn't signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or with some other studio why was she staying in Hollywood?

For the simple reason that she, like many of her predecessors, was arguing over a contract.

ON good authority I have it that Garbo first was approached with a contract guaranteeing fifteen thousand dollars per week with a schedule calling for several pictures to be made during the year.

Well aware of her high box *(Continued on page 96)*

GARBO!

By JACK JAMISON

. . . Lee Tracy talks fast, works fast, travels fast, thinks fast! Hollywood thought it had seen everything, but when he blew into town after making a lightning trip from New York, well—

OKAY, America! Here we are in our plane, a mile high, on a sunny morning. A landscape four thousand miles wide spread below us. Farms. Rivers. Hills. And there's the highway, like a thin grey ribbon, rolling out across the world from east to west. And what's that? Down the road comes a scurrying cloud of dust. Cows gallop away in terror. Chickens flutter into the air like bundles of rags. Tearing along! Racing! Roaring! Whirling around curves, slithering, careening, straightening out again. Can you hear the roar of that motor? Boy, how it's let out! Look at the sun sparkle on that windshield! Thhr-r-r-r! Listen to her hum!

Kansas. Oklahoma. Now he's cutting south. Texas. Listen to her roar, that motor! Day and night. Doesn't he ever sleep? Who's the driver, anyhow? Let's swoop down and take a peek. Here we are—low enough to make out a tousle of yellow hair. Looks as if somebody's been fraying a piece of manila rope.

Why, it's Mrs. Tracy's little boy, Lee, on his way to Hollywood! California, here he comes!

Photograph by Irving Lippman

SPEED!

(Above left) Donald Dilloway, Evalyn Knapp and Lee Tracy in "Night Mayor." (Above right) With Mary Brian in "Blessed Event." Lee actually made four full-length pictures in three months. And one of those pictures was completed in twenty-one days. Speed did you say? That's no name for it.

. . . It would have taken a mighty fast-talking radio announcer to follow that Eight Cylinder, Night and Day, Paul Revere of 1932 race against time that brought Hollywood the dapper, fast-moving, finger-snapping, wise-cracking columnist of "Blessed Event." And it would be a fast-gabbing radio laddy indeed who could talk faster than Lee Tracy himself! Lee's tongue is greased chain-lightning on ball-bearings. If you have any long-distance telephone calls to make, where they charge you so much for three minutes, let him make them for you! In three minutes Lee can recite the Gettysburg Address, give you full directions for building a submarine, rattle off the names and batting averages of the players in the World's Series, read two volumes of the Congressional Record, sass you, and bawl out the operator! That's how fast his tongue works; if you multiply it by ten you'll have a rough idea of how fast Lee himself works.

HE hit Hollywood like a twenty-mule-team load of T. N. T., blew the town out of the water, caught it on the bounce, and kicked it into the Pacific Ocean before it could catch its breath! We thought we were pretty fast, out here. It is simple eloquence to say no more than—with a quick gasp, before he hits us again—"Tracy —is—faster!"

Why all that eighty-mile-an-hour, day and night pounding of the road? Fun! Why did he leave New York at the last possible moment, so that he barely arrived in Hollywood by the hour specified in his newly signed contract? Fun! He could have left the east a couple of days earlier and taken his time, but for Tracy, hurrying is fun. But didn't he stop at *all,* in four thousand miles? He did. At that point where the map of the United States bulges closest to the wide-open Mexican town of Juarez. He parked his car with its wheels two and one quarter inches from the state line, got out, hired a taxi, crossed the border, stalked into a gambling-house, and said, "Hand Mrs. Tracy's boy Lee those ivories." Once, twice, three times they rolled. A few minutes, not many, ticked off on the clock. *"Muchas gracias,"* said Mrs. Tracy's little boy. Swooping up three hundred dollars he strolled out, got into the taxi, drove back across the border, changed to his own car, and roared westward again—snickering now and then—with the expense money for the entire trip neatly wadded into his hip pocket.

If you want the most vivid possible notion of what Lee has done to Hollywood in the short time since he arrived, just think back to the last time you heard the drummer in the band give the bass drum a big whop with his stick. *Boom!*

HE walked into a studio and was hardly seen again by daylight for ninety days. "Now I know how those mules feel that work in mines," he says. The studio put him, in three months, through four full-length pictures. He worked *seventy* hours a week, for *thirteen* weeks, with *no* days off, an all-time record. "Molly Louvain," "Love Is A Racket," "Doctor X," "Blessed Event"—whizz! He went through them on oiled ice-skates! "Blessed Event" took twenty-one days, and it's a smash hit. A newspaper man in all four films, every character Lee played in them was high pressure, high tension, high speed, sizzling-fast! Michael Curtiz, the director of one of them, is famous in Hollywood for his battle-cry of, "Speed! More speed! Tempo! Giff me tempo!" Lee gave him Tempo. Lee gave him so much Tempo that all Curtiz could do, figuratively speaking, was fall into a chair and grunt and mop his forehead while the parade marched by.

Lee made four full-length pictures in three months, and the studio fired him for not working hard enough.

"What a rotten break. It's *(Continued on page 118)*

THE ADVENTUROUS ROAD TO "THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME"

By LOWELL THOMAS

TWO men who have lived dangerous lives have just directed their first studio film, and appropriately enough the title of their picture is "The Most Dangerous Game." The story of how these two men managed to land on top in Hollywood is one of the romantic stories of the day.

The 88-ton yacht *Wisdom,* out of Los Angeles on a three-year cruise around the world in quest of pictures of the mysterious, the strange, and the bizarre sights of distant places, put into the picturesque port of Jibuti, French Somaliland, on the east coast of Africa. Aboard were Merian C. Cooper, second in command, and Ernest B. Schoedsack, the official cameraman of the expedition.

Jibuti is the port of entry for the few travellers who set forth on a visit to the only remaining independent country in all Africa, the kingdom of Abyssinia. A small party went into the interior to Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia and home of Ras Tafari, the modern Lion of Judah. The plan was for Schoedsack to film this dusky descendant of Solomon and his numerous wives.

Ras Tafari was most hospitable. For their special benefit he assembled the entire Abyssinian army on a plain near the city. And from a high platform Schoedsack filmed the stirring charge of the black warriors. On they came, the dark barbaric horde, Fuzzy Wuzzy—tens of thousands of him.

"Boy, oh boy!" shouted Cooper. "What a picture!"

IN the days that followed, Schoedsack and Cooper discussed the possibilities of making a nature picture on a grand scale. Their idea was to film the life of a primitive people in its day to day struggle for existence.

Both were especially qualified for the work that they were planning. Schoedsack, a long, lean fellow in face and form, had begun his career as a cameraman for Mack Sennett in 1915, but the advent of the war sent him out on the adventure trail. As a cameraman with the photographic section, A. E. F., he learned to love excitement, to crave thrills. Following the war he got an assignment to go to Poland as a news cameraman to get pictures of patriotic Poles sniping the beards off the Bolsheviks.

Traveling eastward by train he met Cooper, a husky,

Ernest B. Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper, camera adventurers extraordinary. (Below) As the two of them looked after a long trek in the Persian desert where razors are not even in the dictionary.

INTO NATURE'S BATTLEFIELDS—III

... The men who made "Grass" and "Chang" are now in Hollywood using their very real experience in the productions of studio-made adventure pictures. Read this vivid account of their breath-taking careers

(Above) Schoedsack giving pointers to Leslie Banks who has the leading rôle in "The Most Dangerous Game" which Schoedsack and Cooper are directing. (Below) Fay Wray and Joel McCrea are in it, too.

Leslie Banks, the English actor, whose sudden rise to fame on the New York stage won him a contract with RKO.

medium-sized chap, who had quitted the U. S. Naval Academy to ship before the mast in the merchant marine and who had successively become a newspaperman, a free lance writer, a soldier in the National Guard chasing Villa along the Rio Grande, an aviator in France, and then a colonel of aviation with the Polish Army. When they met Cooper was on his way to join an outfit of American fliers who had signed up with the Polish Army to fight the Red armies of Bolshevik Russia.

Schoedsack and Cooper found that they had much in common. But after two years spent in shooting the Reds, Schoedsack with a camera and Cooper with a machine gun, their companionship was interrupted. Cooper was captured by the Reds and held prisoner for ten months. This is one chapter of his career that he is reluctant to talk about. But I understand that he was slated to face a firing squad and the night before that party was to be held in his honor he managed to escape from prison and then to make his way out of Russia.

FROM Poland, Schoedsack was sent to picture the flare-up between Turkey and Greece. He filmed the burning of Smyrna, a satanic, a gorgeous spectacle, gorgeous for everyone but the unfortunate inhabitants of the blazing city. He was in Constantinople, or Istanbul as it is now known, during the Allied Occupation; and somewhere on the fringe of the Arabian Desert he filmed a scrap between desert tribes.

Meanwhile, Cooper, after his mysterious escape from Russia, had joined the *Wisdom* on its cruise around the world. Hearing that Schoedsack was in Paris he sent him a cablegram suggesting that he join the yachting party as cameraman. So at Jibuti, on the east coast of Africa, the two adventurers came together again. And now they ground out their reels of Abyssinian pictures.

When that was done the *Wisdom* left Jibuti and headed up toward the Red Sea. It was hotter than the proverbial hinges of Hades and everyone aboard stripped down to the barest essentials. Schoedsack wore gorgeous purple pajamas and Cooper sported around in a Malay sarong. The Red Sea is a tricky body of water, and while near Mocha, the ancient coffee port of Arabia, the *Wis-*

(Above) A scene from the famous picture "Grass." Cooper and Schoedsack lived the actual life of the tribe whose existence they were filming. It was the only way they could secure the film. (Right) Schoedsack and Cooper in their working clothes. Schoedsack had been a cameraman with Sennett. Cooper had been newspaperman, writer, soldier and aviator.

dom struck a reef. The jagged rocks gouged at her keel, as she slithered across into deeper water. Her lead bottom was torn off with an ominous wrench.

THE *Wisdom* limped into Jidda, seaport to holy Mecca, where an attempt was made to repair the damage, but the job was only temporary and by the time they got to Suez she was unfit for further service. The cruise was ended.

Then it was that Cooper and Schoedsack formed their now famous film partnership. And their first major job was the filming of the picturesque migration of one of the great nomad tribes of Persia. This was how that thrilling record of a primitive people in search of sustenance for their flocks, "Grass," had its beginning.

Neither of the partners had enough money to finance the jaunt, so they set out to earn it. They supplemented their original capital with an income from newsreels, stills, and the articles Cooper wrote for Asia Magazine. In Turkey, Schoedsack filmed the inauguration of Mustapha Kemal as president of the new republic.

But the money for the expedition was the least of their troubles. For almost a year they cooled their heels in war-torn Turkey, trying to get through to Persia. The Turks were even more suspicious than usual and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they finally made their way into Kurdistan.

While crossing the Taurus Mountains they were overtaken by a blizzard. The guide lost his way, and for hours they wandered in the howling storm. The guide gave out and lagged behind. Cooper took his place at the head of the column, and when he became exhausted Schoedsack broke trail until an abandoned shelter on the banks of an icy stream was found. Stripping off their wet clothes, they threw themselves flat on the earth in front of the fire and lay there stark naked, while snow came drifting in through cracks in the shack. The only food they had was a small amount of Turkish candy; they dissolved it in hot water and drank the concoction. To them it tasted like a drink for the gods.

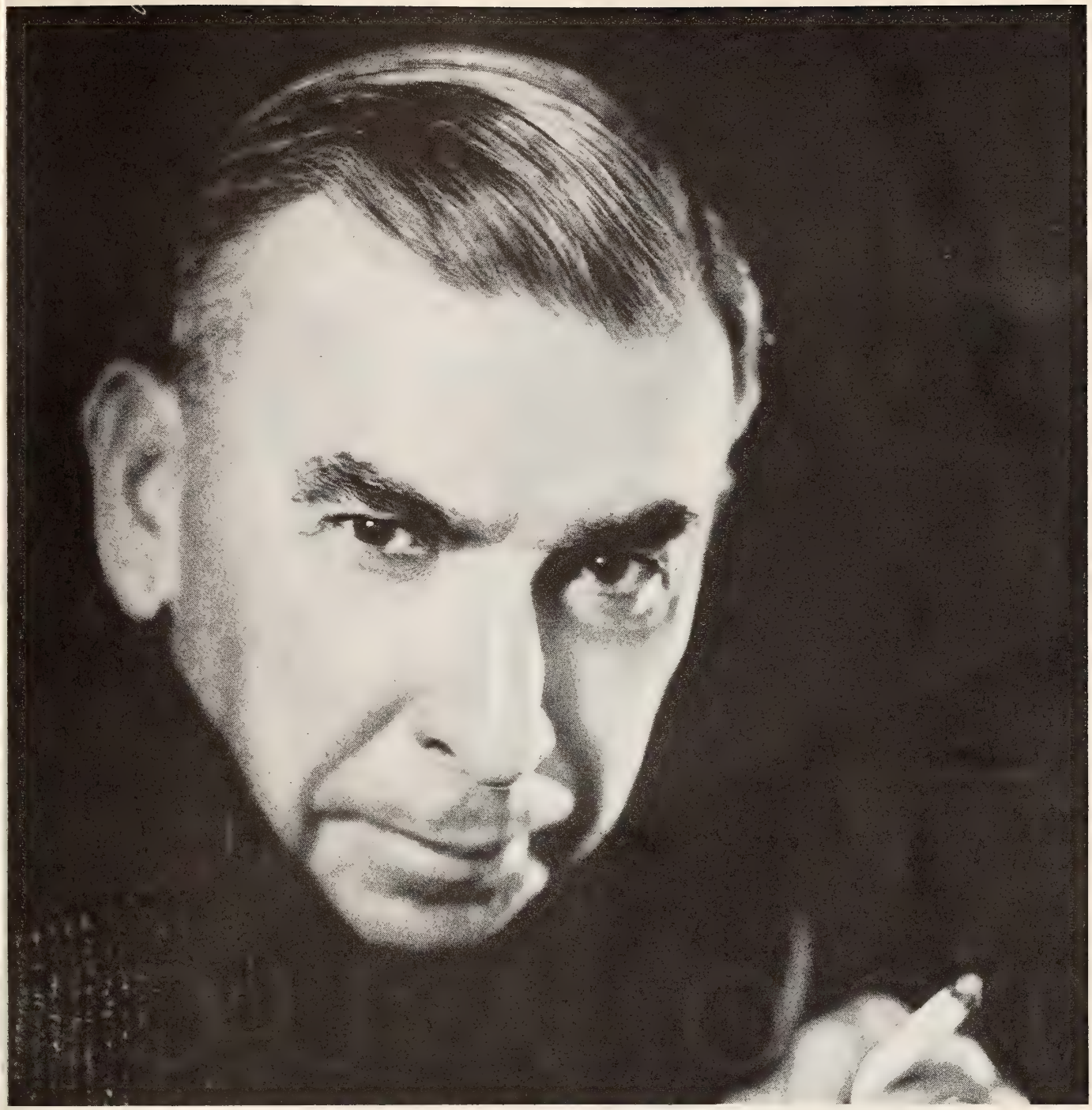
FINALLY, a short way inland from the Persian Gulf they reached the winter grazing land of a people called the Baktyaris. Cooper and Schoedsack were without weapons, but the innate hospitality of their Mohammedan hosts served them better than guns.

"We were the only people who had ever gone into that country without rifles," relates Cooper.

To the east a tremendous range of mountains stretched unbroken from the Gulf to the Black Sea, and behind that barrier was the other grazing ground, the summer home of the nomads. Twice each year the tribes make the journey across the bleak, altitudinous heights of the Zardeh Kuh. And grass is the lodestone that draws them irresistibly. Without it their herds must die.

At a meeting of the Khans, Cooper explained that they wished to accompany one of the tribes on its migration across the mountains, living with them and traveling as they did. Amir Jang, headman of the Baktyaris, liked his little joke.

"All right," he said, laughing heartily. "You go with the Baba Ahmedi. But they go a very hard road. Big mountains, big woods, big river; and then big, big mountain with plenty of snow. And (*Continued on page 112*)



MODERN SCREEN PRESENTS: BOOTH TARKINGTON

MODERN SCREEN is honored to present Booth Tarkington, one of the most important figures in contemporary letters. The famous author of "Penrod," "Seventeen," "Monsieur Beaucaire" and many other beloved stories, writes what is, in our opinion, one of the most interesting editorial features ever to appear in a fan magazine

The producer looks back to the not-so-distant past when the youngsters flocked to see his pictures. Why aren't his pictures as popular with the children of today? Mr. Tarkington tells you.

TOO MUCH

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

MY DEAR MR. HEYN:

In your kind letter to me you ask for my "opinion on the serious problem of bringing the children back to the movies," and I realize that in expressing an opinion I am displaying some hardihood; for, at about the time that silent moving pictures began to be talking moving pictures, my eyes failed me, and now, though my vision is beneficently restored in one, it is not the sort of vision that permits me to look with any ocular pleasure at pictures that are not stationary. Indeed I have seen only one talking picture, and therefore my knowledge of what the movies now offer to children is gained through "what people say" and through what I see upon the billboards outside of moving picture theatres.

It must be apparent to anyone that very few movie posters display the sort of picture or flaunt the sort of title that would induce well-conducted parents to urge their carefully brought-up children to patronize the entertainment thus advertised. Most of the billboards, indeed, show a highly-colored woman's head, usually furnished with an astonishingly elongated neck strained painfully from the lady's effort to gaze skyward into the brilliantly tinted masculine face directly above hers; and the words emblazoned about this pair are likely to account for their uncomfortable position in ways not reassuring to parents, guardians, uncles, aunts or probation officers. Superficially it would seem that one need venture no farther than the sidewalk to discover why children do not go to the movies as much as they ought: they are not allowed to go there. But I am told that the titles of talking pictures are misleading, that "no one pays any attention to movie titles anyway," and that as a rule the more improperly suggestive the title of the picture, the more demurely proper is the picture itself. I am given (*Continued on page 117*)

LOVE

Illustrated by Floherty, Jr

. . . In this keenly discriminating open letter to the editor of MODERN SCREEN, Mr. Tarkington tells how producers could win the children back to the theatres. "Too much love!" is one great fault in today's talkies, he believes

CAN YOU SAFEGUARD MARRIAGE?

(Above) Carole and Chester Morris in "Sinners in the Sun." Speaking of her marriage, Carole says that two people either care about each other or they don't. That happiness can't be worked at—like a job.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

LATE last year a prominent astrologer issued a "warning" directed to Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. They must, he cautioned, take extraordinary pains to safeguard their marriage during the year—especially the summer—of 1932. Their happiness would be in grave danger during that period. Let them beware!

There had been rumors, even before that, of a rift in the lute of the Powells' happiness. Carole, you remember, had the misfortune to be taken seriously ill during their honeymoon in Honolulu—and she has not been really well since that time. She has been constantly under the care of physicians and she has been forced to spend days at a time in bed. She has had to watch her diet and guard her hours of rest. There have been few trips, few parties, few appearances in public for the Powells during this first year of their marriage. It must have been a little difficult for both of them for they are both cheery people who like to go about and see other people—and do things. That enforced withdrawal from society probably gave rise to the first rumors.

And—well, here it is 1932 and summer is gone—and Carole is feeling and looking better than she has in months—and the rumors are flying thicker than ever. But I can't see that Carole and Bill are doing the least bit of bewaring!

"How *can* you 'safeguard' a marriage?" Carole Lombard demanded of me, indignantly. "You can't take precautions about it or make predictions or do one single thing to stop it if it is going to fall apart. Two people either care about one another and want to be together—or they don't. You can't work at happiness the way you can at a career or a patchwork quilt. Happiness is a thing that happens to you. The end of it comes, just as the beginning—unexpectedly and of its own accord.

YOU can't plan emotions as you do a trip to the dentist. You can't say, 'I shall feel this way—and not that—a week from tomorrow.' You don't know anything about how you will feel.

"Bill and I agreed long ago never to make any predictions about ourselves—even to each other. Too many

. . . Carole Lombard believes that such a procedure is impossible. She believes that one cannot take precautions nor make predictions as far as matrimony goes. And that includes her own marrriage to Bill Powell

(Above) William Powell with Kay Francis in "One Way Passage." When Bill married Carole, Carole was apprehensive because Bill likes a well ordered life and she prefers the opposite.

Hollywood couples have allowed their married happiness to be publicized and then have ended ignominiously in the divorce courts. They believed, most of them, sincerely and honestly, that nothing could ever shake their love and admiration and respect. Then something *did*. And they were just as surprised as anyone else.

"Bill and I are all right *now*. We like to be together. We have fun. Next week, for all I know, we may be at each other's throats and all the predictions may come true. But that is next week. . . . *I* certainly shan't do any prophesying about it!"

I recalled that Carole had had a few qualms (after all, what girl doesn't?) when Bill was trying to persuade her to marry him.

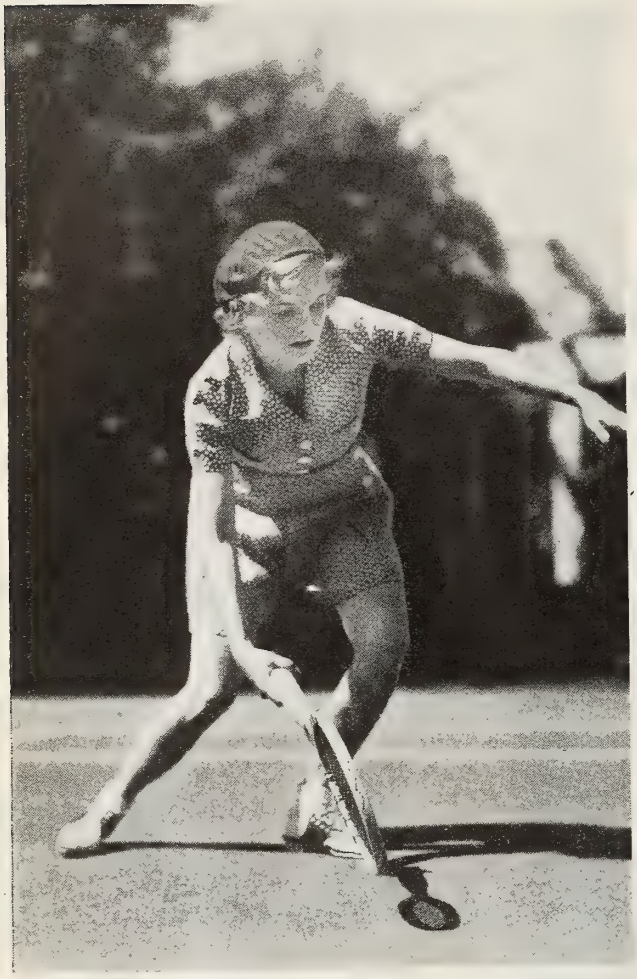
"We'll never get on!" she used to moan. "Bill will strangle me—or at least, he will want to. He likes order and dignity and an organized sort of life. I *can't* live that way. I can't have meals at certain times and be punctual for appointments and keep engagements that I have made a week before. I *have* to live a haphazard existence. I always do whatever it occurs to me to do at the moment. Bill won't be able to stand me. It's all right now—it amuses him—so long as I am just a girl he comes to see. But will that sort of thing amuse him in a wife? Even now, he looks at me often as if he suspected me of having just mislaid my mind somewhere. Bill wants to marry and 'settle down.' I *couldn't* settle down. It would kill me!"

It was that very impetuosity, the "haphazard-ness" which she bemoaned, the light-hearted carelessness about the formal details of living, I suspect, which attracted Bill to Carole in the first place. Bill was a little lonely and a little bitter. If he was a cynic, it was not without reason. Life had been a bit grim for him. . . .

CAROLE used to say—she still says—"I'd like never to do anything in my whole life but laugh!" It is easy to see the attraction that sort of girl would have for Bill. She was terribly in love with him. No doubt about that. It was not for herself that she was afraid in those weeks before her marriage. It was fear that she might not be able to adjust herself to Bill's way of living, fear that she might not make him happy that troubled her.

Whatever happens—and who am I to prophesy, if Carole and Bill won't?—they have been good for each other. Carole has matured subtly and gracefully since her marriage. She has always had poise. Now she has added a very pretty dignity. Despite her wise cracking and her quips, she makes you (*Continued on page 87*)

(Right) Dorothy Jordan, Donald Dilloway and Anita Page at the Grove. (Below) Marian Nixon wonders about the net result.



THE ROVING CAMERA

(Right) Wally Beery and his wife caught between mouthfuls at the Cocoanut Grove party for George M. Cohan.

(Right) Buster Keaton tripping the light fantastic. The light fantastic is a non-professional. (Right above) Walter Huston—in costume, also at the Grove party.

Photographs by Hollywood Newspictures.

(Left) Dorothy Mackaill and Ramon Novarro with incidental music by the real Mejican McCoy at Santa Barbara.

. . . A flying trip in and around Hollywood with intimate glimpses of the stars when they are being themselves

(Above) Mrs. Harold Lloyd and Harold Lloyd. (Left) Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna at "Bird of Paradise" preview.

(Left) Mrs. Howard Hawks, who is Norma Shearer's sister, at the Santa Barbara Biltmore. (Left, above) Fredric March and his wife attend the preview.

AN AMAZING NEW ANGLE ON JANET AND CHARLIE

THE average person, no matter how much he or she wisecracks about matrimony, nevertheless fosters, heart-deep, certain ideals of marriage and could tell you, if persuaded, the exact characteristics of the ideal married couple—of in short, the perfect Mr. and Mrs.

For a characterization of Mr., we can go to the average girl, or even married woman, in an average motion picture audience. She will tell you that the ideal husband is handsome, but not "pretty," intelligent but not brilliant to the extent of self-absorption, romantic, considerate, able to earn a good living, athletic, capable of defending his wife and his household, a good comrade, a glamorous lover, and an idealist.

To reach the sum total of the traits which would make the ideal wife, we must go to the average young man, or married man, in the audience. And he would tell you that the average wife should be very pretty, with charm and personality, but with no veneer of hard, flashing sophistication. She should be thrifty and interested in her house. She should care a great deal for beauty and make the most of her own. She should wear the sort of frocks which call your attention to the girl inside them and not just to the frocks themselves. She should be sweet but spirited, capable of a little mischief, attractive to all men but true to one, interested in her own man's business and affairs, ambitious for him, helpful, but leaning on his strength.

Therefore, bring these two ideals together in a marriage-merger and you would certainly have the ideal married couple, the perfect Mr. and Mrs.

THEY probably do not exist, this couple, either singly or together, but upon the screen today we have a couple who typify these traits and who make them live to an audience.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—the perfect Mr. and Mrs.

But whereas we have, for instance, two pairs of stage and screen stars who are greatly beloved and whose team work is unequalled—I mean Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall—they do not quite fulfill the average ideal. The one pair is too polished and sophisticated and they portray too worldly rôles for the ideal couple and the other pair is, after all, English and likewise veneered with the lacquer of worldliness.

Fontanne and Lunt, Best and Marshall, are married;

. . . This brilliant writer—who sees life and love so clearly—interprets Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell as "the perfect Mr. and Mrs." and discloses the real reason for the glamor of their screen union

By FAITH BALDWIN

and to each other—and have been for some time.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are also married; but not to each other, a fact which has caused their enormous public more pain and speculation and sorrow and interest than one would think possible.

However, on the screen they are the Perfect Pair and this in my opinion accounts for most of their vast appeal. Even their willfulness has added a zest to that appeal. Before their marriages to other mates the public speculated eagerly on their possible marriage to each other. Since Janet Gaynor became Mrs. Peck and Charles Farrell married the beautiful Virginia Valli the public has not ceased to speculate. They wonder incessantly when Gaynor and Farrell will come together again, if ever; when, if ever, they will unmarry their respective mates and join hands in life as well as on the screen as the ideal couple, and why and how, in real life, they came to miss each other in the first place?

These speculations, no matter how much it may distress these splendid stars, to say nothing of the effect on Mr. Peck and Miss Valli, serve to keep public interest in the Gaynor-Farrell combination at white heat.

They are playing together again in *"The First Year,"* that very charming stage play from which such a delightful picture has been made, and it is certainly everybody's opinion that Gaynor and Farrell, together, are better than Gaynor and Farrell alone. It isn't that each of them hasn't the talent necessary to carry on without the other; it is simply that they complement each other fully and that they are, on the screen, almost as one person.

TO understand them a little better, it is wise to go back a bit and recall their lives.

Janet Gaynor first. Exquisitely pretty on the screen, she is even prettier off the screen. She has great vitality and personality. On the screen she is sweet, wistful, elfin—all the adjectives which have been attributed to her since her appearance in "Peter Grimm" and her first great picture with Farrell, *"Seventh Heaven."* The camera, however, by some odd trick of fate or lens, concentrates on the sweetness and wistfulness and does not give us the full force of her personality, the will of steel, the fire, the determination and the mischief.

She has always had that will; it, together with the help of her stepfather, took her into the motion pictures. She is shrewd. She does not permit (*Continued on page 120*)

IN OUR OPINION THIS IS THE FINEST INTERVIEW EVER WRITTEN ON

JACKIE

Photograph by
Bill Grimes

THE film colony is doing a great deal of talking and even more thinking about reincarnation these days. More than they've done since Jackie Coogan was "The Kid." And now another Jackie induces this interest . . . Jackie Cooper.

As one of our finest screen actors says:

"If you don't believe some of us are old souls, that some of us carry over a certain feeling and a certain knowledge from a previous existence, how in the name of thunder are you going to account for little Jackie Cooper?

"Instinctively that kid knows more about acting than most of us ever will learn!"

I thought of this actor's words when I saw Jackie during his visit to New York. His genius, and I'm sure you'll agree to my use of this word, is like a strange, brilliant streak running through what is otherwise the engaging personality of a healthy, normal little boy.

In Jackie's manner, in Jackie's actions there is nothing to suggest he is any different from any other little American eight-year-old. Provided the other little American isn't extra good, or extra quiet or gentle. Providing too, that he doesn't dislike arithmetic . . . adores spinach so

Jackie was recently given a typewriter with his name engraved on it. Was he thrilled? And he knows how to run it, you bet!

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

. . . The kid is a curious mixture of eight-year-old boyishness and amazing genius. But if you think he isn't regular—well, read this!

COOPER . . . !

much he must have it twice a day . . . and has such an appetite for substantial food that he isn't ever especially interested in dessert.

Steak, by the way, is Jackie Cooper's favorite of favorites. He much prefers a piece of steak to an ice cream cone. And in the Metro restaurant where the stars' favorite sandwiches are named after them it is a man-sized steak sandwich that is known as "The Jackie Cooper Special."

Often on the way to lunch Jackie will say, "I've worked like a dog this morning, Mom. Can I have steak?"

IN New York Jackie was far more impressed with the ride a "cop" had given him on his motorcycle than he was by the flattering official welcome which the city had tendered him. And you gathered rather definitely that Jackie found the big expensive hotel at which he stopped—one which would impress most of us considerably—pretty stuffy.

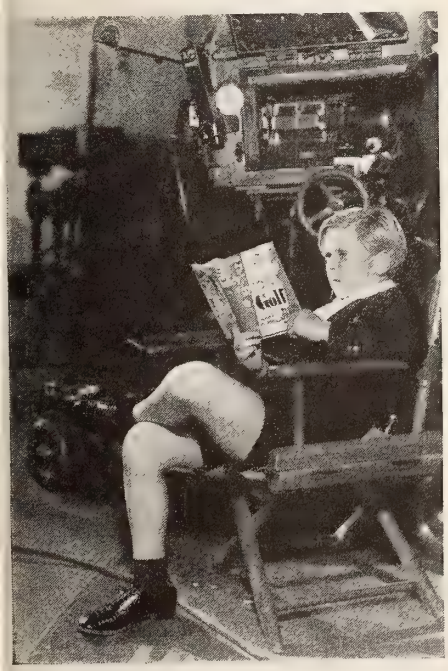
Leaning his tow head as far as possible out of a high window of the lavish Cooper suite, contemplating Central Park, the silvery recessional buildings reaching toward the sky, and the swift blue river which severs New York City from Long Island, Jackie said:

"You oughta see my clubhouse at home. Boy, it's the cats! Clean, too. We scrub the floor every Sunday and then everybody who hasn't broken any rules or anything gets taken to a show."

"What sort of rules have you?" I asked.

"Oh," Jackie tried sitting backwards in the big damask chair, with his head tilted over the seat towards the floor and his stocky brown legs hanging over the back, "Oh, no talking behind backs. Stuff like that. We give one warning. If anybody breaks a rule twice," his stubby thumb jerked backwards over his shoulder "out they go!"

Jackie had come into the great lobby downstairs whistling in what he undoubtedly considered a most circumspect manner. Hadn't his mother explained that when you live in a hotel you must be quiet and considerate of others? And wouldn't Jackie do anything in the world to please this mother of his! But eight-year-olds have a great deal of energy which they must burn up somehow. Besides whistling Jackie kept throwing his hat into the air and catching it. He'd like (*Continued on page 98*)



What, is the young man going to take up golf? Bet he'd make a good little player at that.

Culver Service

An unposed portrait of him snapped when he was in New York during his recent personal tour.

With Lewis Stone in "Divorce in the Family." After that he's going to make a picture with Joan Crawford.

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Photograph by Freulich

KEEP YOUR EYE ON

DOROTHY WILSON

THERE'S a new Cinderella in Hollywood. She's Dorothy Wilson, brown haired, blue-eyed Minneapolis girl with the body of a Polynesian and the mind of a Boston school teacher—and we're not kidding, either.

Fate, with the golden slipper of fame in his hand, found the foot of Dorothy Wilson parked beneath a stenographer's desk at the RKO studio. One week she was typing the script of "Fraternity House." The next she had been given the lead in the college story.

Dorothy herself has accepted her stroke of good fortune rather calmly. She wasn't over-eager when they offered her a test. She wasn't unduly excited when she was given a lead. She's not over confident she'll be the success Radio Pictures executives prophesy.

She hopes her added income will last, however. She wants to save up enough money to go to Tahiti. She's always wanted to travel.

She's the sort of girl who would never pull up her stockings in public. She has a quiet dignity that attracts older men. All her beaus have been older men, and she knows how to pronounce the word *platonic*.

She likes Somerset Maugham . . . Percy Crosby's cartoons and thousand island dressing. She hates carrots, painted fingernails and overshoes. She'd miss a date to listen to "Myrt and Marge" on the radio and thinks watching Katherine Cornell's hands more exciting than an airplane ride.

She favors Anatole France's novels . . . sport clothes and Victor Herbert waltzes. She's afraid of surf bathing and crowds and her greatest ambition is to own a black pearl ring. She's five feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 103 pounds and has such beautiful teeth her school teacher used to have her show them off to a classroom full of boys and girls.

RUSSELL HOPTON

RUSSELL'S family was so convinced that they couldn't have produced an actor, that they had him buffaloed into their way of thinking for a good number of good years.

If he wasn't meant to be an actor, he thought he'd try farming. He did. Or be a sailor. He was. Unsatisfied, he turned to the selling of motion picture films. He failed in that and took a hand at arguing newlyweds into the purchase of ghastly velour parlour sets for their love nests.

Still that yen for the movies. To appease it, he got himself a job as property man at United Artists Studio. Then he was promoted to assistant director. In this capacity he worked under D. W. Griffith on three pictures. Still he wasn't content. Throwing family bugaboos to the four winds, he did what he had wanted to do for years. He went on the stage. Instantly, he knew he had found his forte.

He was offered a chance at movies. The idea amused him. That was in the days when the stage sneered, kindly but definitely, at Hollywood and pictures. But it was acting . . . and that was all that mattered. It became known around that Hopton was a "scene stealer" to be wary of.

By way of illustration, as the home-wrecker in "Street Scene," he did a masterful piece of "grand larceny." The same with his gangster rôles. His first chance at a sympathetic rôle came in "Radio Patrol." He was delighted with his part in this, because it took him out of the "heavy" type class. As a result, directors and critics, consider him a very versatile young actor indeed.

Between pictures, he goes on fishing trips, with a couple of men friends. His charming wife seldom visits a studio and has no cinematic or stage aspirations. And that's how it should be, thinks Russell. They have a home in one of Hollywood's wooded canyons.

Photograph by Freulich

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

THEM

They're not stars now—but just you wait a year or so. All four of them look like first rate movie material

GLORIA STUART

GLORIA is the girl that Paramount and Universal fought over. And she an unknown at the time! They both wanted to give her a contract.

Out at Universal they call her "our Gloria." She is one of the luckiest gals ever. If she wants anything she does not go after it. She just wants it and waits . . . and it comes to her. As her chance at pictures did.

Gloria always participated in school dramatics. Then financial reverses almost thwarted her hopes of going to college. But she wanted to go to college. And need we explain that business took an upward trend, enabling her to register at Berkeley? But three years of campus life found her tiring of philosophy from text books. She grew fond of the phrase "Bohemian life." It intrigued her. She met a young sculptor named Gordon Blair Newell, who with his sister, lived in the artist colony on Knob Hill in San Francisco. Visits to their little home found her fascinated with the artists, musicians, writers, poets she met there. Poverty assumed loveliness. She fell deeply in love at the end of her junior year, announced her engagement to the sculptor.

Gloria was invited to play at the Golden Bow, a Little Theatre, and was asked to write for "The Carmellite," a local weekly newspaper. The theater paid nothing; the newspaper $25 a month; and her husband's income was $20 per month.

A career became a necessity, but Gloria made no move. She knew things would work out without her interference. She was offered a rôle at the Pasadena Playhouse, one of the best-known Little Theatres. In her second play, "The Sea Gull," both Paramount's and Universal's casting directors saw her.

She's working in "All America"—with the All America football team. Her tall, lovely blondness will get you.

CHARLES LAUGHTON

CHARLES LAUGHTON is a Britisher. His career in England reads much like that of his countryman, Clive Brook. Trained in the hotel business, he rose to the excellent position of hotel manager before that old bug, acting, started buzzing in his ears. With frugal living he was able to save enough money so that he could enter the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Literally, he starved for his art, the while he wasn't so certain he was just the fellow to be a successful actor. It seemed that fame and fortune were playing a game of hide-and-seek, until in April of 1926, they allowed him to catch them.

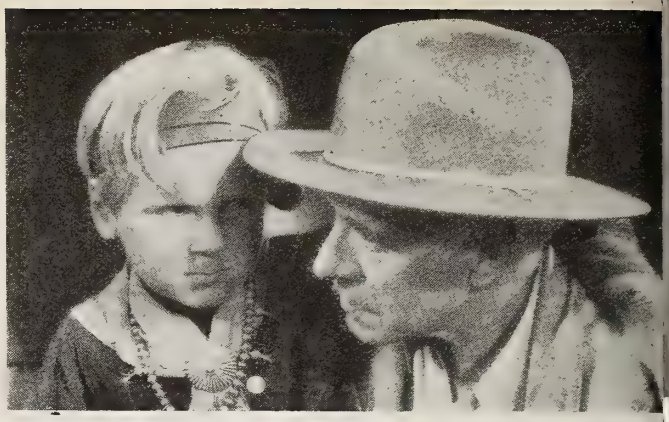
You will be introduced to him . . . as a madman . . . a fiend . . . a murderer. His first screen performance shows him as the insane commander in Paramount's "Devil and the Deep." There is an interesting little story leading up to his appearance in this picture. Arrived in Hollywood, Charles startled his studio bosses by demanding a small part in a picture to accustom himself to picture methods. Accordingly, arrangements were made with Universal, and he appeared as a "bloody" Englishman in "The Old Dark House."

At the moment M-G-M has put in their bid for Laughton to render his original rôle in "Payment Deferred," which they are bringing to the screen. After that, Charles will work with Cecil B. DeMille, as Nero in "The Sign of the Cross."

His resemblance to our mental picture of the wicked Roman Emperor is almost breath-taking. But for all of his forbidding countenance, he is a typically courteous and well-bred Englishman. Very reserved. And very charming. His hands are startlingly small.

His wife, Elsa Lanchester, accompanied him to Hollywood. She was famous on the English stage, too.

Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier In
"Love Me Tonight."



Jackie Cooper and Lewis Stone in
"Divorce in the Family."

REVIEWS—A TOUR

LOVE ME TONIGHT (Paramount) Salute! To one of the most entertaining pictures to come out of a Hollywood studio for months; in fact, many months. Lavishly produced, with Director Rouben Mamoulian deserving highest praise.

Chevalier is better than his former best. Jeanette MacDonald was never lovelier. Charlie Ruggles, Myrna Loy and Charles Butterworth keep the laughs circulating. It all happens when a Parisian tailor finds himself in a nobleman's chateau. He woos and wins his Princess.

A little naughty and very nice. When more pictures of this caliber are made, producers need have no worry of box-office receipts. Don't forget to see it.

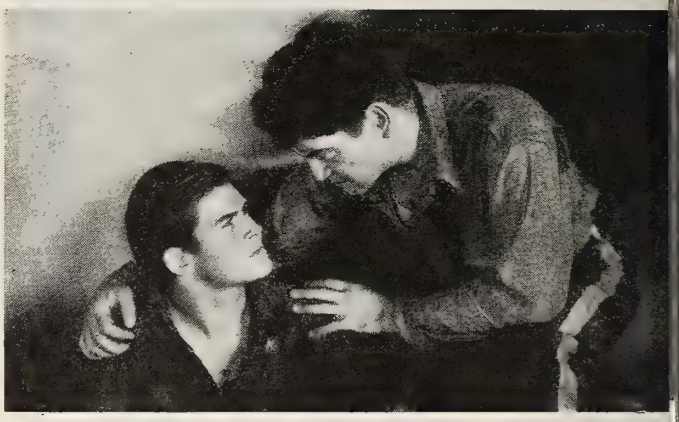
DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY (M-G-M) Jackie Cooper's screen life is no bed of daffodils. In his last he was the neglected, crippled boy. Now he's the unhappy son of divorcé, torn between love for his real father and his stepfather.

Lewis Stone is the busy scientist who makes the mistake of sacrificing his two sons for a scientific career. Conrad Nagel is the stepfather, married to Jackie's mother, Lois Wilson.

Of course, it's Jackie's picture. Bernhardt herself couldn't have stolen a scene from this juvenile veteran. But Lewis Stone deserves no little acclaim for his portrayal.

CABIN IN THE COTTON (Warner Bros.) Yas, suh! Just a bit of the old South, with Richard Barthelmess as a po' white trash boy. When his father dies, he is taken into the home of the wealthy planter, whose beautiful daughter (Bette Davis) assists in Dick's education. Dorothy Jordan is the poor little girl in the triangle thus formed. Another conflict arises when Dick is torn between duty to his kinfolk and loyalty to his benefactor.

Young Bette Davis snatches the acting honors. Her supremacy was in part due to the fact that the time is past when Barthelmess can successfully portray an adolescent.



Tom Brown and Richard Dix in
"Hell's Highway."

HELL'S HIGHWAY (Radio) Realism . . . with a capital R. RKO studio brings the first of the chain-gang stories to the screen, omitting none of the brutality of such a theme.

As the star, Richard Dix probably has never offered a finer piece of acting. Young Tom Brown, as Dix' younger brother, and every member of the supporting cast deserve highest praise.

Essentially this isn't entertainment. It's a piece of life.

THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio) Tiffany Thayer's widely-read novel of the power of mental suggestion is transferred to the screen with a notable cast. As the half-caste girl who works evil on a group of her former classmates, Myrna Loy deserves a big hand for making an unbelievable story a little more believable. This could have and should have been better entertainment.

Ricardo Cortez is wasted on a small part.

You should know all there is to know about the new films

Aline MacMahon, Jobyna Howland, Sidney Fox and Jack Oakie in "Once in a Lifetime."

Eric Linden, Loretta Young and Aline MacMahon in "Life Begins."

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Douglas Fairbanks and Maria Alba in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (United Artists)

You'll enjoy this immensely if you like pictorial beauty, the Senior Fairbanks and natural comedy. Nothing could be photographically more exquisite than the South Sea Islands with their pristine allure. The plot and players are secondary in importance. Doug is physically-fit and quite amusing as the guy who jumps off his yacht and lives on one of the islands for several months, just to win a bet.

OKAY AMERICA (Universal)

Walter Winchell was to have done a portrayal of himself for the screen, but the rôle fell into the capable hands of Lew Ayres, and Lew does right by it. The theme is timely, centering around a young columnist who becomes the go-between for the parents of a kidnapped child and a racketeer. He manages to deliver the ransom money, but the gang leader double-crosses him. There is lots of suspense.

LIFE BEGINS (First National)

Realistic . . . and artistic. The entire story unfolds in a maternity hospital, with Loretta Young temporarily released into it from her prison cell. Tense drama, poignant tragedy and a balance of well-handled comedy. With the denouement a little too shuddery.

Glenda Farrell, as one of the expectant mothers, proves she is a clever actress. Eric Linden as Loretta Young's young husband, and Loretta herself will surprise you with their dramatic sincerity. Aline McMahon and Frank McHugh furnish the laughs.

There's no happy ending, but you'll wish there were. *Heavy* entertainment.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME (Universal)

There were those who said "It can't be done"—but Universal ups and does it. This satire on Hollywood and its inhabitants is undoubtedly one of the funniest ever to be put on the screen. With a cast including Jack Oakie, Sidney Fox, Aline MacMahon, ZaSu Pitts and Louise Fazenda, laughs are inevitable. All about three dumb dodoes who cash in on Hollywood's gullibility.

The situation is hilarious; the lines are comic masterpieces; and the cast . . . just superb. Universal deserves special praise for bringing this to the screen in such a manner that Hollywood will enjoy laughing at itself.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M)

Here's Norma Shearer, again surrounded by a truly inimitable cast, in a beautifully produced filmnization of that classical bit of sentimentality, "Smilin' Through."

Never was Leslie Howard's artistry more evident than in his characterization of John Carteret, whose Moonyeen is killed at their wedding altar. Fredric March also adds notable histrionics in the dual rôle of the drunken Kenneth Wayne and his son.

A far cry from Shearer's last two offerings, "Smilin' Through" will be welcomed by her many fans who like romance and tragedy, sweetness and tears.

And you can—by reading these reviews, straight from Hollywood

Donald Dilloway, Lee Tracy and Evalyn Knapp in "Night Mayor."

Edmund Lowe and Bela Lugosi in "Chandu, the Magician."

NIGHT MAYOR (Columbia)

Lee Tracy is some actor, and *some* Mayor. Head of the biggest city in the U. S. A., he much prefers the "Follies" (and Follies girls) to stuffy old board meetings. He's such a darn nice fellow, though, that the boys at the city hall indulge him. It's the higher-ups that almost sound his death-knell when the mayor's private indiscretions come to their attention.

His show girlfriend is true-blue, and refuses to marry him, saving him his office and giving herself lots of heartaches. It is really a one-man show but Evalyn Knapp and Eugene Pallette rate mention.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES (Roach—M-G-M)

Your favorite three-reel comedy stars, Laurel and Hardy, try their hand again at a feature length picture. Their first, if our memory is aright, was "Pardon Us," a hilarious hour or so of screen fare. Too bad that "Pack Up Your Troubles" doesn't ring the bell as loudly. When the two comedians adopt an orphaned kid, child of their war-time buddy, the sentiment begins and the comedy ends, almost.

You may be interested to see blonde Paulette Goddard, the girl who is supposed to be making Charlie Chaplin's heart flutter. She's a right cute bit of femininity.

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME (Radio)

Suspense and thrills. Horror and chills. Jungle and swamps. A boy and a girl shipwrecked on an island. A demoniacal Russian hunting them as he would animals. But then you may remember Richard Connell's short story from which this was adapted.

Most noteworthy is the *action* captured by the camera as Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are running from the madman hunter. The latter is a striking new screen personality, Leslie Banks, a dramatic thoroughbred.

TIGER SHARK (First National)

You know that when Portuguese fisherman Eddie Robinson, with a hook for one hand, introduces his buddy, Richard Arlen, to his sweetheart, she is going to fall for Dick. A Tiger Shark solves the triangular dilemma.

Pictorially, this is an intensely worthwhile picture, showing the tuna-fishing industry from hook to can. Eddie Robinson deserves praise for his Portuguese Mike. And Dick Arlen will make the girls' hearts pitter-patter.

CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN (Fox)

This is the same Chandu whose adventures have been related over the radio. The story is just as imaginative and improbable, albeit exciting and entertaining.

Eddie Lowe is the Yogi, Chandu, whose mystic powers save his brother-in-law and the latter's secret, which would enable its possessor to destroy the world. Bela Lugosi is an effective Roxor, the madman who almost succeeds in wresting the evil secret from its owner.

Special photographic shots enhance the eeriness, and Eddie Lowe gives one of his best performances as Chandu. Children will love it.

70,000 WITNESSES (Paramount)

Football and murder. With an excellent cast to put the story through its paces. Phillips Holmes again comes through as the football player who doesn't know whether or not he's guilty of the murder of which he is suspicioned. His brother, you see, is a crooked gambler who forces Phillips to "dope" the star of the opposing team. During the big game, the star player falls and later dies.

Whether or not you like college yarns on celluloid, there's enough of the mystery angle to satisfy you. Charlie Ruggles (drunk again) carries off the honors.

THE CRASH (Warner Bros.)

If you know many people who were affected by the Wall Street crash, you know just what happens to Chatterton and her husband when they lose their money in the market. Brent turns to blackmail in an effort to recoup his fortune, and the lower he sinks, the more Chatterton seems to love him. She even turns down a chance to marry suave and handsome Paul Cavanagh. It's all too, too preposterous!

MY PAL THE KING (Universal)

Cowboy Tom Mix gets very *palsy-walsy* with the boy-king of a mythical kingdom. This friendship eventually saves the kingling not only his domain but his life, when aspirants for his throne plan to do away with him.

Tom and Tony are "right there" when it comes to saving the king's life. Although the story seems not particularly adaptable to the hard-riding Mix, the kids ought to like this.

(Above) General view of the Olympic Stadium with events in progress before record-breaking crowds. (Right) "Boy" Charlton, famous Australian swimmer, in Harold Lloyd's pool. That's a newspaper man with Harold. We are proud to print Harold Lloyd's impressions of the Olympics.

The photographs in this feature are by Hollywood Newspictures, Scott-Brinn, Paramount, Fox and M-G-M

MODERN SCREEN'S OLYMPIC ALBUM

By HAROLD LLOYD

IT is, perhaps, a far cry from athletics to motion pictures, yet the tenth revival of the Olympic Games, recently concluded in Los Angeles, provided the greatest scenario that has been written in the last decade.

It was a "scenario" which had everything a dramatist could write into a story—drama, romance, pathos, comedy, feats of superhuman endurance, skill—all of which, blended into a motion picture story, would make the greatest picture the screen has ever seen.

Frankly, I was carried away by the superb spirit of these great games, by the fairness of competitors and spectators. There was a feeling of intense national pride every time the Stars and Stripes was carried to the mast-

The Olympics were the greatest show Hollywood has seen in ages

Spectators (reading clockwise from lower left):
Leila Hyams and her husband watching the excitement.
Hedda Hopper, Fay Wray and Jack Morgan. Next, Clark Gable.
Bebe Daniels Lyon—and Ben.
Ruth Weston, Russell and Lucille Gleason.

Participants: (Top) The India-U. S. La Crosse game. The score was India 24, U. S. 1. Well! (Middle row left to right) The six meter yacht race. Swedish "Bissbi" in foreground. U. S. "Gallant" trailing. Imre Petnehazy of Hungary in a spectacular spill at the twenty-third jump of the steeplechase. (Bottom) The finish of the eight oar sculling championship race. The U. S. finished first by sixteen inches. (Hurrah for our side!) Italy was second and Great Britain third.

head denoting an American victory, and there was a sense of pride in the winner and the nation he represented each time a foreign flag was unfurled on the victory mast.

WORLD'S and Olympic Games' records were broken by the score, yet that fact paled into insignificance as you watched a virtually unknown Japanese boy, with what might have been his dying breath, drag himself across the finish line of the marathon race, in eighth or tenth place—place did not matter—and then be rushed off to a hospital for emergency treatment.

No dramatist could have painted a scene more vivid than when the bronzed lad from the Argentine, Zabala, his last ounce of energy spent, literally hurled himself across the line, winner of the same marathon. Your throat felt parched, a band tugging tightly at it, when two of his

Spectators (reading clockwise from upper left):
Lily Damita as one of the audience.
Next, Marian Marsh, Harry Nasland and Jean Fenwick.
Next, Nancy Carroll and her husband.
Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker. Still friends and go around together.
Sid Bartlett and Alice White.

Participants: (Top) The finish of the 100 meter race. Tolan, U. S., first; Metcalfe, U. S., second; Jonath, Germany, and Simpson, U. S., third
Well, we seem to be good runners anyway.
(Middle row, left to right) Miller, U. S., winning pole vault at 14 feet 3 inches.
The wrestling bout.
(Lower) "Dutch" Smith, the high diving champion of the Olympics.

HOLLYWOOD OUTDID ITSELF IN ENTERTAINING THE OLYMPIC TEAMS

countrymen rushed from the stands, past police lines onto the field, carrying the Argentine flag, which they threw over the boy's shoulder, kissing him and hugging him.

No god of ancient Greece ever fought harder for his country than did these boys during the Olympic Games.

It mattered not that a man won or lost in these games. It did matter, however, that he fought to the very last drop of human endurance. During the entire track and field competition I did not see more than three men quit because they were hopelessly beaten. These boys did not know the meaning of the word quit. They gave their all, and not until that was gone were they beaten.

From the point of view of Hollywood, the games were a tremendous source of value. Not a day passed that did not see the stands containing every player of prominence who could possibly get away from the studio. The games

(Reading counter clockwise):
(First) Marlene Dietrich, Josef Von Sternberg, Cecil DeMille and several hundred "Sign of the Cross" extras welcoming the German Olympic contingent.
(Second) Clark Gable greeting the Japanese Equestrian Team.
(Third) Ernst Lubitsch, Jeanette MacDonald and Sari Maritza with the German team.
(Fourth) Anita Page with Sera Martin, of the French Olympic team.
(Fifth) Johnny Weissmuller and Helen Madison, American swimmer.
(Sixth) Will Rogers with the Olympic wrestling team.

were inspirational. From them should develop a number of great screen stories. They might not be about athletics, but they will contain the vivid impression of drama, of all the ingredients of literary fervor that ran rampant throughout this marvelous meet.

International amity could have been cemented in no better way. Except for one instance, there was not the slightest gesture of misunderstanding, or reflection on the sportsmanship of any man or woman competing in the games. Hundreds of foreign athletes, and newspaper correspondents, who had an opportunity of meeting the motion picture folk, of visiting the studios, and being visited in turn at their quarters in the Olympic Village, carried away with them a deep-rooted impression of American hospitality and cordiality. They took with them a better understanding, perhaps, of the fundamentals of

(Reading clockwise)
(First) Katherine Rawls diving at the party given in honor of the Olympians at the home of a Paramount executive.
(Second) Groucho Marx with Georgia Coleman, U. S. diving champion and Elinor Holm, U. S. backstroke champion.
(Third) Helene Madison, Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Fredric March and Edward G. Robinson.
(Fourth) Katherine Rawls, Fredric March, Georgia Coleman, Josephine McKim, swimming champ, Mickey Riley, diving champ, Groucho Marx, Helene Madison and Chico Marx. All the pictures on this page were taken at the home of Mel A. Shauer and Lorenz Hart.

HOLLYWOOD SAID: "IF HE'S AN OLYMPIC ENTRANT, HE'S THE BEST GUY IN TOWN"

picture making, of the vicissitudes of production.

It was an extreme pleasure to everyone in Hollywood to have been of some service to our foreign visitors.

As anxious as the athletes and their countrymen were to see motion pictures and motion picture people, so were those of us in the picture business eager to shake their hand and wish them—all of them—the utmost success.

The athletes of every nation left behind them an indelible mark of friendship, and took with them a feeling which I am sure will go farther in the promotion of good will and in cementing the peoples of different nations and different races than all the governmental proctocols that could be issued.

Harold Lloyd

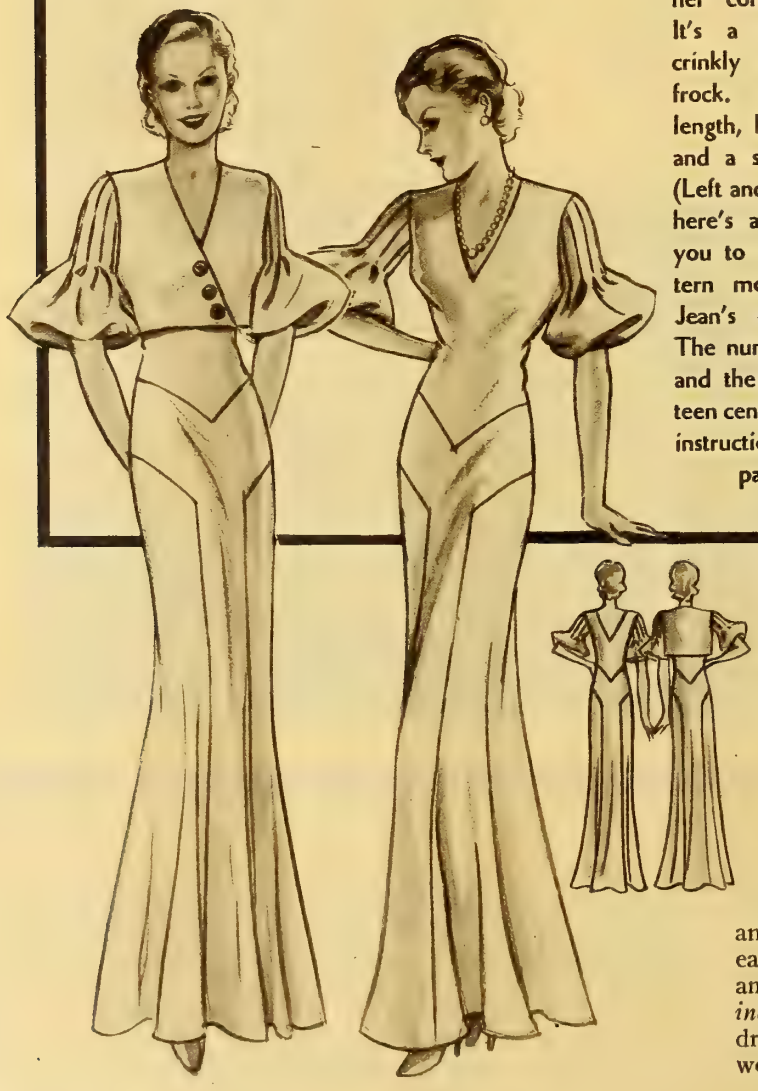
JEAN HARLOW'S WARDROBE

. . . and yours!

...How can Jean Harlow look so young and be so wise about clothes? You'll be amazed and delighted at the hints she gives. And don't forget our regular pattern page!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

(Right) Jean calls this her cornstalk dress. It's a maize-tinted crinkly crêpe dance frock. It is slipper length, has bias lines and a short bolero. (Left and below) And here's a pattern for you to order—a pattern modelled after Jean's dance frock. The number is 5081 and the price is fifteen cents. Follow the instructions given on page 61.



SHE may be the completely charming vamp *de luxe* of the screen but somebody really ought to erect a statue in the hall of fashion fame to Jean Harlow as the Girl Who Made the Bias Line Famous.

Jean, believe it or not, was wearing what Robert Montgomery refers to as "those um-um slinky clothes" while Paris was still advocating loose, flour-sack dresses. She is the most independent-minded girl I have ever met, especially where style is concerned. She knows what looks well on Jean Harlow and she sticks to it—more power to her! She learned early that if she wanted to blossom out as an individual among the millions of women she had to *dress as an individual.* She was born with a flair for drama. She dresses more dramatically than any other star in Hollywood. Adrian, M-G-M's fashion creator, told me: "Even

(Left) Jean departed from her usual custom of wearing only black and white for evening and bought that devastating icy-green satin formal gown. The shirred bodice front is both very fashionable and very becoming. (Right) The back view. The wide shoulder straps (they're called bretelles) execute a loop-the-loop in the center of the Harlow back and fasten at the waistline with jewelled buckles. (Above) That small dark hat of Jean's is black stitched velvet.

Jean's clothes show emotions. They live and breathe with her." Which, after all, is the highest compliment a noted dress designer can pay a woman.

Now, mind you, I'm not intimating that all of us should follow the Harlow style. As a matter of fact, very few of us can. What looks outstandingly smart on her would make me, for instance, look as if I were striking a pose. Jean's favorite dinner dress is one she calls a "nun's frock." It's long and black with a white top having a boat-shaped neckline and she wears a large ebony cross with it. Fancy any rollicking sports girl or merry-eyed minx in an outfit like that!

BUT there are a great many things about Jean's wardrobe that will prove of benefit to every woman in choosing clothes. Notice the utter simplicity of these gowns in which she's pictured. Not a frill among them. "I'd rather have a few dresses of very fine material than a whole closetfull of fussy, cheap-looking things," Jean summed up her style creed. "At the most, I buy but six costumes a season—usually two black crêpe street frocks, a dinner and a restaurant dress and two evening gowns. My wardrobe is never a large one. I didn't even buy a wedding trousseau. For one thing, I didn't have the time and for another I was satisfied with what I had. I find you don't tire of anything that is lovely in quality and line. It saves you money in the long run to get a good dress of which you're always proud and use it for two or three years. I'm not a bit ashamed to say that most of the things hanging here now are several years old." Which reminded me immediately of a very amusing incident that occurred at a première Jean attended last winter. She had on an exquisite satin gown, an original Vionnet model. Another movie celebrity, noted

(Above) Remember when hatter's plush was so popular a few years ago? Well, it's back in favor again. Jean has such a hat in white with the new inch and a half brim. She wears it at a decided tilt, no matter what fashion rules, because it's becoming that way. (Right) Jean's "everyday" fur coat. Jap ermine, edged with beaver clear down the front and at the ends of the full sleeves. Beaver forms the belt, too.

for never wearing the same dress twice, came barging up and exclaimed sweetly, "Oh, darling, I've adored you in that dress all the times I've seen you in it for the past two years!" And Jean just as sweetly replied, "Yes, I like it, too. That's why I keep on wearing it."

Now that the Vionnet model is showing definite signs of wear, she is having a duplicate made of it. She frequently does that with a well-liked dress. "I can do it because there's really only one type of evening dress I cling to," she remarked. A slight misstatement, if you'll pardon us. The evening dress clings to Jean. Clings beautifully, so that you don't wonder at long-legged, lithe young girls the world over going in for the present anatomical silhouette. When this vogue is followed to its source, it undoubtedly will be found that Miss Harlow had as much to do as anyone in freeing women from unnecessary folds and flounces. Even the great Garbo succumbed to the rage for spun-silver hair that Jean started. She has had an undeniably strong influence on fashions, this twenty-one-year-old platinum blonde with

(Left) Ah—there's Jean's best color combination—black and white! Ermine and seal are artfully combined to make this ultra-smart coat. (Above) Jean buys her clothes wisely, well—and sparingly. That large black antelope hat, you see, gives a dressed-up air to a black and white street costume. The little stitched velvet hat on page 57 can be worn with the same costume. Like the perky bow on this hat?

the lovely blue eyes. And this is what she has to say about the bias-cut gowns she popularized: "They require more poise than any other kind of formal dress. You can't slouch in them—or walk heavily in an ungainly manner. If you do they become a travesty of fashion. Something terribly un-smart. You have to hold yourself up and carry your head high to give them the right line. Sixty-inch satin is a favorite for these dresses because it lends itself to an unbroken line in cutting, doing away with seams, from bust to hemline."

THE white angelskin satin dinner dress you see Jean wearing on page 60 is one her delightful mother, Mrs. Bello, picked up for her in an exclusive shop not long ago at less than half its original price! It has the V-neckline she prefers above all others, that intriguing slinky look, and the short sleeves are banded with sable. And please notice, my dears—not a jewel anywhere! She never wears any with her gowns in the evening, believing that a dress of fine material should be permitted to stand

(Right) "How in the world," you ask, "can that Harlow girl get her gowns to fit so smoothly?" Well, one of the answers is sixty-inch wide material. It permits the gown to be cut almost all-of-a-piece, as that white angelskin satin one is—at least, down as far as the knees, where it begins to flare a bit. Very plain is this dinner dress, banded with sable just above the elbow. Nary an ornament does Jean wear with it. (Below) Jean favors simple negligées. She doesn't care for lace. The only trimming on that pale pink georgette wrap is the ruching on the wide sleeves.

Photographs in this feature by Clarence Sinclair Bull, courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

(Above) Jean wouldn't buy an ermine evening wrap for a long time because she thought them extravagant. But she can wear that three-quarter, blue-fox trimmed coat with so many gowns that she feels her purchase was justified. (Left) The very tricky little ostrich turban, bedecked with a black lace veil, and the little white kidskin military cape with the silver fox banding are two of the newest additions to Jean's wardrobe.

out by itself. The wrap she selects to go with it is white kidskin—a novel affair of rather military tendencies. (See above.) See the way the cape is swung from the shoulder in guardsman style. This effect is attained through the banding of silver fox which also creates the round collar. It's one of the latest models to catch the fancy of the fashion world. Kid, you know, is predominant among the flat furs for fall and of course fox is back on its pinnacle of glory. So bring out your old fox scarf, let the cleaner put it through a rejuvenation process, and wear it in a circular manner with a goodly air of dash.

Jean tops this costume with the cleverest little hat imaginable. It's a white ostrich turban—yes, indeed, *ostrich*—and there's a black cobwebby lace veil over it. One of the very few pieces of lace Jean has ever been known to wear. For some obscure reason she doesn't like it on herself, won't even have it on her French voile underwear. Personally, I think this is a left-over notion from her 'teens when she was deathly afraid that lace would make an ingenue out of her. Anyway, it supplies a softening touch to the hat—and can't you just see Jean attending a formal dinner in this outfit? A stunning picture.

For the first time since she was seventeen she departed from white or black for evening when she purchased the icy-green satin gown shown on (*Continued on page 111*)

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS
for fall and winter

These patterns are exclusively made for this magazine. You'll find them delightfully simple to follow

5032

5047

5076
5069

5043

5027

To order patterns: enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered, with size and number of desired pattern. Be sure to give full name and address. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Safe delivery is guaranteed

5032—Coat with inserted side sections slightly fitted at waistline. Dart-fitted collar and one-piece sleeves. Sizes 14 to 44.

5047—Wool dress with the popular square neck. Circular sections are diagonally inserted at the sides. Sizes 14 to 42.

5027—A most flattering afternoon frock. Satin would be lovely. The sleeves can be long or short. Sizes 14 to 42.

5076—Unlined jacket finished with applied bands. 5069—Frock with short sleeves, slightly circular skirt. Sizes (jacket) 14 to 46; (frock) 14 to 42.

5043—Tabs trimmed with pleating finish the neckline. Left side closing. Sleeves may be short or long. Sizes 14 to 42.

What I know about

. . . No one is better qualified than Ann's mother to tell you the inside story of Ann's rise to fame, her romance—and the recent contract turmoil

By ANN LEHR,
her friend and mother,
as told to
WALTER RAMSEY

THE moment it became definite that Ann was set on a motion picture career, I found I had to make an unhappy choice between my husband . . . and my daughter. Her stepfather was dead set against Ann's becoming an actress. Ann was equally determined to continue with her "career" which was no farther advanced, at this time, than extra work. The upshot of the frequent family quarrels was that Ann and I moved to a separate establishment. My husband and I were estranged for several years.

Ann's mild success as a chorus girl in "The Hollywood Revue" out at M-G-M had inspired her with the ambition to become a dancer as well as an actress. Certainly no girl in the line-up worked as hard as did Ann Dvorak to master the dance routines; and in time she became a mildly celebrated figure on that lot as "the girl who worked so hard." (Have I forgotten to mention that Ann had assumed the name of one of the branches of my family, Dvorak, for her career? Her real name of McKim had been dropped by the wayside along with her long black braids, her blue serge skirts and shirt waists, which she correctly termed frumpy.)

ANN DVORAK

(Opposite page, lower) Ann and Leslie Fenton as they arrived in New York on their famous recent trip. (Opposite page, upper) With Clark Gable—when they were both pretty unknown. (On this page, above) Ann as she looked some years ago—before she had learnt to study "style"—a trick she got from Joan Crawford, incidentally. (Right) As she is today. See the difference in the two Ann Dvoraks?

About that time Joan Crawford fell into the habit of dropping over to the "revue" set to watch the chorus practice. Perhaps she had been told that there was a dancer on the lot who looked a little like her. Anyway, she talked to Ann, who was naturally flattered by this recognition.

"JOAN told me she could see that I was working very hard," Ann later related. "She said: 'Don't ever stop working hard. I think you have something. Hard work is all that counts.' "

After a fashion Joan and Ann became quite friendly. Joan was very sweet about suggesting Ann for small rôles that came up in her pictures, but the star's influence didn't help much in furthering Ann's career. One director, I remember, objected to Ann in one of the Crawford pictures because he saw a similarity between the two girls.

Ann was quite delighted, rather than discouraged, at this directorial edict. For several weeks I suspected her of attempting to look as much like Joan Crawford as possible. It seemed to me that she was even beginning to talk like Joan. Her clothes were selected with an eye toward a "Crawford flare" and I must say that Ann's style sense seemed to improve. During this marked Crawford influence she began to think more and more of her figure and carriage. In the next two months the change in my tall, ungainly Ann was quite remarkable.

In spite of the fact that her appearance had improved considerably, nothing to further her ambitions seemed to occur. When she was made dance assistant in charge of teaching new choruses step routines I began to think that she might never appear before the camera again. At the end of six weeks, with the waning in the fad of musical movies, she decided to give up dancing and go into some other line of studio work. Ann asked for a job as a script girl but there was no position open.

One day, Ann, in a very blue and discouraged frame of mind was crossing the lot when someone stopped her, introducing her to a newcomer who was beginning to click, Karen Morley. The two girls became the best of friends from that first meeting.

KAREN invited Ann to lunch with her after which, in Karen's dressing room, they talked for hours about Ann's chances. Ann had almost reached the point where she was about ready to turn to another line of work . . . her professional dancing, or back to an attempt to write again. But Karen would protest: "Please don't.

(Starting at the right and reading counter-clockwise). 1. With Richard Cromwell in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." 2. With James Cagney in "The Roar of the Crowd." 3. Opposite Paul Muni in "Scarface." 4. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Lee Tracy in "Love is a Racket." 5. With David Manners in "The Crooner." 6. With Warren William in "Three On a Match." 7. As she looked in the chorus of "The Hollywood Revue." Quaint? Marion Davies, Joan Crawford and George K. Arthur in the front row.

You know, it's a funny feeling I have about you, Ann. I just have a hunch that you are going to click . . . and click big. And I'm usually right about my hunches."

It is with absolute truthfulness that I say, if it hadn't been for the constant, almost dogged, encouragement of Karen Morley during the following several months, Ann would have left the movies. She was delighted at the opportunities that were flowing to her friend Karen, and shared them vicariously, but she never seemed to expect that such a break might come her way.

When Karen was signed for "Scarface," according to Ann's glowing reports . . . "the best rôle of her career" . . . my daughter told me: "It's a wonderful break for Karen. She's going to be awfully busy from now on. I suppose I won't see her so much and I'll have the opportunity to get out and look for something else for myself. When I'm around her she just won't let me think of trying anything but the screen."

I think Ann must have become something of a "perseverance complex" with Karen. Karen had a hunch, and she was determined to see it through. One afternoon when Ann was curled up in a chair in the apartment reading, we had a wild telephone call from Karen, urging Ann to come to the Metropolitan studios immediately: "There's a part in this picture that was just made to order for you, Ann," she spoke excitedly. "I just know this is the break we have been waiting for."

This was how Ann happened to be interviewed by Howard Hughes about the rôle of the gangster's sister, Cesca, in the much censored picture, "Scarface."

Two hours later I had a telephone call to the effect that Karen's psychic hunch had finally achieved manifestation. I wonder just how many events are dependent on somebody's steeled determination to make them happen?

KAREN and Ann returned to our apartment that night breathless with excitement, ambitions, plans . . . dreams. Until the small hours of the morning they talked over the details of the character Cesca which Ann was to play, her costuming and her general behavior. It was mutually agreed that it was a very flashy part and if the picture was any part of a success, Ann would be practically set.

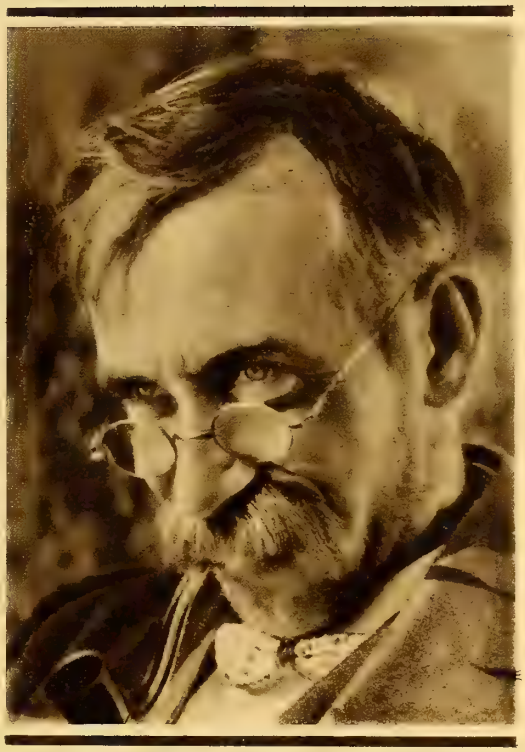
Howard Hughes, the youthful producer, had made an instant hit with Ann by overruling a skeptical press agent who wanted to change her name from Dvorak to something less "goofy." But Mr. Hughes, who apparently knows his movies, vetoed the suggestion. "It is a funny name," he agreed. "But it does stick in your memory. I think we'll keep your name, Ann."

The picture which was almost a year in the making went into production a week after Ann was signed for the part. From the first moment she stepped into the studio we actually lived vicariously the exploits of Paul Muni, Karen, George Raft and, of course, Ann's Cesca. I think all the people connected with the picture became characters to Ann, and I am sure it was something of a shock when Howard Hughes, extended an invitation to Ann, *the girl,* to be his dinner guest at the Coconut Grove one evening. *(Continued on page 103)*

EXPOSING ANDY CLYDE

WHICH WOULD YOU MARRY?

At the right we present Andy Clyde as you know him on the screen. On the left we present Andy Clyde as he looks in private life. You'd never recognize him at a première—or even walking down Hollywood Boulevard. When it comes to seeking privacy, Andy Clyde and Garbo have much in common.



. . . Surprised isn't the word for what you'll be when you learn what sort of a chap Andy Clyde really is. Absolutely different from what you'd expect

By FRANC DILLON

ANDY CLYDE wants to get married!

Now don't all you fair, fat and forty girls start primping and setting your caps for him, because Andy doesn't believe in marrying a woman older than himself.

Yes, you heard right the first time—"older than himself." Undoubtedly everyone outside the small circle of his friends and professional associates thinks Andy is somewhere near the age of Pop Martin, the character for which he is famous. A real "Specialist" type. Nothing could be further from the truth—by many, many years.

As a matter of fact—and there's a picture on this page to prove it—Andy is young and handsome, or handsomely young, if you prefer it that way. And, speaking of marriage, as we were above, it might not also be amiss to mention the fact that he has a lot of that commodity which it takes to keep the wolf away—money, if we must use the sordid word.

Now, Andy is pretty well known as an actor. Why is it that none of you fans ever had any idea of him except as an amusing, oldish character comedian? You know practically all there is to know about every actor and actress in Hollywood who means anything at all at the box office—always excepting Garbo, of course.

Andy, however, is perhaps the one example in Hollywood of an actor who has honestly and sincerely kept himself out of the limelight—again excepting Garbo. He has never had his private life publicized. In fact, he likes to be Pop Martin on the screen because his make-up allows him to have a private life, a luxury not sought after by many stars. In a profession dependent upon self-exploitation, Andy chooses to live quietly, almost obscurely.

No one, except his friends, ever recognizes Andy without his make-up. He can walk up and down Hollywood Boulevard, play golf at any country club, attend a première (which he does seldom), or dine at any popular eating place without being asked once for his autograph, although the thousands of fan letters he receives each month attest to his popularity on the screen.

An important New York critic was introduced to Andy one day in a café. The critic heard only the "Sennett Studio" part of the introduction. *(Continued on page 106)*

WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE...?

With Jack Oakie in "Once in a Lifetime." One of the big important Universal productions for the year, little Sidney is lucky to have a part in it. But—she's earned it.

When Sidney was little more than a child, she decided that there were two important things in life—work and love. She made up her mind to know exactly where she was going in both of them.

By CURTIS MITCHELL

THE glory and glitter of this thing called love is like a searchlight. It blinds. So many women are in love with love. So many of them wait for it and then, when it comes, open their arms and let it take them without once looking beyond. And those women, when the radiance begins to fade, are left with . . . well, surely you have seen it happen.

There are two things, according to Sidney Fox, that every girl should know. One, until you know where you are going, don't take a job. Two, until you know where it will lead, don't fall in love.

There you have it, a formula for life. Does it sound cold and calculating? (Not if you know Sidney Fox. Not if you understand what it has done for her.

Incredibly, she has known where she was going since that gloomy day when, in pigtails and short skirts, she emerged from the wreck of her family fortune to take a job as errand girl in a New York hat store.

Oh, she didn't foresee a golden throne on the cinema

Many girls go through life accepting whatever comes along

Sidney Fox believes that it is foolish to fall in love until "you know where you are going." She thinks that many women meet heartbreak and disillusion because they love only with their hearts—forgetting that they have brains which should give them judgment. And she has an amazing remedy for this sad state of affairs.

Olympus or a following of a million ardent fans, but she did recognize the fundamental truth that no woman can ever stand still. Either she goes up—or she goes down.

Sidney chose to go up.

SHE is a wisp of a woman, this girl who now treads the paths of the mighty. With her share of human failings. For instance, the ticking of a clock in her bedroom turns her savage. When she reads, which is often, she curls up with a book on a big divan and presses the end of her nose quite flat with a finger. She hates shoes and won't wear them except when it is absolutely necessary. Crocheting is a passion and she would rather do it than eat.

Her figure is petite. The modeling of her face and the way she carries her head is something one never forgets.

And her walk, her thrilling, exhilarating walk. Why can't the camera catch it? It doesn't, you know. Not a bit of it. Somehow, it misses all the *joie de vivre* in her stride and that marvelous economy of movement that sets her apart. Without being catlike, it *is* catlike. No woman in Hollywood can cross a room with so little fuss. Of course, there isn't much of her—only a hundred pounds—but that doesn't explain it. Some day, a smart cameraman will catch it and then you'll see for yourself.

Sidney was in her middle 'teens when she discovered that life should—and could—be harnessed. She looked around her and saw what hasty decisions and unformed judgments were doing to her friends. And she said to herself:

"There must be something that is finer and grander than this. I want it. And the mistakes I make will not be *those* mistakes."

Today, we see her daintiness and wonder how it survived the struggle of those other years. And don't you forget that there was a struggle. She has known the grimy labor of standing over a machine in a New Jersey silk mill and the drudgery of a ten-hour job followed by night school. She has suffered *(Continued on page 102)*

Sidney Fox didn't. And look where she is this very minute

LET'S TALK ABOUT

Hollywood Newspictures

Come now, Daddy wants to give ums ickle boy a dreat bid present. And so Daddy does and junior is all agog. Do you think Skeet Gallagher's son looks anything like Skeet? Young Master Gallagher seems just a mite camera shy.

HOLLYWOOD really ought to be ashamed of itself! Breaking up happy marriages the way it does. One of the cruelest reactionary quirks of this thing called fame is the sudden death of the marriage of Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbé Arnst.

Ever since the swimming champion's hurdle to screen success in "Tarzan," Hollywood has been surmising about this couple. Johnny was just too attractive a fellow not to have a great many girls flattering him. Despite the widespread feminine interest in him, for a while it seemed as if his marriage would weather it. Bobbé Arnst accused Hollywood of trying to break up her home; she's been fighting off the thing that actually happened for several months.

Just a few days before Johnny returned to Hollywood from his personal appearance tour, Bobbé was talking enthusiastically about his homecoming . . . how glad she was that they'd be together again. Then the bomb fell, for Johnny hadn't been back more than a couple of days when he asked her to obtain a divorce from him in a Mexican court. Bobbé was so heartbroken and amazed by this request that she was on the point of acquiescing, before her attorney advised against it. Either Johnny will sue for the divorce himself, or a property settlement will be effected, after which Bobbé will start suit.

The only girl's name to be linked with Johnny's is Lupe Velez. Several of the swimmer-actor's friends believe that Johnny is terribly in love with the Mexican heartbreaker. Lupe says that there is no romance between them.

After years of fighting his way back to the silver screen, the first day's work proved too much for "Fatty" Arbuckle. When he got back in front of the cameras, "Fatty" was so happy at being again at work that he broke down and cried. Said it was the first time he'd been able to relax in twelve long years.

Good luck, "Fatty," old boy.

(Above) Maurice Chevalier greets Marie Dressler when Marie recently paid a visit to the Paramount lot. Bet you never saw a picture of these two stars together before. (Right, upper) Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin. They're chatting with the captain of the City of Los Angeles. (Right, lower) John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce. Ah, there, newlyweds! Incidentally, how about a honeymoon? It's about time, what?

Hollywood Newspictures

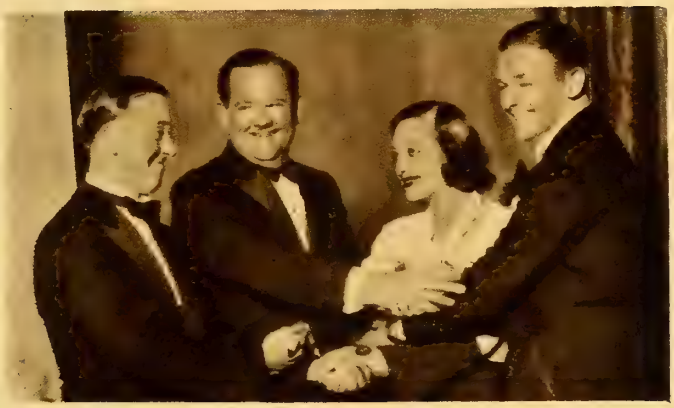
Hollywood Newspictures

WHILE Lupe Velez is busy denying any romantic connection between herself and Johnny Weissmuller, she's being seen dining with Winfield Sheehan, king of the Fox lot.

This Velez-Sheehan two-some had Hollywood guessing several months ago . . . with the executive showering your favorite Mexican actress with costly gifts. Then it was cool as a Constance Bennett stare. But the fires evidently haven't burned all the way out, and the romance may blossom into something more definite this time.

All about the Weissmuller marriage bust. Arbuckle breaks down first day

HOLLYWOOD



Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy had never met Joan Crawford who works on the same lot! So, when Joan and hubby Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., happened to be in London at the same time as Laurel and Hardy introductions were in order.

W. Albert Martin Studio

(Above) Tom Brown and his police dog taking a walk in the grounds of the Universal studios. Did you see him in "Tom Brown of Culver"? (Left, upper) Douglas Montgomery (Kent Douglass to you) as he looked when he appeared as Peer Gynt in a special Olympic games attraction at the Pasadena Theatre. (Left, lower) Gene Gerrard, a newcomer to talkies. You'll be seeing him in "Radio Romeo."

WORKERS on "The Conquerors" are marveling at Director William Wellman. He's about the only director brave enough to boss Ann Harding around—and she seems to like it, for there've been no signs of temperamental rebellion as yet. Wellman acquired his brusque, commanding manner during the War—and what's a mere film star as compared with a company of hard-as-nails soldiers?

Nils Asther and Gwili Andre—nice talkie team what? They'll do "Secrets of the French Police" for Radio.

ZEPPO MARX was bedridden for a couple of days, and one evening was visited by a friend. Wishing Zeppo a speedy recovery, the friend presented him with a beautifully done up package, remarking it was customary to give fruit and flowers to an ill friend!

Later when Zeppo opened the package he found a can of raspberries, and a small sack of flour!

A producer and a supervisor were arguing the other day. Exclaimed the producer: "I'm not saying a word . . . I'm just telling you what I think!"

ONE of Countess Frasso's very best friends, they'll tell you, is a rival for the affections of Mrs. Cooper's lanky boy, Gary.

Just recently the Countess has lost something like twenty pounds—and maybe the flesh melted from worrying about our friend Gary.

Columbia is combing Hollywood for a girl to play in "Virtue."

EVEN the old film town is having a tough time keeping up on the Estelle Taylor amours. Violinist Jan Rubini is definitely out, with Edmund Burns as his successor. Only a few days later Estelle turned her attentions to young Lyle Talbot, new screen heavy. She and Lyle appeared at a local night spot, and the master of ceremonies (who evidently hadn't been keeping up on the local columns) introduced Estelle's escort as Eddie Burns . . . asking the folks to give him a big hand!

And were a lot of pans pink!

Helene Costello continues to go places with John Barrymore Colt, son of Ethel. Helene has become very, very friendly with the Barrymores after her estrangement from them and her own sister, Dolores, during the time she was known as Mrs. Lowell Sherman.

Just who is Estelle's present interest? Such fruit and flowers for Zeppo

IN DAYS GONE BY

There were four famous people in this picture when it was taken some years ago, but only three were recognized. Helen Hayes, Peggy Wood and William Boyd were all mentioned. The fellow standing at the back wasn't mentioned. Name is Gable.

Culver Service

A more immature Ann Harding than the charming one we know today. In the days when Ann was a leading light on the Broadway stage. Probably about the time she scored such a hit in "Tarnish."

Culver Service

(Left) Would you recognize this as the leading player in "Washington Masquerade"? L. Barrymore is the name.

Culver Service

(Right) Soulful young gentleman, isn't he? That was long before Carole Lombard came into his life. And long before he was an important movie star, too. W. P. are his initials.

. . . Here you are, you "turn-back-the-clockers"—have a good time with these pictures of the stars as they were then

Harold Seton Collection

Culver Service

Douglas Fairbanks, long, long before he became an indefatigable globe traveler. That's Joan Crawford's husband on his knee.

(Left) Back in the old days the photographers seemed to go in for the pensive mood constantly. Certainly we've never seen a picture of John Barrymore in which he appeared to be so shy.

(Right) You can't even guess who this is—and it really is, too. No, not Valeska Suratt. Neither is it Clara Kimball Young. As a matter of fact her present name is Mrs. Michael Farmer.

Culver Service

Richard Bennett (with full face to camera) Joan, Barbara and Constance Bennett with their nurse. In those days the Bennetts lived in Palisades, New Jersey, and their house was considered pretty swank, don't you know. The other man is a brother-in-law of Richard's. That really is an automobile they're sitting in.

(Right) This rather curiously dressed woman about to enter the stage door of a Broadway theatre is now known as the first lady of the screen. Ha there, Ruth. (Below) And this little person, boys and girlies, shown modelling a chinchilla coat, is actually Lilyan Tashman. That was before she had an English accent.

Culver Service

Harold Seton Collection

(Below) Know the big chap who so often plays the heavy lead or else the blustering comedian in Paramount pictures? Eugene Pallette is his name. Yes, that's he. The girl is Vivian Martin.

(Right) An actual advertisement clipped from a famous magazine. 1920 was the year of issue and the ad was for a famous maker of pearls. The amusing part is that the gentleman happens to be Neil Hamilton.

Harold Seton Collection

Culver Service

Maybe you've read how Buster Keaton has been on the stage all his life. Well, this (below) is the way he looked when he was a tiny kid, trouping in variety. (Left) Ah, some drama here. A very noble and historic pose, we'd say. Well, well, how Marie Dressler has changed.

Harold Seton Collection

(Below) Whoever would have thought that this little sprite (she does look sort of sprity) would grow up to be one of the most sophisticated women of the day. Greetings, Tallulah.

Culver Service

Culver Service

(Left) Of course you've heard how Wally Beery—yeah, Wally Beery we said—was once a female impersonator? Well, here's the proof. The camera doesn't lie, you know and that really is Wally, dressed in character.

THE LURE OF

By ALICE WILLIAMSON

MARY MOORE—from a little town in the Middle West—had always been a thorough-going movie fan and when an uncle died and left her a small legacy she decided to spend it on a trip to gorgeous Hollywood.

Through a series of lucky breaks—which happen very seldom—she was able to really become acquainted with the stars. And her escort was a handsome boy called Dick Garth—a stunt flying man who was just as virile as he was handsome. As we meet them they're about to start out for the Edmund Lowe's beach cottage at Malibu—and new adventures.

WHEN Dick Garth called for Mary next day at the Roosevelt Hotel, nobody would have dreamed that she was a girl who ought to have sought the cheapest room in Hollywood, instead of living like a young princess. She had been wickedly extravagant and bought another new dress—a soft, white silk, with a short coat that she could wear by day and shed at night. Her hat matched, if you could call it a hat; and as the girl knew that her shining, natural blond hair was her one great beauty, she didn't mind the idea of wearing even the ridiculous little beret that it was at Mrs. Lasky's that night.

It was a delightful drive from Hollywood through beautiful Santa Monica, on and on along the sea to Malibu Beach. On their way, Dick pointed out what was once Clara Bow's cottage and then those of many other celebrities in a delicious little group along the shore when they had come to real Malibu. Then Mary saw a red fence, "an absolute *duck* of a red fence," as she exclaimed to Garth. It was the fence of Lilyan Tashman's and Edmund Lowe's house.

The house was white, with a red roof, and there was a hint of red in the window frames. What delighted Mary Moore was the white broken paving stones of the path, with streaks of red between. Cottage or bungalow; you could call it either, though it had two stories. The front door, set diagonally, was opened by a pretty young woman in a red and white dress which made her look like a gypsy ready to tell fortunes. The place really did look like a doll's house, but when Mary and Dick were ushered into the living room the doll's house

Illustrated by Jack Welch

HOLLYWOOD

. . . If this girl's adventures had been yours—wouldn't you be thrilled practically to death?

effect was lost. It was a large room, almost entirely white save for some lovely old chintz with red pastoral figures and scenes on it, and some beautiful old red early American glass girandoles on the white mantelpiece.

Lilyan was waiting for her guests, in red and white beach pajamas which suited her fair, rather bizarre beauty better than the obvious blue or green favored by most blondes.

"What about a swim?" their hostess asked; but Mary was too infatuated with the house to go outside until she had seen everything, although a tiny but perfect private beach, with red and white chairs, a red and white awning and a red and white fence shutting in its privacy, lured them. Looking through an immense window with red and white curtains, the effect of a clear blue sky, a sea of jade and sapphire, and a carpet of white sand splashed with gold, was like a picture by some modernistic genius.

NOT reluctantly, Miss Tashman displayed her possessions to the admiring visitors. Mary paused with rapture in the dining room which had early American furniture—all white—and quantities of the most exquisite and quaint old glass imaginable. There was a pair of clear glass clasped hands, so quaintly pretty that Mary could hardly be torn from staring at it.

"Billy Haines found me a few of these things," said Lilyan. "He is the most wonderful person at picking up treasures which no one else can find. How do you like my window curtains here at the back? They're made out of a white quilt. Maybe a hundred and fifty years old."

Mary loved them. She loved everything; perhaps more than all, Miss Tashman's beautiful big bedroom facing the sea, whose huge window could be shaded by white Venetian shades. Her little dressing room, or *cabinet de toilette,* off the bedroom, had the most exquisite and dainty fittings, all red and white, as had Edmund Lowe's more masculine-looking bedroom which adjoined. There were many baths and bedrooms for guests, too, one of the suites being unexpectedly placed on the ground floor. As for the neat red and white kitchen, it made Mary almost wish she were Miss Tashman's cook!

"That's E. H. Griffith, the director," Dick said, "and he's looking at you!"

By the time they had seen and lingered over all the dainty red and white appointments of the cottage, it was after five o'clock, and Miss Tashman insisted that they must have that swim. Mary was given a smart red bathing suit and a red and white room to put it on in.

"I don't know how to swim very well," she confessed.

"I expect Dick Garth will look after you," said Lilyan. "He's good enough to be a lifeguard."

Edmund Lowe now appeared and he and Dick looked like two bronze statues in their bathing suits.

Mary swam out rather far and got panicky and called to Dick. He stayed by her, helping her to recover her nerve and breath. It was wonderful to be held up by Dick—the touch of his hand thrilled her deliciously. She began to be afraid she was falling a little in love with him. And that wouldn't do at all. She didn't want the enjoyment of her trip upset by an emotional entanglement which was silly to contemplate, really.

AFTER they had finished swimming and were dressed again and Lilyan and Edmund were off to their dinner party, Lilyan said to Mary:

"We shall be dressed, all ready for the Lasky party and you and Dick, after you have rested and had a picnic dinner here at the cottage. had better join us there, about nine. We're invited for half-past seven, but no one will turn up till nine," she laughed. "You are quite all right in that pretty little silk frock, child. But I've had a thought! There will be a lot of directors dropping in. I'm rather impressed by that natural gold hair of yours, and some of them may be, too; who knows? If you look your best you may be noticed and considered a 'find.' Such things happen. In fact, they are happening all the time, and happened to me when I first began. How would you like me to lend you a little silver evening frock, with bouquets of rosebuds embroidered on it? It would suit you and I'm sure it would fit. You won't have time to go back to Hollywood. The whole thing is rather sweet! Will you please me by borrowing it?"

Mary was thrilled and overflowing with thanks.

She thought that she had never had quite as much fun in her life as the dinner alone with Dick Garth in that red and white room. Lilyan had said it would be "just a picnic meal" but it proved to be a delicious feast.

Mary had dressed for it in the filmy wisp that Lilyan had lent her for the party, making up a parcel of her own things which Dick would carry home for her in his car. Miss Tashman's gown, shoes, and so forth, were to be taken by Dick to the Paramount Studio for their owner next day and Garth said that Mary might go with him if she wanted to and "if she had nothing better to do." He could get her into the studio and had friends there who would perhaps let her watch the work on some sound stage.

"As if I *could* have anything better to do!" she exclaimed. But the girl had no prophetic soul to whisper of certain things destined to happen at Mrs. Lasky's party.

"Mr. Garth is your lover. You are engaged to him. Say what you'd think you'd say," the director who was making the test said. Mary's heart thumped... Engaged to Dick Garth! If only—

AT precisely nine o'clock Dick stopped his car near the Lasky's gate and parked it. The house was not far from Marion Davies' enormous place. The Lasky's summer home, however, did not in the least resemble Marion's palatial home. It was more like a dream bungalow. They entered at a high gate and walked along a narrow path of broken paving stones trimmed with grass and moss which led to the lawn and so to the house itself. The garden was faintly illuminated by a soft blue radiance, and strains of music came to their ears. The blue light seemed to rise with the spray of a charming fountain whose rim was surrounded with violets and roses.

Every door and window was wide open. They both walked in boldly at the front, as no one was there to admit them formally. Just inside the hall, however, a servant appeared and took Mary's cloak, or rather, the summer ermine lent by Miss Tashman.

"What do we do now?" whispered Mary, almost clinging to Dick when they had given their names. "Isn't it *awful?* You say that even you aren't acquainted with the Laskys, really, and they'll have no idea who I am. I could sink through the floor. I wish I hadn't come."

"Nonsense!" Dick cheered her. "You don't know Hollywood yet! You'll be welcomed as if you were an old friend."

HE took the girl by the arm and marched her by his side into a beautiful large room that opened onto a terrace, a beach and the sea. There was no grandness here, as at Marion Davies' palace, a short distance away, yet Mary saw that after its fashion, everything in the house might have been almost equally expensive. Mrs. Lasky "went in" for early American furniture and each piece, though simple looking, could easily have cost a small fortune. Mrs. Lasky herself came forward to greet the two, looking so like a young girl that Mary thought it couldn't be true (as she'd heard) that Bessie Lasky had a son of nineteen. She was extremely pretty in a piquant way, with brilliant brown eyes and beautifully waved brown hair. Just behind her were Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, talking to Mr. Lasky, a fair, pleasant-faced man, young-looking, too. Gary Cooper had come, so Dick Garth was at ease, as his invitation had been received through Cooper; and Mary Moore was thrilled, for Gary was her favorite man star. He was surrounded by a group of four or five people—girls and men. He was answering questions about his African hunting trip.

He and Lilyan came forward to introduce the protégées properly to the host and hostess of the evening. Mary recognized handsome Fredric March from his photographs. That sweet, impish little thing with the great eyes and dark copper hair must be *(Continued on page 114)*

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

We honor Katherine Hepburn and John Barrymore for their brilliance in "Bill of Divorcement."

Photograph by John Miehle

We honor Joan Crawford for the most brilliant work of her brilliant career in "Rain."

Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

We honor Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper for the poignant portrayals they give in "Farewell to Arms."

BEHIND THE SCENES OF

By WALTER RAMSEY

HOLLYWOOD is all excited! Three of the biggest pictures of the year are in production at the same time. Over at M-G-M, where they are rather used to huge productions, the entire studio is alive with talk about: ". . . imagine the three Barrymores in the *same* picture!" At RKO even the girls who wait table in the studio café are anxiously watching the outcome of the murder mystery, "The Phantom of Crestwood." All the while, however, Paramount is beating the studio world to the draw by making the first all-star radio picture, "The Big Broadcast."

The fact that the *entire* "Royal Family" is to appear in the same play for the first time *is* exciting. "Rasputin" will mark the Barrymores initial opportunity to be together in the same production. Ethel was heard to say: "This is the one thing I have waited for all these years . . . never before have we had the chance . . . this is to be an historical document for the stage as well as the screen . . ."

And has the M-G-M studio ever planned for a picture with such infinite and costly care? We think not. They have used the actual "Gold Book" of Russia in designing the sets and creating the uniforms and gowns to be worn. The throne room and the Cathedral have been reproduced in exact replica . . . even to the mammoth murals on the walls. The gowns worn by Ethel Barrymore (as the Czarina) together with those of her court ladies required more than two thousand yards of gold cloth! A famous jeweler reproduced the crown jewels.

But the most interesting part of the whole inside story of "Rasputin" is the fact that Ethel and John are not

"The Phantom of Crestwood" at RKO is getting a load of attention because it's the only mystery story which has ever been filmed without the cast knowing the ending. It's on account of the RKO contest. The cast (above) includes Robert McWade, Anita Louise, Ricardo Cortez, Karen Morley, Skeet Gallagher, Mary Duncan, H. B. Warner, Aileen Pringle, Pauline Frederick, and Matty Kemp.

Big things are doing in Hollywood at the moment

THE BIG PRODUCTIONS

Harold Seton Collection

Over at M-G-M the studio is all of a dither because the three Barrymores are playing in "Rasputin." Above (center picture) you'll find John and Ethel Barrymore talking with Diana Winyard. At top of page, Lionel, John, Ethel and Tad Alexander in a scene from the picture. The small picture is the Czarina of Russia—the part played by Ethel Barrymore. They bore a marked resemblance, incidentally.

creating fictional characters . . . *they are re-creating old friends!* Ethel met the former Czarina when they both attended the funeral of the Queen Alexandra. They were drawn into close friendship by the fact that they bore a startling resemblance to one another. Through this friendship, Ethel Barrymore learned the inside story of the death of Rasputin. She can tell you who the murderer actually was. You might be surprised at his name. It is not the name carried in the history books.

John Barrymore met Prince Youssapoff in Paris a few years ago. They became great friends. Today John is in the process of bringing the character of the Prince to the screen. Of course, Lionel has never seen Rasputin, the man he is to portray. He realizes, however, that everyone who sees the picture will remember *his* "Rasputin" as the *real* Rasputin as long as they live. He has studied long hours to make this historical character as real as those played by his brother and sister.

On the huge sets that have been constructed for the picture, one may always find John and Ethel—joking and having a fine time. Never once does one overhear them talking of the picture they are making. Generally they gather with the old stage players on the picture and talk over the old days on the stage in New York. Lionel is never on the set unless he is actually working in the scene. But one can always find him . . . in his second-floor dressing room working on his etchings! The day I journeyed up the steps to say "Hello," Lionel was almost beside himself with joy . . . he had just received his first check for some etchings from a New York art dealer: $65.00!

The new crop of pictures are big-time knockouts

The excitement over at the Paramount lot centers around the production of "The Big Broadcast." At the left is George Burns, Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams and Bing Crosby in a scene from the production. Lower left you'll discover George Burns and Grace Allen. Lower right we present the Boswell Sisters. All these are in the picture. There is some interesting dope about this picture for you to learn in this story.

RKO Studio is all of a dither, too. The reason is "The Phantom of Crestwood." It is the first mystery picture ever made in Hollywood *without even the cast knowing who committed the murder!* The scenario that has been handed to the seventeen actors actually ends before the solution is reached. Only the author and the head of the studio know the answer. You may have guessed the reason:

"The Phantom of Crestwood" is to be broadcast over the air and the radio audience will have the opportunity to write its own solution to the mystery for a large prize. Thus it is essential that the ending of the story be kept under lock and key! Ricardo Cortez, Pauline Frederick and Karen Morley . . . all playing parts in the picture and yet not one of them has the slightest idea who committed the murder—or, in fact, whether they *themselves* committed the crime!

A regular system of betting has been arranged . . . the new odds (changing as the picture develops) are posted on the stage board every day. By inquiring around, it was learned that the surprising total of almost five thousand dollars will change hands the day the solution scene is made. Everyone has a different idea . . . "I'll bet it was the detective" . . . "Why, it's a cinch that the mother did it" . . . that is what you would hear all day long on the set.

AND with all *that* going on, Paramount had to slip out and gather in all the biggest radio talent in the business and put them in a picture! Not that this same idea hasn't been thought of before, it *has* . . . but after weeks of trying to get them all together, the other studios have given up!

The huge difficulty about such a picture has always been the idea that many of the stars of the radio couldn't leave their work in New York. Paramount finally hit upon the idea of doing half of the picture in Hollywood and the rest in New York! Which may sound like an easy solution . . . but it isn't.

The story calls for Bing Crosby to walk *out* of the broadcasting room as Kate Smith walks *in*. Bing will have to make his exit in Hollywood and when you see Kate Smith enter the same room she will be doing it in New York!

Stuart Erwin will find it necessary to call the Mills Brothers into the room. On the screen you will see them walk right into the room. But the scene showing the Mills boys walking into the room will be taken three thousand miles away and about a month later!

AND, of course, you've heard of Burns & Allen? George and Gracie? According to the boys in Hollywood, they just about steal the show. Bing Crosby says so! And the Boswell Sisters! Who doesn't rave about their singing.

The Boswell Sisters will probably appear on the screen in the same scene with Bing Crosby . . . and when they do, you can turn to your boy friend and say: "When that scene was made Bing was standing about three thousand miles from the Boswell Sisters . . . how do you suppose they do it?"

We in Hollywood looked for (*Continued on page 100*)

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Hours at the Bridge Table . . . No time at all for her teeth and gums and she has "Pink Tooth Brush"!

LET her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But if she wants to be attractive when she smiles and talks, it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day exercising her *gums!*

People get a mighty good close-up of your teeth at the bridge table! How about *your* teeth and gums? If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish?—that it opens the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea?—that it endangers sound teeth?

Do this: Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those unhealthy gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, sends fresh blood speeding through the gums, and helps to firm them back to health.

Start in today with this Ipana régime. Your teeth will be *so* much whiter and brighter! And if you'll keep using Ipana with massage, you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-112
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

BETWEEN YOU and ME

Here's a department—all for you—to tell the editor of MODERN SCREEN your frank opinions about the talkies. And you'll enjoy reading other readers' letters, too

Dear Readers:

A number of you have written to me recently about various old favorites. Some of your letters indicate that you haven't been at all pleased with the type of picture which some of them have been making. Other letters indicate that you are not satisfied with their infrequent appearances in pictures. Looking over the new pictures, it occurs to me that this might be called "Old Favorites Month."

In the first place, I recently was privileged to see a preview of Marion Davies' "Blondie of the Follies." I had been very disappointed to see this very capable comedienne forced to waste her talents in such mediocre fare as "Polly of the Circus." Well, her new picture is something in the nature of a revelation. Despite a rather trite and unconvincing dénouement, "Blondie of the Follies" is one of the most interesting pictures in recent months. I hope you will write to me when you have seen it and tell me if you don't agree. Don't you find Marian is her old self again.

Harold Lloyd is another old favorite whose clean and hilarious fun appears all too infrequently. What do you think of "Movie Crazy?" Personally, I got a big kick out of it and hope that Harold's promise to make more pictures each year will be carried out.

Then there's Doug Fairbanks and his new "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." I haven't seen it myself but I have heard fine news about it.

If you have seen it, write and tell me what you think of it.

"Cabin in the Cotton" brings you Richard Barthelmess again. Here is an old favorite of whom we never tire. At least, I never do. His pictures are different; he never allows himself to act in a story which is trite and usual. "Cabin in the Cotton," I have been told, is no exception. And while we are on the subject, I am sure you agree with me that Mary Pickford's much delayed picture will be well worth waiting for. And then there's a rumor that Norma Talmadge and George Jessel are going to make a picture together.

The glamorous world of Hollywood would lose much of its dignity and interest if it weren't for the fine pictures made by the fine young "old favorites." Don't you agree?

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Some Folks Ain't Never Satisfied

R. D. K., of ST. JOHN, N. B., who says she has never written to a magazine before, has a somewhat strange criticism:

Why is there not more publication in screen magazines about Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler and Clark Gable—the stars fans like most to read about?

I hope you will answer my question soon as I am axious to know.

(Well, R. D. K., it seems to us that every issue of Modern Screen, and, indeed, every other fan publication, has a story on at least one of the players you mention; if not on all of them. However, we'll remember your request.)

It Seems that Dietrich Has Just About Everything

HOPE NAPOLI, of SAN JOSE, CAL., gets didactic about Marlene Dietrich:

You can have your Garbos, your Bennetts, your Crawfords and your Shearers, but I'll take Dietrich, Marlene Dietrich. Why? Because she has the glamor of Garbo, the charm of Bennett, the talent of Crawford, and the poise of Shearer. In other words she's my idea of not only an actress but a woman. Long live our Dietrich because there will never be another half as fair or half as talented.

(Maybe you're right, Hope, but you forgot to mention that Marlene has the legs of Thelma Todd.)

We Don't Agree with All of this, but It Sounds Well

K. W., of LOS ANGELES, CAL., says thus and so:

We go to the movies to forget monotony! Often though, we find monotony in repetition and duplication of effort. Platinum blondes galore, dressed alike, groomed alike, waves in their hair alike, smiling alike, and all more or less portraying the biological urge to pose and glance. We are most tired of the popeye Joan C., with her wiggle walk. Ruth Chatterton's sameness, Norma Shearer with her nervous giggle—always the same.

There are many we never tire of. Always, they stir us up and make us think that after all there are bigger things than the diatribes of our lives. Marie Dressler and her marvelous versatility! George Arliss, his great and unfailing artistry and knack of always selecting good plays. He surely knows what the public, old and young, likes. Greta Garbo and her apparent great depth of feeling! E. G. Robinson, Ronald Colman always dependable and never disappointing. Helen Hayes and some of the splendid artists in "Street Scene."

Please have them soft pedal the passion kisses. Stale stuff.

Let George Arliss pick plays for the individual artists and see them go box office!

Note in your magazine that Mary Pickford wants Clara Bow in her picture. Let Mary stand on her own laurels.

Clara Bow with those deep tragic eyes always reminds me of Sarah Bernhardt. Only she hasn't that deep, resonant, marvelous voice! Voice culture and the elimination of "Oh, yeah?" from Clara's vocabulary will do much for Clara.

Clara may grow old and fat but she will still be a drawing card like Marie Dressler, because it is her deep emotionalism, knowledge of human nature in the raw, her primitive feelings that all go to make up her personality—not merely dependence on a physical charm.

(There's a lot of grand criticism in your letter, K. W. But just wait until the fans read what you say about Joan Crawford. You're in for it!)

Here's One Person Who Refuses to be Fooled

AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR, of ST. LOUIS, MO., has an amusing piece about the atrocities of publicity:

Publicity, what crimes are committed in thy name! This is the second time I have read that lovely little tale of the way Billie Dove visits hospitals to learn the details of sickness and suffering. Only this time there was an added embellishment to the effect that the gorgeous Billie goes to watch the patients die so that when or if she is ever called upon to portray a like situation she can give a realistic performance.

If it be true that a casual stranger is permitted to watch the death-beds of all and sundry, the hospital management is woefully lax. Very poor taste, too, if nothing worse. Also, Billie is a lovely woman but she scarcely attains such dramatic heights that such a procedure would be in any way excusable. One death-bed would be enough for most people. Palpably cock and bull story.

I could wager a whole bushel of old

(Continued on page 88)

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢
Absolutely Equal $1 to $3 Quality

The ONLY Beauty Aids at 10¢ that give Scientific Proof of Fineness and Purity

No wonder women were skeptical when Park & Tilford first announced Faoen. Beauty Aids in convenient 10c sizes—equal to the costliest brands in fineness and purity—seemed inconceivable!

But scientific tests tell the truth. They reveal the *facts!* And the facts are these, as reported by a famous Research Laboratory:—

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK PARIS

FAOEN
(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

In addition, all Faoen Beauty Aids have received the seal of approval of The Good Housekeeping Institute.

If you have not yet tried Faoen Beauty Aids, you owe it to yourself to do so today. You will be amazed at their quality . . . delighted with the results. And you will gratefully welcome their economy!

10c *each*
at S. S. Kresge Co. Stores

CLEANSING CREAM · COLD CREAM · SKIN TONIC · LOTION · FACE POWDER · ROUGES · PERFUMES

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE; unmarried; born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Jewel Robbery," "The Purchase Price" and "Three on a Match," First National; "Polo," Columbia.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player Featured in "Sinners in the Sun" and "Guilty as Hell."

ANDRE, GWILI; unmarried; born in Cophenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon." Working in "Secrets of the French Police."

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Tiger Shark," First National; "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "All America," Universal.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity." Next is "The Adopted Father."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?", "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Kong," Radio; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan, born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Working in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," Warner Bros.; "Those We Love," Tiffany.

ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail." Working in "Little Orphan Annie."

ATWILL, LIONEL; married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," First National. Appearing on legitimate stage.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay, America." Next is "Ships of Chance."

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Back Street," Universal. Vacationing in Europe.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavis Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "World and the Flesh" and "Lady and Gent," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Thunder Below" and "Devil and the Deep," Paramount. Working in "Tinfoil," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," M-G-M; "State's Attorney" and "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "Rasputin," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Washington Masquerade" and "Rasputin," M-G-M. Next is "Sweepings," Radio.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Alias the Doctor" and "Cabin in the Cotton." Vacationing in Europe.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Amateur Daddy" and "Man About Town." Working in "Six Hours to Live."

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hell Divers" and "Grand Hotel." Working in "Flesh."

BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Woman in Room 13" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Airmail," Universal. Working in "Wild Girl," Fox.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio player. Starred in "What Price Hollywood," Radio; "Two Against the World," First National; "Manhattan Lullabye," Radio. Next is "Sun Also Rises," Radio.

BENNETT, JOAN; married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox player. Featured in "Week-Ends Only." Working in "Wild Girl."

BENNETT, RICHARD; married; born in Beaconmills, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer," Paramount; "Strange Justice," Radio; "Merry Go Round," Universal.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Last Man," Columbia.

BIRELL, TALA; unmarried; born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion." Next is "Nagana."

BLONDELL, JOAN; married to George Barnes; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Big City Blues." Warners; "Make Me a Star," Paramount; "Three on a Match," Warners. Working in "Central Park," Warners.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured in "Back Street," Universal. Working in "Six Hours to Live." Fox.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Working in "Call Her Savage," Fox.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Working in "Yukon," Radio.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "After the Rain," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "Jubilo."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida, October 20. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia.

BRENT, GEORGE; married to Ruth Chatterton; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "The Purchase Price," "The Crash" and "They Call It Sin." Next is "The Paris Racket."

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "It's Tough to Be Famous" and "Blessed Event," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Man From Yesterday" and "Night of June 13," Paramount. Next is "Sherlock Holmes," Fox.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "The Tenderfoot." Working in "You Said a Mouthful."

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.

BROWN, TOM; unmarried, born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Hell's Highway," Radio.

BRUCE, VIRGINIA; married to John Gilbert; born in Minneapolis, Minn., September 29. M-G-M player. Featured in "Sky Bride," Paramount; "Son of Russia," First National; "Downstairs," M-G-M Working in "Kongo," M-G-M.

(Continued on page 92)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER—WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Buster Keaton	October 4	James Dunn	November 2
Carole Lombard	October 6	Will Rogers	November 4
Helen Hayes	October 10	Joel McCrea	November 5
Lowell Sherman	October 11	Marie Dressler	November 9
Marian Marsh	October 17	Roland Young	November 11
Miriam Hopkins	October 18	Jack Oakie	November 14
Marian Nixon	October 20	Nancy Carroll	November 19
Constance Bennett	October 22	Robert Armstrong	November 21
John Boles	October 27	Boris Karloff	November 23

Can You Safeguard Marriage?

(*Continued from page 39*)

feel that she *thinks*—she expresses crisp, shrewd opinions about various matters, she shows a restless desire to improve herself. Bill's caustic cynicism has almost entirely disappeared. 'Samazing how these worldly fellows mellow under a little comfortable domesticity!

The most startling change in the pair is the degree with which they have come to resemble one another. They might easily be brother and sister instead of husband and wife. Carole says that they always have looked alike. "It's our eyes, the upper parts of our faces—they are almost identical." But Carole talks like Bill, throws back her head in his characteristic fashion when she laughs, uses gestures which are unmistakably his. I have known Bill much longer than I have known Carole and the resemblance astonishes me.

"There is one thing," she told me, with emphasis. "If Bill and I ever separate, neither of us will whimper that it was all the fault of *Hollywood*. Marriage is no more difficult in Hollywood than it is in any other place under the sun. The same influences work on you, the same pressure is brought to bear by outsiders. You merely notice it more when a Hollywood marriage goes on the rocks than you do when it happens somewhere else—we get so much more publicity than most people.

AS a matter of fact, I think you have a better chance for happiness here than you do in most places. That is because nearly all the women in Hollywood have *jobs*. It is idle wives, especially idle wives with plenty of money, who get into trouble, whose marriages fall apart. If you are in pictures, you have to 'tend to your knitting or you find yourself left behind the procession before you know it.

"People are always saying that marriage is difficult among actors because of a 'clash of egoes.' That's silly. A successful actor is no more vain than a successful insurance salesman. An actor may strut and preen a little when he is making a personal appearance—that is showmanship. He enjoys applause—it is the tape measure of his success. But when he has a vacation, he runs and hides from his public somewhere. How many bond brokers or small town merchants have you seen making spectacles of themselves in New York night clubs just for the fun of showing off?"

Carole believes that husbands and wives should spend a week or two apart now and then. She believes that husbands should have a bit of freedom for purely masculine pleasures; poker "with the boys," the fights, golf or tennis with other men. She thinks that it is pretty revolting for people to discuss their intimate, domestic problems with outsiders. "They only do it to dramatize themselves and it makes things worse!"

(*Continued on page 95*)

DRAW ME

COMPETE FOR

AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl's head and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win A COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs (16 years of age or more) so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter. Prize Awards made by the Federal Schools, Inc., will be accepted as partial payments on the regular Federal Course in Commercial Designing or Modern Illustrating.

PRIZES:

1. **Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfit. (Value of each course $185.00).**
2. **All Contestants grading 70% or over will be awarded a $35.00 credit.**

No Prizes will be awarded to drawings graded less than 70%, as the Federal Faculty feels the study of Commercial Art would not be justified in such cases.

The quality of instruction in the Federal Course develops your natural talent to a practical earning ability in the shortest possible time. It has been the start for many Federal Students, both men and girls, who are now commercial artists and illustrators, earning $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal Schools has won a reputation as the "School famous for successful students". Enter this contest . . . a splendid chance to test your natural talent. Read the rules carefully and send your drawing to

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

NOTE THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Make your drawing of girl 4½ inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 6½ inches high. Draw only the girl and not the lettering nor border.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on the back of your drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Oct. 25th, 1932. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

1129-B FEDERAL SCHOOLS BUILDING MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 84*)

magazines that the truth about some of these movie folk would be infinitely more interesting than the belabored stories cooked up about them.

Like Garbo's remoteness, mysteriousness, etc. That healthy Swedish peasant woman must laugh up her sleeve unless they have hypnotized her into believing it herself.

(*As a matter of fact, Interested Spectator, if we have any reason to believe a story is false it doesn't go into Modern Screen. Maybe you're more skeptical than we are.*)

If You're a Garbo Fan, This Flatters You

Says EDITH WHITMAYER of DETROIT, MICHIGAN:

To appreciate Garbo one has to be an artist in soul if not in profession. A lover of grace, beauty, mystery and tragedy. Greta embodies all these things.

It is too bad that so many of the motley crowd cannot appreciate true beauty. They see only surfaces and if that surface does not display everything at a glance then it bores them.

Her voice to me is her soul. When she speaks I forget the world. Her eyes are fathomless seas of mystery. Her hair is never dull. It is always delightful because it is always different. Her figure is like a Viking Goddess. Straight and firm and graceful. She treads this earth but is not of this earth. She lives in a world all her own and I admire her for it and envy her. I hope she shall always remain so. The glamorous Greta is truly the correct adjective for her.

(*Well, all you Garbo fans who wrote in such vindictive letters in reply to those of Rose Rudnicki and Lewis A. Barnard, we thought we'd print this charming letter about Garbo so that you'd all be properly appeased.. So come now, no more sulks.*)

Do You Agree with This Intelligent Criticism?

PEGGY LAMB of NO ADDRESS (It's a charming place), U. S. A., gives us this:

If only some producer could realize how bored we are getting with all these ultra-modern sophisticated pictures of recent date. As bored as the droopy-eyed ladies who portray their heroines by attempting urbanity and achieving nothing more than a rather cheap sophistication, long since worn out by constant repetition.

Remember back in the good old "daze" when Marion Davies really got worthwhile parts?

There are really so many good stories that I can't understand how some that get to the screen are so utterly hopeless. Is it because the manuscripts of the good ones are so expensive or what? (*Maybe the office boy chooses them.*) They ought to come down to "economic readjustment" prices, eh?

How I would like to see our Marion as "Freckles" (Nancy Topsfield) of Robert Chambers' "Rogue's Moon."

The world is tired of all this blasé and ultra-modern tainted-lady bunk.

It wants romance, adventure, beauty and laughter.

(*Any number of fans agree with you, Peggy. Possibly we can see a change in the producer's ideas in the fact that Norma Shearer's latest picture is "Smilin' Through," which is anything but sophisticated.*)

Ha There, Australia!

MAVIS STARLING, of PROSPECT, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, says some nice things about our magazine and then goes on to tell that:

I have read everything readable about "Grand Hotel" and after Vicki Baum's article (July) I am (to use one of your American terms) all het up about it. "Grand Hotel" is sure to be a great success here in Australia and Joan Crawford will, undoubtedly, be the main attraction.

(*We enjoyed your letter, Miss Starling. But just wait. In speaking of "Grand Hotel" you mention Joan Crawford but completely omit Garbo. Oh, boy, those Garboians will get you.*)

Does Gary Affect Everyone This Way?

A GARY COOPER FAN, of TORONTO, ONTARIO, goes gaga over Gary:

I think he is about perfect. I don't know why but every time I see a picture of him or with him I get the scrummiest feeling all up and down! I wouldn't miss one for anything.

If you print any of this letter print the part about Gary if you could, please. He is so absolutely divine—in fact, he's my ideal. I love him even better since he came back from Africa. Isn't his monkey a dear? Would I like to see it!

(*If Gary believed in the "love me, love my chimpanzee" idea, you'd agree, yes?*)

Maybe It's the Look in His Eyes

A SOLE CORTEZ FAN AND HER PALS, of MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., in an orgy of praise for Ricardo Cortez:

There is just something about this dark Latin type of man that causes shivers up the spines of the multitudes. Maybe it's the look in his eyes, the shape of the back of his head, his shoulders, his mouth. We don't know just what it is, but boy, oh boy, if it's fan mail he needs to push him up he's going to get it.

(*We agree with you, Sole Cortez Fan and her Pals, but we are convinced it's the look in his shoulders and the shape of the back of his eyes. By the way, didn't you write the Tut Club letter, too?*)

Have You Ever Wished Any of These Things?

RUTH of good old NORTH DAKOTA sends in an amusing list of wishes based on movie personalities:

The choice of clothes like Norma Shearer.
The figure, voice and hair of Joan Crawford.
The singing voice of Bebe Daniels.
The charm of Fay Wray.
The sophistication of Connie Bennett.
The mystery of Greta Garbo.
The legs of Marlene Dietrich.
The sweetness of Janet Gaynor.
The peppiness of Lupe Velez.
The hands of Mary Brian.
The cheeks of Mary Nolan.
The eyes and lashes of Clara Bow.
The mouth of Leila Hyams.
The teeth of Barbara Kent.
The dimples of June Collyer.
The nose of Ruth Chatterton.
And a boy friend like Jack Holt.
If all of these were mine the world would be mine, too.

(*Grand idea, Ruth. But you forgot to mention Marie Dressler's sense of humor.*)

Snappy Views from Various Readers —See If Your Name Is Here

We get so many letters that it is impossible to print them all in full. The following are excerpts. Just because these letters were not printed in full doesn't mean they were not good letters. They were excellent! But lack of space, you know.

J. H. K., of JOHNSON CITY, TENN., says of Tim McCoy: "He is my idea of a real man displayed on the screen. His rough and tumble style of fighting, his kindness and generosity to the weak. And how fast and nifty he can pull a gun." (*Yes, J. H. K., it's a treat to get away from the drug store cowboys once in a while.*) WILLIAM J. DEMENNA, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., speaking of Laurel and Hardy: "Wouldn't they be funnier than ever playing in "Two Fuller Brush Salesmen"? (*They certainly would, BILL. Maybe they'll read this and take your advice.*) ENTHUSIASTIC of NEW BRITAIN, CONN., thinks John Arledge is the best choice for "secondary" actor. Says he's "gay, good-looking, peppy, mischievous and oh, a wow!" (*Quite, oh quite, ENTHUSIASTIC.*) SALLY ANNE of BLOOMINGTON, IND., tells us she has tried to like Garbo but can't. "Honestly, I have tried hard to find that mysterious something which seems to have everyone haywire. But I can't." (*Ask your friends, Sally, and be convinced.*) FRANCES CLAY RUDD of BEAUMONT, TEXAS, also has something to say about Garbo: "Her humor is whimsical, her interpretations subtle but potent; and while she has great physical lure, she avoids the vulgar and obvious and has never given a risqué or suggestive performance." (*Well said, lady.*) A. A. S., of DETROIT, sends in an interesting list of "secondary" players. Among them she gives: "Guy Kibbee in 'High Pressure' and 'The Crowd Roars.' Nils Asther in 'Letty Lynton.' Stuart Erwin in 'The Misleading Lady.'" ANTHONY ARSENAULT of SUMMERSIDE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA informs us that he remembers Warren William when he played with Pearl White in a Pathé serial called "Plunder." (*That's interesting, Tony, we didn't know Warren had ever appeared in a serial. Are you sure?*) OLGA SILVER of WEST ROXBURY, BOSTON, says that if James Cagney "leaves the scene I'll be . . . heartbroken." (*A lot of others will be, too, OLGA.*) MISS APPREHENSION of WASHINGTON, D. C., is "just a little bit disappointed in her (Janet Gaynor) since hearing of her refusal to take the lead in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' for rôles of the more sophisticated type." (*Don't worry, Miss APP, little Janet is going back to the sweet and simple.*) From Mlle. LEDUC in MONTREAL comes this, in part: "Mais malheureusement je n'y vois jamais le portrait de 'Billie Dove' qui est mon actrice preferée. (*Nous allons le faire plus tard, mam'selle.*) M. L. BROWN of WATERBURY, CONN., believes that most movie stars should not change their particular "type" of rôle. She points out Joan Crawford as an exception. From a dancing daughter, Joan has gone on to great dramatic triumphs. And "she has proven that her name on the marquee

(*Continued on page 91*)

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

thoroughly and don't just give them a dab or two and let the rest of the water evaporate. Then, in the morning and before you step out in the evening, smooth a hand lotion or cream into the backs of the hands, along the fingers and up over the wrists a little way. If you want to be real fancy—some night when you want to look especially nice—give the hands a light dredging of powder atop the cream and see how lovely they look.

After the dozen and one hand-washings which are necessary during the day, always use a liquid lotion. It takes so little time that I don't see how some women can say, "Oh, I couldn't be bothered." All right—if they want rough, veiny hands before they're thirty, let them avoid the bother. But if they're smart, they'll keep a bottle of hand lotion in the bathroom cupboard and on the kitchen shelf—or in their desk drawer at the office. And they'll rub in a little bit—say a quarter of a teaspoonful—every time they take their hands out of the water. At this point, let me tap neatly on the head one of the oldest theories about caring for the hands. Many older women cling to the notion that plain, ordinary glycerin is the best lubricant for hands in all kinds of weather. This isn't so. Glycerin has its uses, both legal and illegal, but softening the skin isn't one of them. It's full of a sort of alcohol—the name of which is a couple of yards long so I won't take up space with it—that instantly dries every speck of moisture out of the skin. Even when glycerin is put on wet hands, the greedy alcohol gobbles up the water and, anyway, it's a messy, inconvenient process. Much simpler to use a prepared lotion.

THE best hand lotions are thin, clean and antiseptic-smelling rather than sweet and perfumey, and they should leave the skin soft and humid, but not sticky. I know of several, all about the same reasonable price, but varying the least bit in thinness. If the hand lotion problem perplexes you—or if you have an oily skin and wish to use a thin, corrective powder base—write me about these problems.

One very good hand *cream* I know about was made originally for dentists. Yes, I mean dentists. You see, these gentlemen have to keep washing their hands continually which makes the hands dry and uncomfortable. And they screamed for something that they could use quickly and conveniently and which would be pure and not smell too cosmeticky. And gradually the fame of this cream grew (probably due to the dentists' young lady assistants) until it was put on the market for general consumption. It's grand and greaseless and does a lot of things besides keep hands nice, if you want to know. It stops the irritation that sometimes follows the use of a deodorant and it will take away the smell of

. . . and now!

MAYBELLINE PRESENTS 3 new beauty aids in the 10¢ size

MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW
MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL
MAYBELLINE EYELASH GROWER

which, together with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, completes the perfect eye make-up, now so smart and popular.

Maybelline Eye Shadow . . . .

delicately shades the eyelids. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil . . . .

highest quality, clean to use and to carry. Entirely harmless. Smoothly lines the eyebrows giving a perfect, natural effect. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener . . .

instantly darkens eyelashes making them appear longer, darker and more luxuriant. More than a mascara, and the largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Perfectly harmless.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

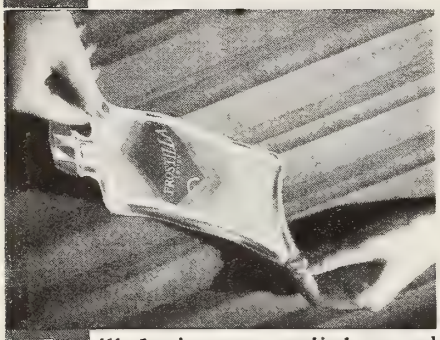
THESE four excellent Maybelline beauty-aids may be purchased at the leading 10c stores. Try them today. You'll be delighted with the alluring charm of complete eye make-up—and with how much more young eyes will be able to say!

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

THE BOTTLE THAT S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S



Frostilla Lotion costs so little...and meets so many beauty needs with a few drops at a time... that it stretches your beauty lotion allowance w-a-y o-u-t!

This 60-year favorite for chapped, red, roughened hands, elbows, faces . . . is perfect for *all* dry skin. Try Frostilla as a protective powder-base and after a depilatory. There are *many* household and beauty uses. Buy a new bottle; read the accompanying leaflet!

★Don't be "switched" when you ask for Frostilla. 35c, 50c, $1 sizes at druggists. 10c bottle at 5 & 10c stores. (Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C., Sales Reps.)

FROSTILLA LOTION
inexpensive— for lovely skin!

Seducingly Fragrant

HAVE you a sensitive sense of smell? That will tell you the difference between Kwik and varnish-type nail polishes. Kwik has a delightful fragrance and its brilliant gloss lasts for days . . . even office or housework will not dull it. Large purse sizes at 5 and 10c stores.

KWIK COSMETIC CORP. NEW YORK

Kwik NAIL POLISH 10¢ EACH

Ruby Liquid Polish Remover | Natural | Colorless Cuticle Remover | Vivid
Liquid Nail White

You CAN *have a nice Complexion—* AND QUICKLY!

★ It's easy to have a fine-textured, beautiful skin. El Estado Lemon Creme cleanses deeply, naturally. Makes skin remarkably clear, radiant. Use over freckles, sunburn, windburn. Thousands of women use it exclusively. On sale at toilet goods counters.

Buy smaller size at your ten cent store or send 10c direct.

★ EL ESTADO
LEMON CLEANSING CREME
206 Alpha Building Seattle, Washington

ON SALE AT TEN CENT STORES

onions from hands which have been preparing the family dinner. It has a mild bleaching effect, in case your hands became slightly freckled last summer. If you want to know about it, write and ask me.

Now, the manicure. Whether to go to a beauty parlor and have it done for you, or whether to save money and do it yourself—that is the question. I do both. Once every two weeks, I have my nails done. I give them a complementary manicure myself every week and a little attention every day. But if you have the time and wish to save that amount of money you can easily learn to take care of your nails entirely yourself. Let's take the subject up right from the beginning.

File before soaking. That is the first rule. Use a nice, long, bendy file. Use it *underneath* the nail—not directly on the edge. Later you will smooth off with an emery board the "nail dust," but for the moment you merely want to shape your nails properly. Old liquid polish should, of course, be removed before filing. And after filing the hands and nails should be scrubbed with a little brush in warm, soapy water. Now start to work on the cuticle—and be prepared to spend at least half an hour on this part of the manicure. It's the most important part. If you will faithfully use a cuticle softener every night, you won't have much trouble. You'll just have to push around the base of the nail with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and dipped in cuticle remover. Bits of dead skin will rub away, deepening and beautifying those pretty half-moons which make or mar the manicure. But if your cuticle is rough and ill cared for, give it a thorough massage with cuticle remover—take plenty of time, mind—and then cut the dead skin away neatly and not too close with a pair of manicure scissors. (And, by the way, you can't economize on these scissors. You should pay a dollar seventy-five or two dollars for a pair of really good scissors and they'll repay you amply in wear and service.) Try to discontinue the use of the scissors for trimming the entire cuticle, however. Keep them on hand for merely trimming the tiny bits of dead skin that will appear now and then on the best-groomed nails.

WHEN you have done a really good job on this important part of the manicure, you can proceed to polish your nails with any sort of polish you prefer—light, medium, or bright scarlet—I don't care. I will not offer any advice about the color of the polish, as I have offered none about the shape you file your nails—oval, gothic or very pointed. But I really *must* point out that extremely long, extremely pointed, red-enamelled nails do not belong in an office, or a classroom, or a kitchen or nursery or whatnot. Nor even at a simple little home town social affair. They belong to the very sophisticated, to city night clubs and dazzling society. They look well on a woman of the exotic type if she is wearing evening clothes or a striking afternoon costume. But why in the world little Mary Smith, who is secretary to the vice-president of the local department store, will persist in using bright red polish, I can't understand. It doesn't belong with her youthful prettiness and her simple clothes. Her boss (if he happens to notice) wishes "that nice little secretary of mine wouldn't put that red stuff on her nails." Her boy friend probably doesn't like it.

I have found that, in addition to the above rules and hints, a five-minute soaking in warm olive oil once or twice a week will make brittle nails strong and lustrous. That a massage of the hands with a good, rich cold cream—smoothing the cream in as if you were pulling on an imaginary pair of gloves—will slightly taper thick fingers and improve the contour of the hand a little. Any sort of manual exercise—like playing the piano or running a typewriter—makes fingers supple and quick. If you are troubled with red hands—a redness not due to roughness or exposure to the elements—you can tie a silk or linen band rather tightly around your arm just above the elbow and leave it there for ten minutes, holding the hands up all the time. Such redness is often due to nervousness or impaired circulation and a little care and thought will get rid of it. Wringing the hands, bending the fingers of one back with the palm of the other, flapping them loosely from the wrists—all these simple exercises are grand for relaxation and to ward off that old, veiny look which some young hands get. Never make the mistake of wearing too tight gloves in the belief that they will make your hands look smaller. The fleshy part of the hands will merely bulge in the glove and, further, tight gloves impede the circulation. Form the habit this winter—if you have especially sensitive hands—of wearing a pair of loose white chamoisette gloves to bed, first buttering the hands well with cold cream.

Now, that's practically all the space I have. But I want to remind you once again—as I did last month—of the mimeographed treatments, the diet and the exercises which I have had mimeographed: a treatment for blackheads and a treatment for the removal of superfluous hair; an eight-day diet which can be followed indefinitely; exercises for reducing the hips, abdomen, bust and legs. And there are also the names of certain products in which I have great faith: a cuticle softener and remover which will do the things I've just been talking about above; a product which will effectively cover burn scars, pock marks or acne pits; a whole half dozen new preparations and improvements on old preparations for the eyes, including an honest-to-goodness painless tweezer and a pocket "mascara toucher-upper" which requires no brush. There is also a reasonably priced facial mask which you can use at home yourself easily and efficiently. It tightens up relaxing muscles and, even if your muscles aren't relaxed and you have no wrinkles, it's never too early to begin. If you want to know about one or more of these things, just drop me a note.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 88*)

means more than flashing smile, expressive eyes and dancing toes." (*Vous-avez raison, madame.* Sorry, we went French a couple of lines ago and wanted to keep it up.) A MODERN SCREEN FAN of CHICAGO, ILL., writes in to ask us why we don't run a movie crossword puzzle. (*You'll see one in a coming issue, sir.*) MISS B. ANDERSON of NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., thinks Ramon Novarro one of the best actors on the screen. (*Sorry we couldn't put the letter in your own charming words, Miss B., but we hadn't the room.*) ALICE ANNE SHUE of PROVIDENCE, R. I., writes to thank Vicki Baum for the story, play and movie of "Grand Hotel." And also for the Vicki Baum article which appeared in Modern Screen. MISS MARGARET CARLSEN of CALIFORNIA, wants Joan Crawford given a break. (*Just what does a break mean to you, MARGARET? Hasn't she had plenty?*) W. J. McR. of CHARLOTTE, N. C., wants to know if Wheeler, Woolsey and Lee will be together after "Hold 'Em Jail." (*Wheeler and Woolsey will do a picture for Columbia, William—if it is William. Dot Lee won't be in it.*) JOAN OF JERSEY writes in to say that Marlene Dietrich has more personality than Greta Garbo. She also has a package of praise for Ralph Bellamy because "he is good-looking without being pretty and he has a good voice." KATHERINE LUTZ of POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., wants us to print more about Mary Brian. "I'll promise you I'll buy Modern Screen for the next ten years if you'll only give her some space." (*All right, Kate, the next time we run a story on Mary we'll send you a ten-year subscription blank.*) CATHERINE MONTAG of CINCINNATI, OHIO, liked our story about "Connie Through Joan's Eyes" so much that she wants to see Joan through Connie's eyes. (*We hope to get that very article, CATE. Better watch for it.*) HAZELDORAS OLSEN of BROKEN BOW, NEB., thinks Lew Ayres "cute, darling and handsome." (*What gal doesn't, ma'am?*) HELEN CHRYST of CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, informs us that Richard Cromwell is grand and that she'd like to hear about him more often in preference to Gable, Garbo and others. HELEN WILLIAMS of COLUMBUS, OHIO, asks us if it isn't a fact that Clive Brook "is one of the most accomplished actors available today." (*Of course, Helen, of course.*) ELEANOR CAUTHEN of SUMMERVILLE, S. C., insists that Tom Brown, Ann Dvorak, James Cagney and Richard Cromwell are all cute. NICHOLAS EPP of HAMILTON, ONT., thanks us for the article "The Hardest Job in Hollywood" which appeared in a recent issue. MARIE ORRELL of DETROIT, MICH., a clever fourteen-year-old, thought the story on making the kids cry was good. "I've sat watching Jackie Cooper or Delmar Watson or Bobbie Coogan, my heart breaking and a lump as big as a goose egg in my throat. I wondered how on earth they could cry and make it sound and look so realistic." (*Sorry you don't like the new arrangement, MARIE. How about some suggestions? We're always open to them.*) A. L. D. of BRIDGEPORT, CONN, believes that Anita Louise should have been Rebecca in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." And also adds something about Bebe Daniels.

(*Continued on page 93*)

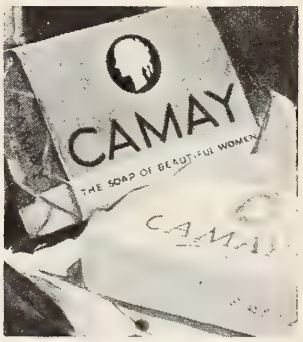
One little girl Won a BEAUTY CONTEST

Four little girls stayed at Home!

EVERY day you are competing in a Beauty Contest with many other lovely women. You can triumph—attract men's admiration—if your skin is soft and clear and immaculately clean. Let gentle Camay keep your skin exquisite!

"He staged a little Beauty Contest of his own, when he mentally reviewed the girls he might invite. And she who won possessed a flawless skin . . . exquisite as an orchid!"

Use a generous lather of Camay, a soft cloth and warm water—then rinse with cold water. You'll like Camay from the start. It's so mild and gentle!



Here's Camay—the delicate, creamy-white beauty soap. Now wrapped in green and yellow—with Cellophane jacket.

A WOMAN is not always the best judge of her own charms. She often places too little value on a perfect skin. Yet others notice your complexion first. If your skin is fresh and clear, you win another of life's daily Beauty Contests.

Keep your precious skin deeply clean with delicate Camay. The Soap of Beautiful Women is pure, refreshing, *safe*—and leaves your skin immaculate and blooming. And Camay, you know, costs less today than ever before! Never in your lifetime has so fine a soap sold at so low a price.

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ELECTED
The Girl With
GLORIOUS HAIR!

She's always a sure winner—the choice at all "parties"—the girl with soft, lustrous, beautifully-waved hair! Admiration, popularity, the devotion of men—are hers by acclamation.

Glorious Hair! What is its secret—how is it attained? Thousands upon thousands of girls, everywhere, joyfully answer: "Sta-Bac Curl Set." With this famous preparation, *you*, too, can quickly give yourself a smart, "beauty shoppe" wave set, right in your own boudoir.

Sta-Bac Curl Set is *different*. It is thicker (double strength), hence easier to apply. It dries more quickly. It is scientifically created to *hold the waves longer*. And it positively leaves none of those objectionable white flakes. American girls and women are so enthusiastic about its beautifying results that they bought over 6 million bottles of Sta-Bac in the past 12 months alone! Why don't *you* try a bottle—this week?

— at S. S. Kresge Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS

◆

STA-BAC
CURL SET

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 86*)

CABOT, BRUCE; unmarried; born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder." Working in "Kongo."

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. starring contract suspended. Starred in "Winner Take All."

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days." Working in "The Kid From Spain."

CARRILLO, LEO; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "The Broken Wing." Paramount. Working in "Second Fiddle," Radio.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Featured in "Son of Russia," First National; "Hot Saturday." Paramount.

CAVANAGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "The Crash," First National.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Girl Grief," "Now We'll Tell One" and "Mr. Bride," Roach-M-G-M comedies.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to George Brent; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Crash." Next is "The Paris Racket."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; divorcing Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 12. Paramount star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Next is "Pied Piper of Paris."

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo., December 25. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C., October 15. Write her at United Artists. Starred in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Appearing on the legitimate stage.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Night World," Universal. Working in "Breach of Promise," World Wide.

CLYDE, JUNE; married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol" and "Back Street." Working in "All America."

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Tenderfoot," First National; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Parisian Romance," Hoffman.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "Man From Yesterday." Working in "Sign of the Cross" and "The Phantom President."

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, Eng., February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith." Working in "I Have Been Faithful."

COMPTON, JULIETTE; married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "Devil and the Deep," Paramount; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., October 26. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Now attending college.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif., December 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Sky Bride."

COOK, DONALD; divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Man Who Played God," First National; "Trial of Vivienne Ware," Fox.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "Devil and the Deep" and "Farewell to Arms." Next is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Limpy" and "Divorce in the Family." Next is "Lost."

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Is My Face Red?", "Thirteen Women" and "Phantom of Crestwood."

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel," "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rain," United Artists. Next is "Lost."

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried, born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio. Working in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

CROSBY, BING; married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "Movie Crazy," Paramount; "Attorney for the Defense," "American Madness" and "The Last Man," Columbia. Working in "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Working in "Goldie," Radio.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Working in "Silver Dollar." Next is "Radio Girl."

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Polly of the Circus" and "Blondie of the Follies."

DAVIS, BETTE; married to Harmon Nelson, Jr.; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "Three on a Match." Working in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Is a Racket," First National; "Night of June 13," Paramount. Working in "11th Avenue," Paramount.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY; married; born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in "Man Wanted," First National; "Fast Companions," Universal. Working in "All America," Universal.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai Express" and "Blonde Venus." Next is "Deep Night."

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Hell's Highway." Working in "The Conquerors."

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Girl From Calgary," Hoffman.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House," Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity," M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl." Working in "Walking Down Broadway." Next is "State Fair."

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "Back Street," Universal; "Thirteen Women," Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Speak Easily" and "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M. Working in "Phantom President," Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "Three on a Match." Now in England.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct." Working in "Hat Check Girl." Next is "State Fair."

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Make Me a Star" and "The Big Broadcast." Next is "The Book Worm Turns."

ESMOND, JILL; married to Laurence Olivier; born in London, January 26. Radio player. Featured in "State's Attorney" and "Thirteen Women." Visiting in London.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Huddle," M-G-M; "The New Yorker," United Artists.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Love Is a Racket" and "Son of Russia." Next is "Parachute."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Fox star. Starred in "After Tomorrow" and "The First Year." Working in "Wild Girl."

FAY, FRANK; married to Barbara Stanwyck; born in San Francisco, Calif., November 17. Write him at Columbia studio. Produced and starred in "A Fool's Advice."

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in England; birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Prosperity" and "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M; "Hypnotized," Mack Sennett. Working in "Central Park," First National.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Skyscraper Souls" and "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Strange Justice," Radio. Working in "Sport Page," Radio.

FOSTER, PRESTON; married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "Dr. X" and "Life Begins," First National; "The Last Mile," Tiffany. Working in "I'm a Fugitive," First National.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime." Working in "Merry Go Round."

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery" and "One Way Passage," First National; "The Honest Finder," Paramount. Working in "The Lowdown," First National.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in

(*Continued on page 94*)

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 91*)

"I also would like to say that Bebe Daniels is a very wise mother in allowing her baby to be photographed. Now all her movie fans have seen what a cute, delicious, capricious little thing Barbara Bebe is." MERIBETH YOUNG of SEATTLE, WASH., wants Ginger Rogers given more space. (*Give us time, please. Give us time.*) M. J. B. of ROCHESTER, N. Y., has been buying Modern Screen for over a year and thinks it the best bargain on the market and please have an article about Lew Ayres soon. LEW BLAINE of PHILADELPHIA, PA., wants more about Spencer Tracy. (*As soon as we can, BLAINE.*) PHYLLIS McNAULTY of MONTREAL, CANADA, gets all hot and bothered about Nils Asther. FRANCES HELBERT of MONTREAL, CANADA, (*my, how these Canadians love writing letters*) thinks Gene Raymond is one swell actor. (*Thanks for that staunch support of Modern Screen, FRANCES.*) MERRYCE COVINGTON of DETROIT, MICHIGAN, thinks it is a relief to have a new type of man such as George Raft on the screen. H. McCANDLESS of the BRONIX, NEW YORK, is going to stop buying Modern Screen unless we publish a story on Evelyn Brent. (*Great big bully, you.*) AN ANITA PAGE FAN of MONTREAL, CANADA, (*What, Montreal again? Say, is this a Canadian convention?*) would like to be allowed to purchase a one-way ticket to the South Pole for Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett, Lil Dagover, Charles Rogers and Clark Gable. She would like substituted in the places of honor, George O'Brien and Anita Page. (*Now listen, Garbo fans, don't start writing in to tell ANITA PAGE FAN where to get off. She's probably kidding, anyway.*) RUBYE K. JOHNSON of CHICAGO, ILL., says is makes her sick the way people criticize movie actors. "It's too darn bad," she opines (*she lives near an opine forest!*) "that they can't appreciate the fact that they have someone to make pictures for them." (*Good for you, RUBYE. It's a shame to think of those movie actors working so hard and getting so little appreciation. And for so little money, too.*)

LISTEN, EVERYBODY. We were swamped with letters panning Rose Rudnicki and Lewis A. Barnard for their adverse criticism of Garbo. The letters are still coming in. Our desk is snowed under. Every day the tide is rising higher and higher. We hadn't room to publish these letters—although they were most all excellently written. So this is an acknowledgement to the fifty million of you who wrote them.

DON'T FORGET, your letters must contain constructive criticism. Just because you dislike a star is no reason to write to us. But if you give your reasons—with some possible constructive criticism—the letter is okay. We used to be very nice about printing anybody's old letter but we're getting harder boiled every day, and pretty soon you guys who write in to say you think Garbo is swell because she has mystery won't get a place at all. Not that we don't believe Garbo has mystery. She has. But we do get bored with every other letter we open which says "To me Garbo is wonderful because she is so mysterious." And you would, too, if you had to read them all.

The New Curb on Colds

... an aid in their Prevention

DEVELOPED BY MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Here is further solution of a costly problem—common colds. Introduced last winter, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops already have brought new freedom from colds to hundreds of thousands of individuals and families. Reducing the number and spread of colds, they make possible welcome savings in time, money and health.

MANY COLDS NOW AVOIDED

This remarkable new formula, developed after years of research, is especially designed for the nose and throat—*where most colds start.* Used at that first feeling of nasal irritation or stuffiness, sniffle or sneeze—Nature's usual warning that a cold is coming on—many colds can be avoided altogether.

Vicks Nose Drops are easy to use—any time or place—at home or at work. Simply applied up the nostrils, the Drops open the air-passages and gently soothe irritation. They aid Nature in throwing off infection before it gains a foothold in the delicate nasal membranes.

NEW COLDS-CONTROL PLAN

Vicks Nose Drops are the ideal companion to Vicks VapoRub, the modern way of *treating* colds—externally. An aid in *preventing* colds, the Drops are also a convenient daytime adjunct to VapoRub in treating certain types and stages of colds. Together with certain simple rules of health, these preparations form the new Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds in the home.

Follow this Plan—as fully explained in each Vicks package. You won't have colds half so often—nor keep them half so long. Carefully checked clinical tests—and practical use in thousands of homes—prove it. *More than half* of the costs of colds *saved!* It is a new experience that Vicks Plan can bring to your home, too.

TRIAL OFFER: Your druggist has Vicks VapoRub *(now in white Stainless form, if you prefer)* also two new products—Vicks Nose Drops, and a Vicks Cough Drop actually medicated with ingredients of VapoRub. If you wish to test these new products before buying, and learn more about Vicks Plan for Better Control-of-Colds, send 3c in stamps to Vick Chemical Company, 361 Milton Street, Greensboro, N. C.

WHEN COLDS THREATEN
To prevent many colds
VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS

IF A COLD DEVELOPS
To end it Sooner..
VICKS VAPORUB

a hole
a knife
and
So-Lo
. . . all you need to

Fix the family's shoes for a few cents a pair

SPREADS like butter
DRIES overnight
WEARS like leather

ALL shoes — men's, women's, children's — repaired AT HOME in a few minutes. Costs only 1c to mend a hole or fix a heel . . . complete sole for 5c. Wears better than ordinary leather.

Waterproof—Non-skid

So-Lo keeps feet dry. Makes shoes more flexible and comfortable. Can't slip on wet walks. Guaranteed.

Great for Children's Shoes

Easy to spread on. A child can do it. No tools needed. No tacks to hurt the feet.

Many Other Uses

Repairs anything of leather, rubber, or cloth. Useful a hundred ways. Fixes leaky hot water bottles. Mends rubbers and overshoes. Fills cuts in tires, etc., For sale at Hardware, Drug and 5 to 25¢ stores. So-Lo Works, Cincinnati, Ohio.

So-Lo

Enough for 25 repairs or several complete new soles and heels

25¢

Mail for FREE SAMPLE

SO-LO WORKS, Dept. A-11, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me free sample of So-Lo on leather.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 92*)

Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude," M-G-M; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount. Next is "Red Dust," M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." Vacationing in Sweden. Next is "Christina."

GARGAN, WILLIAM; married; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists. Working in "Sport Page," Radio. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "The First Year." Working in "Tess of the Storm Country." Next is "State Fair."

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art studio, Hollywood. Contract star. Starred in "A Man's Land" and "The Boiling Point." Working in "Cowboy Counsellor."

GIBSON, WYNNE; divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Case of Clara Deane" and "Lady and Gent." Working in "Night After Night."

GILBERT, JOHN; married to Virginia Bruce; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Downstairs."

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Lady & Gent," Paramount; "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M; "Crooked Circle," World Wide; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Working in "All America," Universal.

GOMBELL, MINNA; unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," "Walking Down Broadway" and "Wild Girl." Next is "Rackety Rax."

GRANT, CARY; unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Devil and the Deep" and "The Blonde Venus." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

GRAVES, RALPH; Separated from Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M; "War Correspondent," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy." Working in "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Featured in "Are You Listening?" Working in "Let's Go."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Letty Lynton," M-G-M; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. Working in "Rasputin," M-G-M.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio; "Two Against the World," First National. Working in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

HARDING, ANN; divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "Westward Passage" and "The Conquerors." Next is "Animal Kingdom."

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia, January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pack Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy.

HARLOW, JEAN; married to Paul Bern; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman." Working in "Red Dust."

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Featured in "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "The White Sister."

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Night Court," "New Morals for Old," "Unashamed" and "Skyscraper Souls." Working in "Mask of Fu Manchu."

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. Paramount player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount. Working in "Manhattan Lullabye," Radio. Next is "State Fair," Fox.

HOLT, JACK; married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "War Correspondent" and "Polo."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Feaured in "World and the Flesh" and "The Honest Finder." Working in "No Man of Her Own."

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from Dewolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," "Speak Easily," "Skyscraper Souls" and "Downstairs."

HOPTON, RUSSELL; married; born in New York City, February 18. Universal player. Featured in "Radio Patrol," "Once in a Lifetime" and "Airmail."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," Radio; "The Honest Finder," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married; born in England, April 24. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE; unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio studio player. Featured in "Sunrise Trail" and "Hell's Highway."

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "American Madness," Columbia; "Rain," United Artists. Working in "Kongo," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big Broadcast," Paramount.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK; married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "McKenna of the Mounted" and "White Eagle." Working in "Forbidden Trail."

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder," Radio; "Down to Earth," Fox; "Cabin in the Cotton," First National; "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount. Working in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

JUDGE, ARLINE; married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?", "Roar of the Dragon" and "Age of Consent." Next is "Sweepings."

KARLOFF, BORIS; married; born in London, November 23. Universal star. Featured in "Night World" and "The Old Dark House," Universal. Working in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

KEATON, BUSTER; divorced from Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily."

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "The Law Rides" and "Come On Danger." Working in "Renegades of the West."

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Young America," Fox; "Man Called Back," Tiffany.

KIBBEE, GUY; married; born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Dark Horse" and "Big City Blues," First National; "Rain," United Artists; "The Conquerors," Radio. Working in "Central Park," First National.

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER; unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Interlude," M-G-M; "Passport to Hell," Fox. Working in "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer," Paramount; "Vanishing Frontier," Paramount; "Night Mayor" and "Polo," Columbia.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Passport to Hell," Fox. Working in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES; married to Elsa Lanchester; born in Scarborough, Eng., July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Old Dark House," Universal; "Devil and the Deep" and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount. Working in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pack Up Your Troubles," feature picture, and "Scram," two-reel comedy.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif., May 23. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Girl Crazy."

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Radio Patrol," Universal; "War Correspondent," Columbia; "Unholy Love," Allied; "Exposure," Premier. Working in "Night of June 13," Paramount.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "Roadhouse Murder," Radio; "Big City Blues" and "Life Begins," First National; "Age of Consent," Radio; "Merry Go Round," Universal. Working in "Little Orphan Annie," Radio. Next is "Sweepings."

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun."

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M. Working in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Chandu, the Magician," Fox. Working in "Mayor Harding of New York," Reliance.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "New Morals for Old," M-G-M; "Woman in Room 13," Fox; "Love Me Tonight," Paramount; "Thirteen Women," Radio. Working in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu, the Magician," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL; married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Passport to Hell," Fox; "Downstairs," M-G-M; "Manhattan Lullabye," Radio. Next is "Nagana," Universal.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "By Whose Hand?" Columbia; "Week-Ends Only," Fox; "Crooked Circle," World Wide. Working in "Hat Check Girl," Fox.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, Eng., March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Love Affair," Columbia.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Can You Safeguard Marriage?

(*Continued from page 87*)

She believes that it is wholesome—and fun, besides—for a husband and wife to get away somewhere now and then together, just the two of them—"with no friends or relations."

"Things sort of adjust themselves, the atmosphere clears, you get better acquainted with each other—" She believes that it is fatal for a man and wife to spend too much time in each other's company. "No one can bear it to be too much with anyone else, however dear. . . ." They should have outside interests, as many friends as possible, as many diverse things to think about as they can contrive.

THESE precautions, she declares, are not extraordinary "safeguards" for marriage. They are merely steps which should be taken by anyone, married or single, to insure a normal, cheerful existence.

They agree, Carole and Bill, upon a fairly simple code. "The only thing of which you can be sure is today. Tomorrow is purely problematical. Make today as lovely as you can, laugh as much as you can—this day is your only *sure* possession!"

Both of them are individualists. Each would resent, bitterly, the attempt of anyone else to encroach upon his personal freedom, his right to decide things for himself. Neither believes in the family as a close-knit unit, the members of which are interdependent upon each other for anything. Both, however, have made concessions in these matters in their day. . . .

Whatever may be happening in their emotional life, Carole admires Bill intensely. She quotes him constantly, with deep respect for his opinions and his habits of thinking. "Bill *knows* about words!" she told me. "He has a passion for them. He *pores* over dictionaries and he has given me a respect for language that I never dreamed of before. . . ."

They have long, intense discussions of everything under the sun. "It is so *grand*," Carole sighs, "to have somebody with whom you can talk, with whom you can exchange ideas. You find out what you think about things, yourself. Your opinions take shape!"

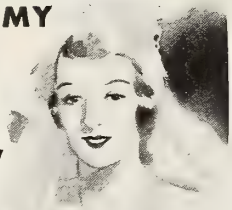
Knowing the pair of them, I am convinced that if anything ever happens to separate them, it will happen quickly and with no nonsense.

There will be no dawdling and complaining and running to their friends to tell their troubles. They are pretty adult people and they will not be frightened by astrologers or the opinions of their friends or the gossip of their enemies.

When Carole tells me, "We are all right—now," I believe her. She is not one to lie.

But I shan't prophesy about that marriage. I am no astrologer!

• Really dear, **INSTEAD OF THROWING MY BOUQUET,** I should tell the secret of **SEM-PRAY JIFFY FACIAL**



IT is positively thrilling the attention one receives after just a few weeks of SEM-PRAY *JIFFY* Facials

Blended of rare youthifying, beautifying and cleansing oils, SEM-PRAY is then compressed into stick form; and the *very instant* this creme-stick touches your skin, it melts, releasing these precious oils.

Pores are deeply cleansed, purified and closed to grow *finer* and *finer*; beautifying oils are absorbed to promote radiant, girlish skin texture; tell-tale age-lines and wrinkles begin to yield, and your mirror flashes back a reflection that makes your heart sing with joy.

Think of it... remove old make-up anytime, anywhere, and have a refreshing beauty facial in a *jiffy*. Merely push up creme-stick, rub on face, and presto, pore-deep cleanliness plus beautifying action. And how this *jiffy facial* does improve your make-up . . . powder and rouge take on new charm, blend to your own skin tone, and stays on hours longer.

Because compressed, the 60c size gives you a hundred facials. Then, the Handy Purse Size is sold at Ten Cent Toilet Counters. If you can't buy SEM-PRAY, order direct and receive FREE a Gift Size of Face Powder and Rouge.

FREE GIFT SENT

MME. LA NORE, Sem-Pray Beauty Salons
Suite 17U, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Send Purse Size Sem-Pray Creme. I enclose 10c. Include Free Gift of Rouge and Face Powder.

Name_____

Address_____

Astrology

What do the Stars Predict for 1933?

Will it be a year of success? Would you like to know? Our special 15-page Astrological Reading gives predictions, month by month — with exact days, dates and happenings for 1933 based on your sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, raises in salary, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthday with $1.00 for reading.

Franklin Pub. Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. 1553, Chicago

Ten Commandments for Popularity!
See our next issue

"STRAPHANGER"
NEVER SLIP *Shoulder Straps*

Sewed on quickly. No pins. No clasps. Made of high grade double silk ribbon in pink, peach, white and black. At your dealer or send 10c. to Straphanger, 79 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

What's Happened to Garbo

(Continued from page 29)

office value and knowing full well that too large a yearly output of pictures whether good or bad cheapen a star, Garbo, it is said, asked that she be limited to but two pictures during the year and that she receive three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for each of them. A total yearly salary of seven hundred thousand dollars.

It was then that the conferences between Garbo and Metro started that kept her tarrying here. Metro, it seems, wanted Garbo, but they didn't like her terms and Garbo wanted to remain with Metro, provided they could agree.

I was told that Metro agreed to the two a year picture schedule but named three hundred and twelve thousand dollars per picture as the limit; a salary of six hundred thousand odd a year.

Her first picture will be a story based on the life of the Swedish Queen Christina. The original is by Garbo's friend, Mrs. Berthold Viertel and Margaret Levino. It's a tale of love overcoming duty.

SO Garbo, like Kipling's cat, continues to walk by herself doing pretty much as she pleases, while the applause of her admiring fans gathers volume.

Hollywood does not know what to think of Garbo. This strange foreigner who refuses to become a part of the town that has made her independently wealthy and world famous. This girl of humble birth who so royally breaks all of Hollywood's commandments as she serenely marches on to greater heights. Hollywood admits that she has them all licked.

All of the world, including Hollywood, looks upon Garbo as a mysterious, strange woman sprung from some unknown land. Assuredly she is strange and certainly she does stand apart from the rest of the world in refusing to allow sudden great wealth and world-wide fame to change her humble habits and simple manner of living.

But in her own home and among her own friends Garbo is no more mysterious or strange than you or I.

Through her natural shyness and dislike of crowds she unwittingly hit upon an idea of seclusion which has given her more freedom ever accorded any other celebrity and at the same time showered her with the greatest world-wide publicity ever tendered a person in the public eye. Her dislike of meeting the public has developed into a legend that has made it possible for her to turn her back on the world individually and collectively and make them like it. She has withdrawn from the public gaze so thoroughly that any least trivial bit of information about her, such as what she eats for breakfast or how often she shampoos her hair is considered news.

Many persons swim in the nude in the privacy of their own pool, but the fact that Garbo often takes her plunge in the altogether is worthy of big headline material.

Probably every Garbo fan in the country will rush to the library to get de Maupassant's, Tolstoy's and Oscar Wilde's writing when they hear that they happen to be the Swedish star's favorite books. And no doubt there will be a revived interest in German and Swedish history when it is learned that Garbo has a collection of these books which she reads over and over.

AND most of the readers of MODERN SCREEN will smile when they read Garbo's opinion of Hollywood that she was continually expressing to her housekeepers during the months they managed her home.

"Hollywood!" she would wail. "It is nothing but a lot of painted cracker boxes hanging to sun-baked hills. It is the most tiresome place in the world. If I could only get away from it!"

And there are many world celebrities who would love to take Garbo's stand of independence in denying interviews and refusing to put themselves on parade at premieres, restaurants and banquets, if they thought they would survive.

Garbo continually has to be on her guard or she will be tricked into getting herself into a spot that may upset the tradition she has built about herself.

When Dietrich first arrived here, Garbo had a natural curiosity to see if there was any truth to the report that there was a striking resemblance between the German star and herself.

"When Garbo was invited to attend a private showing of Dietrich's first Hollywood-made picture at Paramount one evening, she was wild to go," smiled her friend Wilhelm Sorensen. "It wasn't until I made it plain to her that such a visit would probably be turned into a tremendous publicity stunt that she gave up the idea.

"And one day she received word that her admirers in Sweden had planned a great treat for her. Her fans it seemed had clubbed together and raised money to cover a long distance telephone call between Hollywood and Stockholm so that Greta could sit in her California home and talk to her mother as she sat in far away Sweden. Of course it was understood that details of this arrangement would be published.

"Garbo replied that when she wanted to talk to her mother she could pay for her own telephone call and then she could be certain that the world would not be listening in on the conversation."

AND the Swedish star hangs on to little souvenirs that remind her of happy times, just like you and I.

According to her housekeepers, tucked in among her favorite books were a collection of menus that she had taken from the "Gripsholm," on which she crossed to Sweden when she made her first visit back there after she became famous.

And below this shelf of books, on her writing desk stood a little brown

and white cloth dog with a ribbon around it's neck bearing the name of the boat.

And Garbo has a hobby of collecting men's handkerchiefs. Among her own kerchiefs, which are large silk squares initialed G. G., are several big linen ones embroidered with C. B. which Garbo told her housekeeper stood for the director, Clarence Brown. There were several marked with a plain S that once belonged to her old friend Mauritz Stiller and others marked F standing for the French director, Jacques Feyder.

Most intriguing of all her keepsakes was the plain gold wedding ring that the housekeeper found tucked away in the corner of the drawer in the little table at the head of Garbo' bed when she was putting clean paper in it one day.

A wedding ring hidden in Garbo's bedroom. What did it mean? Did she keep it near her bedside to take out in the still of the night and bring back cherished memories? Or was it only a "prop" wedding ring that she had sometime worn in a picture?

IN this same bedroom Garbo kept a big, rough, wooden box in plain sight shoved under a dressing table. "It arrived soon after Christmas," said the housekeeper, "filled with an assortment of canned anchovies, sardines, caviar and liver pasté.

"Miss Garbo had the cover ripped off and the box left in her bedroom. She must have gotten up in the night and lunched on the canned delicacies as we often found empty tin boxes in her bedroom in the morning. Other times we found them in the kitchen sink."

It seemed that Garbo never has learned to like American food. One of her favorite nearby excursions was to lunch on shipboard when certain Swedish and German boats docked in the Los Angeles harbor.

And just like you and I Garbo has her strange little habits of saving and little idiosyncrasies.

For instance she has a mania for watching a burning fire-place. No matter how hot the day, according to her housekeeper, whenever Garbo went into the living room she lighted the wide fireplace which she had ordered to be kept laid with logs. If friends were with her they invariably suggested that they go out in the garden. But as soon as Garbo came back in the room she would light the fireplace again. "Sometimes," said the housekeepers, "that fireplace was swept and laid six times a day."

And they were always picking up the little piles of torn foreign fan mail that Garbo left all over the place. "We could follow her trail by these heaps of paper," they laughed. "We would find them in the garden, on her bed, on the floor in her bedroom, on the floor in her automobile, in front of the fireplace in the living room, everywhere.

"This trail was a great help to us when we were searching for her colored glasses, which she was continually losing all over the place.

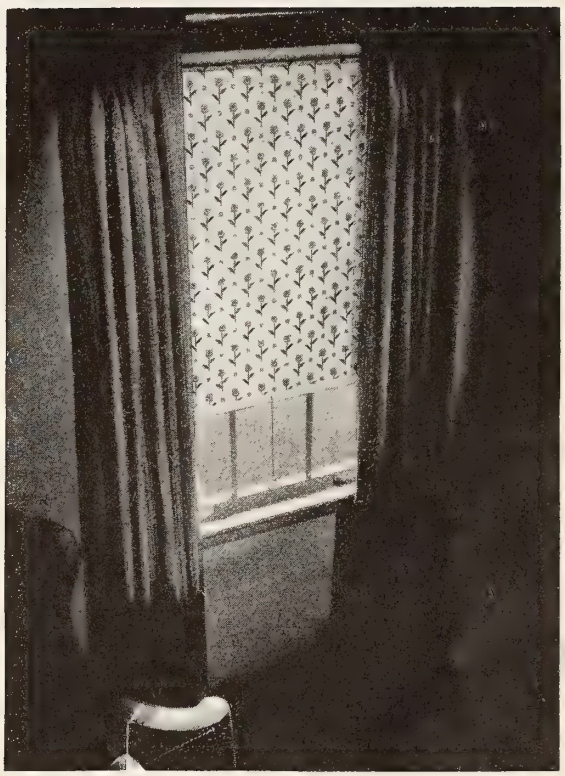
"And as she seldom carried a purse

Re-Decorate for 10c a Window

with the new 1933 colors and patterns

in CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

...only **10c** each!



New Decorators' Styles in Patterned Shades . . . . . .

Illustrated at the right is the new Lotus design, one of several new patterns now on display.

●

Get New Effects with These Plain Colors . . . . . .

Apple Green (New)—Dark Green — Ecru — Baltimore Blue—White —Dark Tan.

A MILLION women have found that Clopay Window Shades are the smartest, least expensive way to bring new life and color into jaded rooms.

And now new colors, and patterns created by distinguished American artists offer you a wider choice than ever for getting new color effects in your home.

The new apple green shade is stunning with white woodwork, and brightens rooms amazingly. The new patterned shades put life into rooms with plain walls and draperies.

Clopay Shades look expensive at your windows. They actually outwear shades costing 5 to 10 times as much.

The new Fall patterns are now on display in the stores. Be sure to see them before you buy new shades at any price.

At 5c and 10c stores and 5c to $1.00 stores everywhere, 10c each. Attached in a jiffy to your old rollers without tacks or tools. In Canada, 15c.

Don't Miss These New CLOPAY *Values!*

CLOPAY Bridge Table Covers

Perfect playing surface! Tight-fitting elastic corners. No tapes to tie. Three colors—French blue and ecru; apple green and ecru; black and tangerine. Another good CLOPAY product. **10c**

20¢

CLOPAY Shades mounted on standard wood spring rollers, with wood slat, brackets, nails and screw eye. Complete for 20c each. A sensational value!

CLOPAY Shade Pulls..

Jewel-like shade pulls moulded from Bakelite and Plaskon, with double 10-inch cords. Always look like new. Washable; durable; attractive; and modern. No more soiled, unsightly, crocheted shade pulls. 7 colors, to match all CLOPAY Shades. **5c**

CLOPAY CORPORATION • 1280 YORK STREET • CINCINNATI, OHIO

EFFECTIVE HOURS LONGER

New Sanitary Napkin
3 to 5 Times More Absorbent

NOW—go *wherever* you please, *whenever* you please, for as LONG as you please—with perfect poise and peace of mind!

For now there is a brand-new type of sanitary napkin that lasts hours longer than any you've known before. One that affords you *perfect* and *continuous* protection, no matter what emergency may arise.

This new creation is called Veldown. Its super-soft rayon cellulose filler possesses 3 to 5 times greater absorbency than the filler in ordinary "crepe-paper" and cotton pads. Every woman will *quickly* see the advantage of this.

Too, Veldown has a unique moisture-proofed back—invisible, imperceptible, without weight or bulk—to furnish a *double* safeguard. Thus rendering protective garments unnecessary at anv and all times.

Vastly softer and more comfortable—Veldown can never chafe nor irritate. And because it is self-conforming it never betrays its presence beneath the filmiest, close-fitting frock . . . deodorant and instantly disposable, of course.

Yet with all its superior advantages, Veldown costs you no more. You'll find it priced the same as the ordinary run of "sanitary pads." At all drug and department stores. Simply mention the name "Veldown."

Veldown
The Utterly New-Type
SANITARY NAPKIN

when she went out she was forever losing the money that she clutched in her hand or in her little black coin pocket book."

And for no reason at all, according to these housekeepers Garbo insisted on saving all of her empty bottles.

SHE kept them stored in one of her wardrobe trunks upstairs. In another of her trunks were dozens of high heeled slippers in all kinds of material and every shade imaginable. Dainty shoes she had worn in pictures that did not feel as comfortable or go as well with her plain clothes as the flat heeled men's shoes she wore.

DON'T think that Garbo didn't have her romances, too, although she was clever enough to keep them well hidden from Hollywood," they smiled. "We never will forget the nights when a certain foreign director, who called often, forgot to turn out the lights of his automobile in his haste to get in to see his friend and left them streaming up the driveway across our windows keeping us awake most of the night."

Jackie Cooper

(Continued from page 45)

me to mention that he didn't miss once, I'm sure. After all, things like this are quite as important as winning second award for the best acting of the year, for instance. And certainly enough oh-ing and ah-ing was done when Jackie merited this.

RECOGNIZING Jackie, everybody in the lobby immediately surrounded him admiringly. He was polite but his smile wasn't the joyous affair it is usually. The men he didn't seem to find half bad. They shook hands with him in a forthright fashion, told him how they always liked to see him on the screen, and he said thank-you-very-much, and that was that. But the women! Especially the gushy ones!

"Hey, Mom," Jackie called after he'd shaken about two dozen hands "I'm goin' on up. All right?"

Mrs. Cooper, who was talking to a representative of the press, didn't hear him.

"Mom," he repeated, louder this time, "I'm goin' on up. All right?"

The two detectives who guarded him day and night stood by.

Mrs. Cooper nodded.

"C'mon, boys," said Jackie. And the three of them made a dash for the elevator.

To Jackie these detectives weren't any badge of importance. They were, rather, two pretty swell guys who had any number of exciting stories to tell you whenever you could manage to get off alone with them.

On the home stretch, so to speak, his tour practically over, Jackie had begun to worry about his club.

"I hope the fellers'll know I'm comin'," he told his mother. "Maybe we'd better send them a wire, what do you think? So's they can get things ready. We gotta have a meetin' right off so's to make sure nobody broke any rules or anything."

PRESIDENT and treasurer of the club, Jackie naturally feels a great sense of responsibility about it. Always he's been a ring-leader. Long before his name was known nationally it was one that had to be reckoned with in his neighborhood.

"Got a rival gang, Jackie?" one of the detectives asked.

Jackie beamed. "Sure," he said, "There's one gang that hates us. We're always havin' fights. One day . . . gee . . . that was good. Boy!

"You see all us fellers came outta the clubhouse, like this . . ."

He showed us how they all strolled out in an innocent and extremely nonchalant manner. Jackie always acts what he is saying, merely throwing in a few words here and there. It is obviously far easier for him to show you than to tell you.

"When what do we see but the other kids lined up. Waitin' for us. With beebee guns!"

He turned to me, probably feeling a member of my inferior sex hardly could be expected to estimate such weapons properly, and explained: "Beebee guns can sting, they can. Boy! I got hit with one once. Made be black and blue. And yellow!

"Well, they aimed those beebee guns plunk at us. We beat it back in the clubhouse quick. I lined my gang in a row.

"Anybody got any suggestions how we can lick that bunch?" I asked.

"One kid suggested we climb up on our roof and chuck things down at them.

"'A very good idea,' I told him.

"But then I got a better idea. We made one of our fellers go over and join the other gang. Pretend like he was mad at me, see, and wanted to join up with them. Then I got my '22 and we came out and I fired right at that kid that was makin' believe he'd deserted us. He grabbed his arm and started yellin'."

The action Jackie now suited to his words was very graphic. He ran around the room holding his arm and groaning at the top of very adequate lungs.

"He wasn't really hurt, you know, Mom," he told his mother quickly, with a broad, reassuring grin. "He was only puttin' on so's the others'd think I had real bullets . . . not just blanks.

"And Gee, Boy!"

Jackie fairly bent double with laugh-

ter at the memory of the way his strategy had put the enemy to rout.

"You shouldda seen those kids run. They thought I'd shot that feller for sure. I wish I couldda seen them when they found out he wasn't hurt at all and that he'd come back on my side. I'll bet they were good and sore all right."

MRS. COOPER, who always allows Jackie to tell his own stories in his own way, without any interruption, has no more qualms about Jackie's future than all mothers must feel about the future of their sons. She isn't afraid that the rest of Jackie's life will be anti-climax, that never again will he achieve the same prominence and success he now enjoys. For she is confident that even after Jackie reaches a man's estate he will continue as an actor. And actors, especially actors of Jackie Cooper's calibre, never have any difficulty at all about keeping in the limelight.

"Jackie always has acted," Mrs. Cooper explained, "even as a baby. I remember when he was only three how he knew every word of the Moran and Mack records we used to play on the phonograph. He never was taught the words or the tune. He picked them up of his own accord. And when we had company he used to get me to play the piano so he could sing those songs. Everyone who ever heard him marvelled at his power of mimicry."

She smiled. "With a responsive audience Jackie never seemed to get tired. He'd say, 'What'll we do for them next? What'll we do for them next, Mom?'"

Mrs. Cooper is an Italian, small and dark, with bright black eyes. Before Jackie scored his hit in "Skippy," when he was making fifty dollars a week those occasional weeks when he worked in "Our Gang" comedies, she supported the family by playing the piano in vaudeville.

Johnny Cooper, Jackie's father, was Dutch. He also was a vaudevillian. He died when Jackie was two. And right here, even at the risk of sounding sentimental, I want to say that no part of Jackie's fame ever has compensated him for not having a father.

IT isn't easy for a boy to be brought up entirely by women. Fortunately Jackie's too inherently masculine for it to have made a sissy of him. And fortunately in all of his outside contacts he instinctively tries to make up for the masculine companionship he lacks at home. He pals around with Wally Beery. He adores a young uncle. And Johnny Weissmuller and Rich Dix are two other gods at whose shrine he bends a knee.

"Public school!" Jackie made a wry face. "I'd hate the sittin' still and sittin' up straight part. When I'm having lessons there's nothing to stop me gettin' up and walkin' around whenever I feel like it."

His voice grew confidential.

"I really don't hate arithmetic," he told me. "They used to make me say I did. For publicity. Same's they made me say I didn't like spinach."

Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the hair shaft—colors the hair where nature does. . . . Notox shades duplicate Nature's own. And remember, Notoxed hair can be washed, waved or sunned just like *natural* hair.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists. Buy Notox at smart shops everywhere.

●● *Send for free booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. 12, 33 West 46th Street, New York*

Inecto Rapid NOTOX

Colors hair inside where nature does

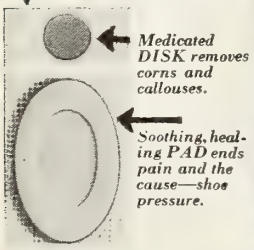
CORNS

INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF!

It takes Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads only one minute to end pain of the worst corn. Their soothing medication acts instantly and heals rapidly. Their triple ply protective outer rim removes the cause—shoe pressure; prevents sore toes and blisters. Keep a box handy to use when new or tight shoes hurt and you'll have instant comfort.

Quickly Removes Corns

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks (now included at no extra cost) to safely remove corns and callouses in 48 hours. Get a box today — costs but a trifle. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

ZIP 50¢

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM GIANT TUBE

White—Quick—Safe. Special 10¢ Size.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only $1

Permanently Destroys Hair

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME to play by *note*. Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument—or to sing. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as A B C. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only few cents a day. Over 600,000 students.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method in detail. Tell what your favorite instrument is and write name and address plainly. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music, 14411 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

Death to Jackie is the great mystery. Cemeteries fascinate him the same as they do most children. One day a few months ago Jackie saw a funeral entering a cemetery.

"Look," he called to his uncle who was driving the family car, "here's a good place where we can park and see the whole thing!"

His mother explained that wouldn't be a nice thing to do, that the people in the coaches were sad because someone they loved had died, and that they wouldn't like to be stared at. Jackie let the matter drop. That night, however, Mrs. Cooper noticed he was very much preoccupied. He sat on the edge of the bed for a long time wiggling his toes in and out of his bedroom slippers. Finally he said in a little voice, sounding anything but natural:

"Life's kinda funny, isn't it? Here we are . . . talkin' and workin' . . . and over . . . over in the cemetery . . . over in the cemetery people just like us . . . people who were talkin' and workin' . . . just a little while ago . . . gee, they're over there lyin' dead . . . and still and everything."

THE day I saw Jackie he had things to attend to. He was given a portable typewriter, the champion typist making the presentation. On a little gold plate his name was engraved, "Jackie Cooper." Nice enough! But what impressed Jackie more than anything else was the amazing speed with which the champion could and did type.

"Whee," said Jackie appreciatively, "Gee, boy, lookit that go, will ya?"

"Gee, boy," is, as you may have judged, a favorite expletive.

I'm sure, incidentally, that Jackie reckons he earned that machine. For he had to have some pictures taken with it. And he abominates posing for stills. For the most part he was very good about it although he said quite frankly that he couldn't see how there were magazines and newspapers enough in the world to use so many pictures. But when they suggested he hold his hands high over the keyboard in a burlesque manner, he rebelled.

"What do you think?" he said, "I know how to typewrite! I'm not going to look that stupid! No siree! I won't do it!" He looked quite determined.

In spite of everything he remained obdurate. And I, for one, didn't blame him. Had he done as they asked he really would have looked pretty silly.

When the photographers arrived to take these pictures and others besides, Jackie excused himself to the two detectives who were telling him stories over in a corner.

"I gotta do this business now, I guess," he told them.

And to Jackie all the fanfare of stardom is just that. Business. He attends to it dutifully, quite the same as a little newsie would attend to the business of selling his papers. Jackie knows he is earning money that supports him, his mother, and his grandmother, and that because of this his mother no longer has to go to work.

YOU'RE never goin' to work again, Mom," he often tells the dark smiling girl who watches him with such fond eyes, "You're never goin' to work again. I'm the man of our family and the man has to make the money. You're never goin' to work again, Mom." And then pinching her cheek affectionately, "Glad? Huh?"

"A typical eight-year-old," I'd say. Wouldn't you?

How then are we to account for the brilliant, histrionic streak running through him which makes him one of the greatest artists alive today . . . which sends other artists into raptures over him . . . which has given us "Skippy" and "The Champ" and "Father and Sons" and all the others . . . which makes us laugh gleefully one minute and sob, broken-hearted, the next . . .

As far as it is possible to trace such things, this genius of Jackie's is not inherited. His mother and father earned their living as entertainers in vaudeville, true, but they never displayed anything approaching Jackie's great histrionic ability.

Is there then, as so many in Hollywood are inclined to think, the spirit of some great departed actor reborn in Jackie? Or is it that Mab, Queen of the Fairy Godmothers, was present at his birth. I don't know, I'm sure. I'm asking you!

The Big Productions

(Continued from page 82)

a lot of stage fright from the radio stars the first time they faced the camera . . . but we were fooled! Paramount built an exact duplicate of the broadcasting room in one of the big New York radio studios and that is where all the action takes place. Were they scared of anything? They were not! As Gracie Allen said: "I used to be scared every time I went up to the microphone . . . so you can well imagine what I expected to find in Hollywood! But the fact that they had us work in the copy of a broadcasting room took all the fear out of me . . ."

THE day we visited the set, Crosby (who plays one of them thar heartless crooners) was entertaining the whole gang with a new invention he had just discovered. It seems that he had found a way in which he could sing chords. At first he was only able to make two sounds in harmony . . . but before he had finished the day's work, he had actually worked up to three!

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 94*)

MACMAHON, ALINE; married; born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "Life Begins" and "One Way Passage," First National; "Once in a Lifetime," Universal. Working in "Silver Dollar," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," "The Crooner" and "They Call It Sin," First National; "Bill of Divorcement," Radio.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Merrily We Go to Hell," Paramount; "Smilin' Through," M-G-M. Working in "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

MARITZA, SARI; unmarried; born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Are You Listening?," M-G-M; "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio. Working in "Sport Page," Radio.

MARSHALL, HERBERT; married to Edna Best; born in London, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus." Working in "The Honest Finder."

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox. Working in "That's My Boy," Columbia.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "The Night Club Lady," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Now making a picture in Paris.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Renald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "They Call It Sin," First National. Working in "Second Fiddle," Radio.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Rich Are Always With Us," First National. Working in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists.

MIX, TOM; married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Texas Bad Man," "My Pal the King" and "The Fourth Horseman." Working in "Tom's In Town."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Letty Lynton" and "Blondie of the Follies." Working in "Tinfoil."

MOORE, COLLEEN; married to Albert Scott; born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. M-G-M player.

MOORE, DICKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "No Greater Love," Columbia; "Million Dollar Legs" and "Blonde Venus," Paramount. Working in "Little Orphan Annie," Radio.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Men In Her Life," Columbia. Appearing on the New York stage.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man About Town," Fox; "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio. Next is "Animal Kingdom," Radio.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Sinners in the Sun," Paramount; "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M. Working in "Breach of Promise," World Wide.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists. Working in "I'm a Fugitive," First National.

McCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio player. Featured in "Bird of Paradise" and "The Most Dangerous Game." Working in "Sport Page." Next is "Fog Bound."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "Guilty as Hell," Paramount. Working in "Rackety Rax," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "Divorce in the Family," "Kongo," M-G-M.

NISSEN, GRETA; married to Weldon Heyburn; born in Olso, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery." Working in "Rackety Rax."

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Working in "Rackety Rax," Fox.

(*Continued on page 110*)

If a million mothers had something to tell you

WOULD YOU LISTEN ?

A MOTHER who has watched over her baby . . . day after day . . . thrilling to his every little gain . . . anxious about his smallest distress . . . Who can talk to you more understandingly than she? If a million such mothers could sit down with you now and tell you of their experience with a remarkable baby food—would you be interested?

Today, there are more than a million mothers who could tell you gladly, convincingly, of the wonderful things that Eagle Brand has done.

Year after year—by hundreds, by thousands—they write to The Borden Company, to tell their dramatic human stories. They tell of babies who grew and gained and flourished on Eagle Brand, with never a set-back. They tell of babies who have won blue ribbons and silver cups. They tell of babies—once failing, starving, because they could not digest other foods—brought back to full health by Eagle Brand. And often, they tell of handsome, healthy grown-up sons and daughters raised on Eagle Brand, and now giving this food to *their* babies.

FREE—*helpful baby book for you.* If you cannot nurse your baby, try Eagle Brand. See feeding directions on label. Send for "Baby's Welfare," containing feeding instructions, general information on baby care. We will gladly send your physician a report of recent scientific feeding test of Eagle Brand.

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. F-7, Borden Building,
350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me new edition "Baby's Welfare."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Please print name and address plainly)

ALL GRAY HAIR —OR NONE!

Nothing ages a man's or a woman's face like a streaky mixture of youthful hair and faded gray. Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy THEN to keep ALL your hair one even shade and yet avoid that touched up, artificial look men so dislike by using FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, greaseless that leaves a NATURAL, soft, youthful shade that will not wash off nor interfere with your marcel or permanent wave in the least. Any shade. Harmless as your lipstick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M.G.10
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

THIS FRAME is FREE with each PHOTO or SNAPSHOT ENLARGEMENT for only 98¢

Simply send us your PHOTO, SNAPSHOT, or TINTYPE, with your name and address and in about one week you will receive a BEAUTIFUL ENLARGEMENT completely framed in an ARTISTIC 5x6 Frame as illustrated.

Send No Money! Just pay postman 98c plus postage, or send $1 and we pay postage. Originals returned. Take advantage of this amazing offer and send Photo today. DO IT NOW.
Alton Art Studios, Dept. 5, 5707 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

The big film companies hire professional health and exercise specialists in order to keep their stars in trim and at the right weight—and that goes for both men and women players.

If you want to learn the very latest scientific knowledge about health exercise—as practised by the Paramount studio stars at the direction of experts—get a copy of the next MODERN SCREEN (dated December) and you'll find this valuable information.

What Are the Movies Doing to Us?

(*Continued from page 27*)

take a topic of vital interest at the moment, disarmament. Many people know that there is a discussion of reduction of armaments and that we have an interest in this discussion purely through the pictures they may have seen, showing the representatives of various countries meeting to discuss this subject in Lausanne or Geneva. International affairs as such may mean very little, but the names of the men become familiar to the general public and without knowing it they absorb through the newsreel a great deal of general knowledge which stands them in good stead when they hear some political discussion on a subject which has suddenly become vital to our country.

The educational value of the movie seems to me quite limitless if the men at the head of the industry have sufficient imagination to see what possibilities lie before them and to remember that they hold in their hands a great weapon which may serve as a stimulant to imagination of young and old in this country and which may mean more general knowledge for the great masses of our people than has ever been possible before in history, and more intelligent participation in public affairs and national problems.

Where Do You Go from Here?

(*Continued from page 67*)

the insults of bosses who demanded something more of their pretty secretary than stenographic ability.

And she has emerged triumphant.

THE hows and whys of it are no secret. To begin with, she took life apart and found two hard-to-manage parts. She called one "Work" and the other "Love." The first was the easier to handle.

She "improved herself." Those are words, aren't they? Specifically, she began to read and to study. At night school, she learned enough stenography to get a better job. Then she became interested in law. For a while, she was enrolled in the Columbia University Law School. At night, again. In the daytime, she found a job with a newspaper syndicate writing about dresses and hats and desserts you could make in your ice box.

Presently, the stage began to vie with the glamor of the law courts for her interest. Quite honestly, she analyzed herself and found a good face and figure plus a habit of "spouting poetry," as she describes it, at every opportunity.

With eyes wide open, she borrowed enough money to go through a dramatic school. Then opportunity beyond her wildest dreams unexpectedly sought her out. This night, a producer from Hollywood saw her in a school play. She was in her teens, a bright and breathless little thing, when he told her that he wanted her to work in his pictures. If it had been realized, we would have another Cinderella story.

"I'm not ready yet," she answered him. "In a year or two, I may be."

During the next months, she worked prodigiously. Four plays in a civic theatre in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Then, one in New York. On Election Day, 1930, she went to Hollywood. That first year she made "Six Cylinder Love," "Murders in the Rue Morgue," "Nice Women," "Strictly Dishonorable," "Bad Sister," and "The Mouthpiece." That was what she wanted—work and success!

So much for "Work." Now what of that other part of life that she called "Love." Can you guess what she did? Listen. . . .

"I put a halter on my heart."

And that is what she proposes for every bruised or disappointed one of us who envies the glitter and gaiety of more successful sisters.

Impossible, you say? You doubt that love could or should be haltered? Sidney Fox suggests this:

"Look around you at the divorce courts. Why are they jammed? Why is Reno always crowded? Too often it is because a woman didn't know where she was going. Wouldn't she have been better off if she hadn't loved so carelessly?"

She is very serious about it. It is something she understands so well.

MOST of us, when we're in love, act like puppets. Little strings jerk us about and we begin to live with our hearts instead of our heads. And usually, we have our fling, our heartbreak, and then our divorce. But women don't want divorces. With all our hearts, we don't. We want love—the old-fashioned kind that lasts. We must fall in love, of course, but why not think out ahead before something happens to us? Before we let ourselves in for all the joy and pain that love means? Let's know where we're going and then, if it is what we want, *let's go!*"

Sidney Fox would give a great deal to be able to help those impetuous girls who plunge in and out of love and gain nothing but heartaches. Her desire is

the basis of an amazingly new idea.

"I want to start a shop for women," she told me. "There would be nothing else like it in the world. I would take every woman who ever judged a man unwisely and try to teach her good judgment. And then I would teach her the art of being attractive. Almost every woman can be made more beautiful than she is."

"Are you sure?" I interposed.

"I'm positive . . . make-up, clothes, posture, oh, all those things. Then I would analyze her personality and give her just the *right things.* My shop would make her fine and big, both inside and out. Then, when the right man came along and she was very, very sure he was the right man, she would be able to hold him forever."

An amazing idea—and so simple. "But any girl, if she is smart, can do that for herself," I said. "She needn't go to your shop if she reads the right things and *does* the right things."

I wish you could have seen her curled up on that studio chair in her dressing room, her eyes so warm and eager and her face so intent under its thick make-up, as she thought that over.

"That's right," she agreed after a moment. "I really couldn't expect to have many customers, but I think it would be grand fun trying to help people see the way to make love last."

Ann Dvorak

(*Continued from page 64*)

Ann, always the restless and excitable, was almost in a panic. She wailed, "I'm sure he has been looking at the rushes of the interesting vivid girl this Cesca is, and probably he has *me* all mixed up with her in his mind. He probably thinks I'm interesting and colorful and witty . . . and all those things. If he really came to know *me* he would probably be convinced I'm just dull and every-dayish. Then perhaps he wouldn't have any more interest in putting me over on the screen. I just can't go. You'll have to tell him something when he calls up."

The tall, likeable, millionaire producer from Texas called Ann on the telephone not only that once but many other times. She was invited to go dining, dancing and premiering with him. Each time I was elected to fabricate some glowing story to the effect that Ann had just left to keep another engagement . . . or she was week-ending in Santa Barbara . . . so sorry she missed you this time.

I hope my guardian angel has not made marks too black against my name for the imaginative and colorful lies I told Mr. Hughes about Ann's social activities. I am sure that in time he must have come to believe the Dvorak girl the most popular in Hollywood.

"I HOPE so," Ann breathed when I confided these suspicions to her. "It's a lot better that he thinks I am popular

"Don't you hate housework, Helen? It always makes my hands so red and rough!"

"That never bothers me since I've been using Pacquin's Hand Cream. It keeps my hands softer and smoother than anything I've ever tried. It seems to get right into the skin, somehow. I think it's wonderful!"

"It gets right into the skin" tells the whole story of why Pacquin's makes the hands so marvelously smooth and soft. For Pacquin's contains certain natural oils essential for keeping the skin supple. Unlike many creams, Pacquin's literally sinks into the skin instead of evaporating into the air. As your skin absorbs the cream, it regains these natural oils which sun and wind and water take out.

Try a bit of Pacquin's on the palm of your hand. Note how much more supple and smooth your skin feels, without looking or feeling the least bit "greasy". It's marvelous, too, for preventing "crepey" elbows and protecting the delicate skin of the neck and arms against the ravages of exposure. Buy a trial jar today!

To meet the insistent demand of women who have found Pacquin's Hand Cream so wonderfully effective, we now introduce a complete line of Pacquin's Beauty Creams —a cream for every beauty requirement, and each as certain to please you as Pacquin's Hand Cream—

PACQUIN'S CLEANSING CREAM
PACQUIN'S COLD CREAM
PACQUIN'S VANISHING CREAM
PACQUIN'S LEMON CREAM

Next time you visit a toilet goods counter, ask for these new Pacquin's Beauty Creams. Convenient sizes in a wide range of prices, 10c to $1.00.

It feeds the skin

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM

JANE E. CURRAN, INC., 101 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK

Fay Wray, RKO Star

SOFT LASHES

MEN adore them. You can have them—easily. Winx is a NEW type mascara which makes even skimpy lashes look full—dark—soft . . . It never smudges or smears.

Two forms: *Liquid Winx* — absolutely *waterproof*—75¢. Vanity size—10¢ in 5 and 10¢ stores . . . *Cake Winx* in a slim metal compact—$1.00. Vanity size—10¢.

Try Winx! And watch how your eyes assume brilliance, flash and fascination!

WINX

EVERY CLUB, CLASS and SOCIETY SHOULD HAVE PINS

If your club or class hasn't pins, get busy right now. 35 cents will buy a dandy pin. Designs to suit every taste. Over 300 handsome styles.

35¢ EACH and up (FBHS)

Send for big new 1933 catalog, many illustrations in color.

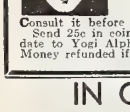
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 221 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

$$ SONG WRITING $$

Big Royalties

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U.S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our Sales Department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 616 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California



ASTROLOGY

Giant Reading Only 25c

Get this big Life Reading by Yogi Alpha, world famous philosopher. It will cost you only 25c. It contains over 1,400 words and COVERS MARRIAGE, LOVE, HEALTH, partnership, lucky days, etc.

Follow this guide throughout your lifetime. Consult it before making any important changes.

Send 25c in coin or stamps with name, address and exact birth date to Yogi Alpha, Box 1411, Dept. 36, San Diego, California. Money refunded if not satisfied. Mail only.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

More of those strange slants on Hollywood. Unusual angles on Neil Hamilton and Claudette Colbert.

A reducing article—with the very newest wrinkles—straight from the Paramount health staff who keep the Paramount stars in trim. A marvelous article with vital information—both for men and women.

An absorbing feature by Adele Whitely Fletcher called "Ten Commandments for Popularity." If you want to know how to increase your number of admirers, read it.

and well liked than that he should find out what a really mousey sort of person I am!"

As a matter of cold truth, Ann had not a single beau to her name. She was not the type that men invited out to "show off" or to be entertained by her wit. She never has been and never will be any part of a "goodtime girl." She was disgusted with the silly philosophies of young boys her own age . . . and fearful that she would bore men older than herself. When Howard Hughes would call up, Ann would sit beside the telephone shivering and shaking with excitement as though she feared he might be able to see through the 'phone, discovering her there alone, unasked for, her face cold-creamed, eating a ham sandwich, instead of enjoying the scintillating social festivities I concocted for her!

As "Scarface" advanced further into production, the Hollywood "grapevine" carried the reports of a new and startling discovery. Ann would read to me with delight the columnist hints of a new actress, said to be the most colorful personality since Joan Crawford. It seems the girl's name was Ann Dvorak! When the picture was actually completed Ann sat back to await the developments of the rôle that was to establish her.

Is there need to go into the many delays and postponements of release dates that held up "Scarface"? The censors played havoc with the picture that was doctored and changed so many times before it saw the light of a movie screen in New York.

In that time Ann was like a person going through the wild hysteria of a nightmare. She had visions of the picture never being released . . . all her glowing ambitions smashed to earth before they had a chance to blossom. She even discussed the possibility of attempting to borrow certain scenes out of the picture to use as "tests" to show other producers what she could do. Just when Ann had decided that Cesca was created to perish unseen, the censors relented and "Scarface" opened in New York!

I DID not see the picture until it opened in Los Angeles. It did not seem possible that this vivid creature the New York critics described as Ann Dvorak could be the girl who was my daughter and friend. I couldn't help wondering about this "abandon" they so insistently contained in their paragraphs regarding Ann's work. The girl I knew was so different from the person they painted.

It was not until I saw the picture that I actually understood . . . Ann was an instinctive actress—true, she needed polishing—but her work was all the more amazing to me because the emotions she portrayed were not gained through real experiences, but from some inexplicable understanding within that we know as talent. I knew when Ann first flashed upon the screen that she was there for an interesting career!

Warner Brothers had become very enthusiastic about Ann as a screen personality following her performance in "Scarface." It was arranged that they should borrow her from Howard Hughes for James Cagney's picture, "The Crowd Roars." Upon completion of that film her contract was bought from Mr. Hughes for $20,000. Ann received no part of this money. Her salary from Warners was $250 weekly.

Following "The Crowd Roars" Ann went into production on "A Stranger in Town," then into another picture whose title slips my mind (certainly Ann must not have been enthused about this part for I heard so little about it). Then the momentous day when she was cast in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain."

I say it was a momentous day because it was in that picture that Ann met Leslie Fenton, the man she married two and one half months after their meeting!

IT has been repeatedly written and hinted that I do not like Leslie Fenton! That I objected strenuously to their marriage and did all in my power to stop it. This is not true, and I am sure that Ann and Leslie would be the first to back me up in my claim.

To the contrary, I consider Leslie Fenton one of the most charming men I have ever met, although my sense of humor compels me to admit that I had met him only *twice* before he became my son-in-law. One of these occasions was a casual encounter in the hall of our apartment building when we paused to chat for a moment before he and Ann went driving. The other was the night I pleaded with him and Ann from eight o'clock in the evening until two o'clock the next morning, to wait a year before they jumped into matrimony.

Strange how things happen, isn't it? When I first began to feel that some other great influence was coming into Ann's life, I met the man who had become estranged from me because of Ann's career. In other words, I went back to my second husband (Ann's stepfather) just about the time Leslie Fenton came into Ann's life.

If I seem to be hurling facts too rapidly at the bewildered reader, it is only because, in attempting to recreate the emotions and events at that time, I discover they happened in amazing rapidity to us!

Ann never exactly told me she was falling deeply in love. She did not have to. I knew it. I knew all the restless, ecstatic symptoms. At first I was frightened by the depth of emotion I recognized in Ann. Yet how could this first love be otherwise to a girl of her intense nature? Ann had never even been mildly interested in a man until she met Leslie. There hadn't been any little puppy love experiences. Love hit Ann like a ton of bricks . . . from out of nowhere . . . without warning!

Just as my husband had objected to Ann's career, he objected to Leslie Fenton as a possible husband for her. He had no particular reason except that his great fondness for Ann had convinced him that there are very few things, and practically no men, good enough for her. Once more we knew the stormy sessions of clashing wills in the confines of our apartment home.

Her stepfather would rave a little; I would try to calmly reason with her; and Ann would fly out of the apartment to Leslie. During one of these sessions my husband asked her: "What do you know about him? From what I can learn he is a sort of vagabond . . . working just long enough to get money ahead to support him while he lives the life of a beachcomber in the South Seas . . . or China . . . or wherever he cares to go. Is that the kind of life you plan for yourself?"

Ann's answer, dramatic and youthful, would sing through the apartment: "I want to be with him wherever he is!"

THERE were times when she would talk to me about Leslie. Other days Ann seemed to lock even his name in her heart. Although she seldom brought him to the apartment (probably because she felt we were opposed to the match) they spent every waking hour together.

They went for long slow rides along the beach roads, and when Leslie would bring her home they sat parked in front of the building . . . talking, hour after hour. I could often hear the soft drone of their voices and see the flare of the cigarettes in the dark.

One evening they called me up from one of the picturesque, secluded little cafés they frequented. They said they wanted to come up and talk to me. Ten minutes later I was listening to their pleas for my blessing to their marriage!

There is no denying the charm of Leslie Fenton. The moment he stepped into the apartment I felt it . . . I knew what it was about him which had plunged Ann so deeply into love. He appeals so strongly to the imagination of women.

There is about him none of the prosaic, every-day things that the average man brings into a woman's life. On the contrary, there is something almost fictional about Leslie. He is like one of the heroes in the novels of your favorite authoress. Nothing conventional, about his views of life, love, marriage or civilization.

He loaths Hollywood and tolerates it only for the purpose of obtaining a "stake" which will see him through six months or a year of roving wherever he may choose to go. Yet as he sat there talking to me, keen flashes of his quick mind and wit dotting what he said, it seemed sheer tragedy that such an overwhelming love should have sprung up between these two. Ann had worked so hard for all the things that Leslie despised. Ann was soaring up in the Hollywood heavens, and Leslie's only desire was to be rid of all of it.

I begged them to wait a year. "Wait for what?" asked Leslie.

"Oh, to make sure that this isn't just a passion that won't bear up through marriage," I argued. "To make sure you really belong together."

"Waiting won't prove anything we already know," said Ann.

I tried to compromise with six months. Finally they agreed on three.

ANN had just finished "Love Is a Racket" when, three days later, I received a call from a local airport

Skinny! New way adds pounds *quicker than* BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

FOR years doctors have prescribed beer for skinny, run-down men and women who want to put on flesh. But now, thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, you can get even better results — put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported *beer yeast* —the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized* — scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood — add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear — indigestion disappears — you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine,* with "I. Y." stamped on each tablet.

12 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"After taking Ironized Yeast three weeks I gained 12 pounds." *Frank Piccunas, 6555 S. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

14 Lbs. in 21 Days

"Before 21 days were up I had gained 14 pounds. My complexion was muddy and is now perfect." *Yvonne Murray, 906 Dixie Overland Blvd., Shreveport, La.*

14 Lbs. in Month

"I have gained 14 pounds in a month." *Joseph H. Clebeck, 3 Allen St., New York, N. Y.*

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 511 Atlanta, Ga.

Only 10¢
.. but the BEST skin cream I've ever used

Over a million women have already made this discovery

Hess Witch Hazel Cream is so low in price most housewives keep separate bottles in bathroom, kitchen and laundry

Try Hess Witch Hazel Cream. See for yourself how it keeps your skin free from chapping and roughness. You'll find it different from any other cream. Goes right in—softens, whitens and heals—absorbs completely and quickly.

HESS
WITCH HAZEL CREAM

contains none of the usual lotion gums—that's why it is never sticky—never rolls up—never clogs pores. Try the 10c size for sale at all "Ten Cent" stores. Also 25c and 50c sizes at Drug, Variety and Department Stores. [1]

E. E. Hess Co. Brook, Ind.

YOUR FACE!

Have you surface pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores, oily skin, coarseness, roughness, red spots? For over 15 years my method has accomplished astounding results for many, in just a short time. No clay, peel, bleach, cream, soap, plaster, mask, appliance, bandage, exercise or diet. No trouble. No confinement. Nothing to take. Perfectly HARMLESS to the most delicate skin. Send for free book, "The Complexion Beautiful."

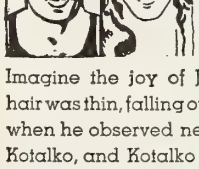
ERNA SAFFAN, 646 N. Michigan Blvd. Suite 3882, Chicago

REDUCING Tea

Quick, Safe, Strenghtening. Praised by thousands. Makes fat melt away without dope, drugs, chemicals, strenuous exercise or dieting. Guaranteed offer sent free. 10c brings generous sample. Or pin $1 to this notice for 30-day supply. Also sent C. O. D. plus few cents postage.
VITON Co., Dept. 9, 54 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS GLASSETTE CHRISTMAS FOLDERS BIG MONEY MAKER

IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—*NEW! NOVEL! DAINTY!* Glassette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish — 21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—*EACH with a TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE.* COSTS YOU 50c—*SELLS For $1.00.* Free Sample. Write today to WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street Dept. 88 Boston, Mass.



NEW HAIR

Imagine the joy of Julius Naroes whose hair was thin, falling out and full of dandruff when he observed new hair after he used Kotalko, and Kotalko Soap...Pleased with every hair on her head is Elizabeth Parker since using Kotalko, and Kotalko Soap.

KOTALKO
For Hair and Scalp

Sold at Drug Stores everywhere. Or use coupon.

Kotal Co., N-3, Station O, New York
Please send me free proof box of Kotalko
Name.....
Address.....

that Ann and Leslie were eloping to Yuma!

They returned to Hollywood . . . a hill-top home . . . and a world that seemed to be peopled by only two! I had only to look into Ann's eyes to realize that for the time not even I could reach through to her. Her whole world revolved about Leslie and his iconoclastic talk. He never talked to Ann of Hollywood . . . or her career. The names and places he painted for her imagination were the white beaches of Papeete, the dewy slopes of Ireland, the sun in the South of France.

As she listened, Ann reminded me of an eager child, the same child she had been when she sat at my knee and listened to the fables I spun from fairy tales. The world of the studios seemed as far apart from her now as though she had never been a part of it.

Two weeks after their marriage Leslie was sued for breach of promise by Julie Carter, who made the age-old claim of the "promise of marriage." I wondered how Ann would react to this minor scandal, as the newspapers tried to make it out. With her romantic illusions and ideals I was afraid it would be a tragedy to her! But Ann, my Amazing Ann, merely said: "How could she help loving him . . . and wanting him. It's too bad there aren't enough Leslies to go around for every woman!"

When Leslie settled the suit out of court Ann forgot the incident's unpleasantness entirely. The only other comment she made was that Miss Carter bore an amazing resemblance to herself.

I did not see so much of Ann upon her return to Hollywood as Mrs. Fenton. I did not care to. I hope I am too wise in the ways of the world to form a "three" in that paradise of "two," a honeymoon. Ann was very busy working in "The Crooner" opposite David Manners and I began to pick up as much information about my child from the gossip of the movie columnists as I actually learned when I visited her. There was talk about Ann growing dissatisfied with the salary paid her. That she had begun to feel she should have shared in the amount paid by Warner Brothers to Howard Hughes for her services. I read, and heard, that Leslie was prompting Ann to this rebellion. This, I sincerely doubt. I don't believe Leslie is that interested in a Hollywood contract.

I did learn, however, from Ann that she had been signed by Samuel Goldwyn to play opposite Ronald Colman in "Cynara," and that Columbia was going to borrow her for a big special.

THE next thing I learned about my daughter in the newspapers was that she had left for Europe! The Colman picture, the Columbia special, the contract . . . all this had been tossed aside by Ann, the girl whose ambitions for a screen career had been limitless.

I sent Ann a telegram begging her to come home. Not because I feared for her career, although I believed she had walked out on the greatest opportunity she would ever know. I begged her to come back because running away from responsibilities is not cricket . . . isn't playing the game fairly. The ethics of the theater game are in my blood. A trouper doesn't walk out on his show. Ann's hasty marriage I could forgive and understand . . . for there is nothing about love that requires forgiveness. It just is. But a run-away from something she was morally obligated to do. This hurt!

The afternoon of the day Ann left without leave of absence, an executive from the Warner Brothers studio called. He said:

"Mrs. Lehr, it was so unnecessary for Ann to go to these measures for a raise in salary. We were planning to give it to her within a month when options would have been taken up. She had never spoken to us about being dissatisfied with the terms of her contract. She had never, in any way, signified that she was unhappy with our arrangement. Certainly we were giving her the very finest rôles any newcomer has ever drawn on this lot. As her box-office draw increased we were prepared to meet it financially. We can't understand why she had left like this . . ."

But I think I can. I think that Ann did not ask for a raise before she left on her trip because *she was afraid she would get it!* And Ann did not want to work; she wanted to roam a part of the vivid world Leslie had created for her while their love was the all absorbing passion of her life.

For Ann's is a love for which even ambition must wait. And with all the hurt I feel about ethics and those other abstract principles, I, her mother, can't help but love her all the more for it!

Exposing Andy Clyde

(*Continued from page 65*)

He was polite but unimpressed. Finally, in an effort to appear sociable, he said:

"You certainly have one funny fellow at your studio, and that's Pop Martin."

INTELLIGENT, quiet, reserved almost to a point of shyness, Andy will talk about anything under the sun but himself. He has never appeared before the camera in any character except that of an old man. He has completely hidden his personal identity, satisfied to make his public happy, but at the same time lessening his chances for personal happiness.

"What girl in search of a husband would be attracted to an old bird like Pop?" he asks plaintively. "What

chance have I to get a girl?"

It was in Rattray, Perthshire, Scotland, that Andy made his first appearance and it wouldn't be far wrong to say that he was born in a trunk.

John Clyde, Scotch actor and owner of the John Clyde Stock Company, was his father. Mrs. Clyde was the leading woman in the company.

There were six little Clydes in the family and as soon as Mrs. Clyde was able to leave the hospital after each visit of the stork, she returned to the footlights. The little Clydes went along. When a child was needed in the cast there was always a little Clyde the right age to fill the part. When the stock season closed the whole family toured the country—the Scotch Foys. The theater was home to the children; backstage their playground.

Like all Scotch children, Andy respected his father. He not only looked up to him as an actor and teacher, but he admired him as a man.

WHEN he was eighteen years old something happened. Only an incident, but it was to Andy the most tragic thing that ever happened to him and influenced his whole life.

His father gave him his first important rôle in a play. For weeks he rehearsed, so that his father might be proud of him. Opening night came and Andy gave a performance that, for all his youth, promised much for the future. The audience took him to its heart. Every member of the company was proud of him. After the show they gathered round to congratulate him. He was bursting with pride but he kept looking around for his father. His was the commendation that Andy was waiting for.

Presently the elder Clyde joined the group. Andy looked up expectantly. So did the others.

"Report for rehearsal in the morning," his father said curtly. "I want to go over your lines with you." And turned away. That was all. Not one word of praise.

Andy reported for rehearsal the next morning, and the next, and the next. He didn't complain. He said nothing. But his spirit was broken and, discouraged, he left the company at the end of the run of that play and became a stock broker's clerk in Glasgow.

FOR two years Andy dealt with margins and ticker tape but his mind and heart were on the stage. When the longing to go back became too much for him he would remember his hurt and stick to his job. But he brooded and dreamed, and his dreams were always of the theatre.

Finally he went back to the stage, but not to his father's company. With a vaudeville act, he toured England and Scotland and later, came to America. For a time he played in vaudeville, in stock and in New York shows. Then he heard that his countryman, Harry Lauder, was putting on "The Heatin' O' the Hoose" with an all-Scotch cast, and he applied for a job.

"Where's yer accent?" Lauder asked

(*Continued on page 122*)

Her Nervous Prostration

DO you know her . . . this poor woman who wakes up as tired as she went to bed?

Her head is still aching . . . her nerves are ragged . . . she's on the verge of tears as she faces another day of work.

How many young women are fast approaching a nervous breakdown because they let suffering due to female weakness rob them of their strength and health.

Nature did not mean women to suffer so cruelly. If they would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound! It has befriended women against their "peculiar" troubles for over 50 years.

It brings soothing, comforting relief . . . gently corrects through its strengthening tonic action.

Give it at least *one chance* to help you. Get a bottle from your nearest druggist today. Or, try it in the new, convenient tablet form.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form

SENSATION
HAIR NETS

neater hair

THOUSANDS of women are buying Sensation Hair Nets to keep their hair neater and beautiful all day. Also to keep their wave in place all night. To act as a sanitary safeguard in home and office. Sensation Hair Net offers the two-fold advantage of fine quality at an exceptionally low price. Made of human hair. Double mesh. Cap shape. Natural shades.

BUY TODAY

5¢ each or 6 for 25¢

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S.KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 and $1.00 STORES

Blonde marries millionaire

A REAL love match! He couldn't help falling in love with her. Such thrilling golden hair would captivate any man! Her secret? . . . Blondex, the powdery shampoo for blondes only. Light hair need never become old, faded, stringy, if you use Blondex regularly. Brings back deep, natural golden color—vivid sparkle—caressable softness. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. No fuss—no bother to use. Blondex bubbles instantly into a rich, frothy, searching foam that reaches down to the hair roots. For blonde hair beauty men can't resist—start using Blondex today. At all drug and department stores.

What Every Fan Should Know

(*Continued from page 17*)

marked "Celebrities" is chuck full. And you can bet that just as many spectators are drawn to the Marathon by a chance to view the screen stars, as those just interested in the Marathoners.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg arrived the other afternoon, took time out for dinner and returned. Ernest Lubitsch had a large party. Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Stu Erwin, June Collyer, Chico Marx, Bob Woolsey, Walter Catlett, George Raft, Jimmy Gleason, Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna . . . just name any of the stars and they've been there at least a couple of evenings.

The other night, the fun started when Director Archie Mayo offered the two contesting couples $5.00 if George Raft would go on the floor and dance. Georgie obliged with one of his snake-hips specials that sent the crowd thundering for more. Then Georgie offered $5.00 if Archie (well over the two-hundred pounds mark) would dance. And not only did Archie dance, but later in the evening he sang "Sonny Boy" so that the kids in the Marathon could win $10.00 offered by Mrs. Eddie Cantor. In this way, the crowd was treated to first-class entertainment for the twenty-five cent admission charge to the Marathon. Bob Woolsey and Walter Catlett favored with an Argentine special. Dorothy Lee did a little dance (she was there with Russell Gleason). Rotund Archie Mayo, though, was the pet of the stands. He, director Bill Beaudine, Georgie Raft and a couple of writers favored with "Sweet Adeline" . . . and for $5.00 more let the photographer grab their picture. And don't think that all this high-powered entertainment didn't do a lot to keep the two dancing couples awake, also the five and ten dollar bills that were pouring into their pockets.

Charlie Chaplin left an envelope with, some say, fifty or one hundred dollars, for each of the couples. "This is better than a bull fight," Charlie is quoted as having remarked of the Marathon. "More sadistic."

And don't forget, if luck is with us, you readers of MODERN SCREEN will soon be seeing pictures of the stars posing with the Marathoners.

Not only that, but you can expect to see several movies dealing with the subject . . . because when the executives and writers take that much interest in anything . . . you can be sure there's something up.

● As long as hubby Al Jolson is busying himself in Hollywood making pictures, wifie Ruby Keeler isn't going to sit home tatting. Ruby has just signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers and will have the starring spot in her first picture.

Another interesting Warner acquisition on the dotted line is Eleanor Holm, Olympic Games swimming champion. Eleanor is considered the most comely of the Olympic girl athletes—comely enough to have had the late Florenz Ziegfeld offer her a rôle in his "Follies" last year. Warners are planning to launch Eleanor onto the screen in a thorough manner. During the first six months of her contract, the girl athlete will spend her time being coached in dramatics and voice. After that she'll probably go into leading rôles as a comedienne.

● Ronald Colman is going to be king of all he surveys. A couple of years back Ronnie bought several hundred acres of uncultivated land about seventy miles north of Hollywood. There's a half mile of beach, and Ronald has already built a tennis court near the site for his new home. The country up there is overrun with quail, deer and even wild cats and mountain lions. It's so isolated, in fact, that he may have to build his own road to the place.

● Bruce Cabot seems to be quite serious about young Sandra Shaw, Cedric Gibbon's niece, who's having a try at the movies.

And Director Clarence Brown is completely engrossed in Alice Joyce. Brown and Dorothy Burgess were enthralled not so long ago.

Dick (crooner in "Blessed Event") Powell is rushing Joan Marsh, and now that Dick has signed a contract for the movies, Joan is very, very happee, yes sir.

● Zeppo Marx (the good looking one who plays straight) is generally considered the least talented of the Four. As a matter of fact, Zeppo is just as clever as his crazier brothers. Right now he's collaborating on a story with Gouvernour Morris. The action is laid in Poland, and Zeppo and Mr. Morris were almost defeated when it came to finding authentic Polish names for their characters.

Then someone suggested the program for the Olympic games in which Poland's representatives participated. Now the two writers are resting easier and not wearing out so much

shoe leather pacing up and down Zeppo's study where they work.

● Gene Raymond and Jack Oakie are two of the most devoted sons Hollywood has ever seen. Jack and his grey-haired mother are closer than just mother and son . . . they're pals. And maybe you've heard that after one of the town's most dazzling premières, Jack escorted "Mom" to the Roosevelt Blossom Room . . . and danced every dance with her until the wee small hours.

Another Paramounter—Gene—confines most of his social efforts to entertaining for his mother. Not long ago he gave a party for her birthday and he couldn't have taken more trouble with arrangements for it, if the guest of honor had been his most beloved sweetheart.

● You can never tell who is sitting near you at a movie theater in Hollywood. One night in the darkness of the theater, two girls were discussing a lot of preposterous filth they'd heard about the Barrymores. When the house lights flashed on, Lionel himself got up from his seat just behind them and nonchalantly whispered to them: "Okay for sound!"

● London has been very excited just now over the visits of American film celebrities, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Laurel and Hardy.

They had not been in London ten minutes before they were whisked off to the Savoy Hotel to be introduced to a representative gathering of scribes and, incidentally, the best that England can provide in the way of alcoholic liquor.

Every conceivable drink was offered to the two comics, and while Laurel was sampling them all one after the other, Hardy was in a corner drinking lager beer.

"This is what I call a drink," he remarked appreciatively.

The Fairbanks' were shown to the Press at a luncheon, but neither of them would talk. Joan ejaculated "Bless You," and sat down again, while Doug said little more.

Doug and Joan ran around with London's smart set, and Royalty has been present at some of the gatherings they have attended. But it is the two comedians who have captured the imagination of the masses, and they have had three times as much newspaper space as the young married couple. One London newspaper sent a reporter round the city on a sight-seeing tour with Hardy, and everything he did, from taking photographs of Buckingham Palace to watching, awestruck, the Changing of the Guard, was chronicled.

Cleaner FACES

Sitroux Face Tissue absorbs the dirt, salt, and acid mixed cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation. ¶ You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses. ¶ Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.

90 SHEETS FOR 10¢

SITROUX (PRONOUNCED SIT-TRUE)

sold by YOUR FAVORITE CHAIN STORE

Nestle ColoRinse

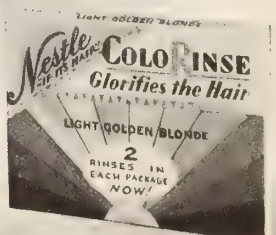
NOT A DYE . . . NOT A BLEACH

Glowing Glory FOR YOUR HAIR

LOVELY HAIR is colorful hair . . . Natural, youthful, glowing with tone color. Give it a soft sheen of color glamour, without dyeing or bleaching, by using ColoRinse in your shampoo wash. It's just harmless vegetable compound..12 shades to choose from. You'll find it amazingly attractive, giving your hair enchanting charm and loveliness. 2 rinses in every 10c package . . . try it today! *The* NESTLE-LE MUR CO., *New York*

Nestle Super Set.. a greaseless finger waving lotion, free from sediment, for longer, lasting waves of new allure.

Nestle Hot Oil Shampoo.. free from soap or alkali . . the preferred method for revitalizing and cleansing the hair.



Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores. Large sizes at your beauty parlor, drug store or department store.

10c

Romance

The Stepping Stone to Love

Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in "*Is My Face Red*" — an RKO-Radio Picture

There is Romance in Incense..visions of enchanting Oriental nights..of moonlit waters beneath star-crested heavens ..of countless burning loves. Let the mystic fragrance of Rajah Hindu Incense instill its subtle charm into your personality—make you even more alluring.

This delightfully scented incense may be had at your nearest 10c store. If unobtainable, send 10c for full size package. Hindu Incense Mfg. Co., 3207 Shields Ave., Chicago

Rajah HINDU INCENSE

SONG-POEM WRITER

Gets Thrill of Lifetime

When Large Audience of Friends Hear His Song, which we set to music, sung over the Radio.

The opportunities offered anyone having ideas suitable for successful songs merit immediate attention. Music Publisher's confidence in Big 1931-1932 Season, shown by paying writers $5,000.00 Advance Royalty on single song.

NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Don't Fail to Read

"Song Requirements of Talking Pictures, Radio and Records", an explanatory instructive book, SENT FREE on request. Writers may submit song-poems for free examination and advice. Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose and arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—**M.M. Newcomer Associates 1674 B'way. New York N.Y.**

FOR BEAUTY IN PATCHWORK QUILTS USE FIBRE CUT OUT DIAGRAMS

NEW. A Boon To Quilt Makers
FIBRE PATTERNS FOR CUTTING PATCHES
Eight Designs, Wedding Ring, Yo-Yo, Flower Garden. Dresden Plate and 4 other Popular Patterns. Set of 8 Fibre Patterns with Patch Work Book and Assembling Chart all for 25c Post Paid.
W. L. M. CLARK, Inc. 1924 St. Louis Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

SIZE OF ENLARGEMENT 11 x 14 inches

PHOTO Enlargements

Wonderful LIFE-LIKE enlargements, bust, full length or part of group, pets or other subjects, now made from any photo, snapshot or tin type at the amazingly low introductory price of 49c each. Send as many photos as you desire enlarged now while this price lasts. Return of the original photos guaranteed.

ONLY 49¢ EACH

Send No Money! Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days your postman will deliver a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay him only 49c plus postal fee or send 50c with order and we will pay postage.

BEAUTIFULLY Carved Frame FREE! To quickly acquaint new customers with the High Quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all Pastel Colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames from which to make a choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today.

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 521 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Directory of Players

(*Continued from page 101*)

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Huddle." Working in "Man on the Nile."

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Million Dollar Legs," Paramount; "Once in a Lifetime," Universal; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount. Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail" and "The Conquerors." Next is "Penguin Pool Murder."

OLIVIER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Westward Passage," Radio. Working in "Perfect Understanding" in London.

OSBORNE, VIVIENNE; unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Dark Horse," "Week-End Marriage" and "Life Begins," First National. Working in "Second Fiddle," Radio.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Mystery Ranch." Working in "Golden West."

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "American Madness" and "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia; "Air Mail," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Fast Companions," Universal; "Strange Interlude" and "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M; "Okay America," Universal. Working in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Court," "Prosperity" and "Skyscraper Souls."

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Illustrious Corpse," Tiffany; "Night Mayor," Columbia; "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments," Paramount; "After the Rain," Fox; "Strange Justice," Radio. Working in "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Can., April 9. United Artists star. Returns to screen soon in "Unhappy Ending."

PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Is My Face Red?," Radio; "Back Street" and "Once in a Lifetime," Universal; "Vanishing Frontier," "Make Me a Star" and "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Crooked Circle," World Wide; "Walking Down Broadway," Fox.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery" and "One Way Passage." Working in "The Lowdown."

RAFT, GEORGE; unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Madame Racketeer" and "Night After Night." Next is "Manhattan Rhythm."

RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "Night of June 13." Working in "11th Avenue."

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Tiger Shark" and "Silver Dollar." Next is "Love on Margin."

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Now appearing with his orchestra on the stage and over the radio.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Tenderfoot," First National; "The 13th Guest," Hoffman. Working in "Hat Check Girl," Fox, and "You Said A Mouthful," First National.

ROGERS, WILL; married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth." Working in "Jubilo." Next is "State Fair."

RUGGLES, CHARLES; married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," "70,000 Witnesses," "Night of June 13" and "The Honest Finder."

SALE, CHIC; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warners.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH; unmarried; born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Sky Bride." Working in "Heritage of the Desert."

SHANNON, PEGGY; separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman."

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through."

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starring in and directing "False Faces," World Wide.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go to Hell." Next is "All My Love."

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Purchase Price," Warners; "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia. Next is "Betrayed," Warners.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "Sky Bride" and "Lady & Gent," Paramount. Working in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Grand Hotel," "Wet Parade," "Letty Lynton," "New Morals for Old," "Red Headed Woman" and "Divorce in the Family."

STUART, GLORIA; married; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Old Dark House" and "Airmail." Working in "All America."

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Brown of Culver" and "Airmail."

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never." Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 23. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Son of Russia," First National; "Those We Love," Tiffany. Working in "Style," Reliance.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Columbia player. Featured in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia. Working in "Perfect Understanding," in England.

TODD, THELMA; married to Pasquale de Cicco; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Speak Easily," M-G-M; "Horsefeathers," Paramount; "Klondike," Monogram.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "They Never Come Back," Tec-Art; "Whirlwind Wilson," Superior.

TRACY, LEE; unmarried; born in Atlanta, Georgia, April 14. Columbia player. Featured in "Blessed Event," First National; "Night Mayor," Columbia. Working in "Washington Merry-Go-Round." Columbia. Next is "Phantom Fame," Radio.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl" and "The Painted Woman," Fox; "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," First National. Next is "State Fair," Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Radio star. Starred in "Is My Face Red?," Radio; "Unashamed," M-G-M. After birth of child, will do "Nurse Smith," Radio.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Broken Wing," Paramount. Working in "Phantom Fame," Radio.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY; separated from Bobbe Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan."

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Patterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "In the Jungle," Columbia.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Patterson, N. J., August 28. Write her at First National. Free lance.

WILLIAM WARREN; married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Dark Horse" and "Three on a Match," Warners; "Skyscraper Souls," M-G-M. Working in "The Match King," Warners.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "Divorce in the Family," M-G-M.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., January 3. Write her at Paramount. Featured in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio. Working in "In the Jungle," Columbia.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," First National; "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Kong," Radio.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First national star. Starred in "Week-End Marriage," "Life Begins" and "They Call It Sin." Next is "The Miracle."

YOUNG, ROBERT; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "New Morals for Old," "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M. Working in "Kid From Spain," United Artists.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Street of Women," First National. Working in "The New Yorker," United Artists.

Don't Miss
RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S UNKNOWN ADVENTURE
In An Early Issue

Jean Harlow's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 60*)

page 56. She makes you think of snow maidens and northern forests in it. The shirred front is very attractive, but it's the back that claims the spotlight. Bretelles cross, are looped, and terminate in rhinestone buckles at the waistline. The sandals are dyed to match.

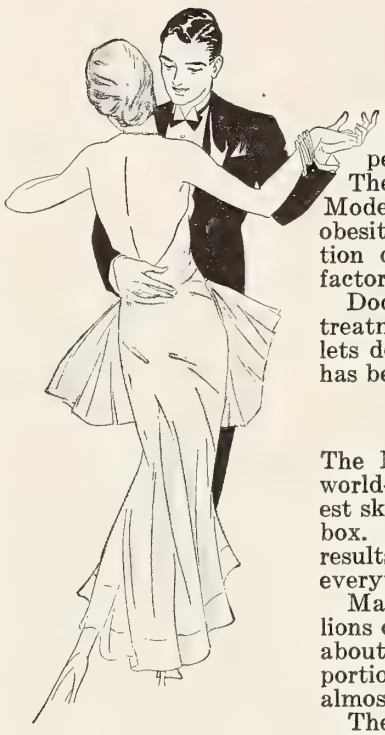
HER three-quarter length ermine wrap has cape-sleeves which are trimmed with blue fox. (Page 60.) It has one of the newest collars—upstanding and small. "It was a long time before I persuaded myself that an ermine wrap would be a real economy," said Jean, the astute. "I had to pay quite a price for my velvet wraps and then they went with only one or two dresses. An ermine coat or any good fur coat goes with everything and it lasts for years. That's why I'd rather have fur coats instead of cloth ones. If I was buying another wrap, however, it would be black velvet with that deep plush pile that Adrian says is going to be so successful this winter. Black and white, you see, are almost invariably my choice.

"When I was five, mother took me to see Doris Keane in 'Romance' and it was from one of her costumes that I had the idea for this wrap," indicating the cutest, trickiest black velvet jacket you ever saw. "It made such an impression on me that I remembered every detail perfectly. As soon as I was old enough to wear evening clothes I had one made up exactly like it, although at the time peplums were not yet in style and neither were fitted waists nor stand-up collars." Jean wouldn't let us take a picture of it because it already had been photographed innumerable times—but it's still her best-beloved. She's taken such excellent care of it that there's not a worn-out spot on the wide ermine collar. Ermine also trims the peplum and sleeves. "I have two plain white satin gowns I wear with it. Sometimes I put on white satin pumps with black heels and other times black satin pumps with white heels. I change my belts around, too. And never once have I tired of the costume."

Black and white—the most dramatic of all color combinations. The supreme complement to Jean's sensational hair. And, incidentally, the very smartest of all color combinations for almost every woman.

However, shortly after she bought the icy-green gown she included in her wardrobe a dance frock of crinkly crêpe in a maize shade. (See page 56.) It's amazing how that shade tones with her bright head and brings out the warm color of her eyes. The frock fits to perfection—all of Jean's clothes do. She loves the small details of dress that make for smartness, such as hand-rolled edges and neatly finished seams. This frock is slipper length—the majority of the new dance dresses are—and it sim-

THE JOYS of BEING THIN



MARMOLA FORMULA In Every Box

Don't Let Others Get Them All

All around you folks are using a new method of reduction. Some through doctors, some through Marmola. The results are seen in every circle—new beauty, health and vim. Why not join these happy people if you need this help?

The new way is based on a recent discovery. Modern science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a certain lacking factor. No starvation diet can correct that cause. The lacking factor has to be supplied.

Doctors the world over now supply it in the treatment of obesity. Marmola prescription tablets do the same. Thus excess fat, in late years, has been disappearing fast.

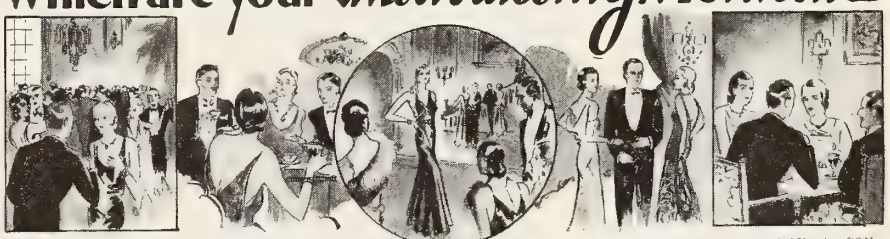
A 25-Year Record

The Marmola prescription is compounded in a world-famous medical laboratory, under the highest skill. The complete formula appears in every box. Also a booklet explaining the reasons for results. So every user, every doctor, may know everything about it.

Marmola has been used for 25 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told their friends about it, so the use has spread to very large proportions. Its delightful effects are now seen in almost every circle.

Then why not do what they did? Marmola is the right way to reduce. It combats the cause. Go try Marmola, read the book, watch the results. When you return to normal, tell your friends what did it. Don't wait longer—start today. All druggists supply Marmola—$1 a box.

Which are your Embarrassing Moments



DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY at the end of a dance? Have you the charm that attracts partners? Or are you ill at ease, awkward?

ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS when entertaining? Can you be the "smart," gracious hostess—put people at ease—do and say the right thing?

ARE YOU EMBARRASSED when all eyes are on you? Do you know how to walk gracefully—what to do with your hands and feet?

DO INTRODUCTIONS BOTHER YOU? After the usual "How-do-you-do," can you bridge the gap with fashionable small-talk?

ARE YOU A CONVERSATIONAL LOSS at a dinner? Can you start "table-talk"—keep it going—find subjects to fall back on when it lags?

FREE • Margery Wilson's "Charm-Test"

WHAT are *your* sins against Charm? Margery Wilson's Charm-Test will reveal you as you are. Grade yourself!

Learn to be charming! Let Margery Wilson, America's foremost authority on charm, show you the way to social poise and beautiful self-expression, as she has done for so many social leaders, business and professional women, famous stars of stage and screen. Grateful pupils write that her instruction has opened the door to social life, friendships, popularity and business advancement.

Norma Shearer writes: "To capture the elusive spirit of Charm and analyze it for personal cultivation, as you have done, is indeed a boon to all who wish to enhance their power." And **Betty Compson,** "Your secrets of Charm are priceless."

Others who have paid high tribute to Miss Wilson's analysis of charm cultivation are Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Ruth Chatterton, Rupert Hughes, Mary Lewis of the Metropolitan Opera, such great directors as D. W. Griffith, Wesley Ruggles.

Special Offer Heretofore Miss Wilson's instruction has been available only at tremendous fees. Now she has prepared a scientific home-training method. So that you may see just what she can do for you, you are now offered, for the nominal charge of only $1.00, Margery Wilson's Special Lesson in the Cultivation of Charm, which includes her famous method for overcoming self-consciousness. And you will also receive the "Charm-Test" *free.*

Margery Wilson

1148 Fifth Avenue, ◆ New York, N. Y.

Mail this Coupon

Margery Wilson, Dept. 411
1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Miss Wilson: I enclose $1.00. Please send me your Lesson in Charm, together with the free "Charm-Test."

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

"I tell you, Stanley, it's outrageous!"

(Laurel and Hardy, M-G-M Comedians)

STAN: Wh-what is, Ollie?

OLIVER: This, you lunkhead.

STAN: This what?

OLIVER: This picture of us here in our nighties. A body can't enjoy the least bit of privacy any more since that durn editor of FILM FUN began bragging about giving his readers "all the intimate gossip and news of Hollywood." Why, that fellow ought to be—

STAN: That reminds me, Ollie. Where the deuce did you leave my copy of FILM FUN?

Which reminds *us*. We left your copy of FILM FUN at the nearest newsstand!

FILM FUN

The Screen's Only Humor Magazine

● P. S. The FILM FUN-Universal "Once In A Lifetime" contest, appearing in the issue now on sale, is the easiest $500.00 cash prize contest you could care to enter!

ply hasn't any back to speak of. The girdle that resembles nothing so much as an old-fashioned stomacher, ends in a bow that peeps out beneath the very short bolero accompanying it. Three diamond buttons fasten the jacket in front. Her sandals are the color of the dress. "My cornstalk costume," Jean calls it.

THE entire scale of browns is ideally suited to her. They're almost as charming a contrast on her as black. In her own home you'll frequently find her in brown shorts, a white polo shirt and tennis shoes. No stockings, even in the winter. An exceptionally chic outfit consists of a heavy crêpe dress in a dark chocolate brown, a Japanese ermine coat and a fascinating crêpe turban the color of the dress. (There's a picture of the coat on page 58.) Turbans are Jean's preference over all other hats. "I feel more at home in them, for I've worn them so long. They seem to be part of me." Yes, they're typical of her—sophisticated, urbane, svelte. "I know hats are supposed to be worn straight on the head this season but I believe I'll keep on tilting mine. I think they're more interesting that way." Strong-minded young woman! Keeping her weather eye open to fashion trends but letting her mirror decide whether she'll accept them.

That white plush sailor with the wisp of a brown bow and veil shown on page 58 is excellent with the outfit, too. It has the new inch and a half brim the fall hats are sponsoring.

The Japanese ermine coat is Jean's latest acquisition. I was with her when she bought it and it didn't take her five minutes to settle upon it. "I have my good mink coat that I've been wearing on all occasions. This is a semi-sport coat and it will save the other. I can wear it to the studio and around." The stand-up collar, belt and trim around the single lapel and down the side of the coat are beaver. It's long in the present fashion of coats. The sleeves are full at the bottom and caught at the wrists with tiny beaver cuffs.

Jean has a bright Kelly green dress she can also make good use of with this coat. There's always one dress of that shade in her wardrobe. Why? I don't quite know. But it's a very oh-be-joyful dress and when she tucks the turban of that color over her platinum curls and strolls down Hollywood Boulevard, even the newsboys gasp their admiration.

FOR afternoons Jean has a black crêpe coat dress. The skirt is gored (most of the skirts are gored or slightly circular this autumn; only a few pleats are shown for sports.) It comes to a V 'way up on the front bodice which gives you a feeling of a long, unbroken line—grand for you medium-sized and short girls. The yoke is white crêpe and crosses over in back to form the belt, and ties in front. There's a bolero that goes with it. The sleeves are small and puffed so that Jean's white gauntlets, trimmed with black, provide a very pleasant accent. Her slippers are black suede. The six skin sables are a gift from her mother. One of her new black hats that she wears with it and with her other black crêpe frocks is a large brimmed model of antelope (page 59) having a cut-out design on the crown and a clever small bow. Another is of stitched velvet with a tiny brim and it has a flower trim. (See page 57.)

Surprisingly enough, Jean's negligées are quite simple affairs. She abhors elaborate ones that are all be-laced and be-ribboned. The one you see her in on page 60 is pale pink georgette and it has ruches edging the sleeves. The only ornament is a flower of the material on the shoulder. Her mules are silver brocaded.

"Any woman of taste knows her life and the clothes that fit into it," she told me. "It's chiefly a matter of choosing the right thing to begin with and not allowing it to get out of shape or limp. *You have to have faith in your clothes, just as you have to have faith in yourself, to be successful in dressing.*"

The Adventurous Road

(Continued from page 34)

my people drink but sour milk; they eat nothing but acorns and a little mutton."

And so it was decided. Schoedsack and Cooper left Shustar on the ninth of April, 1924, to join the Baba Ahmedi tribe on its forty-six day migration across the mountains to the summer grazing grounds. The tribe numbered five thousand souls and possessed fifty thousand animals.

BY the seventeenth they were camped on the banks of the Karun River, a rushing, swirling stream of icy water that barred their way. With the next dawn the tribe was ready for the crossing. Schoedsack had set his camera on a rocky escarpment that overlooked the scene, and he got film worth much more than its weight in gold. For hours he stood at his camera, relieved for brief intervals by Cooper who was learning the art of cinematography.

"We had only 4,000 feet of film left when we began to photograph the migration, the main part of the picture," explained Schoedsack. "So we were forced to shoot our big scenes in takes of ten feet and we had to keep on the jump all of the time, for we could never tell when something big might occur."

Day after day the long file of men,

women, children and animals wound its way upward. In spite of the hardships the people were a happy lot. It was their custom to sing while on the trail, and in ribald spirit Schoedsack coached them in American slang expressions. His greatest achievement came when he taught them to sing a favorite song of the day. The gods must have laughed when they heard the wild tribesmen of the Baba Ahmedi shattering the silence of the mountains with:

"Yes, we have no bananas,
We have no bananas today."

ON the fourteenth day of the migration the tribe found its way blocked by a cliff fifteen hundred feet high. The trail to the top was so narrow that man and beast had to travel single file. In order to get a proper setting for the scene Schoedsack put his camera on his back and began climbing upward, clinging to the steep escarpment by hand and toe holds. Cooper followed bearing the tripod. From a position just below the cloud level they got excellent pictures of the interminable line of pygmy-like figures toiling up the slopes below.

By the thirtieth of May the tribe had traversed the main obstacle in its path. The Zardeh Kuh was conquered. From there on the road was down grade, and a great picture was ready for cutting.

"A husky back and a pair of fast legs were more essential than a knowledge of camera technique on that venture," commented Schoedsack. "We'd grind away for a few minutes; and then pick up the camera, run ahead of the tribe, and shoot again."

They returned home, broke. But their picture was a sensation. And soon afterward Jesse Lasky sent them east of Suez on another mission—to make a picture illustrating man's battle for survival in the jungle. This time they were paid fat salaries. And once more they set the film world by its ears.

FAR to the north of Bangkok, Siam, up near the boundary of Indo-China, Cooper and Schoedsack found a jungle setting suitable for their purpose. It was located in the Nan District, a place so remote that it took them six weeks of arduous travelling to reach it. The inhabitants were Laos, a jungle people who were sturdy and brave.

Engaging interpreters Cooper and Schoedsack began to plot out the picture. It took them months to get the confidence of the natives, and meanwhile they familiarized themselves with jungle life.

There was plenty of excitement. Three men were bitten by pythons, and on one occasion Schoedsack discovered that his bedroom had been preempted by a twenty-foot reptile. While filming the scene where the tiger chases a native across an open space, the big cat turned on Schoedsack who was cranking away from the vantage point of a platform in a tree. The tiger leaped upward into the very face of the camera, leaving its claw marks within a few feet of the shelter. But that leap was its last, for Cooper put a bullet through its brain.

Again Schoedsack had a close call when filming a herd of stampeding elephants from an underground shelter. One hundred of the giant beasts passed over his shelter and on three occasions an extra heavy one made the logs above him bend threateningly, but he did not pause in his work.

Following the phenomenal success of "Chang," Schoedsack and Cooper set forth for Africa. Deep in the Sudan they filmed scenes for a feature picture entitled "Four Feathers," the one where a thousand hippos plunged over a cliff to escape a jungle fire.

WITH the tremendous furore in aeronautics, following Lindbergh's flight, Cooper temporarily deserted pictures to re-enter the flying game. And then a little later on, accompanied by that superb pilot, Bernt Balchen, he lead an expedition in search of Varick Frissell, the young American who was lost in the ice floes off Newfoundland.

Schoedsack in the meantime struck out alone for Sumatra where he filmed "Rango." Upon his return he and Cooper again joined forces and this time they headed for the city of make-believe, Hollywood, the Mecca of filmdom. They are under contract with RKO to turn out three more films. Although they have gone abruptly from reality to unreality, those who know them are expecting something striking and unusual of their latest venture. And "The Most Dangerous Game" proves that we won't be disappointed.

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

with bacon or ham, or juicy sausages. And I like eggs fried 'sunny side up.' By the way, I can fry a mean egg myself. Quite a trick, you know, to turn out a really perfect fried egg."

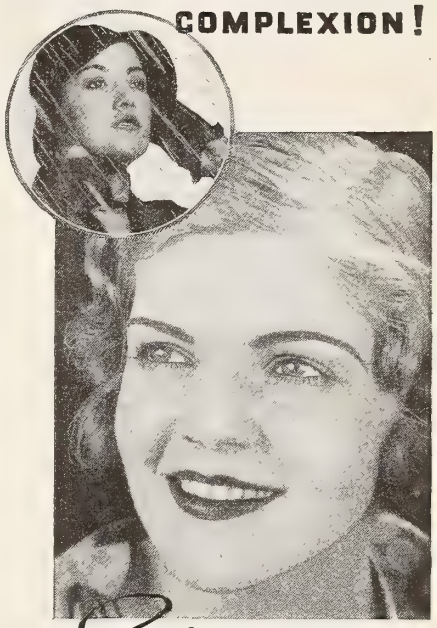
"It certainly is," we agreed, "but most men seem to boast about their ability to achieve the world's most superior *scrambled* eggs. It seems they think a fried egg is merely one which has been dropped into a pan and allowed to remain until it achieves a state of semi or complete petrification!"

"Now, the perfect way to fry eggs," Wallace continued, "is first to melt a chunk of butter in a frying pan—"

"Being very careful not to let the butter brown or even commence to froth and bubble," we interrupted.

"Exactly," smiled he. "Then you slide

Exit...
THAT "UGLY DUCKLING" COMPLEXION!



Enter...
RADIANT, YOUTHFUL Beauty

SHARP autumn winds. Cold driving rains... What havoc they play with delicate complexions! Before you know it, your skin grows coarse and weather-beaten. Your face takes on that dull, "ugly duckling" look.

Decide to end all this! You *can!*...With OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, and a few moments' daily care, you can keep springtime freshness forever in your face. Under the influence of these marvelous *Olive Oil* preparations, redness and roughness fade away. Your skin emerges soft, smooth, fine textured.

It's the pure Olive Oil in OUTDOOR GIRL that does the trick. *No other cosmetics are made this way!*... If you are one of the millions of users of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, you know how wonderfully beneficial it is—how its Olive Oil base conditions the skin, keeps it clear and supple always.

Now you may enjoy the same advantages in *all* your cosmetics. At your favorite toilet goods counter, you will find a complete assortment of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Products... everything you need, from creams to lipstick, to glorify and protect your complexion.

Large size OUTDOOR GIRL packages are popularly priced at 25c to $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading chains. If you would like to have free samples of 3 of the most famous OUTDOOR GIRL products, mail the coupon below.

OUTDOOR GIRL
Olive Oil
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Crystal Laboratories, Dept. O-11,
130 Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 4c to cover handling. Please send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION Without Rouge

Do you want a beautiful complexion? Without the use of rouge? And color that is *all your own?* If you suffer from constipation give your system just a tiny calcium wafer! Don't take that customary pill on Saturday night—just let Stuart's Calcium Wafers, the gentle internal cleansers, help Nature do its magic work for you!

Stuart's Calcium wafers frequently clear away all impurities resulting from constipation and which keep the skin sallow or dull. They help to keep pores purged and the cuticle clean. Often you feel and see the difference from the first day you take Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

A five-day test is sufficient to prove to you very conclusively the system's need for Stuart's Calcium wafers, and the decided benefit from the use of these little sugar-coated wafers.

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 10c and 60c

----FULL BOX FREE----

Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 32-A Marshall, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

PANTS MATCHED TO ANY SUIT

DON'T DISCARD Your OLD SUIT

Wear the coat and vest another year by getting new trousers to match. Tailored to your measure. With over 100,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of cloth today, and we will submit **FREE Sample** of best match obtainable.

AMERICAN MATCH PANTS CO.
Dept. 811 6 W. Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 72-18
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Moles

HOW TO REMOVE THEM

A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D. 124-A. H. Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

$$ MOVIE STORIES $$

***Hollywood* WANTS NEW IDEAS!**

Producers are looking to the unknown writer for Original story plots and ideas, suitable for "Talkie" production. As exclusive scenario agents for TEN HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS we GUARANTEE a reading of your manuscript by a Studio Executive, Director, or Producer. Our Story Editors will read and report free to you. FREE BOOKLET and FULL DETAILS—WRITE

HOLLYWOOD SCENARIO AGENCY
Dept. 511 1040 N. Las Palmas Hollywood, Calif.

REMOVE FAT

THIS SAFE and SURE WAY

From any part you wish reduced. No equipment necessary — satisfaction or money back.

LA RENEE Cream and Method will help you to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any other part of body harmlessly and absolutely without inconvenience. Large jar.

REDUCED PRICE
ONLY $1.00 Complete Treatment With Instructions

—send $1.00 or Mail Coupon—

LA RENEE, Dept. J-7
1851 Washington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send postpaid complete treatment with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

the eggs into the pan and let them cook slowly, very slowly, until they are firm. You ought to spoon some of the butter up over the eggs while they are cooking if you like them sunny-side up, the way I do—but if you like them cooked on both sides this isn't necessary. The really important thing to remember is to cook the eggs so slowly that they don't brown on the bottom."

There, boys and girls, is as neat a set of directions for turning out superb fried eggs as ever you'll find.

BACON is something else that is hardly ever cooked properly," went on Mr. Ford, now thoroughly warmed up to his topic. "I've cooked bacon over an open fire and had it turn out a whale of a lot better than most of the bacon that I've been served outside of my own home. The trick of making bacon crispy and good is to cook it fairly slowly, and to turn it frequently. The flame shouldn't be quite so low as for eggs, but neither should it be turned on full force."

(We think that bacon, to be at its best, should be spread out on brown paper to dry off after it comes out of the pan. This "drying off" process is what we usually refer to as "draining." Blotting paper is the best of all possible draining surfaces—but if you haven't a large quantity of white blotting paper about, crushed brown paper will do nicely.)

"How about hot breads—do you like them for your Sunday morning breakfast?" we inquired of Wallace.

"Well, I hope to tell you—especially bran muffins and whole wheat toast. And there is a sort of French toast I like, too."

We learned from Mrs. Ford that this toast is made by dipping slices of bread into a mixture of one egg beaten with one-half cup of milk. The bread is then fried gently in butter until brown. It is then spread with honey, sprinkled with chopped nuts, cut into sticks or triangles, and served in place of coffee-cake or other sweet bread. Incidentally this is an excellent way to use up stale bread.

We can't go on to tell you in detail *all* the things which Mr. Ford said to us about "brunch," because the editor *insists* on printing other things in his magazine besides our department. So we must content ourself with telling you that among the other things Wallace Ford likes for breakfast are cod-fish cakes—or rather cod-fish balls, for they are round and golden brown—crispy on the outside, and white and fluffy on the inside. Then there are eggs poached in cream and served with tiny crisp sausages; and butterscotch pecan biscuits which taste just too good to be true—but are as easy as rolling off the well known log to make. And last but not least there are those clear, delicious apple slices we were telling you about before. All these really superb breakfast dishes are included in this month's Star Recipe Folder. (Coupon, page 10.)

Meanwhile try these recipes for the Bran Muffins and the Souffléed Eggs, so justly popular with Wallace Ford. We are sure your men folks will like them as much as he does.

BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
¼ cup brown sugar
¾ cup milk
¼ cup melted butter
1 cup bran flakes
¼ cup seedless raisins

Sift flour and measure. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Beat egg well and add sugar. Add flour mixture to egg mixture, alternately with the milk, a small amount at a time. Beat well after each addition. Add melted butter which has been allowed to cool slightly. Add bran flakes and raisins, and blend thoroughly. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling about 2/3 full, and bake in hot oven (450°) for 20 minutes.

SOUFFLEED EGGS

3 eggs
½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt

Butter the inside of the upper part of a double boiler. Dust lightly with flour. Separate eggs. Beat egg yolks well. Beat whites of eggs until stiff. Combine quickly, yolks, milk and salt, fold in egg whites and pour into upper part of double boiler. Place over lower part of double boiler in which water is boiling briskly. Cover and cook over boiling water 15 minutes. Turn out on heated platter and serve at once.

The Lure of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 76*)

Sylvia Sidney, who had done so marvelously in "Merrily We Go to Hell." At that moment, Joan Crawford, in a wonderful dress which displayed the most perfect figure of all film stars appeared with her husband.

Luckily for Mary, though it was after nine, and the invitations had been for seven-thirty, very few guests had come as yet. Hollywood stars usually arrive at the very least two hours late. (That is why, perhaps, they are invited early!) This gave Mary a chance for a few words with Joan of the great, tragic eyes and brilliant, happy smile.

"I wonder if it would amuse Miss Moore to go to the Breakfast Club?" suggested young Doug.

JOAN opened her eyes wider than ever. "Do you mean the men's breakfast club or the women's?" she asked.

"Oh, the men's, of course," answered Doug. "I believe the ladies discuss the most serious subjects, whereas the men meet for fun. It's the same place, you know," he explained to Mary. "The men lend it to the women; a lovely sort of huge garden, and a building in it so they can have breakfast indoors when it rains. Only it never does!"

"But she'd need to get up about six o'clock in the morning," objected Joan. "It's quite a drive from the Roosevelt and breakfast is promptly at eight."

"Well, we get up early, too, pretty often, when we have to go on location," Doug reminded her, "and it doesn't hurt our feelings, does it?" He then went on to explain that the men's breakfast club was a great institution in Hollywood. The members were mostly millionaires, and they met one morning each week for breakfast out of doors in the southern sunlight. There were introductions of famous guests and speeches and music and often some star would give an impromptu entertainment. "You don't know Hollywood till you've been to the Breakfast Club," he said to Mary.

"But how would I get invited?" she questioned, finding herself hardly shy at all, as her dress was so pretty. *"I'm* not a visiting celebrity. I'm a nobody."

"I don't believe the members would think so," replied Doug. "Anyhow, I know several, and I'll get you an invitation. You, too, Garth," he added, with a glance at Dick who wore a rather downcast expression. "Could you both go next Wednesday morning? The breakfast is always on a Wednesday."

Mary knew that she could go, for all her days were free. She depended mostly for her good times on the kindness of the stars and the delightful fact —which she was learning—that "one star leads to another." Dick hoped that he could go. It would, of course, depend on his studio.

Other famous ones drifted in; and Dick found a chance, after Mary had gazed at them a little from under her long golden eyelashes, to ask the girl if she'd care to see the terrace with him.

MRS. LASKY was so afraid that there might be a "mist or something" on the night of her party that she had ordered a large, artificial moon for the terrace, almost bigger and better than the real moon. So of course, Mistress Real Moon came out, round and full, just to show what she could do, and asked all the stars of heaven to keep her company.

"It's pretty marvelous out there," Dick said, "and you'd better come now, for presently there'll be cocktails and caviar sandwiches and goodness knows what. Later on, in the sun court, there's going to be such an entertainment as Hollywood and Santa Monica and Malibu have seldom seen. That's supposed to be a secret and a surprise, till the time comes."

Mary let herself be led onto the terrace and there was an enchanting scene. People, it seemed, had been asked to bring bathing suits; but as the night air was cooler than usual, nobody had obeyed. Girls and young men whom Mary hadn't seen in the house were on the terrace, having slipped out somehow, and the two moons were even more becoming to beautiful young stars than one moon.

Mary had never before even heard of an artificial moon, much less seen one; but this was a brilliant enough copy to make the real moon jealous. It lit up the lovely faces and dresses and cast a thrilling light upon the sea.

Later on in the evening, Marion Davies appeared, more radiant than ever, and as usual, surrounded by a group of young men: Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable with his attractive, dark face and deep dimples; handsome Billy Bakewell, and others whose features Mary vaguely knew. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks formed a center of attraction; and a dazzling young woman with pale gold hair and the biggest blue eyes the screen has known could be no one but Constance Bennett. Mary was about to whisper, "Is that the Marquis de Falaise with her?" when she met the eyes of the man she ought, she was sure, to recognize as a great screen actor. He was too good-looking, too interesting, to be anything else here in Hollywood! But Dick Garth said, "There's E. H. Griffith, the best of all the younger directors. He could make a *stone* act! And he could get you to believe the most farfetched story was the most natural thing in the world to happen. By Jove!" Dick exclaimed, "he's looking at *you!*"

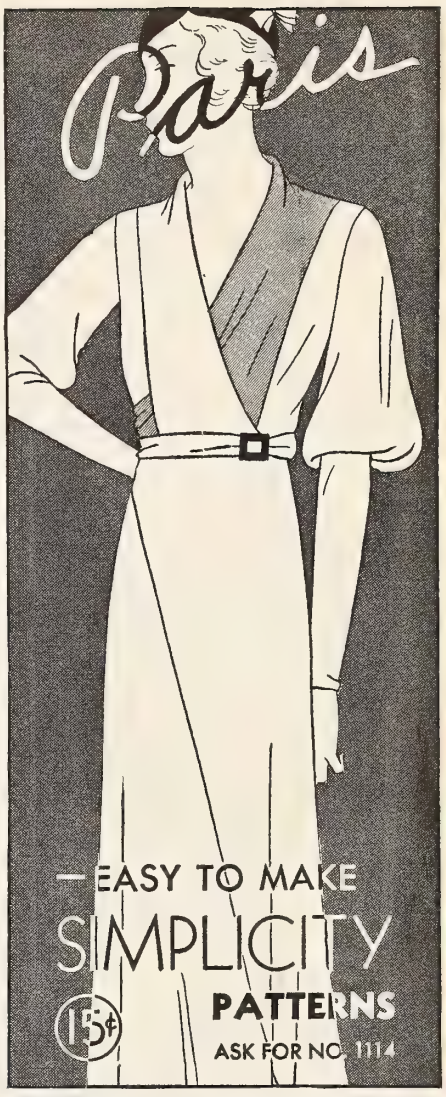
MAYBE he remembers Miss Tashman's dress and thinks I've stolen it!" laughed Mary.

"No, it's your hair he's interested in," said Dick. "Didn't Miss Tashman lend you that dress so that directors might take notice of you at this party? Maybe he's looking for a girl with hair like yours. Wouldn't it be a streak of luck? See that little vision over there with the face of a baby saint, golden halo and all? Well, that's Anita Louise, only sixteen, whom all the studios want for very young ingénue parts. Your hair is just as pretty as hers, and you don't look a day older."

"Mr. E. H. Griffith has just spoken to me about you," said Lilyan to Mary as the sandwiches were being passed around. "He heard me say you'd been at my cottage. And he wanted to know if you'd done anything on the screen. I said no, you were a child, as well as a Hollywood amateur; but there's a small part in a new picture he's directing—a girl with hair like yours, who must appear for just a second or two on the screen. She means something important—symbolic—so she'll get a close-up. Before we leave tonight, I'll introduce you to him."

Tonight! It was five in the morning before anyone went home, for all the best stars of Hollywood had volunteered their services to Mrs. Lasky for her "show."

They did cleverer things than can be seen on any professional vaudeville



SAVE . . those precious SNAPS
Mount them in an album with
Engel Art Corners
Very artistic . . quick and easy to use . . no paste needed. Ask for Engel Art Corners by name at photo supply and album counters. Send 10c for full size package, valuable information and samples of all styles. Be surprised. SEND TODAY.
10¢ BUYS 100
Engel Art Corners Co., Dept. 63L
4717 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young
It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

Want a Steady Job?
$1900 to $2700
Mail Carriers
Postoffice Clerks
MEN--WOMEN 18--45
Mail Coupon Today Sure
RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. B-330, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush Free (1) 32-page book of Government jobs. (2) List of U. S. Government post depression jobs. (Tell me how to get one.)
COUPON
Name .....
Address .....

Guided By Doctor's Advice - Happy Woman

LOSES 27 Pounds of FAT

Mrs. Helen Greene

It's important to health and beauty to banish fat and it's just as vital to employ the *proper* means—a safe, sane method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking.

How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning fills this need!

Kruschen is the SAFE, HEALTHY way to reduce—it builds up splendid health all while it helps restore your weight to NORMAL.

Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight so I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer".

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore—for REAL results and your health's sake—refuse imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts

"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. F, E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

MINYON

MINYON-TOLEDO

Big Perfume Value

At last—a rare and alluring perfume priced in keeping with the times. A full half-ounce of delightful Minyon oriental bouquet that adds allure to your charm. 10c-by mail if you wish.

MINYON LABORATORIES, Toledo, O.

IT'S NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

• Every Deaf Person Knows That •

George P. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums, his own invention. Worn day and night, they stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No wires or batteries. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear," also interesting booklet on deafness, its causes and relief. Address

GEORGE P. WAY, INC.
717 Hofmann Building, Detroit, Michigan

SCREEN STORIES Pay BIG Money

6 Stories Sold in 1 Day

NEVER before have Talkie and Movie producers so urgently needed short Stories and plots! They pay—and pay big for simple plots with merit *One of the leading independent studios just ordered six stories in one day from this company.* Victoria Morton of New York received $3000 for her efforts.

Perhaps this is your chance for quick, easy money. No matter if your writings do not quite come up to producer's standards. The plot is what counts! Why not send in your story for Free Examination and advice? It costs nothing. Perhaps we can revise and edit it and bring a quick sale. Your copy of "How to Write for the Talkies" is ready to be sent to you now absolutely free. Don't hesitate—write today. It may mean financial independence.

Daniel O'Malley, Dept. K-15,
1776 Broadway, New York.

HOW to WRITE for the TALKIES FREE

stage in New York or London and though it was hard to choose among so many, Marion Davies' imitations of well known actresses and Young Doug's of John Barrymore and his own father seemed best of all to Mary.

AFTER the entertainment there was supper, which was a kind of breakfast, too, and Mary got her introduction to Mr. E. H. Griffith.

"You might come and have a test tomorrow—I mean today—at my studio," he said. "About eleven o'clock. You can ask for me and I'll have arranged it by that time."

It seemed too wonderful to be true and Mary reminded herself that she wasn't pretty and might be awful in a test.

"Great!" said Dick. "You won't be able to see any Paramount sound stages tomorrow. But no matter. Isn't Hollywood a great place for surprises?"

It was nearly six o'clock when Dick Garth said good-by to Mary in front of the Roosevelt Hotel. But Mary had never been less tired in her life or felt less need for sleep.

Could it be true that a test of her was to be taken at the Pathé studio, in a few hours, and that one of the most successful directors was actually "interested" in her hair?

She almost forced herself to rest until nine o'clock, lest—even at her age—she should look heavy-eyed for the test. Then she bathed, drank a cup of blazing hot coffee (she could not have eaten), dressed in a pale blue gown which Dick had seen and said would photograph well, and started out in the automobile she had hired before. It was a good half hour in a car between Hollywood and Culver City and the idea of being even one minute late was tragic.

This for a girl who had not even wanted to get in the movies!

Mary had not the vaguest notion of what being given a "test" was like. If she had guessed what an expensive thing a test is, with a good cameraman, the use of a sound stage and so on, she would have realized what a compliment was being paid her—even if she did owe it only to her hair.

It seemed that, originally, Mr. E. H. Griffith, the famous director, hadn't intended to have her voice tried. He had seen at Mrs. Lasky's a very young, unspoiled, unpainted girl with exquisite hair which evidently she didn't know how to dress to the best advantage. He had asked her name and something about her. It had struck him that that pale gold hair would make the effect he wanted: a country girl who passes outside a window, pauses for a second, and because her appearance conveyed a symbolic bit in the story, was worth a close-up.

HAD he intended a voice and acting test for Mary, he would have given her a scene, and had her rehearse it for several days before the test. But here the frightened-looking little creature was, at the beautiful Pathé Studio, with its colonial front, and it seemed to the great director that in an unusual way the girl had possibilities. She was no beauty; to the ordinary taste she was scarcely pretty, but she had something; something, it might prove after a test, that no one else had. He decided to give the child a voice test as well as the test he had intended for the face alone. As for acting, he had no hope that she could act. But it would be interesting to see whether her naturalness worked out as grace or awkwardness.

Perhaps, after all, she was one of those sensitive, shy persons who might do better without rehearsals, and the excitement and suspense attending them.

Griffith got hold of Dick Garth as part of the test. He was told to get into his flying kit. Mary was put into the hands of a "make-up expert," a man whose job was to get young actors and actresses ready for a test.

It was wonderful what he did with her. Her hair became a lovely halo—as lovely as that of the adorable little Anita Louise. Just a touch of dark brown was added to the tips of Mary's long golden lashes, and the really pretty shape of her mouth was delicately accentuated. For the scene passing the window and looking in, which was the actual excuse for the test, Mary had to wear a little checked gingham frock without sleeves; and this would do as well as anything else for the voice test, which was now to be thrown in extra.

MR. GRIFFITH himself did not direct the test. He was far too busy and important, but the director was of his choosing, and understood the requirements.

"Now," he said to Mary when she came out onto the stage dressed and made-up, "you're going to have a little scene with your friend, Dick Garth. That won't scare you, will it?"

Mary smiled and said that it wouldn't. Still, her heart beat fast, as for the first time she saw Dick in the breeches and boots of the flying man. Dick and the director, who knew each other slightly, exchanged glances as they saw that the little amateur hadn't even noticed the microphone. It was the mike that generally scared the amateurs when taking a test.

"Mr. Garth is your lover. You are engaged to him," explained the director.

"Oh!" cried Mary, "but he's not. And *I'm* not."

Dick and the director laughed.

"I mean for the scene," said the director. "He's going off on a dangerous adventure and you are bidding him good-by."

Mary then understood and all at once she knew just how she would feel if this were all true. Dick put his arms out to her and she ran into them, unconscious that he stood so that she would face the grinding camera.

"Say what you think you would say," commanded the director.

"Oh, Dick must you go?" Mary heard herself beseeching him. "I'm so frightened. How shall I live till you come back?"

"I will come back," Dick answered. "And if I don't, my last thought will be of you."

To her own horror, Mary began to cry. Tears came into her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

The camera stopped grinding. The scene was over.

"What an idiot I am!" stammered Mary.

"Well, I don't know," said the director. "Maybe it's that you've got in you the makings of an actress. Now, we'll have you alone in the face test that Mr. Griffith wants. It might as well be the window scene itself, because if it should come out all right, it could be used in the picture and save expense. I'll take you over on his set."

THERE was the house with the window into which the girl was to look and then pass on.

You would have thought that the scene could be taken and finished in five minutes; that is, you would have thought so if you were an amateur like Mary. But it had to be taken and retaken at least a dozen times before the director and the cameramen were satisfied. That meant one hour's work; but later, when the "rushes" were shown, it was found that the trouble hadn't been wasted. Little Mary Moore's hair was a glory and the wistful, innocent look in her long-lashed eyes was exactly what had been wanted for the scene.

Whether the face and voice tests would do anything for the girl's future remained to be seen. So many good tests are made, praised and forgotten; but she had gone away delirious with happiness at the kind words which had been said to her and she wasn't in the least tired. Happy people are seldom tired!

Dick Garth had waited for her, in his ordinary clothes again now, but Mary hadn't forgotten the thrill of seeing him as a flying man.

"It *was* silly of me to cry," she apologized. "But I had the most awful feeling as if—as if we were really in love and I might never see you again."

"Was that such an 'awful' feeling?" he asked.

"Yes, it was," insisted the girl.

"Which?" Dick wanted to know. "That we were in love with each other or that you were never going to see me again?"

"Both," answered Mary, and then laughed a little at herself as Dick put her into his car.

Dick grinned and looked keenly at her. Mary's heart thumped. Was he —did he—? What did his look mean?

(*To be Continued*)

Too Much Love

(*Continued from page 37*)

to understand that such captions as "Compromised Again" or "Immoral Violet" or "Gun-Molls de Luxe" serve merely as guarantees to the sophisticated parent that the subject matter of the pictures thus heralded must be "perfectly all right" for the little ones.

EVIDENTLY, then, to attempt to form an opinion from the sidewalk is to become inextricably confused; one must go inside the theatre to find out why the children need to be "brought *back* to the movies"—the thrilling glamorous movies where, not many years past, all children incessantly clamored to be taken. Is it possible that children no longer have to be restrained from "practically living" at the movies, that they prefer to stay at home in the evenings and listen to the radio—in a word, that they are *bored* at the movies?

Children are a curious mixture of the "realist" and the "romanticist"—they like to see "one more redskin bite the dust" and will resent it if he does not fall dead from his horse with a convincingly realistic abandon; but if they are given reason to believe that he is *"really and truly"* killed, they will be frightened and displeased. Children like pictures of animals—they like pictures of the hunting of wild animals; but if the hunted beast is *actually* injured they are troubled and the picture is spoiled for them. They will relish and thrill to most dreadful deeds of carnage if committed by ogres or dragons, because they are able to confine such creatures in the realm of make-believe; but it goes without saying that for children, as well as for most adults, the ending of a violent fairy tale must be a happy ending.

Fairy stories, by the way, are a fairly accurate criterion not only of the taste of children but of their conservatism. Most of the possible plots for fiction are contained in their basic form in fairy stories, and these stories have remained unchanged throughout centuries. The children keep them so. Tell the tale of "Little Red Riding Hood" to a group of children, for instance, and you will be severely corrected if you depart in any degree from the original pattern. When a book familiar to children is dramatized into a movie, if any detail is altered, or any improvement made, the children of their own accord will write letters of reproach and indignation—they will display strongly their feeling that the movie has played them false.

WITH children it is certainly true that "actions speak louder than words," and, since it is inevitable that the proportion of "speaking" to "doing" must be greater in the talking pictures than it was in the old motion pictures, perhaps this is one cause for the loss of child-patrons. Children used extravagantly to enjoy the old movie "chases" —from the jiggling and jerky movie days when a baby-carriage escaped and

KAPAK
SANITARY NAPKINS

YOU can depend on the conveniently sized packages of Kapak Sanitary Napkins sold in your neighborhood S. S. Kresge stores. Millions of women will tell you so. Kapak Sanitary Napkins are made under modern sanitary conditions of the finest material. Deodorant, highly absorbent, easily disposable with close fitting oval shaped ends. Absolutely inconspicuous under any costume.

ONE DOZEN 19¢
SIX FOR 10¢
EIGHT FOR 10¢

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT
S.S. KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 *and* $1.00 STORES

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

Watch MODERN SCREEN for a new contributor—Edgar Rice Burroughs, who is the author of Tarzan the Ape Man—the film which sent clean-limbed Johnny Weissmuller sky-rocketing to stardom.

Mr. Burroughs is doing a story for MODERN SCREEN which is all about what would happen to Tarzan—Tarzan the character, not Johnny Weissmuller—if he came to Hollywood.

It'll be a fascinating feature which you mustn't miss.

"My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—*safely*. Golden Peacock acts *so fast*—you use *so little*—it's more economical than *all* other bleaches that *work*. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

EARN UP TO $36 A WEEK

IN YOUR SPARE TIME WITHOUT CANVASSING

Amazing new opportunity to add to family income and earn up to $36 a week to start without canvassing. Rapid advancement. Permanent position. Write today!

Make Money New Easy Way—Equipment FREE. Send No Money

Show nationally advertised Paris, New York fashions at lowest competition-defying prices to friends and neighbors. Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Magazine. Work from home. Earn big stock of sample dresses to wear and demonstrate *without penny of expense*. Build permanent clientele. No money to pay for outfits or samples.

No Experience Necessary

Anyone who follows easy instructions can succeed. Write fully for beautiful STYLE SAMPLES sent FREE and Postpaid.

HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.
183 Madison Ave.,
Dept. 1077, New York City.

FREE DRESSES to Producers

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to Hollywood studios—the only market. Not a school—no course or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Send for free booklet giving full details. Estab. 1917.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
523 Meyer Bldg. Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.

JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

10 Cents At Kresge's

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

New Freedom for Modern Womanhood

SCIENCE MEETS DEMAND FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION

German scientists have developed an amazing formula now presented as H. Y. G. TABLETS. Pure, safe, convenient and a reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene, they provide the necessary protection to womanhood. Removes fear and uncertainty. Antiseptic vapor liberated by these tablets, destroys germs without harming delicate membranes. Dry, greaseless, non-poisonous, non-irritating and stainless. No water, liquid antiseptic or cumbersome accessories needed. Comes in a small, compact package which can be conveniently and easily carried.

MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

Progressive Laboratories, Dept. M-7
228 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me sample of H. Y. G. Tablets, Directions and Valuable Booklet. I enclose 10c.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

coasted hazardously down ferocious hills, pursued by a large and excited crowd of men, women, children and dogs, to the mad galloping "Westerns" when the heroine's life depended on the fleetness of the hero's overtaking bronco; "chases," especially for purposes of rescue, must always rouse joy in the heart of a child. Physical action, the swifter the better, is the child's delight, and it seems to me that here is the unencroachable territory of the motion pictures, a territory where neither the stage nor the radio can compete at all. Only the movies can show us action over limitlessly wide areas of country; and if the movies, carried away by the discovery that they can "talk," try to contract themselves into "plays" that depend for their success more upon dialogue than upon scenery and action widespread among that scenery, then the children will surely and perhaps wisely lose interest.

IT also goes without saying, I think, that children are immensely interested in motion pictures about children; few of us are averse to hearing about ourselves. But here the child is all "realist"; he is not pleased if the portrayed children are not natural, if they behave as he instinctively knows he himself wouldn't. In books he may be able to swallow and even like the ubiquitous and superb "boy-hero"; but on the screen he asks to see real boys and girls behaving plausibly and getting in and out of such scrapes and adventures as might befall himself. And given a chance to laugh at a comedy of childhood, how uproariously he will laugh!

Children are more interested in the past than we are likely to suppose. All children like to hear about "when father was a little boy," and other times, other customs, fascinate them, especially if they are able to imagine themselves "living then." I have always felt that there was enormous opportunity for the motion pictures in an effective use of the historical novel; historical dramas would certainly dispose parents to send their children to the movies. More, by recreating various aspects of the past, the movies might regain some of the pictorial splendor that was once their charm and that I hear is now but occasional.

However, I have left for the conclusion of my letter what I really suspect to be the trouble—the chief reason why children need to be "brought back" to enchantment. I believe it is love that is keeping the nation's children out of the nation's picture theatres. Too much love! There was a certain lavish amount of love in the silent pictures; but I understand there is more nowadays. Even adults are not able to look at an extremely great quantity of love without some slight nausea; but evidently they can hear a great deal of love talked about without undergoing such symptoms of distress. Children most emphatically do not enjoy either watching love or hearing love discussed; it wearies them. Physical action interests them; physical love does not. Nor do the children care whether such love be proper or improper; they don't much like it whatever it is. But they will put up with a little of it, out of courtesy to their foolish elders, provided that "something real goes on" during the rest of the picture.

With best wishes, Mr. Heyn, to you and to your magazine, and the hope that this letter may help in some way toward recapturing for the children their lost rapture in the movies.

Faithfully yours,
BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Speed!

(*Continued from page 31*)

just politics. Don't feel bad," his friends said.

Lee grinned, snapped his fingers, jammed his battered grey hat over one eye. "Mrs. Tracy's boy Lee never feels bad." Whizz! A fast plane. Roaring back to New York again. One week to settle a lawsuit pending there. Whizz! Another plane. Hollywood again. And back to work the first day in town, for another studio, in "Night Mayor." This time, not a reporter. Nope. In "Night Mayor" Mrs. Tracy's little boy impersonates no one less than Mrs. Walker's little boy, James, of New York City, another gent who talks fast.

A SOUTHERN boy brought up in the North, Lee is one hundred and forty pounds of crackling energy. He buys his pajamas in halves, wishes he could be a football player and a writer, loves roller-coasters, plays atrocious ditties on a tuneless harmonica, does card tricks, falls off horses, hates laws and perfume, would like to go without shoes, scares his hostesses by sliding down balustrades whooping and yelling, forgets to eat for days on end, will walk miles to see a Punch and Judy show, doesn't want to be a star, never knows the date, can't swim, prefers night to day, and is a practical joker on such a grand scale that he will undoubtedly end up in the penitentiary.

He isn't married and he isn't going to be. "The only woman I'd ever marry would have to have a lot of brains," he says. "And if a woman had brains she wouldn't marry me." That disposes of the question in precisely two sentences.

When he arrived in Hollywood the studio said, "Be ready for work tomorrow morning with a complete wardrobe." Lee's wardrobe consisted of the clothes on his back. His trunks were coming by train, and he had forgotten to bring anything with him in the car

but a tooth-brush. "A tooth-brush is all right, but even if you hang it around your neck on a string it doesn't exactly clothe you," Lee said. He knew about six people in town. He made out a list and started driving. They found their hands pumped, their backs slapped, and a torrent of words flooding them. A motor roared, and Lee was gone, and so were all their clothes. Inside of an hour he had his wardrobe, and his friends were wondering if they would have to stay in bed the rest of their lives and have their meals brought in.

NO story could be written about Lee without most of it being devoted to his gay, loyal friends. They are a part of him. A few years ago a play called "Broadway" opened in New York. Authored, played, and presented by people comparatively unknown, it "made" every one of them, and was a sell-out hit for ninety-seven weeks. A fantastic feeling, almost of brotherhood, has survived among the original members of the cast, most of whom are now in Hollywood. Phil Dunning, Bob Gleckler, George Abbot, John Wray, the cripple of 'The Miracle Man,' Paul Porcasi, the bald, round-headed, dot-moustached Italian you see so often as a gangster or head-waiter, Tommy Jackson, the tight-lipped detective who killed Robinson with a machine-gun in 'Little Caesar,' and Lee—somehow they feel that, for the rest of their lives, their fates are inextricably bound together. (Tommy Jackson has named one of his babies for Lee.) They call themselves The Wednesday Evening Dinner Club. One evening a week they meet, wearing screeching ten-cent neckties of horrible orange-and-green polka-dots and stripes. Six men pick the restaurant. The seventh man, to the tune of boos and jeers, goes meekly along to pay the bill. The dinner is ordered from the right-hand side of the menu, everyone choosing the most costly food he can find whether it agrees with his digestion or not. Often the bills run to fifty dollars, which Member No. 7 must pay without a murmur.

It was while returning from one of these dinners that a couple of the "members" found a dummy fire-hydrant in an alley behind a theatre. They dressed it up in a hat and coat and put it in Lee's dressing room, so that, when he snapped on the light, he would think it was a bandit lurking there. Always superstitious, Lee has carried the clumsy thing with him ever since, as a good-luck charm, although it has cost him more than $150 to ship it back and forth across the country. Recently he moved it from his studio dressing-room to a place of honor in his apartment. That was the day Warner Brothers fired him!

HIS high spirits account for the stories of his drunkenness. Hollywood, bowled over by this sudden inrush of mad, dynamic energy, knows only one answer: "He must stay drunk twenty-four hours a day to keep it up." Lee is said to have given a party when he was living at the Hollywood Knickerbocker that lasted three days and nights. He is said to have been drunk all through the making of "Blessed Event." There are a few realists who say, "If that's the way to make a picture like 'Blessed Event' in twenty-one days, then the best thing for the rest of us to do is get drunk." But a good many people believe the stories word for word.

The usual way to reply to such rumors is to insist: "I've never tasted a drink in my life." Tracy refuses to lie.

"The difference between me and some other people in Hollywood," he says, "is that they pull their shades down. If I felt like taking a drink I'd just as soon take it in the middle of Sunset Boulevard. I'd rather do that than sneak it. These guys that come out of their offices saying, 'Me? I haven't had a drink in years!'—meanwhile chewing a clove! I'd rather be called a drunkard any day than a hypocrite!"

And so a drunkard Hollywood will probably go on calling him, for a while. Whereas really, though not a teetotaler, Lee is not in any sense a heavy drinker. It is easy to understand how the stories get started. With a friend who has a similar sense of humor, Lee went one evening to a restaurant where there were bread-sticks on the table. Five minutes later he and the friend were staging a mock duel with the bread-sticks for rapiers. And *ten* minutes later people were whispering, "Lee is tight again." It might not meet with the approval of Emily Post, that dinner-table conduct, but certainly it was not liquor. What Hollywood doesn't yet understand is that here is a chap who, *off* the screen, has the same kind of mad vitality that the four Marx brothers have *on* it. There just are some folks like that. They're the lucky ones in life, who don't have to use any artificial means of getting into good spirits because they're in good spirits all the time, naturally.

But Hollywood will come to understand. The old town just hasn't quite had time to catch its breath yet, since Tracy hit it. The quarrels and misunderstandings will be all nicely patched up. So don't worry. You'll be enjoying Lee Tracy on the screen in many, many more pictures. You see, first of all, there are several millions of dollars in cold, hard cash to be made from his personality.

Second—and surprisingly enough—beneath his harum-scarum exterior he hides a sensitive and highly capable artist. (He starved for eight years to get on to the stage, by the way.) As Tommy Jackson, his dearest friend, says about him: "The difference between Lee and a lot of other actors is that Lee is an actor." And that's true enough. As you, yourself, will soon realize.

MODERN SCREEN CAN BE BOUGHT AT THE S. S. KRESGE AND S. H. KRESS STORES

Look

How I Smoothed and Whitened Rough, Red Hands

...with this utterly NEW TYPE LOTION

YOU can keep *your* hands lovely, too. This radically different lotion is called Chamberlain's—and it is far superior to *ordinary*, old-fashioned preparations. It contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose.

One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chap, soreness, windburn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and *naturally* lovelier—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking. Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be *rubbed* in. Try it. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands and skin—or *money back*. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Ia.

Chamberlain's LOTION

Learn Music at Home

Easy as A-B-C A Complete Conservatory Course on your favorite instrument, under Master Teachers. You will be amazed and delighted that music can be made so easy and interesting. Over 300,000 enthusiastic students. Low cost, easy terms. Courses in Piano, Violin, Mandolin, Cornet, Organ, Trumpet, Spanish Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Banjo, Tenor Banjo, Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet. Personal instruction under artists. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for Free Catalog; gives full details.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 530 702 East 41st Street, Chicago

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

Men—Women—18 to 50

STEADY WORK

Lifting of depression should immediately open hundreds of positions

Mail Coupon today—SURE

COUPON

Franklin Institute, Dept. B-324, Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush, FREE of charge, list of *steady* past depression U. S. Government big pay positions. 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, and full particulars on how to get a position.

Name .....

Address .....

Exactly the same quality as the famous $1.00 Phantom Red Lipstick—except in size. Try Phantom Red Lipstick and discover the real beauty of natural color and all-day permanence. Vanity size sold at all chain stores.

Phantom Red
LIPSTICK

The Most Misunderstood Girl on the Air

Unpleasant things have been said about Kate Smith, but you must know her true story to judge her fairly. Read it in the new issue of RADIO STARS.

If you missed the first issue of RADIO STARS last month you simply can't afford to make the same mistake again! Here's just the kind of a magazine you've wanted for a long time—just full of choice morsels of information about the glamorous personalities you hear so often but know so little about. If you want to know what they're *really* like, you'll relish

RADIO STARS

10c At Kresge Stores, Kress Stores and Newstands

Janet and Charlie

(*Continued from page 43*)

things to be put over on her. Look back to her school days when she was possessed with a normal impish impulse to turn in a false fire alarm. This was in Chicago and Chicago is a big city and its police have little use for false fire alarms. But Janet didn't turn one in. She knew better. Perhaps she weighed the reward and the retribution and decided the momentary thrill of a realized illicit ambition wouldn't be worth the punishment which would follow. But one day a boy who lived on her block committed some misdeed at school and saw to it that Janet was blamed. He got promptly what my grandmother used to call his come-uppance. Walking home from school with a sweet, submissive, forgiving Janet, he was dared to ring that fire alarm; dared with those big eyes and that pointed darling face and that wistful mouth and voice. And he did. And Janet escaped; and the young man who had caused an injustice to be worked upon her a little earlier suffered a belated—but not too belated—retribution, in humiliating, if oblique manner at the large hands of the policeman who caught him. I can see Janet smiling to herself.

ALL through her motion picture career no one has tried to put anything over on her without meeting with abject failure. There have been arguments about salaries and stories. Janet has retired, sweetly, without sulking, from the scene of battle. But she has always won out. Just now she is avoiding interviewers and the like. It is not helping her popularity with the press, this Garbo-like attitude, but in the long run I daresay she will get what she wants, whatever that is, through it.

There have always been boys in Janet's life. Not all were like the boy who rang the fire alarm. But boys in plenty, to whose young strength she appealed as something infinitely fragile. But she was stronger than they, in her quiet determination masked by the silken sweetness of her face.

There were intervals of work after graduation from the high school in San Francisco, to which she later moved. A job in a cashier's cage in a store; and work in a lawyer's office; and then the trek to Hollywood, with her stepfather as her guiding force, and the climb upward. There were failures and disappointments. Those days belonged to Elinor Glyn and Clara Bow. A girl must have "It." Janet decided she didn't, decided she had no sex appeal. As a matter of fact she has more, in one sense, than any woman on the screen today. But it is different, it is not exotic, it is the home-grown kind. It is not the sex appeal of partial nakedness nor scenes of passion. It is the appeal of the rose and not of the orchid. But it is a stronger and more lasting appeal, for it is the sort of sex appeal which keeps the world revolving, the sort a man may hope to find in the girl he actually marries.

Disappointment couldn't conquer Janet. She kept on. Then came Charles Farrell and her chance. His chance, too.

Let's consider Farrell for a moment.

Born in Massachusetts, he moved to Cape Cod when he was a few weeks old. He's a New Englander born and bred, with an ancestral history of sea captains and whaling ships. You can read this history in his physical appearance, I think. And he loves yachting; he sails a boat like a born skipper. For the blood remembers, always.

His father, however, left the sea for the show business; he had theatres in the old nickelodeon days. His mother was artistic, she painted, she directed plays. In her plays Charlie had his first chance at acting and generally failed, covered with the vast, humiliating embarrassment of boyhood.

HIGH school, summer jobs as a life-saver—and what a heart-breaker he must of been, how many girls who couldn't swim must have ventured out beyond their depth for the pleasure of being rescued. And then Farrell had a couple of years at the University of Boston. Boxing. Study. Good times; and working with his father at the theatres in summer until Billy the Midget came along with a vaudeville act and wanted a sort of manager and bodyguard combined.

Charles Farrell took the job; the job that finally landed him in Hollywood and teamed him, after the usual desperate extra experiences, with Janet Gaynor in this miraculous marriage of two shadows upon the screen.

Now, from his father and mother Charles Farrell had a rich inheritance: love of beauty, courage, understanding, and self-confidence. His parents believed in him; so he believed in himself. His father wasn't afraid to quit the sea for the show business. His mother, artistic to her fingertips, worked out her own system by which she could incorporate her love of art in her life. It is easy to see what such an example and inheritance would do for a boy who already had the blood of sailing adventurers, strong men, vital men, in his veins.

Then, too, Charles Farrell had all the makings of a great lover. When he fell in love it was a long hard fall. When he was eleven he fell in love. She wouldn't, at first give him a tumble. He says: "She was a ritzy kid. Perhaps that's why I fell for her."

This love affair lasted right up until the time he left home, after quitting college to adventure with Billy the Midget. I wonder what happened to that girl? I think Charles Farrell owes a lot to her.

It was after Farrell had won through his first hard time in Hollywood and was playing bits that he met Virginia Valli who permitted him, after a house-party, to drive her home in his car. This car was a flivver; it had cost thirty dollars. Richard Arlen, recalling

the incident adds that "Charles was so excited that he rolled on the floor when he told about it." Well, who'd marvel at that?

I think Miss Valli must have been something like the little girl at home whom he'd loved such a long time. For if she was a "ritzy kid" at first she soon got over that. And so did Virginia.

AND now we return to Janet Gaynor. Janet was engaged before she played in "Seventh Heaven." To a dramatic critic. That engagement was broken.

Charles Farrell was certainly a close friend of Virginia Valli's, that lovely creature who had let him drive her home in a flivver. That friendship was probably interrupted.

There is no doubt that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell fell in love with one another and that something of the glow of their emotion came to us through everything, past camera and lights, direction and screen. No doubt that rumor was right when it later said that they had planned marriage no less than three times, and that, finally, in a fit of resentment, spirit, temper—call it anything you want—Janet wired the young Lydell Peck, whom she had met shortly before, that she would marry him; and Charles Farrell married Virginia Valli and that is that.

The world knows that the four are the best of friends; that they go about together; that Janet's photographs are in the Farrells' home; that Farrell has said openly that she is his favorite actress.

Mr. Peck and Miss Valli have been mighty good sports about all the newspaper and magazine talk and whatever lies back of it. They have the harder part to play; they play it well. I like to think they do so because they are wise and understanding and because they are sure of their own positions. I don't, of course, know.

But I think that perhaps Gaynor and Farrell were a little too ideal. I think, perhaps, being human they couldn't in real life, live up to the perfect marriage of their screen personalities. And realizing this, they were wise, too.

Janet Gaynor's best rôles are sweet rôles, darling rôles. The reason that she is able to play them and not sicken you, not make her screen characterizations utterly blah and colorless, is because she herself has much more depth and fire and capacity for mischief and vitality than the screen rôles would permit. Only because her personality is so fixed, because she has a hard little business head and a shrewd little mind under that glorious crop of hair can she project something to you, which, while not a complete picturization of her real self, is nevertheless, human and real. The girls who have been just sweet and pretty off the screen have flopped and are forgotten. Think of another girl, however, who played sweet, whimsical parts for so many years and of whom the public did *not* tire in these rôles. That girl was Mary Pickford. She had brilliance and intelligence and a business sense and an understanding of public needs. She still has. And always will.

JANET has, too. If she hadn't you would walk out on most of her pictures. Because she is more vivid than her rôles and stronger and more human, because she is the sort of a girl that most men fall in love with, and because, off the screen she isn't always just wide-eyed and wondering and Oh-Mr.-Smith-This-Is-So-Sudden, she can put something into her screen rôles which is absolutely vital to reality.

United, reunited, as it were in the little world of sets and location, working together under the blazing lights, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are an absolutely perfect example of team work. They click. They are as one.

Off the stage, perhaps it wouldn't have worked—I don't know.

I do know this, however—or is it just one of my hunches? If there is any doubt in either heart that what they did—or didn't do—wasn't for the best; if there is any sentimental, lingering regret for a happiness they had within their grasp and then let pass by because it was too big or too frightening or too—too much like the screen and not enough like life, neither the man nor the girl with whom they have found happiness outside of their work need worry. For they can take out this lost romance, this regret—if any—in their work.

Because — yes, indeed — Janet and Charlie are going to continue to appear in pictures together. Not to the exclusion of all other leading men and leading women, but they will probably make more pictures on a co-starring basis than they will make with other players—at least as far as the immediate future is concerned. Charles Farrell is now working with Joan Bennett in "Wild Girl" and Janet with Alexander Kirkland in "Tess of the Storm Country." Then they'll be together again in Fox's epical "State Fair" and in three pictures after that. And Janet has promised to let her hair grow again and do no more "grown-up" rôles.

In their screen rôles, so divorced from life, they can play out all those mimic emotions and be perfectly satisfied by them. And something of that vicarious satisfaction will come to us all as we watch them. A shadow romance, a shadow ardor to which each gives his personality limited by the demands of the camera. Each, as I have tried to tell you, is stronger than that screen projection. But that is what makes us as an audience thrill and applaud and go away moved and happy. This pair of human screen lovers, this cinema perfect-marriage is perfect *just as it is.* Had they married we would have heard the usual rumors, their private lives would have taken on the gold-fish bowl aspect. As it is now this screen love, this screen marriage is without a flaw and exemplifies for us the ideals of most of us in the audience. Nothing can break or mar it. Long may it last . . . this delightful double life of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, the one played out in full view of the public upon the screen, and the other, as Mrs. Lydell Peck and Virginia Valli's husband, played out upon the stage of real life—and which we have no right to stand backstage and watch.

DRY SKIN!
Helped Overnight!

Correct your dry skin with Nivea*, the only creme containing *Eucerite**—the one creme to make face and hands soft and smooth as sheltered body skin—so good it is used for tender baby skin. Nivea Creme is the fastest growing creme for general skin care, for night creme, for cleansing and powder base. Send for a trial tube.

*Trade Marks, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Purse size tube—10c on cosmetic counter of 5 and 10 ct. stores

Make Money at HOME

You can earn $20 to $70 weekly in your own kitchen making delicious, greaseless do-nuts baked by electricity. No canvassing. Stores, cafes, buy all you make. Cash daily. Steady profits of 100% to 250%. Less than $60 to invest. Start in spare time. Write today for FREE PLAN and details.

RINGER DO-NUT COMPANY
300 Main St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

PHOTO OR SNAPSHOT ENLARGED
SIZE 16"X20"

New low price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargement of any part of group picture. Safe return of your original photo, snapshot or tintype guaranteed. Our secret process produces superior enlargements for only 89c.

89¢ NEW LOW PRICE

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 89c plus postage or send 91c with order and we pay postage.

FREE With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today. UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY, 900 W. Lake Street, Dept. P-1312, Chicago, Ill

I was a Tub of FAT!

LILLIAN IANCHUCK weighed 190 pounds. Then she saw an advertisement of Korein and decided to try it. "I have nothing but praise for Korein," she writes. "Five years ago I was a tub of fat. After using Korein I lost 40 pounds. Now my weight is just right for my height. I have no more excess fat on me."

MRS. C. W. HAYS weighed 200 pounds. While using Korein, she lost 40 pounds.

MAMIE JACKSON weighs 116 pounds now. Before taking Korein, she weighed 148 pounds.

MARIE KOSCIOLEK weighed 160 pounds. She weighs only 130 pounds since reducing with Korein.

MARGARET ALLEN used Korein and lost 27 pounds. Has kept present weight of 123 pounds ever since.

Korein is very popular. Buy it at the Drug Store. Or use coupon below. FREE

KOREIN CO., E.4, Station O, New York
Please send me Free Test of KOREIN

Name.....

Address.....

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 11)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (Paramount)—It all happens on a train running through war-torn China. Marlene Dietrich is the Shanghai Lily, an adventuress. Clive Brook is an army officer. Warner Oland and Anna May Wong are in it, too. Hokum, but very thrilling hokum. **Very good—there's enough excitement in it to amuse the kids.**

SKY BRIDE (Paramount)—Richard Arlen plays a stunt aviator who turns quitter after his pal is killed during one of his "stunts." Jack Oakie is the pal. **Very good—and good talkie fare for the youngsters.**

SKYSCRAPER SOULS (M-G-M)—Faith Baldwin's story, beautifully produced, of the man who simply must own a skyscraper and of the people who come within his power. Maureen O'Sullivan, Norman Foster, Wallace Ford, Anita Page and Verree Teasdale are also in it. **Very good—though not particularly amusing for the kids.**

SMILIN' THRU (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Ralph Graves go sugary. **Excellent—but children may be bored.** Reviewed in detail on page 49.

SOCIETY GIRL (Fox)—A prize-fighter falls in love with a Park Avenue girl and she says, "Oh, but I was just fooling." Whereupon the prize-fighter loses all his fights until—. James Dunn and Peggy Shannon are attractive as the two young people. **Good—okay for the youngsters.**

SPEAK EASILY (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton and Jimmie Durante are uproariously funny in this. Thelma Todd plays the hot mamma in the case. **Very good—by all means let the children see it.**

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE (Paramount)—A bit like "Madelon Claudet" without the appeal of that story. Nevertheless, Wynne Gibson will surprise you with her splendid acting, so you had better see it. **Good—a bit too sad for children.**

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN (First National)—The modern girl again. Ann Dvorak plays her this time—and very capably, too. Richard Cromwell and Leslie Fenton are also in it. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

STRANGER IN TOWN (Warners)—An overly sentimental story about a small town grocer and what happens when a big chain store man comes to town. Chic Sale is the grocer and David Manners represents the chain stores. Ann Dvorak is Chic's daughter and of course there's a love story. **Good, if you care for sentimental stuff—all right for children.**

A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY (Warners)—A simply told, but very attractive little story about a millionaire who plays "poor" when he sees his family drifting apart. George Arliss is splendid, as usual. Mary Astor plays his young wife and Evalyn Knapp and William Janney are the young people. **Good—children will like it.**

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION (Radio)—This is a classic by now. It's Fannie Hurst's story of the Ghetto and of a famous surgeon who works up from its depths. Ricardo Cortez is splendid as the surgeon. Irene Dunne is his sweetheart. **Excellent—suitable for children.**

THIRTEEN WOMEN (Radio)—Myrna Loy and Ricardo Cortez in mental suggestion story. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 48.

TARZAN THE APE MAN (M-G-M)—This is a classic, too. But if you haven't seen it, hunt it up at some neighborhood theatre. Johnnie Weissmuller is great. And the photography is very beautiful. **Very good—just the thing for the kids.**

THIS IS THE NIGHT (Paramount)—Amusing farce of the sophisticated type. Charles Ruggles, Roland Young and Lily Damita are in it. A couple of the songs you're always hearing came from this one. **Good—but children would be bored.**

THUNDER BELOW (Paramount)—The famous triangle business again—with Tallulah Bankhead, Paul Lukas and Charles Bickford. It all takes place in the tropics and we seem to have seen something like it before. The acting is good, however. **Good—but very dull for children.**

TIGER SHARK (First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Richard Arlen in thrilling story of the tuna fishing industry. **Marvelous pictorial value. Okay for children.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

TOM BROWN OF CULVER (Universal)—A different sort of story about a boys' school. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell and H. B. Warner are in it. **Excellent—fine for the kids, especially young boys.**

THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE (Fox)—Actionfull and thrilling courtroom drama. Joan Bennett is the girl who suffers at the hands of the law. Comedy is deftly provided by Zasu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. **Good—all right for the children.**

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Warners)—Connie Bennett is called upon to sacrifice her good name to save her brother. Neil Hamilton is Connie's sweetheart—and also the prosecuting attorney who is delving into the murder. **Good—but not suitable for the children.**

TWO SECONDS (First National)—This story isn't pretty, but it's engrossing and splendidly acted by Edward G. Robinson, Vivienne Osborne and a good cast. Robinson is a simple sort of chap who's life is ruined by a despicable woman who traps him into a drunken marriage for his money. When he goes to the chair for killing her, his whole life passes before him and that's what the audience sees. **Excellent—but too grim for the youngsters.**

UNASHAMED (M-G-M)—A murder trial story. Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young and Monroe Owsley are in it. **Good—not suitable for the kids.**

UNEXPECTED FATHER (Universal)—Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts in a very amusing mix-up all about mistaken identity. **Very good—fine for the young people.**

THE VANISHING FRONTIER (Paramount)—An historical romance with John Mack Brown doing very well. Exciting action talkie. **Very good—fine for the kids, especially boys.**

WAR CORRESPONDENT (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves do a Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt and do it very well, too. The story centers around the late Chinese upset. **Good—okay for the children.**

THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE (M-G-M)—The famous old play, "The Claw," polished up with a lot of new dialogue and beautiful settings for the talkies. Lionel Barrymore does a fine, if somewhat florid, piece of acting as the brilliant, straight-forward senator who falls into crooked hands. Karen Morley plays the adventuress who marries him to betray him. That new ingenue, Diane Sinclair, is a darling. **Good—but the children would find it dull.**

WEEK-END MARRIAGE (Warners)—The problems of modern married life, as set down by Faith Baldwin. Loretta Young plays the girl and Norman Foster the man. **Good—children may like parts of it.**

WESTWARD PASSAGE (Pathé))—A story of true love which is killed by poverty. Ann Harding is the wife, Lawrence Olivier the husband who tries so hard to make literature and domesticity mix. **Good—but not interesting for children.**

THE WET PARADE (M-G-M)—Powerful fictional propaganda for—and against—prohibition. Upton Sinclair's novel is well produced and well acted by a large cast which includes Robert Young, Dorothy Jordan, Walter Huston, Lewis Stone and Jimmie Durante. **Good—but leave the kids at home.**

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD? (Pathé)—A very entertaining story about Hollywood as it really is. Connie Bennett plays the little waitress who becomes a star. Lowell Sherman is marvelous as her director. **Excellent—young folks will like some of it.**

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND (M-G-M)—Sentimental, but very touching. It's the story of a little cripple (Jackie Cooper) who has only one friend in the world—Chic Sale. **Very good—just the thing for the children.**

WINNER TAKE ALL (Warners)—James Cagney socks his way to further popularity in this one. He treats his women rough and makes Park Avenue sit up and stare. Marian Nixon is his true love and Virginia Bruce the wicked city blonde. **Good—splendid for children.**

70,000 WITNESSES (Paramount)—Phillips Holmes and Dorothy Jordan in original murder-mystery yarn. **Very good—kids will like some of it.** Reviewed in detail on page 50.

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH (Paramount)—The Russian Revolution crops up again in the talkies. This isn't a very convincing story, but George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins are good. **Good—children will like it.**

YOUNG AMERICA (Fox)—A story about boys—and why they don't always behave like little angels. Spencer Tracy, Doris Kenyon and Ralph Bellamy play the grown-up parts. **Good—fine for the kids, boys especially.**

YOUNG BRIDE (Pathé)—Eric Linden as the husband and Helen Twelvetrees as the wife in a slight, but entertaining little story about a young couple and their trials and tribulations. **Fair—dull for children.**

Exposing Andy Clyde

(Continued from page 107)

Andy. "I'm disappointed in ye, my lad. You don't talk like a Scot any more."

After Andy read the part for him, he said, "I'm a bit dubious about ye, but for your father's sake I'll gie ye a chance."

Following that engagement, which lasted fifteen weeks, Andy decided to try the movies. Before the talkies, it was no easy matter for an actor from the stage to get in, and Andy carried spears and played extra parts for three years before he got a real opportunity.

Then one day he was called, with other extras, to work in a Sennett comedy. The company was working on the docks at the harbor. After Andy had worked in one scene, he slipped behind a pile of lumber and changed his make-up. When the director called him for another scene, he walked on completely disguised.

"Andy!" called the director, with pardonable irritation. Extras are not supposed to keep directors waiting. "Where's Andy Clyde?" But he was amused when Andy said, "Here I am," and he recognized him.

ALL afternoon this went on and six times Andy appeared on the scene in as many different characters. That night the director called the incident to the attention of Mr. Sennett.

"Hmmm," hmmmmed Mr. Sennett, who never overlooks a good bet. "Let's sign up this one-man cast." So Andy got a contract.

For two years he has portrayed the character of Pop Martin. The huge walrus mustache that he wears is glued on, but his contract says he must grow his beard and that he may not shave. And that is how it happens that Andy is always seen hiding behind a so-called bush. Hiding behind his Pop Martin makeup and his reserve. A reserve acquired on his eighteenth birthday.

In his heart Andy knows that his father acted for the best. The harsh Scotch method hurt, but the motive was right. Andy has never forgotten it. No matter how short a scene, how trifling a detail, it must be perfect.

Well, that's Andy Clyde. The man who says, "What chance have I to get a girl?" What do you think? Would you like to have him as a boy friend?

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Most Amazing Introductory Offer Ever Attempted!

WITOL'S COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
A wonderful hair and scalp cleanser. Aids to remove excess oil and dandruff. Very popular. Price, 75c.

WITOL'S BRILLIANTINE
gives hair that natural looking lustre and brilliant healthful glow. Price, 75c.

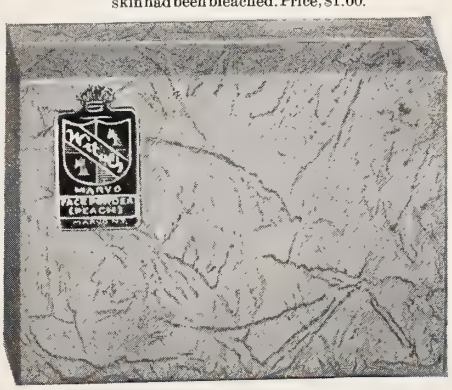
WITOL'S LIQUEFYING TRANSPARENT CLEANSING CREAM
This cream is all the rage now, having deep pore cleansing properties. Helps keep skin soft, smooth and youthful looking. Price, $1.00.

WITOL'S BEAUTY PASTE
Cleans and makes skin white, ivory-like, beautiful. It promotes lily white, ivory clearness, as if the skin had been bleached. Price, $1.00.

WITOL'S SPECIAL DOUBLE STRENGTH ASTRINGENT
Remarkably efficacious in tightening the skin on the face and neck, and reducing enlarged pores, also very refreshing. Price, $1.00.

WITOL'S ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH (Double Strength)
Aids healing, is astringent, antiseptic, and deodorizing. Price, $1.00

WITOL'S INDELIBLE LIP PASTE
Very adhesive and smooth. Not affected by moisture. Blends to any complexion. Price, $1.00.



WITOL'S NEW SKIN FACE POWDER
gives skin that smooth, clear look and the complexion that youth-like spotless appearance. Delightfully perfumed. All shades. Price, $1.00 large box.

WITOL'S "FLOWERS OF SPRING" PARFUM
Exquisite de luxe perfume. Fascinating color. Alluring. Price, $3.00.

WITOL'S HIGH GLOSS NAIL POLISH
A rich rose color transparent water proof liquid. Very lasting. Price, 35c.

$10.85 WORTH
for
98c
Plus Postage

$10.85 Worth of Toilet Preparations for 98c
Plus Postage

Ten thousand Modern Magazines' Readers will surely receive some bargain if they act promptly. 10,000 sets of these high grade Toilet Articles will be sent out to the first 10,000 readers who send in the Coupon. No more can be promised. Every preparation shown above is full size, much larger than illustrated. They are not samples or trial packages but standard large sizes, sold for the past nine years at regular full prices.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT ABSOLUTELY SATISFIED

Over $1,000,000 of Witol's Toilet Preparations have been sold throughout the United States and Europe. You are taking no chances when you are buying Witol's Products, for only the best of ingredients are used. This exceptionally low advertising offer is made to get you acquainted with Witol's products. Every Modern Magazines' reader should take advantage of this offer. Be one of the lucky 10,000.

SEND NO MONEY

Just Clip & Mail Coupon. All 10 Witol Preparations For a Limited Time Only

98c
Plus Postage

ONLY 10,000 SETS--NO MORE CAN BE PROMISED--ACT QUICKLY!

Copyright, 1932, by Marvo Beauty Lab. Inc.,

THIS VALUABLE COUPON
Brings You the Complete Set of
10 ARTICLES AS ILLUSTRATED

Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. M. M.,
1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the 10 regular full size, Witol's Toilet Preparations as illustrated and described in this announcement. Upon arrival, I will pay the postman only 98c plus postage. My money is to be refunded if I am not absolutely satisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Shade of Face Powder? _____

Here's why YOU need Noble Lady Hair Nets

You're saving money when you wear Noble Lady Hair Nets. They make your wave last so much longer! Such a comfort too—no need to fuss or bother with your hair. A Noble Lady Hair Net keeps it trim and lovely all day long. In clever shades that match your own hair perfectly. Try a Noble Lady Net. See how well it looks!

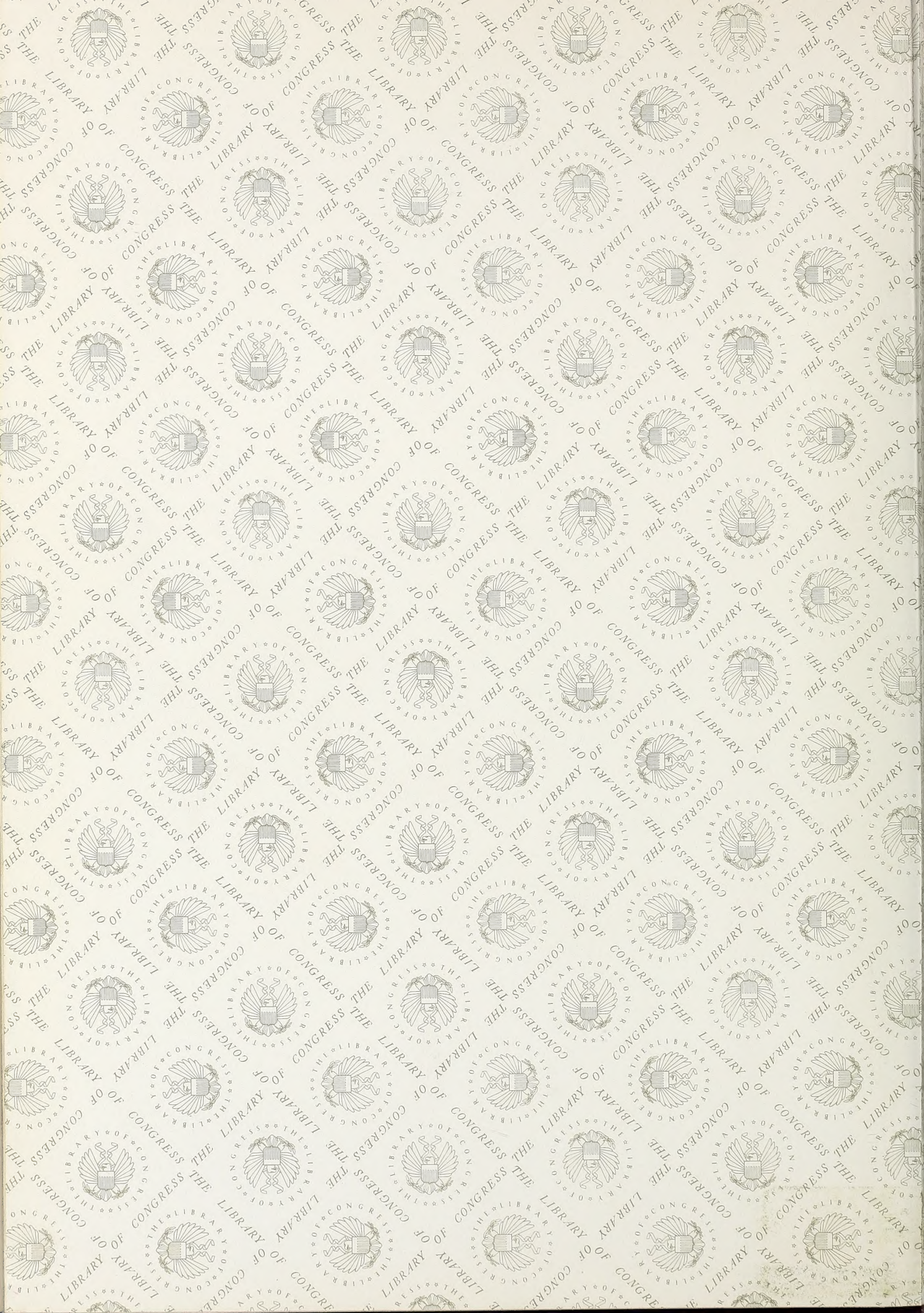
Sold Exclusively at

KRESS STORES

In the Kitchen, Too
Keeps your hair neat no matter how busy you may be. Sanitary too!

And While You Sleep
Don't ruin your wave! Wear a Noble Lady Hair Net. All fashionables do!

• All colors including GRAY and WHITE • 2 SIZES—For Long Hair—For the Bob


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS THE

THE BOUND TO PLEASE
Heckman Bindery INC.
APR 68
N. MANCHESTER
INDIANA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 006 139 918 5